

Devising dark design within the corner of my mind  
Imagine her among the dead within delusive scheme  
The doctor's word would wound the head, her will already signed  
Awake the demons, trigger and expose a sickly scream

Where hell is life, to live inside an ambiguity  
Illuminates *my* tumor, to be lacking all control  
In terror watch despair cause painful continuity  
An endless image threatening 'empty' sears my lonely soul

The thought of us together fritters, flies away, enflamed  
A fractured family follows broken brain so fittingly  
So now I lose the person who without I'd be unnamed  
But this is sheer hallucination, possibility

Cause I'm the meta-phantom of conception's counter-void  
My craving's for completion, fill the desolate with doom  
Pursuit of intimate was driven by my paranoid  
Her presence, seen among the heinous hellion, I'd assume

Behind facade lies fear of lacking fragments, fundament  
Uncovered when she hastens to the plate of surgery  
Affliction, burden, weight of worlds which I had only pent  
Did heighten for an hour, but released when he called me

Impaired, but once, the tree had stood, and second, still alive  
Decaying cells devoured dread, transformed it into hope  
This far-fetched fantasy is dead; its downfall means we thrive  
I'm glad she's here, together we scale life's inherent slope

For granted she had been, my mom, essential to my core  
I learned to pierce perception, fight my innate civil war