Insomniac Theatre

I do not have any memory of peaceful sleep
It feels like I read about it in a novel once.

My night plays deep percussions, my fight is
An uneven struggle, because death and sleep are cousins.

I toss and turn, my thoughts
Become bent like old men

The mystique of the night
Laughs, until I steal its breath.

I feel I am too weary to hold on,
Too weary, to manifest the light of

The caverns of my insomniac theatre.
I am Waiting for the film to roll,

For the blue sky to revert to gray,
And for the people around me to continue dying.

But it is my jail cell nature
Keeping the curtains closed,

And the black snow outside my window,
Keeps death so serene,

While I try and stay brave brother,
But these burdens weigh me down.

My thoughts dance between
Shaken sanity and the clay that made me.

Solace is elusive and
I am vengeful against the clock

Creating a demon eating from the inside
Only stopped through mental meditation,

But how am I supposed to find the silence?
When the devil lives inside my eyelids.
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