

NO COMPASSION

The graves, tombs, and dark pits I see are reminders of the desolation I know, the empty levels and layers that lurk deep within my soul. As I sit tongueless, unable to voice my fear and despair. I move to feel the putrid (rotting) mass of what once was my body. The realization that I am no longer flesh haunts me; the darkness the abyss encompasses me. What have I become, no longer yearning for sunlight or the laughter of the innocent. I long to spread the cruelty that consumes me for no one cares, no one has heard my cries, there is no compassion only hatred and jealousy. Destruction and ruin are my guides; pain and misery accompany me as I travel through the remains of what was once my life .

