

The Hounds of Hell | Brianna Darlene

Words that cut like a knife,
are the ones I look back on, during sleepless nights.
When my thirst for blood awakens—in the absence of light.

Bathe in my suffering;
clutch it close like a lover.
Lovely, dark, and deep;
the crimson waves pull me under

Plagued by visions of killing every false witness,
as they beg on their knees for forgiveness
But there is no absolution—for the unrepentantly wicked.

The hounds are coming—
to drag us all to hell.
I hear them scratching at my door.
Locked in a maze of pain, it's just as well;
my soul lies in shreds upon the floor.