

Greyscale

by dylan666

Love is just another illusion.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Darkness is falling.

My heart is bleeding.

I can hear your soul screaming

from the depth of your being.

It's all so wrong,

all so scary,

and I find myself wondering

if the stars that fill my sky

will ever shine again.

I feel empty.

I feel lost.

I feel like I'm running.

Not knowing where or why.

I look into your eyes

and you look into mine.

I touch your skin,

but you won't even graze mine.
It feels like I'm burning
when your breath reaches my lips,
but your mouth never descends upon them.
I want to feel you so badly.
I need you like the air I breathe.
I look forward to those moments
when you hold my hand in yours,
taking me where I've never been.
I wish I could escape
the stifling walls of this prison.
I wish I could see the sun
flooding the landscape out of here.
If only my blood would stop
trickling down my face.
If only my tears would stop
pouring from my eyes.
Now I know you're the one
who can heal my wounded soul.
And it terrifies me like nothing ever has,
'cause I know you're never going
to give me the peace I crave.
Deafening screams leave the confines of my lips.
I don't care what the others
will think of my weakness.
I don't care how many times
my body's going to be beaten.
All I care about is for you to know
that every time I breathe,
I breathe for you;
every word I say,
I say it because of you.
Suddenly, it doesn't matter
if everything's so dark all around me.
Even in the coldest of days
I would feel warm,
knowing you're right outside the door of this room.
Yet, I'm scared to know
you have your fingers wrapped around my heart.
You wouldn't hesitate to break it,
and it scares me even more,
as I would always forgive you for that.
It doesn't really make sense.
I've forgiven you so many times now
that the fragments of my mind
are slowly falling down.
You hide in the shadow

when you think I can't feel your presence here.

But I can.

I feel your gaze freezing

all of my thoughts and feelings.

I would give my life away

to have your hands wounding my body

like you do with my being.

But I know that my desires

are going to remain just fleeting,

agonising dreams.

And when I close my eyes,

trying to picture the sun, the stars

and the moon I cannot see anymore,

I understand that the world itself

would mean nothing

if you weren't here with me.