Poetry Series

Adam M. Snow

- 178 poems -

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Adam M. Snow (5/30/1988)

Profession: Poet/writer, Philosopher & Photographer

Adam M. Snow is a popular internet poet known by many. Snow was born May 30th of 1988 in Phoenix, Arizona where he still lives. When he was born, he was lacked of oxygen and almost died. At age 5, Adam was soon diagnosed with ADHD with speech impediment; he was always in and out of hospitals because of it. Snow started writing poetry in 2003 though he originally started writing short stories. It was through his cousin that had inspired him to write poetry in the first place. Adam writes metaphorical style poetry and has experimented often with different styles of poetry; such as free verse, ode and lyrics. He was always alone throughout high school as he was a victim of bullying; he kept his distance from everyone, he remained by himself. He then graduated high school in 2006 from Tolleson Union High School; he suffered many years of unemployment. On the 9th of December in 2009, he lost his dad to cancer; some of his poems he wrote, he wrote for him. Snow is a Pentecostal Christian yet some of his poetry can be dark, but with a biblical meaning throughout it; like the poem 'Undying Tomorrow' for example. Over the years, Adam had so many people tell him that he should stop writing, that he’s not good. That never stopped him; he still writes poetry to this very day and he continues to inspire people through his works.

[Famous quotes by Adam M. Snow]
'What inspires me is what inspires most poets; my heart, my feelings, and the dreams I dream.' –Adam M. Snow

'The writer’s mind can surpass even the most intellectual minds.' –Adam M. Snow

'An enemy is a friend, who's blind and cannot see the kindness of your heart.' –Adam M. Snow

'If we forget the past, then the past do we repeat.' –Adam M. Snow

'Life itself is a gift from God. It's not about when we use it, but how we use it; for selfish needs or compassion towards one another, to waste or to live fully in the moment, to love or to hate. There are many ways to live, only one way is true and that's through Him.' –Adam M. Snow

'I breath every moment God has given me.' –Adam M. Snow

'Poetry is the thoughts of an insane mind.' –Adam M. Snow

'When I write, I let lose my insanity; when I dream, I live my insanity.'

–Adam M. Snow

'Who are we in this world? We are that what we dreamed, but it's up to you to make it reality.' –Adam M. Snow

'The end to a nightmare, is to simply open your eyes.' –Adam M. Snow

'To live is a wonderful thing; to love is tremendous.' –Adam M. Snow

'Poetry is a way for our soul to speak out.' –Adam M. Snow

'Shower your enemy with kindness and in return, kindness shall be showered upon you.' –Adam M. Snow

'Life can hurt, but it's the pain that we learn from.' –Adam M. Snow

'I see the world through two different eyes; the eyes of a poet, and the eyes of a dreamer.' –Adam M. Snow

'I am willing to explore all aspects of my life, to see what all I can do, to see if there is a limit to all things I am able to do. I am always up for a challenge and I welcome all challenges life brings my way.' –Adam M. Snow

'If we live like that we dreamed, there would be no pain to endure.' –Adam M. Snow

'Behind my eyes lies the deepest pain and loneliness no man should ever feel.' –Adam M. Snow

'The difference between a poet and a philosopher; the poet writes his thoughts down, as for the philosopher who speaks his thoughts. They are both one and the same.' –Adam M. Snow

'I have no control over what I write. The words just comes to me, I just put it to paper.' –Adam M. Snow

'God has not forsaken the people; the people have forsaken God.' –Adam M. Snow

'Life is like a caged bird, who sings only to pleases but dreams only to be free.' –Adam M. Snow

'It's better to give few words, whether it's just one than none at all.' –Adam M. Snow

'Life's about risks; if you don't take that risk, what is there to learn? ' –Adam M. Snow

'Life is too short for grudges, it's also too short for love; but I'd rather live a short life of love then a life of grudges.' –Adam M. Snow

'A poet is when you have nothing but words on your mind; words dying to be set free, words longing to be inspired, words longing to live on long after you have past. As long as your mind is full of words, you will always be a poet.' –Adam M. Snow

'Judge not the flesh of man, but the soul of man alone.' –Adam M. Snow

'One can't based love by appearance, for it be but false love; but if one based love by the feelings of the heart, then it be true.' –Adam M. Snow

'By judging others, you judge yourself.' –Adam M. Snow

'Believe not the lies of man, but the truth of the one true living God, spoken unto man.' –Adam M. Snow

'Trust is an important part of a relationship, and without trust there is no

love, and without love there is no relationship. Trust is what keeps relationships alive, and without trust there's only hate' –Adam M. Snow

'A man who put himself before others, is but chaos waiting to happen. A man who put others before him, is a man who's willing to sacrifice all.' –Adam M. Snow

'Even a broken life can become whole.' –Adam M. Snow

'Sometimes it's best to stop looking with our eyes, and start looking with our hearts.' –Adam M. Snow

'Learn from your problems like you learn from your mistakes.' –Adam M. Snow

'This world is but a temporary home, our life is the path, the road to our home, but it takes the right path to get there and it takes going down some hard roads to make it home.' –Adam M. Snow

'One is never alone for the Lord is always there.' –Adam M. Snow

'Sometimes, the best way for one to be found is to stay lost.' –Adam M. Snow

'A wish is but a goal in life.' –Adam M. Snow

'To know yourself is to know your heart, to know your heart is to seek your dream.' –Adam M. Snow

'Life is fragile like a child's dream.' –Adam M. Snow

'To win a fight one must know the enemy, to win a war one must become the enemy.' –Adam M. Snow

'One cannot predict the future, only God has the power to.' –Adam M. Snow

'You never learn anything unless you try.' –Adam M. Snow

'It's always easy to hate yet so hard to forgive but, it takes love to overcome hate, and it takes love to make it easy to forgive; love is a powerful thing, yet it's also fragile, but with God, love is unbreakable.' –Adam M. Snow

'We are broken up, scattered like an unfinished puzzle and the only pieces that are missing are honor, loyalty, friendship, trust, and most important love. Without these the puzzle will never be one.' –Adam M. Snow

Works:

Fruits of Insanity - Coming Soon
Imaginary (novel) - Coming Soon

A Bridge that Binds

A Bridge that Binds
By: Adam M. Snow

A bridge that binds two hearts to one,
Has cracked from age, now and then.
The damage is done and should be shun,
From now on till moments end.

Adam M. Snow

A Day Like No Other in the Coming Years

A Day Like No Other in the Coming Years
By: Adam M. Snow

A day like no other in the coming years,
whether we suffer from lost or fears.
But together united after township pass
the love of those who loved; alas:
it be that of hate which plagues all hearts.
Alas! Love the reason hate departs.
But a mystery of love, a day like no other,
losing light by hate to another.
Fading away like a rose in the fall
without thy love, we lost all.

Adam M. Snow

A Dreaming Bird in Caged

A Dreaming Bird in Caged
By: Adam M. Snow

My eyes be blind to thee,
My heart cold like a December morn.
Could condescension be,
A merit of a scorn?
My ethereal pain scourge my heart,
Thoughts of you lost in pass
You beckon my soul from the start,
I might obey, but not surpass.
If I may live not a bird in caged,
Who sings to please but dreams to be free.
My every moments aged,
And I still blind to see,
I'm not myself,
Just a bird on your shelf.

Adam M. Snow

A Dying Rose

A Dying Rose
By: Adam M. Snow

Helplessly I wait upon the hour, drawing closely;
I, myself ponder tremendously.
Do my eyes deceive what once was a rose?
And by that, does it be a rose no longer?
I speak to be heard once more,
and once more to be heard by that rose.
But I cannot see that of the beauty of her face,
yet her eyes glances swiftly beyond my essence.
Could it be? Oh could it be,
that my essence is enough to guide thee?
I am but one in groups of many,
she sees not I but one in twenty.
She is that of a dying rose,
shedding that of blackened petals;
a black rose, I say so myself.
Doomed by what the world gave to thee;
a single tear drop, which falls and taints the ground.
And by that passing hour; she, herself would wilt away.

Adam M. Snow

A Love without a Song

A Love without a Song
By: Adam M. Snow

I humble not for I but to wake again
Even though I may have sinned,
I've sinned for you, not for I.
I've loved no one but myself.
I dream of no one but I.

But it's you I see at night.
It is you my reflection choose,
Not your ghost for my sake but I.

But I humble not for I and not for you;
I humble without saying, an unjust love.
I see what of the world behind us.
I see an unjust life of eternal bliss,
A love without a song;
I see the forever us.

I humble now and forever among all things.
Until I see again, I am blind to you.
Until my time of death draws near
and yours as well,
We to be drowned upon sorrow, forevermore.

Adam M. Snow

A Midnight Summer's Rain

Rain pounding 'gainst my window;
the sound of thunder, wind blow.
Flashes of lightning, silhouettes of shadows;
a nature's melody for me to dance to.

My face drips wet by mid-summer's rain;
I spin with the wind, emotionally sane.
Roaring thunder race a crackling smash,
still I dance on; no care, no care.
Throughout the night, the storm rages still,
and I left to watch this mid-summer's thrill

Adam M. Snow

A Night to Ponder

A Night to Ponder
By: Adam M. Snow

Alone I sat a night to ponder, in my chambers going yonder.
Alas! I pondered all is dreary, like the weeping reaper weary,
Like the ancient lore spoke unto me evermore,
Quoth a line, a verse from vital flame -
'A life to live, to live a dream' a secret to life, so it seems.
It is but that and nothing more, quoth the verse, the forgotten lore.
And so shall come the life's of some, alas! Mine shall be the dreadful: nevermore!
Alas! Mine shall be divine, echoes of sorrow reached across time for evermore.
It is but that and nothing more, quoth the verse, the forgotten lore.

Suddenly I came to remember the dawn of morning ember,
On a cold, cold November morn,
I rose from my chambers locked in shackles,
The feelings of betrayal, thoughts of hackles kept me sane.
I laughed and jest as I laid to rest,
Betrayed as the world could see.

I know of no reason why I darkened my season,
But it be sanctimonious, felonious my erroneous alone,
But I beseeched my demons, my own,
For melancholy is my one desire, cast out into a pit of fire.
To die and be reborn again and again,
Only to find myself dreaming of every sin.

But still I long for the forgotten lore,
A spoken truth now lies.
I pondered all the lore's of some, not knowing when the Dawn will come,
And so shall come the life's of some, alas! Mine shall be the dreadful: nevermore!

Adam M. Snow

A Soldier's Prayer

This poem is written for our soldiers over seas. May God be with them all.

A Soldier's Prayer
By: Adam M. Snow

O' Lord my God I pray;
for I am far away;
on a land, not my home;
I'm on my knees and all alone;
as I fight for freedom and peace;
I ask, 'Let this bloodshed cease.

I am fighting a war;
on a distant foreign shore;
fighting for my family and friends;
hoping that this would soon end.
I bow my head to a flag-draped casket;
to a soldier, not a rank past private.

I pray for salvation for all soldiers dead and gone;
as I continue to fight through the red of dawn;
for I fight what I believe is true;
I am but a lonely soldier living for you.
Forgive us Jesus for we have sinned;
I now end this prayer O' Lord, Amen.

Adam M. Snow

A Sunflower in the Shade

A Sunflower in the Shade
By: Adam M. Snow

O' ye Countess draped in sorrow,
Grasping fear of coming morrow.
With eyes like those of torment slave,
Sad innocence, yet herself she gave.
Living in shadows of sun cast,
As if no soul of solstice passed.
Gentles thy heart that long to be seen,
Urge thine life into worlds between.
Withering away like a sunflower in shade,
Consumed by life, embarrassed and afraid.
But thy lives only bitter affliction,
Crossed my path into my reflection.
Baring the weight of worlds upon thee,
Living life as it were meant to be.
But this be not a wakeful day,
The broad stream bore her far away.
In the shadows thus she remain,
Upon the ledge thy window pane.
She looks out unto the land,
They know not understand,
But O' ye Countess draped in despair,
Sight of her like stillness in the air.

Adam M. Snow

A Teasing Storm

I watch from the distance, as the storm covers me;
pouring it's dreadful rain as the dust blinds me.
I look in awe and disgrace of the thundering clouds,
as the storm covered plain with a pouring rain shrouds.
Flash after flash would race across the sky,
beauty of lights would chase the clouds floating by.
The roaring songs of the wind bristling through the trees,
would be enough to put even myself at ease;
but no, this storm did not cover me,
just a tease floating by for me to see.

Adam M. Snow

A Year of Timely Hell

A Year of Timely Hell
By: Adam M. Snow

The hour cries at charming bell
Bringing forth a timely hell,
With sorrow and madness, and many more;
Leaving upon us a deathly score.
A death to live with, from a bloodshed wage
From a child of anguish and solstice rage;
Leaving us in tears of what is to come
Leaving us in ruins and in glum.
No reason to fight on,
No reason to fight strong.
Its not our life to fight for.
Its not our time to fight a war.
It is our time to die and live again,
In a life, free of this worldly sin

Adam M. Snow

Apparition Despair

Apparition Despair
By: Adam M. Snow

My ghostly apparition doesth not be seen,
by thy child of my ghostly fiend.
But though the twinkle lights despair me;
my wake be that of a lore of me.

Adam M. Snow

As Her Notes Glisten the Wind

As Her Notes Glisten the Wind
By: Adam M. Snow

Never again, will I wake my siren within
And let her sing a requiem tune.
Erasing the words until it is sung
As my life be dead by spoken croon.
Never again, her notes glisten the wind
But softly it reigns burden be my heart.
Her voice chill the air upon me
And by that dost my soul depart.
Quaintly I long for a foolish song
From the writer who sung mute.
The words like a pendulum above my chest
Hanging perfectly acute.
Never again, I bow my head to shame
My siren's voice dost be angels lips.
I am captivated by such hellish song
That left my world in eclipse.

Adam M. Snow

As Moments Endeavor

As Moments Endeavor
By: Adam M. Snow

Woe unto those who trust me not,
Every era lived soon forgot-
My bearing misery whom I fear;
My dawning truth coming near.
Blind me not my pain,
Reason why I'm insane.
I scream my echoing grief;
Abandon my belief.
I lost myself again,
To my only sin.
This time forever,
As moments endeavor.

Adam M. Snow

As Soulless as My Heart

As Soulless as My Heart
By: Adam M. Snow

Twinkle are the stars above me,
But they fade at my sight.
I've walked this road of death before,
But the feelings even heavier upon me.
I fornicate my sins betrothed,
I've tarnished my convalescence;
I be without seeing, as I cursed my essence,
As I curse my heart to death.

Adam M. Snow

As the Crows Gathered

As the Crows Gathered
By: Adam M. Snow

Surrounded by bodies of murder
the flocking and squawk arose.
Score of many rows on girder
feast of death drew the crows.
One to carry souls of many;
one onto life beyond life.
Yet was not the foe-of any-
to leave this world of strife.

The crows they flock,
they flock, they squawk;
flapping their wings tremendously.
They caw, they pecked,
they grew many in score
groups gathered more and more.

Blackened the sky with their endless flutter;
'But what of this? ' I utter.
'My days are long now being nighted.
The crows around have united.'

Feathers falling, covering the ground with black;
everywhere I look, it covers every crack.
The thought of death surrounds us all
before the crows, life will fall.
The ominous bank of crows like a cloud,
covers the world like an endless shroud.
Leaving I, overwhelm with fear
it is death lurking near.

The crows they gathered all in vast;
all is dark than a shadow cast.
They prey the lost and many more,
time has come for death to bore.

Adam M. Snow

Auspicious of Nights

Auspicious of Nights
By: Adam M. Snow

On this auspicious of nights,
the children comes with fear delights,
awaken the infant, the newborn kin,
and open the world of pain within,
followed by all sins and sorrow,
as they wait to die this final morrow.

The wolves now vent, cry and howl,
as all children now gone on a prowl.
The moon once full now is shattered,
and all dreams are lost and scattered.
On this auspicious of nights,
they lose all their sights.
Now awakened yet asleep,
to the empty skies, they weep.

Cold and alone they stand vivified and afraid,
to their chambers they return to where they laid.
Confused and lost, they remain,
with nothing left for them to explain.
On this auspicious of nights,
darkness surrounds all lights.

The infant now cries,
as the children dies,
the wolves now vent silence,
as the world erupts in violence.
Now hatred ignites,
on this auspicious of nights.

Adam M. Snow

Be Still Beating Heart

your pounding intrudes me.
It fills me with pains;
I ache with sorrow of thee.
You tell me to love,
but why do you break thee?
If it's not meant to be, then why?
Why don't you let me see?

Adam M. Snow

Bearer of Insanity

I scream from utter silence, lost to unknown;
I am without a mask in a world foreknown.
I don't know why I ponder, here, now and then
know I yonder from my outcast sin.

I must go forth endeavor, and so forth my lonesome tear,
bring back my sorrow yonder and near.
Nigh be I if only was true,
if I naught of love if it was true.
Then nigh be truest upon my tear shed blue,
but if only it was; only it was true.

Adam M. Snow

Bells in-Towered

Bells in-Towered
By: Adam M. Snow

By the name of those untold,
Benights the day, the lost behold.
Anchor down the bells in-towered,
ring no more, and be devoured.

Adam M. Snow

Beneath Still Waters

Beneath Still Waters
By: Adam M. Snow

Beneath still waters lie lost memories,
Of sullied dreams cast into seas.
Yet mine lost in a thousand days,
By my foreknown separate ways,
And only by the blood moon,
Will it shine ever so soon.

But mine, shattered by my past,
As my essence surpassed,
Tormented by my woes,
Like the crows upon my flesh.

Tender life of putrid mesh,
Cast down upon my burden.
But lest I suffer more,
For mercy is what I plead for.
To atone for what my sins may cost,
But I reluctant for myself now lost.
Willingly I encumber my future wonder,
Regrets now my only feeling,
I fallen, now kneeling.

Melancholy was my one desire,
Now I cast aside the pit of fire.
Awaken now my wayward dream,
And myself, I now redeem.
On this night of vespertine,
My untimely death was intervene.

Laying here in peaceful slumber,
No more worries should I encumber.
Weeping may endure the night,
My soul, my life becomes the light,
Open now my vastness heart,
Cometh tomorrow a brand new start.

Adam M. Snow

Beyond Wonderland

Beyond Wonderland
By: Adam M. Snow

I've searched this morbid night,
longing for this love's delight,
behind this nameless emotion,
and in search for my soul's devotion.

Beyond this world within a dream,
cross the river of the moonlight beam,
to a land beyond reality,
not mended by morality,
to a place only in my mind,
yet I am but blind.

Yet to see once again,
a land so awe and great times ten.
A dream, thought to have shattered,
and the stars in the sky once scattered,
now dances with joy to an endless tone,
rejoicing, rejoicing to the one at the throne.

Benevolently looking upon the land,
as he gracefully takes me in his hand.
At the sight of all this beauty and wonder,
do I truly stop to ponder.
Now awake, do I see a rabbit so pure and white,
as I followed him back into this morbid night.

Adam M. Snow

Black Rose

Black Rose
By: Adam M. Snow

My dreams are broken;
these words are forever unspoken.
I know not who I am;
I know I am a rose without a stem;
a black rose that bleeds red;
my heart is full of dread.

I try to go beyond this reality;
to a place they call fantasy;
to try and find myself;
by looking for a heart shaped box left upon a shelf;
for I am a black rose that bleeds red;
it seems I am better off dead.

I am a lonely lost ghost;
nevermore will I be your host.
These wounds are but a memory of my affection;
if only you could see my broken reflection.
You caused my hands to be tainted with your blood;
now I have been swept away by this tormented flood.

You left me in solitude;
all alone, cold, and nude.
I know not what to do;
all I wanted was to be with you;
yet you spoke of broken truth;
for you have showed you're uncouth.

I have withered away;
I am no longer here to stay.
I am a black rose;
tormented by my woes.
It's just like I said;
I'm only human, I bleed red.

Adam M. Snow

Bleeding Ink

I lay naked, bleeding ink
with pages of forbidden text;
but though I'm ill yet cannot blink,
you mockery tongue had perplexed.

I clinched my fist;
the remains of my heart cries out,
'I may no longer exist! '
with my raging voice I shout.

Your blasphemy you had spoke,
shattered my bearing soul;
and by your voice my heart broke,
and it is my heart that which you stole.

Adam M. Snow

Born of Serenity

Born of Serenity
By: Adam M. Snow

The sky dancers' dance,
for the flower's grace,
angel tears by chance,
falls upon a new born's face.
Open all eyes,
seeing the world anew,
get up and rise,
and dive into the ocean blue,
deeper to a whole new world,
seeing life unlike before,
with morning dews impearled,
gold becomes the shore.

Adam M. Snow

Bound

Bound
By: Adam M. Snow

'Bound, ' a word I fear when all thing's near,
my past, myself I choose to hide.
But of bound, my fear drawing near; my world I denied.
Is there no hope? My life is bound, my life's profound still I hide.
I long for freedom I cannot grasp.
To have you understand, now while I clasp my truth I dare not speak.
Why can't I love with shadows covering?
Just for once, the feeling of free; my path before me, broken.
My arms, my legs both strapped to this pedestal whom I called life;
my eyes blinded by strife.
My tongue cut out before me so I may see,
there's no hope for me yet; but I regret it all.

Adam M. Snow

Broken Lullaby

Broken Lullaby
By: Adam M. Snow

Awaken the children,
let them see,
all agony's within,
and perhaps just maybe,
they would lose all hope,
all their dreams,
all feelings would cope,
not the moon's shattered beams.

Awaken the infant,
the one who's mild,
as the moon once crescent,
now sings to that child.
All is lost,
so it seems,
like floods of life in frost,
living on shattered dreams.

Sing a broken tune,
so death may come,
all mourns the moon,
and all becomes numb.
Sing this broken lullaby,
so all may hear,
the last tear becomes dry,
as morrow comes near.

Sing and awaken all,
let them see,
how easy it is to fall,
and just let them be,
so they may sleep,
and fix all dreams,
for they're in deep,
as they ride moonlight's beams.

Adam M. Snow

Burden

My heart is my burden,
it suffocates me to the extent of a dream.
My dreams, is my agony to my baring flesh;
I am that which is weak.

Adam M. Snow

But a Fragment

What is this picture, but a fragment
of life's shattered dream?
Being the lost that I am,
seeking a lifeless gleam.

It was a night among nights,
arose the thoughts of me;
a vision appeared before my being,
drowning out the sea.

Adam M. Snow

By All Means

By All Means
By: Adam M. Snow

By all means, I need to ponder,
of my life going yonder.
But though I still long for truth,
I long for those who's not uncouth.
By all means, I carried out to wonder,
when flesh and spirit sunder.

But in a world such as this,
dost Thou be amiss?
But I seek what Thou has in stored;
that statement of the Lord.
By all means, I wonder to ponder,
of my life going yonder.

Misery held me 'gainst my woes,
as if my life cease to flow.
But if it be the answer of my eternal quest,
nor any Death-but lest;
I accept the truth from Thee,
to where the Strong assure me.

I wage my life upon thy altar,
ponder here a time of falter;
I live to serve only Thee.
We think that we must be-
gods upon this earth.

Adam M. Snow

By His Blood of Life be Given

By His Blood of Life be Given
By: Adam M. Snow

The moon shed it's light to past,
echoes the lore of time surpassed;
spoken of that of a tongue be-muted,
by the likes of life disputed.
By the likes of life worth given,
by His blood of life be given.

Adam M. Snow

Caressing Angel

Caressing Angel
By: Adam M. Snow

Caress the name of your angel that fallen,
It flows the wind, a ragweed pollen.
Only you can hear it's torment calling;
Open thy ears to it's ever falling song.
A melody which poison thy voice and heart.
Only to tear thy soul apart.
Listen to your siren song,
Awaken your soul to which it belongs.

Adam M. Snow

Carpe Diem

Tick tock, how time does fly,
slipping through my fingers;
wasting my days till I die.

The morning tides, a blessing;
I should seize the day.
Another day leaving me guessing,
if time itself would stray.

Yet my hours foretold of that of bore;
I lose myself within.
Many times of yore.
Many times of then.

So I gaze upon the clock;
the hands slowly pass,
slower with the hours flock.

I without a cause;
I feel lost with time
For me, time does not pause-
when I long for sublime.

I admit I am weak,
I am only a man;
whom were as bleak,
whom without a plan.

Lost in life and in time,
without a reason for a reason;
the only truest crime.

The echo of the ticking clock-
cries out, mocking me;
grasping time by the stock,
yet still I refuse to see.

Confusion reigns over me,
I know not my desire;
whether to die or to see,
whether time cast out my fire.

My fire, the urge to live on,
through the days of down;
the hours marks my dawn.

I am blessed with a gift of a new day;
it should not go to waste.
Being as it may,
I shouldn't have haste.

I've taken life for granted,

it is just that;
this life I lived is canted,
like time itself begat.

Life is fragile, I shall not stray;
time is only a memory;
I should seized the day.

Adam M. Snow

Charm Ye Bell Tower

Charm Ye Bell Tower
By: Adam M. Snow

The clock charms the hour;
justle the bells in towered.
Ring once for love, twice the sorrow;
crack thy mouth, thy clapper swings,
bring forth thee thy morrow sings.

Adam M. Snow

Crimson Flame

Crimson Flame
By: Adam M. Snow

Born from a pure amity spark,
feared by all hatred and sorrow,
lighting throughout the dark,
as it grows every morrow.

In the vastness of one's heart,
does it forever burn.
It's been here since the start,
yet with some, with their backs they turn.

Burning through all aspects of life,
yet hidden within by some,
as this flame suffers with strife,
their soul's becomes numb.

Was once for the pure affection,
now suffers darkened demise,
hatred is it's infection,
and all broken hearted cries.

It's not gone, just locked away,
though you may not know it just yet,
the day will come as it lights your way,
and shines brighter with not one regret.

Adam M. Snow

Day Dreamer

Day Dreamer
By: Adam M. Snow

If dreams would end with life of all life,
would our dreams still suffer with strife?
Would the day dreamer still dream,
or is it all that it may seem?
Dreaming in a night, or in a day,
dreaming as it's all flown away.

Living a life as it use to be,
like branches of stars we see.
Is this but a dream within a dream,
to grasp the glistening moonlight beam?
From dawn to dusk, dusk to dawn,
dreaming of that day that is gone.

That day to which all dreams died,
with all fears and hope we feel inside.
Dreams that died will be born once more.
dreams freed beyond the open door.
If dreams live within all life,
will it one day be free of all strife?

To be in the vastness of one's dream,
and lit the way with a sparkle gleam.
To be with peace and fear surround,
to be the lost now is found.
If dreams would end with life of all life,
would our dreams still suffer with strife?

Adam M. Snow

Days Gone By

As days gone by, I think of her
but moments last was not forever.
Her angelic face haunts me still,
and without her, I am ill.

But as I leave her, but never leave her;
my feelings last forever.
I cannot part from her beauty
nor can I ever break free.

But as I love her from afar,
I wander here thus far.
To know that I had loved her;
to know that it was not forever.

I know I'll die without her name,
through this loss I'd bear my shame.
If I could do it all again,
I would do so from my heart within.

Adam M. Snow

Death of a Dreamer

Death of a Dreamer
By: Adam M. Snow

Woe is I that death dost follow.
Is I to die by hands of sorrow.
Is I to lie in six feet under.
Woe is I, now is sunder.

Adam M. Snow

Dream

Dream
By: Adam M. Snow

I dream of her, and then I sever;
I dream of her now and forever.
Wrung ye not of dreams be seen,
Joyous past of hope between.

Misery held but a fiend, but a fiend;
Vision of her but a dream, but a dream.
But do I see her now or never;
Dream of her now and forever.

Dark despair around benights me;
Dreams of her, bestowed upon me.
Ne'er the day nor twilight fall;
One dignity adjourned for all-
A dream to come tomorrow's pass,
Each heavier than the last.

I dream of her, and then I sever;
I dream of her now and forever.
Wrung ye not of dreams be seen,
Joyous past of hope between.

Alas! Misery held but a fiend, but a fiend;
Vision of her but a dream, but a dream.
Arose ye not a dream to wander,
A world like this going yonder.

Dark despair around benights me;
Dreams of her, bestowed upon me.
Ev'ry dream it be of her;
Dream of her now and forever.

Adam M. Snow

Dreaming of My Humble Abode

Dreaming of My Humble Abode
By: Adam M. Snow

I close my eyes and vision a world in its pass,
Only I could see of its eternal mass:
Of the wind sparkling with gold,
As if a story unfold-
Of my fantasy coming true,
As I smell the morning dew.

I lay here in my ever sleep,
Awake but in dreaming heap.
I am royal; I am but a poor man,
Just living life, this lifeless span.

I speak my voice not that of hate,
In this world consumed by fate.
Love and joy rules this realm,
And I still overwhelm.
There's beauty as far as the eyes can see-
This be a place built for me.

Adam M. Snow

Dusk Infernal

The quivering of a lost beating heart,
Loses it's melody, a song.
Aloft from a quivering start;
Dusk, where it belongs.
Yet naught nigh nor eternal,
Shall be forever alone,
Engulfed in life's infernal;
Bowing our heads, we atoned.
Though this heart melody cease;
We rage wars:
Triumph to the Beast
On bloodshed shores.
Our reflection's shown
in the bloodstained sands,
Of our sins alone,
Held in pierced hands.

Adam M. Snow

Endless Dream

Endless Dream
By: Adam M. Snow

For I to dream an endless dream,
of beauty, wonders and grace,
for us to ride the moonlight beam,
and I to look gracefully at your face.
To be free from this world of flaw,
free to go to a world on high,
no more hatred of maw,
and all our fears must die.

Adam M. Snow

Fall of the Night

Fall of the Night
By: Adam M. Snow

Fare thee well, my heart's contempt,
I gave thee my dying breath.
I've soared the world from dark to day,
Longing for that which darkness grieves.
I travel o'er the ageless night,
Bound by that of solstice light.
My voice cannot break through
A silence that now binds me.
I see a vision of only thee,
a vision not I but thee.
Ev'ry night, It be thee not I,
A reflection shown to cast aside.
A mirror vision of I,
A mirror image of infanticide.
Forget me not I say,
I give thee my final hour,
Fare thee well, my dearest flower.

Adam M. Snow

Fall Of The Once Rising Knight

Let it be told of the rising knight, as if foretold
upon a shallow day, upon this advent of May.
A treacherous battle looming, roaring of bloodshed,
left a stronghold knight among the many dead; not he.
Stained upon the white he bore, now dripping red;
standing alone a victor nor a hero,
a man not, but none alone.

In the wake of the love that cast him out,
in the wage of war, bearing shadow of doubt;
Is he the coming of death, or just a man?
Cursed upon trials to weak to stand,
forever kneeling; forever bowing.

An eternity to embrace the fall of man,
corrupted by the hearts for which he stand.
A stronghold, now weak is he;
the fall of a once rising knight,
a victim was he, till his final fight.

A knight of white was he now bearing black,
overwhelmed by the creed and strife he lacked.
Surrendering to his demons, his soul he gave;
to be a king, yet to be a slave.
Until the following advent of May;
to be born the blackest of Knights and the fall of days.
The end of eternity begins with he.

Adam M. Snow

For Whom the Hour Tolls

For whom the hour tolls,
beyond the smoke and mirrors;
the speeding of devoted souls,
perching, like a somber crow-
on time itself, afraid to go.

Entranced by a tune of many flaws,
the child we are, like an ant in a labyrinth.
A victim to its own laws,
aging with time not the hour;
a life like a gentle flower.

Like sands from an hourglass, we fall,
with no purpose, but that of our own.
In our dreams we see it all,
the tragedy of this world has befallen,
the great of man has fallen.

For love, we do not mourn the loss of man,
in the wake of time itself.
We mourn the lies that once did stand,
in the hopes of what sorrow may bring,
a tragedy of a king.

Adam M. Snow

Forsaken Me

Forsaken Me
By: Adam M. Snow

Night by night, I lie awake wishing for soothing rain,
With loss of hope and faith I ask to ease this lonely pain.
With feeling lost and full of doubt, struggling through this frozen time,
And this stench of lies between the worldly grime,
Now follows behind me forevermore.
I hear the ghost of mine alone calling throughout the night,
With darkness within his voice, tormented with delight.

'Forsaken me' must he said.
And I, afraid of what now to come.
'Forsaken me' the voice grows strong.
And I, longing for what now to come.

But thus this be but a dream or thus this be but a life without a dream?
A life without faith and hope and all, does it seem?
Could this be but a mirror of my life?
Forsaken me, is all I hear,
Yet it shows me, itself is fear,
And I ponder to why it is here.
Could it be that death is near?

'Forsaken me' must he said.
And I, afraid of what now to come.
'Forsaken me' the voice grows strong.
And I, longing for what now to come.

Again, must I go through this,
The feeling of emptiness,
And the knowledge that all could end,
And this heart to not be mend?
Again, must I go through this,
To throw myself back into abyss?

'Forsaken me' must he said.
And I, afraid of what now to come.
'Forsaken me' the voice grows strong.
And I, longing for what now to come.

Maybe it's time to face my ghost,
And all the things that I boast,
And forsaken me nonetheless,
And free myself from all the stress.
Now I lie myself to sleep,
Forsaken myself with terrible heap.

'Forsaken me' the voice goes on,
Even 'gainst the blackest of dawn.
'Forsaken me' forevermore,
With every burden I must bore.

I see the ghost in tainted light,
Following the waking of the night.
Condemn me, condemn me,
It knows not what this curse may be.
Forsaken me, forsaken me,
Let my broken life see.

'Forsaken me' must he said.
And I, afraid of what now to come.
'Forsaken me' the voice grows strong.
And I, longing for what now to come.

My life's in shackles,
My misery, my hackles,
My longing for redemption.
I see a door, cracked and torn,
As I bow my head to mourn,
For my endless shadow of my endless fate,
Swallowed by everything that I hate.

'Forsaken me' the voice goes on,
Even 'gainst the blackest of dawn.
'Forsaken me' forevermore,
With every burden I must bore.

Must this ghost be me but an echo of what yet to come?
The presence I feel, the nameless numb.
Must this be my suffering end?
Must I now make amend,
With but a single heartache,
On the night of my Irish wake?

'Forsaken me' the voice goes on,
Even 'gainst the blackest of dawn.
'Forsaken me' forevermore,
With every burden I must bore.

Could it be that the ghost I spoke of,
Could it be that it's really me?
Gone from this world, lonely as can be.
Forsaken, as the years go by,
And to find all things must die.
Being left in solitude,
Cold and alone and yes, even nude.
Myself I now forsaken,
Curse to sleep and never awaken.

Adam M. Snow

From the Depth of Eternal

From the Depth of Eternal
By: Adam M. Snow

From the depth of eternal
where I dare lay;
I long for that which darkness covers.
I search myself, night and day;
and I but a ghost who hovers.

Adam M. Snow

From the Depth of Ethereal

Such heavenly beauty beyond my human reach,
but a lowly soul this world does 'seech.
Lost in a time of tragedy and flutter;
there is a pain-so utter.
The Epiphany came in an instant and blinded me,
from the fear and rage that I now see.
I lay there in torment as time now fall,
night is the victim to this nature's call.
A haunting of melody that will not dispel;
Souls in torment as their lore now tell.
A perfect light arises from the shadows realm below,
the hidden world so far away where thoughts unspoken go.
And from the depth of Ethereal, I could still hear her heart beating;
one after another, the dark clouds are fleeting.
The dreams are real and time stands still if only you believe,
all things that test reality; the visions fools and children see.
From the Depth of Ethereal came howls of former corporeal,
as a soft gentle breeze now makes my heart feel at ease.
The wails of the dead now brings forth shudders of dread;
but this one lowly soul, peace is all she said.

Adam M. Snow

Frozen

Frozen
By: Adam M. Snow

Memories frozen and gone,
like sands in broken time,
'gainst the blackest of dawn,
yet cold with no love sublime.
To be alone in ice of despair,
with hearts cold and frozen.
There's nothing left to bear,
for all who are chosen.

Like frost in the wind,
chilling a lonely being,
leaving nothing to mend,
like a ghost without seeing.
Dreams now cold like ice,
falling to pieces,
not once but twice,
as the days decreases.

What else is there to know,
with everything oh so cool?
Like being ghost in the snow,
and you being the fool.
All's now cold like a winter's night,
like little breezes dusk and shiver,
and with unpleasant delight,
with fear all is quiver.

Staring now out a hoar frost window,
alone, cold and wilted,
with your sufferings and woe,
waiting to strike you dead.
All's now cold hearted,
like frozen in ice,
as all's departed,
and you're the sacrifice.

Adam M. Snow

Glanced Upon Her

Glanced Upon Her
By: Adam M. Snow

I see her, such beauty shrouds of light,
I'd glance upon her morn, noon and night.
Such innocence follows thee,
Like branches of stars we see,
She knows not my name,
But I be the blame.
O' Antoinette, names like a rose,
Blossoming after fall of snows.
But I be to thee but a ghost,
My love for you is what I boast.
Thou kept seeth right through me,
Though I dream of thee,
A dream soon to die,
If thou not seeth my eye,
My feeling to whom should embrace,
From the depth of love shone grace.

Adam M. Snow

Glimpse in Another Man's Reflection

Glimpse in Another Man's Reflection
By: Adam M. Snow

I woke myself in another man's life.
Reflection shown was I yet not I,
A glimpse of my lone self strife.
My timely age shows me to die.
But I be not ready in a time such as this,
So it came to me like a demon abyss.

I scream my grief, my aching soul.
I plead my savior, death upon me.
Let me live not this life I'm curse,
Write upon my immoral verse.

Let this be a dream, I know it not.
Do I dare keep on living?
I know not this living plot,
Or of itself a new misgiving.

Leave myself not I in chamber,
Until I die on morning ember.
Awake myself, my life not this.
Freeing the nights, my demon abyss.
I died to wake but life not changed,
Although the likes of life estranged.
To live this curse my wakeful day,
But at night I would wander away.

Adam M. Snow

God the Father

God the Father
By: Adam M. Snow

To be at the sight of all beauty and grace,
and seek guidance in your glorious place.
To be still and in awe of you,
and to know you made me new.
To be welcome in your open arms,
and see all around the Heavenly charms.

To you God the Father, who art in Heaven,
let your will be done, let this place be haven.
To you my Father, the one who's beguiled,
who wants me to run to him, your once lost child.
To you my Redeemer and Strong Tower,
whose with me each beloved hour.

May I say unto you,
for I know it's true,
for all the love you've poured,
thank you O Lord.
You forgave my each and every sin,
and I end this prayer O Lord Amen.

Adam M. Snow

Hanging from a Blood Soaked Tree

Hanging from a Blood Soaked Tree
By: Adam M. Snow

One morn as under a great tree I lay,
Misery held me in its pain-filled sway.
I dreamt of a life where I wasn't numb,
Sleepwalking my way toward the dusk to come.

I felt sweat drops that I thought were rain,
And opening my eyes, saw a man hung in pain.
His feet were crossed and his arms stretched wide;
I could see no life in this man. Had he died?

Arose a voice from the blood soaked tree,
'I died for you so that you are free.'

I sat there stunned in my ignorant sleep,
My curiosity teased by a tree that speaks.
I lingered in repose, knowing not what was said;
Clinging to the echoing voice in my head-

'I did this for you.'
With eyes of blue-
He wept.

His head was pierced with thorns claw-like,
And each hand was nailed by a rusty spike.
He calls to me by my name,
I couldn't help it but show my shame.

Words arose from his lips,
As his blood still drips.
His voice so dear,
So pure, so clear;
Spoken once more-

His voice was dear as it said to me,
'I died for you so that you are free.'

There then rose a light, blinding as the morn;
'Fear not, ' he said 'For I am reborn'
'Behold, ' he said, 'My blood is made pure,
I am not dead, I am dying's cure! '
His voice drew near, and whispered he:
'I died for you so that you are free.'

Adam M. Snow

Hangman's Gallows

Hangman's Gallows
By: Adam M. Snow

The hangman cometh,
to the gallows oaken,
the reapers awaken,
to mend the broken.
The mourners mourn,
a soul that was scorn.

Your judgment comes,
now's the end,
like a dying friend,
laying you at rest,
in a hollowed coffin,
as they dance and jest.

The mark of noose,
around your neck,
if weakness may excuse.
They dance and dance,
they jest and jest,
your blood drips to the deck.

To the blood of dawn,
to the black of dusk,
all tears are gone,
and all who brusque.
All's unspoken,
you're forsaken.

The children screaming,
mothers stopped dreaming,
your body's hanging,
from a waning noose.
All you've done,
your life's abuse.

By dawn the reaper weary,
as time grew dark and eerie.
The hangman cometh,
to the gallows oaken,
with a gauntlet of raw,
for you, who's broken.

Adam M. Snow

Here Today, Gone Tomorrow

Here Today, Gone Tomorrow
By: Adam M. Snow

Just like a rose that blooms yet withers away;
we are here to live but not here to stay.
We need to learn to love, forget how to hate;
and free ourselves from a terrible fate.
We are here today, yet gone tomorrow;
so leave estray all doubt and sorrow;
soon we'll be gone and some be damned to Hell;
stand firm on the Rock and all will be well.

We need to wake up and open our eyes;
so that we may see through all of our lies.
Life is fragile yet it can end unexpectedly.
So why do we still see blindly?
We are only here today, yet we'll be gone tomorrow;

Adam M. Snow

I Am Love's Profound Lost Love

I am love's profound lost love,
I fade each night away.
I have gained nothing yet lost all,
grasping the perpetual sway.

But woe as sorrow did covers me,
I kneeled before thee humbled and lost.
I gave unto thee a blood soaked quill,
and a text of a tragic play.

Adam M. Snow

I am who I am

I will not change,
this is who I am.
You can mock me,
I will not give in.
You can feed me lies-
from your jealousy tongue,
I know the truth;
I am who I am.
I will not change,
my future is my own;
I choose my own path,
I will not bow to you.

Adam M. Snow

I gave unto Thee

I gave unto Thee
By: Adam M. Snow

By my life I gave unto thee.
By my soul I gave unto thee.
Waging wars within myself,
anchor thee my hollowed self.
My life I give, my love I not,
the absence of a soul does not
linger on without a life,
journey on without a life.
And by my life I gave unto thee
And by my soul I gave unto thee.

Adam M. Snow

I have seen Maelstroms Eternal

I write with flowers of ink,
thy love poured out on page,
in a slumbering alder away in endless flight;
swaying with the stars, so white 'gainst the black night sky;
facing the horizons, on the calm black waters called -ink.
-I write for thee that thy heart be free.
I have seen maelstroms eternal,
mount in my soul but endless;
-An abyss without thee, I dare thee not.
By starlight the rushes lean over thee wide:
-The ink on the page is erased,
-The text is long forgotten.

Adam M. Snow

I See A Flower

I see a flower, weltering in this midst summer's heat;
a tragedy of beauty lost.
It goes untold the innocent that once lied,
a beauty trampled by man.
For whatever it was, a rose or a sunflower bud,
it was short lived, a tragedy.
Should that flower be left to welt away?
Perhaps, or perhaps one day it will bloom anew;
a new beginning with colors like the heavens.

Adam M. Snow

I Wonder

I wonder,
I wonder if this life is life at all;
if it's a dream, then I may fall.
The feelings I embrace may be false;
the triumph of love, this moonlight waltz.

Memories I hold dear,
thoughts of fear:
Are they all that which they seem,
a fragments of a shattered dream?

But who to say this dream is real,
even though we may not feel.
Does it harm me to say,
I do not wish it this way?

Adam M. Snow

Inferno

Inferno
By: Adam M. Snow

The inferno of the pale moon once burns with despair,
hiding in the darkened noon with death in the air.
All children are comatose, the creatures are putrid,
the gallows now ramose with the end of all hatred.

Stars fall from the sky to the earth like all foreboding,
humanity fails to cry with fears of the soon ending.
All is now silent in the vespertine stillness,
no thoughts are violent, earth's now in darkness.

The vastness of one's dreams now gone and forsaken,
yet frozen like the moonlit beams soon to reawaken.
The earth caught fire with all greatness and bleak,
no hope for a last desire as all life grows weak.

Newborn dies, all now look towards defeat,
all's been despised now suffering with inferno heat.
An ominous bank of dark clouds for all to see,
covers all life and now left upon lethe.

Adam M. Snow

Insanity

Deep in thought,
I lose myself.
Insanity is I,
a victim to despair.
My wandering soul;
I am lost.
I erase my words,
without a thought.

Adam M. Snow

Into the Blue Memory

This is a poem not a song...
I wrote it like that on purpose,
that's because I wanted this poem to
sing to you like if it was being sung
like an opera, I wanted this to fill
your heart with poetry and song...
This was inspired by the song
'Ghost Love Score' by Nightwish

Into the Blue Memory
By: Adam M. Snow

A child will find the way,
in a night, and in a day,
with the moment still,
waking the dreams,
glorious and free,
into the blue memory.

Redeeming childhood,
upon advent dream,
A journey worth telling,
of this soon destiny.

Angels singing broken song,
can't help but sing along.
Open eyes of blinded sorrow,
looking towards the endless morrow.

Who is she, lost and cold,
with tales of truth to be told?
Stories of journey in the blue memory,
of a destined child of light and poverty.

A siren from the deep approached him,
spoke his dreams, his memory,
mend his broken heart,
pressed out like a key,
to reign with love and all victoriously.

Will he find true love,
shining down from above?
Lighting his way,
into the ever darkening day.

Nevermore does he ache,
when he sleep, he's still awake,
longing for true love,
cold and alone he waits,
waiting for that day,
that only love could portray.

Who is he, lost and cold,
with tales of truth to be told?
Stories of journey in the blue memory,
of a destined child of light and poverty.

A siren from the sea approached her,
spoke her dreams, her memory,
mend her broken heart,
free her from her curse,
to reign with love and all victoriously.

Will she find true love,
shining down from above?
Lighting her way,
into the ever darkening day.

The world she forsake,
when she sleep, she's still awake,
longing for her love,
on this dreary night,
waiting for that day,
that only love could portray.

Together they seek,
not self-effacing nor meek,
but the touch of pure love,
to mend their broken heart.

Together they search,
for themselves once lost,
with their vowing dreams the cost,
to find, there is only one,
riding throughout the wind,
being together passed the end,
falling into the arms,
of an angel's joyous charms,
to the sight of lovers birth,
reigning down all over the Earth.

Adam M. Snow

Lady in White

Lady in White
By: Adam M. Snow

She stares at me benevolently with her baby blue eyes.
How beautiful she looks, that lady in white.
I try to go on my way, but I hear her gentle cries.
I reached out to help her, but she simply vanished in the night.
Who is this that they call 'Ghost? ' my lovely Lady in White;
and do you know? Could you tell me why does my Lady cry?

Where upon nightfall approaches;
returned to the splintered bridge, where portraits my Lady in White;
only to find her crying, waiting for her lost love.
Truly this is an undesirable sight;
tears fall as she gaze essentially at stars above.
I only wish I could help her, my lovely Lady in White;
to lead her home into the light;
truly it can only be by her might.

I must go on my way and leave my Lady behind.
She's there to stay crying; waiting for her love to return.
Though my heart, I feel her tears fall upon.
From my Lady, there's so much that I learn;
that love never dies, it just lives on.

Adam M. Snow

Ladylove

There once was a lady by the name of Ladylove,
who was said to be a saint sent from above.
But no one knew just who she was;
a ghost indeed was she, was she.
She approached a swain one day, one sorrowful day;
stealing his heart as she ran away.

She left with a flutter in a moonlit still,
her beauty graces her for a splendid time.
She haste to a pond of midnight glow,
a lad soon followed as he watched her go.
She looked in his eyes with sadness there,
looking away as she's engulfed in light.

She step a foot in glistening water still,
meandering a swan not by will.
The boy he haste to grasp her hand,
letting his love guide as they shift to swans;
he a swan of black and she white,
they soar now into the ever moonlight.
The story now told of a love everlasting,
of two young swans, on moonlit casting.

Adam M. Snow

Life without a Life

Life without a Life
By: Adam M. Snow

A feeling expressed without even a word,
A word without a voice spoken.
A heart without a beating of life,
Or a life without a feeling of bliss.
What of a weary somber?
But a life without a life.

Adam M. Snow

Long Forgotten Journey

Long Forgotten Journey
By: Adam M. Snow

What am I, that is no longer,
Lost in stormy seas unchanged,
But one weak as I now stronger,
Curse to walk this world deranged,
And I, alone yet not alone,
With but my love to atone.
I despite what I have become,
I condemn myself to death,
Henceforth to why I am numb,
And to why, I give my dying breath.
One to rise yet one to fall,
And on this morrow, I give my all.
Must this be but a journey within oneself,
A journey that was once long forgotten,
So that I may find myself,
For I in earth am rotten,
But I struggle with all devotion,
Blinded by my single emotion,
I wander for greater purpose,
In a world departed from oneself,
I found myself in Jesus,
And through him, I healed myself.
Must this be fate, that I no longer lost,
Twas the blood of lamb that be the cost.

Adam M. Snow

Lost in a Dream World

Lost in a Dream World
By: Adam M. Snow

What place is this, from my slumber I wake?
A mistiful world, a smell of roses flake.
I walk this world of nightmare hollow,
Dare not treasure this dreamful wallow.
The feeling is real but this world's a lie;
If I keep on living, surely I'll die.
What place is this within my slumber,
Where the sky is that of umber?
I wander through this bleary abyss,
Confused about this worldly amiss.
All my dreams and fears before me;
Out in the open for me to see.
I run but all is still;
I can't help myself be ill.
I am lost within this world of dreams;
Alone forever, in a world of gleams.

Adam M. Snow

Lost in a Self Taught Dream

Alone I sit in chamber morn;
confusion reigns, so I scorn.
The world itself berates my soul,
lost in thought when bell charm toll.

I ponder on, still lost in thought;
lost in dreams such devilish plot.
I now held dear this cursed heart,
torn between us, now flown apart.
Brought to a still in day of yore;
written in blood, this untimely lore.

Adam M. Snow

Lost in Darkness

Lost in Darkness
By: Adam M. Snow

I thought that I am, but I am no more,
I am that which is lost, and many more.
Being the one, the one of false name,
I long for that whom be the same.
I long for that in stillness night,
that carries away in outstretched light.

Adam M. Snow

Love in Bloom

Love in Bloom
By: Adam M. Snow

Love, a flower, forever blooms upon our Earth,
Its fragrance borne aloft by a couple's birth,
Love's petals gently open in the glowing hearts of two,
The petals bright colors painting the whispered words 'I Do.'
Thus love entwines this couple and makes them strong,
Their tenderness and commitment shall never feel wrong.
The miracle of two souls destined to meet,
Guided by their God's love, so gentle and sweet.
From this moment forward the two shall go,
Embraced by a love that always will flow.
Through the years they will face trials of the heart,
But this blessed couple never shall they part.

Adam M. Snow

Love Me without My Mask

Love Me without My Mask
By: Adam M. Snow

Many years, I am who I'm not,
Life pass by yet myself I forgot,
Living life not as mine but mine.
Could you love me without my mask?
But it not be as divine.
The truth, myself I hid from you,
You know me not yet I know it's true.
I long for myself to fly and be free,
But I stand vivified and afraid,
The truth, haunting the very soul of me.
Love me without my mask is all I plead.
Not be the ghost but love I need.
I long for you to know the truth.
You deny my past, my future.
Cast me aside, I am uncouth.

Adam M. Snow

Meandering of Self Destiny

Meandering of Self Destiny
By: Adam M. Snow

Fall I unto thy cold bleak ground;
Grasping life with every pound.
My aching voice does blunder,
When Flesh and Spirit sunder.
Leaving all into oblivious,
With thy feelings of lascivious,
Cursing thy living wonders,
Leaving I into blunders.
Though not I ye should fear:
Nature is what we hear.
Not I whom ye should dare speak:
But be thy love of joyous meek.
A journey ends at ones tree;
Branches spread shadowing thee.
Not a light to touch on tainted ground,
But of thy love whom ye profound.

Adam M. Snow

Melancholy of a Romance

Melancholy of a Romance
By: Adam M. Snow

A perfect dream left unsung,
Echoes thoroughly from nature's tongue,
From the lips of blossoming rose,
To all hearts, I suppose.
But it be with me, thoughts of love,
Shining brighter, brighter than a morning dove.
But of lust, a desire for romance,
A feeling not given a chance,
But a feeling shining less, less than a spark,
Goes dimmer, dimmer till all is dark.
There's hope for a broken heart to mend,
Death closes all: but some ere the end.
To be a flower, is profound,
But is there still time to be found?

Adam M. Snow

Melody

Melody
By: Adam M. Snow

O' Melody, names like the angel's song;
music swaying around thine love
but of thy love my days be long;
O' my Melody, sang my song.

I long to hear thy voice, thy angelic voice
soothes away my hearts desire.
But it be that of love's choice
echoing upon thy voice.

Can thee forever love a lonely man such as I,
or do thee live on knowing not that of love,
or do thee walk passed and curse myself to die?
This feeling, this love O' Melody I cannot deny.

Let me hear thy choir of thy song;
a voice so deep calming the soul.
Let thy voice and passion be strong;
O' my Melody, sang my song.

Sing; let thy voice be heard across the Earth.
Let it pierce thy shadows.
Let the world see a new found birth
and the wonders its worth.

O' Melody, a song I longed after
to cleanse my immortal soul,
to feel the joy and laughter
and be with you hereafter.

O' Melody, names like the angel's song;
music swaying around thine love
but of thy love my days be long;
O' my Melody, sang my song.

O' Melody, play thy music for I love thee.
Thy lyrics be true thy heart,
Thy song be thy key
to set all souls free.

Let me hear thy choir of thy song;
a voice so deep calming the soul.
Let thy voice and passion be strong;
O' my Melody, sang my song.

Adam M. Snow

Milady of the Sea

Beauty engulfs her extravagant being,
cursing me silent; without thought, without seeing.
Being as it may be, a bewitching beauty;
leaving me speechless and lost in dreams.

Her sweet melody calling, drowning me-
depths of despair; my home, my sea,
echoing of tunes, O' sweet melody;
beauty half that of piscine.

The moon itself glistens for her;
it dances around her angelic sound.
Entrap me, O' milady of the sea-
take I with thee sweet melody.

The great blue we go forth, endeavor and so forth;
lost to the sweet sound sung forever.
The cascading ray ignites her beauty;
reflections go forth from the sea.

I met her eyes for moment still,
her melody fallen my heart to ill.
How it's so I, lost in thoughts thought of her-
milady or not, forevermore dream of her?

Adam M. Snow

Misery

Misery
By: Adam M. Snow

Here I am alone in somber;
as I rest calmly here in my chamber.
Suddenly there rose a clatter;
for I hear it calling out to me;
'Who's there that my eyes cannot see? '
I said as the voices replied,
'Misery is me, I am your misery.'

I rose from my slumber;
with haste of morning ember;
to be stopped by an essence of me.
'How can this be? ' I said. 'Truly it can't be me.'
This is too real even for a dream;
truly it cant even be a ream.
'So who are you to be a reflection of me? '
Thus he replied, 'I am your misery.'

He said he is my misery;
if that is the case how can that be?
for I've held this pain in for so long;
that I do not know what went wrong;
for I am also numb,
weary, dreary, and some;
for I know not what would become of me;
if I was to set it free.
For I know now that this will be the end of me;
to be killed by my own misery.

I reach deeply within myself letting loose of my feelings;
as my misery whispered in my ear; he said, 'Your time is near.'
Must this be, for I feel that I'm not ready?
For all the things that I have done, I am truly sorry.
This is truly the end of me;
thus my last words be,
'Misery is me, I am my misery.'

Adam M. Snow

Morning Ember

Morning Ember
By: Adam M. Snow

I arose from my slumber with haste of morning ember;
to be greeted by a knock on my chamber door.
'Who's there? ' I said as I am greeted with an;
outstretched hand and the pain I feel nevermore.
'It is me, your mourning star, greeting you from afar.'
Quoth the ghost of this morning ember.
I lie back down, confused and alone on this cold;
forsaken morning December.

'I am your morning star, traveled all this way to be;
where you are.' said the ghost on the other side;
of my chamber door.
'Leave me alone! ' I screamed with agony.
'Just let me be on my own.' I said.
As the ghost replied, 'I am your morning star,
your guardian angel who traveled so far.'
I arose from where I lay to be greeted by a woman;
covered in light, wearing a gown so pure and white.

'Who are you? ' I said as fear struck my very core.
'I am your guardian angel showing you there's;
ever so more.' said the ghost now called angel.
'What is it that you want to show? '
I ask 'Surely it's something, I don't know.'
'You were lost but now you're found,
for you are saved by the Son;
with thorns he was crowned.' said the angel;
of morning ember.

'Was I truly lost? ' I said as I stopped to ponder.
Suddenly I remembered how my life I live is broken.
'Surely by listening to all that is spoken then perhaps;
my life will be anew.' I said. 'That is true.'
said the angel. 'By me being here with you changed;
your life but for you to live anew, first you must willingly
ask the father to forgive you.' Quoth the angel of;
morning ember.

My tears fall gently to the ground as I fell to my knees;
all is calm yet all is at ease, to the heaven I look with tears;
in my eye, I called out 'Father' as a started to cry, 'Forgive me,
for I was lost yet I couldn't see for without you I could never be free,
Father forgive me.'

Adam M. Snow

Mute

Armed with a tongue, I dare not speak;
my voice alone is why I'm weak.
I ripped it out to hurt no more,
silent now forevermore.

Adam M. Snow

My Fair Swan

My fair swan, why dost thou not know thy heart?
Yet be it so that it may be, grace upon thy wings.
Grace the shade of purity white,
O' white the shade of thy heavens with gold fleece.

Yet ye fair swan, you not know this poor lout soul longth for thee?
To long for a kiss, to turn thee free; a princess thou is.
O' my fair swan, dost one spread one's wings to soar?
Then as I unto thee, and thee unto I shall we too soar.

But my fair love these chains allude me,
Bounding my fate without thee forevermore.
Clipping my wings and grounding me forevermore.

My love, thou art the purity of swans;
Yet I, your lout a crow with broken wings.
In this endeavour which I follow thee,
To ends of earth forevermore.
And dost thou and I calmly wait forevermore.

Adam M. Snow

My Insanity

Falling weak, I lay my head;
resting now I feel dread.
A ghost am I,
forever nigh;
a mute yet blind;
this world, my mind
held insanity,
my humanity,
lost to eternity,
by mortality.

Adam M. Snow

My Lady Amaranth

My Lady Amaranth
By: Adam M. Snow

My Lady Amaranth who hides thy face so dear;
such beauty shrouds such mystery-
be it only by fear, fear of thy morning glory.
But it not be a dream to guide thee.
But it be a dream to guide me.
A song sought after thy voice my Lady
thus it be thy eternity sought after.
To grasp thy brokenness, to grasp thy longing;
to wake thyself from mongering.

My Amaranth, my flower which grows in many shades;
be ye my Amaranth that never fades.
Thy voice which echoes my name by night,
thy beauty like starry clusters bright;
my Lady shrouds of mystery and light
be my love, my longing life.
But it's a life that cannot be
forever my heart aches of thee.
Dost thou not knowth my name by heart?

O' ye Blameless of a Name-
where thee of Darkness dwells,
captivate thy love in greater dells.
Hearken ye, these olden tales
Deep in the pits where life dare not go
and stream of life cease to flow.
From ye that of Joyous ends,
and that of tragic bends.
Forever spun upon thy pen.
Understand what happened the day I fell,
as I reach for thee, I bid thee fare-thee-well.

Adam M. Snow

My Lady Who Cries the Night Away

My Lady Who Cries the Night Away
By: Adam M. Snow

My lady who cries the night away
dost thou not know another way?
Be ye still afraid of thy dream
'Tis varied by the Dream.
Ye be not a life so free,
my maiden my life of thee be me.
Lest beknownst thy drowning fear
that hangs before her all the year.

Besought the light that now grows dim,
hope for once the love of him.
Thy cherish thy love be it not true
like the tears she shed twinkling blue.

Lest thy heart burdened be
lest she glimpse eternity.
My lady who cries the night away
dost thou not know another way?

O' ye be a wakeful woe
glimpse of life, love bestow.
O'er thy morning dove doesth not sing?
My lady, she cries for her fallen king.

Adam M. Snow

My Mind is a White Canvas

My Mind is a White Canvas
By: Adam M. Snow

The silence mellowed out the loudest noise conceived,
And I wonder all that I've deceived.
I dreamt all that I could dream up till now;
My mind draws blank, a white canvas what's shown.
I lost all hope to this once eternal vow,
And of this heart my voice now groan.
It is what I said, that and furthermore;
I've lost all hope of my now untimely lore.

Adam M. Snow

Night of Dreary

Night of Dreary
By: Adam M. Snow

The moon beams upon roses of blood;
to those who sought the everlasting flood.
It is this night that I sought and wander;
for everything I've done, I've stopped to ponder.

Will I awaken or will I die?
This is the night that I cry.

Tis be my night of dreary wonder;
all and all why did I blunder?
In the dark I must lie;
for all things must truly die.

So let the voices echo in the night;
telling me whether or not I should fight.
It is this night that I sought and wander;
for everything I've done, I've stopped to ponder.

Will I awaken or will I die?
This is the night that I cry.

Why, oh why did I left my body so cold;
all alone with no sight to behold?
Who am I now for I am someone who is lost?
For nevermore is my soul cold like frost.

Twas upon this night of dreary;
that my essence was cold and weary.
I see the shadows coming for me;
though I not know what the curse may be.

Could it be that this is the end;
that there's nothing left for me to fend?
It is this night that I sought and wander;
for everything I've done, I've stopped to ponder.

Will I awaken or will I die?
This is the night that I cry.

Adam M. Snow

Night of Ethereal

Night of Ethereal
By: Adam M. Snow

I heard a gentle tapping upon the night,
Stirred up with a humble fright,
As Darkness fallen upon my sight.
This kindled lamp is my only light,
Which flickers out till all is dark,
Which left upon me a kindled mark,
Which left me alone in a chamber murk,
Alone in a chamber cirque.
Not a candlelight to guide me,
Not a light to see.
I try that I must, but I cannot flee.
I try that I must to break free.
Out of my mouth sprung a whimper,
A plead with a simper,
As dark becomes a blur.
Darkness as if it were,
Beseeched upon the nightfall.
No, beseeched upon enthral
By the Night of Ethereal,
By the Night of Sprawl.

Adam M. Snow

Night of Yore

Night of Yore
By: Adam M. Snow

Speak softly so my heart can hear,
Of your voice and make it clear.
I don't have time to bicker and sing,
But o'er thy voice, a bell dost ring.
Charming away solstice night of yore;
Ticking away more and more.
The dawn of age will come to pass;
Speak now and make it last.
Speak now while moments endeavour,
Because nothing on Earth, lasts forever.

Adam M. Snow

Nightingale

Till the dark fades, I ponder thee-
leaving this dream for another.
But lest I know the truth, I humble thee;
nae be I fall to other.

But dark as this night soon sunder,
wayward bound, I wait for thee.
Fall onto the moonlight plunder;
clinching my voice of thee.
Robbing my voice, O' Nightingale;
lost but naught by thee.
By if silent dost prevail,
I humbled lost to thee.

Adam M. Snow

Nightmare

Nightmare
By: Adam M. Snow

We are but a dream for the dreamed;
only to realize that we have been redeemed;
to be hopeless nor do I be the same;
for in this dream, I have no name;
for my words remain unspoken;
when all I am is broken.

There's no darkness nor is there light;
for this world can be seen in daylight not just the night.
In this world the water is black yet the sky is red;
for we are all full of dread.
There's so much fear and agony here;
for it feels like our end is near.

Is this but a nightmare of reality?
If so this is brutality;
for I see the people stopped to pray;
'Have we lost our way? '

Adam M. Snow

No Rest for the Weary

No Rest for the Weary
By: Adam M. Snow

There's no rest for the weary;
all those times we were dreary;
and agony suffers evermore.
We are swallowed by time;
wanting to die;
all from tormented prime;
and the tears we've shed evermore.

We are weak, bounded by fate;
surrounded by, no love but hate.
There's no dream for the weary;
and all around the night grew eerie.
The sun falls in an endless abyss;
followed by all hope and bliss.

With nightmare following by;
we cannot help but to cry.
As Poe's raven cries nevermore;
we become more like a withered rose;
growing out of an open door.
There's no end for the weary;
as we see death even clearly.

We raise the gauntlet of raw;
to our suffering and flaw;
followed by our agony and tide;
to those who's trying to hide.
There's no rest for the weary;
as we ponder all that is leery.

We've been swallowed by lies;
in this time of demise;
being left dead but alive;
in this abode for peace;
nevermore will it cease;
in the minds of all;
as we continue to fall.

There's no hope for the weary;
with eyes so teary;
as we weep what we sow;
with our fears we bestow.
Now taint is our soul;
as we lie, buried in this hole.

With hearts full of dread;
we try to be one with the dead;
only to suffer more.
Now with uncaring eyes;

tormented and scorn;
we despise our demise;
and brake free evermore.

There's no time for the weary;
and those who are deary;
only to be tormented by glee.
We're not broken yet we cannot see;
our life beyond this narrow pass;
trapped behind the looking glass.

The mourners gathered to your delight;
to welcome your tormented night;
and by the moon the reaper weary;
as we lay to rest this time so dreary.
Go on now my wayward son;
and be free from all we've done.

Cut all your strings;
spread your new found wings;
and soar into the sky anew.
You're no longer weary;
no longer dreary;
now that you are free.

Adam M. Snow

Nocturnal Transgressions

Nocturnal Transgressions
By: Adam M. Snow

My nocturnal transgressions upon the hour;
I seek the truth, my lips are sour.
I humble again, what is becoming,
A nightly whimper my flesh succumbing.
Silence becomes the voice of reason;
Agony follows upon my seasons.
My feelings of bliss, I do not feel,
My time alone, these scars don't heal.
I scourge all things from now to yore,
To lose myself even more.
I robbed myself of dignity;
I succumb malignity.
I quiver with fear,
As dawn draws near;
I humble again what is becoming,
A nightly whimper, my flesh succumbing.

Adam M. Snow

O' Ye Captain of Mine

O' Ye Captain of Mine
By: Adam M. Snow

O' ye captain of mine,
In my quarters we dine,
Tell tales of a journey once spent.
Life on sea across more than me,
To the ends of the Earth we sail.
The stars guide us without a fuss,
Through the uncharted sea.
To a land of youth of many uncouth,
To a battle of bloodshed wage.
O' ye captain of mine,
Of the ship 'Vast Divine'
Rotted many years to now.
The wars once fought and gold once sought,
Laughter of the forgotten crew.
The songs we sang with our devilish slang,
Bottles of rum in hand.
The joys of blasphemy as we sailed the sea,
Into the sun cast reflection.
Mysteries untold of a journey behold,
The stories of forever youth.
A fountain of gold where mermaids lay cold,
A journey of death it was.
The blood rage, the inferno blaze engage,
Corpses taint the sea.
Sounds of cannons blasting, soon everlasting,
Fills the salty air with greed.
The treasure once sought claims lives of all who fought,
And yours as well, O' captain of mine.
Tonight I dine in my quarters alone,
To forever cherish your stories our own.

Adam M. Snow

Ode to a Cross

Ode to a Cross
By: Adam M. Snow

Made from an old dogwood tree,
betrayed for all the world to see.
With three nails upon the cross,
Satan bows his head emboss.

The blood drips, staining splinters,
pours out upon all ranters.
Your arms stretched wide, your feet bounded,
all's frozen, the thunder sounded.

To the heavens you cried out,
praying for all of us no doubt.
Stained by blood is that old tree,
you were hung and died for me.

Adam M. Snow

Ode to a Twilight Sky

Ode to a Twilight Sky
By: Adam M. Snow

To bear witness to the beauty above,
to know it's everything one could love.
With the sights of the twinkling lights,
hiding their days, not their nights.

They dance around the sun and moon,
dances to a glorious Heaven's tune.
They will fly throughout the twilight sky,
we hurry to make a wish as they fly by.

We lie on the grass and connect the dots,
fantasy never ends for we know there's lots.
We could try and count them all one by one,
but there are some things that could never be done.

All stars can be seen at night yet one during the day
how glorious it is to see them riding the Milky Way.
To wish upon the first star we see at night,
and to dance under a glistening moonlight.

Repose, gracefully dreaming to a single star,
beyond this universe to a whole new land afar.
Dreaming of leaving this world and flying to the moon,
and coming home before all clocks strikes noon.

This twilight sky with the moon and star's exquisite,
yet we dream to the stars and moons to visit.
We stare at the stars wondering which is Heaven,
for want of the stars, this world wouldn't be liven.

To sing to a child, 'Twinkle, twinkle little star.'
yet we still wonder, 'What they truly are? '
From the sky, one by one they shine down,
onto us and lighting a darkened town.

Some longing to catch a star once fallen,
to put into a locket so it wouldn't be stolen.
We all try to look beyond them all,
yet some waits for the night to watch them fall.

Adam M. Snow

On the Broken Road

On the Broken Road
By: Adam M. Snow

Here I am, alone again;
thinking about my deadly sin.
for I am lost among the wind;
I know not how it all begin.

Why have I forsaken Thee;
now I cannot see;
I only hope you forgive me;
for I have lost my faith in you above;
for you I still love.

I've stepped off this road;
now I ask for you;
Will you make me anew;
take me from this dreary abode;
and let me be with you?

Adam M. Snow

On the Edge of a Suncast Sea

My lady, awake thee heavenly beams,
and lay thee rest upon my dreams.
Let it be known thy once tearful sorrow,
and let it be known our demise the hour.

'Away will I take thee.' says I
'Away I take thee and never die.'

My lady, time cease as your tear dropp falls;
the grass of green, now is blackened by thee tears.
Lay your head upon my breast,
close your eyes and forever rest.
Let it be known as thee shed emotions,
you're never alone when you cry dry tears.

My lady, forever I mourn of thee,
standing here on edge of suncast sea.

Adam M. Snow

Only in the Dream

Only in the Dream
By: Adam M. Snow

Deep in the forest where I lay,
In my Night's now my Day;
The reapers calling pass my ever dreams.
I dream though I am awake,
Dreaming for my siren sake.
But what of a dream:
A trifle-in our own esteem-
A journey in our visions pass,
A trial in its unobtrusive mass.
I lie here in my infinite wonder,
Lost in tranquility asunder.
Woe, woe unto me a new misgiving;
A dream now worth living.

Adam M. Snow

Pandora's Box

Pandora's Box
By: Adam M. Snow

Flames burn with bitter shame,
cursed upon the weak and lame,
The fallen stars, blackened day,
no more lights left to portray.
Tormented worlds of endless morrows,
cries with all devoted sorrows.
A child's punishment of vile maw,
dreams of agony and raw,
scattered upon broken hearts,
and all the hatred soon departs.

Adam M. Snow

Pestilential Solemn

From a deep slumber, a forever rest; lies abreast from me a lowly being.
T'was the same like before who showed no signs of fleeing.
He looked at me with his eyes he glared,
he looked at me with his nostrils flared.
He reached within me and grabbed my soul,
disappearing now into a world of cold.
An ethereal place where nightmare lurks,
as I wonder alone being the berkes.
I stood there edgewise as a crow flew to me,
he showed no fear, from what I could see.
He spoke with a voice so soft and ease,
'Weary traveler, let your trouble seize.'
I am stricken with angst as time before me froze
'What is now to come, but one of many woes? '
The crow before me, glisten and glowed;
forming a mirror, myself it showed.
Upon his chest a darkened hole,
and in his right hand beating, his heart and soul.
He reached with his left, grabbing my arm from the mirror,
my eyesight blurred for a second now is clearer.
He dragged me in as the mirror liquefied,
leaving me alone on the other side.
My body it burned as I looked upon my breast,
my heart was gone, a blackened hole upon my chest;
a beating in my hand with my heart in chains,
agony overwhelms as insanity now reigns.
A ghost beside me, a face like mine;
he laughed and jest as I am benign.
Time still froze while I lay restless,
lost in this dream, nonetheless.

Adam M. Snow

Pictures

Pictures
By: Adam M. Snow

Capturing life with precious moments to spare,
With smiles and love and timing so rare,
Living on forevermore within frames for all to see,
With a child's laughter as precious as can be.
Capturing memories of a soon forgotten childhood,
And family moments that never felt so good.
A truthful memoir in beautiful display,
Of a family picnic on a newborn summer day.
To savor the moments of joyous proportion,
Knowing it could all end in distortion.
Capturing the moments of an infant's first step,
Or a Christmas morn shining with pep.
An image of laughter and joyous jest,
A friendship jokes what they thought was best.
Memories taken of a sweet romance,
Of two young kids at their first school dance.
Capturing life with precious moments to spare,
With smiles and love and timing so rare.

Adam M. Snow

Pit of Solemn

I hold dear, a beating heart in my hand
as I stood still on shifting sand.
But the stars around me hid away,
their light has vanished upon this day.
Alas, the chains which binds my heart and soul,
rust away to a shade of rustic coal.
My heart now fades as my hand be empty;
I traveled this world on a bitter spree.

I was approached by a women, in white gown she worn;
her face was that an angel, her eyes of bitter scorn.
Out of her mouth flew a melody tune,
a beautiful song sung a croon.
The music so pure it tranced my being;
it blurred my vision, I am without seeing.
This siren song has called to me;
curse me now, upon this blood red sea.
But as I go, my wake fell upon my essence,
but this holds dear to me no convalescence.

Adam M. Snow

Puppet

Puppet
By: Adam M. Snow

I am a puppet to those who use me;
for they know not what my curse may be.
All I want is for my strings to be cut;
but instead my eyes are sealed shut.

I'm hanging by strings for their entertainment;
for I am evermore bound in containment.
Who am I to be called their puppet;
though my essence cannot forget.

Day by day these strings grow tight;
day by day I try not to fight.
Although I'm stuck and cannot move;
now there's nothing else for me to prove.

I am a puppet;
yet I can't deny it.
Although I have become one with these strings;
all I wish is to spread my wings.

Adam M. Snow

Rapture

Rapture
By: Adam M. Snow

We leave yet we leave love ones behind.
We leave yet they remain unspoken and blind.
If only they had known;
now they're all alone.

We leave to go to a world anew;
I truly feel sorry for you;
You choose your own way;
now you're left in this sin filled world to stay

I just wish we all had been ready;
but it seems that even a child could see;
how you're left behind;
unspoken and blind.

We leave to go to a world anew;
wishing you were here with us too.
There's nothing left for us to do;
but to praise our Lord and God so true.

Adam M. Snow

Redemption

Redemption
By: Adam M. Snow

Night is dark before the dawn,
and all's a dream within a dream,
hoping for what is gone,
and dancing 'gainst a moonlit beam.
To find ourselves, once was lost,
and redeem ourselves once again,
with the dreams and love's the cost,
to not fear the foe of men.

Lost and forsaken in a world gone cold,
waiting for a newborn morning ember,
as the darkened sun turns gold,
and all henceforth to remember,
the final hours of ones redemption.
Night to fall and awaken the day,
with honor of ones exemption,
to love all and leave to stay.

Adam M. Snow

Reflection

Reflection
By: Adam M. Snow

The reflection in this cracked mirror shows only two;
my essence, my soul; it's also true.
My soul is tainted, my essence is numb;
my dreams grew dark, this is what I've become.

My reflection is cracked; I'm out of place;
my heart grows cold, I need your grace.
I'm falling apart; I've lost my way;
what else do you want me to say?

The rippling water's a mist how can that be?
Do I exist to be with thee?
I am cracked and so is my reflection;
these wounds, they show my affection.

Though I am but one in a reflection of two;
trying to find my place anew.
So let my reflection show who I am;
someone who was to be damned.

Let me be but one;
so that I may be done.
My reflections strain drops of blood;
just leave me here in the mud.

My eyes are stained, my touch is cold;
all I need is someone to hold.
My mouth is silent, my love breaks;
my body's bound, my soul aches.

I am but one in the mirror's looking glass;
looking upon my modern pass.
When will my reflection show;
the truth I do not dare to know?

My reflection is cracked; I'm out of place;
my heart grows cold, I need your grace.
I'm falling apart; I've lost my way;
I'm waiting here for the day.

My skin grew pale, did I died?
I'm here in this corner trying to hide.
My sight has gone; it's the break of dawn;
I'm going back to where it spawned.

The mirror's shattered, not my reflection;
from what I've done this is my infection.
I've been risen yet I fall;
I can't give up on all.

My reflection's viewing pains;
showing me bound by these chains.
I'm forced to face myself in this state;
the mirror shows, this is my fate.

My reflection is broken yet it's whole;
I'm out in the world searching for my life's role.
I'm reaching out through the dark;
searching for the owner of this black mark.

Nevermore does my reflection show;
I'm lost with no where to go.
The mirror's lust has felled;
this is where I dwelled.

My tears fall upon reflection;
this is my resurrection.
The cracked mirror now shows one;
could it be that it's now done?

My reflection's anew;
it's also true.
I'm not the same:
I ignite my flame.

The mirror's now whole with no crack in sight;
I'm no longer in the dark, but the light.
I only love; I do not hate;
I know now that this is my fate.

I faced myself in the mirror;
now that I can see, it's all so clearer.
My ways I've change from what I've became;
I'm the only one to blame.

My reflection is cracked no more;
my pain is gone just like before.
My future is nearer;
all ‘cause I looked in the mirror.

Adam M. Snow

Reflection (rewrite and edit)

Reflection
By: Adam M. Snow

Alone am I this night of flutter,
confusion reigns, so I utter.
The air is that of a clouded dream;
so dark like that of an ordeal gleam.

I wonder where this fancy bestowed me;
in this room, damp as can be.
My vision is blurred from this smoky scene.
I see only a table, that of shallow green.

Heedfully I approach the table with ease,
Seeing afar it covered in bluish frieze.
My vision once blurred now is clearer;
that vanity table shown an olden mirror.

From the vanity table, that mirror I now held
I glanced upon myself, now greatly compelled.
A face has shown, was I yet not I,
it curses myself to die.

The image that was shown shadowed a vision:
Ye or I inter sweet derision,
o'er thy pass of insanity wake
as much of pain as I could take.

The mirror is now cracked as I am no more.
My heart beats cold as my days be hoar.
I've fallen apart and lost my way;
I am now one, alone in this blackened day.

My life's water has been turned into mist,
I, the writer who can't exist.
I am cracked in my own reflection
these wounds are the signs of my affliction.

I am one in this reflection shown two;
seeking to make my life anew.
I asked my reflection to be shown;
my truth, my past is left unknown.

I ask of thee, 'Let it be done.'
I am the writer, the lonely one
My reflections, it strains drops of blood;
now engulfing in life's lowly flood.

My eyes are stained as I lay cold,
I am weak-bound growing old.
My voice is muted as my heart now breaks;
my body's bounded but my soul still aches.

Agony whelms my ever being,
leaving I without a sight for seeing.
Burned into my mind, a vision of pain
as the mirror image, curse me insane.

To be upon a mirror image,
upon a worldly scrimmage.
My reflection does not show
this truth I do not dare to know.

My reflection is now cracked as I am no more.
My heart beats cold leaving my wounds sore.
I've fallen apart and lost my way;
I am now one, alone in this blackened day.

I long for amity among benevolence
a sought after among your prevalence.
I am now we, and we look back;
my ember morn has now grown so black.

The mirror is shattered, my image is not;
my demon has shown its devilish plot.
I've been raised yet again to have fallen-
My life, my heart be stolen.

My reflection in vision pains
showing I bound by my worldly chains.
I am force to face myself in such state,
the mirror shows, it-is-my-fate.

My image is broken yet is whole,
I seek only for my life's role.
I'm reaching through out the dark,
my only light an ember spark.

Nevermore will my reflection show;
I'm lost with no place left to go.
The mirror's lust has failed;
is this not where I dwelled?

My tears are falling upon my reflection
this holds for me no resurrection.
This cracked mirror now shows only one;
the life in this mirror is nearly done.

My reflection, it is not new;
like the mirror it's turning blue.
I, myself has gone insane,
I shall not lack in vain.

I am not myself shall I be smite;

this is the shine of evil's light.
I only love yet still I choose hate;
I know now, it is my fate.

I feared myself, of who I am,
curse me now let thee be damn.
Bow ye not of I with shame,
I'm the one whom to blame.

I cannot live like the past,
nor the future of all in vast.

Adam M. Snow

Remembrance of a Child

This poem is written for all children taken from this world by rape and abuse.

Remembrance of a Child
By: Adam M. Snow

Remembrance of a child,
born tender and mild,
not an age past eight.
Such innocent filled eyes,
this world despise,
now lying in this grave.

She would laugh and play,
every night and every day,
with that smile upon her face.
She could light up the world,
when she danced and twirled,
now her essence is broken.

She never done no harm,
with her joyous charm,
now her essence is tainted.
She didn't deserve what she got,
yet the people soon forgot,
how she died in vain.

Taken from home by a family friend,
raped and abused, soon would be her end.
Now tarnished and left for dead,
cold and alone she waits,
as the world berates,
now naked and afraid, she dies.

Remembrance of a child,
born tender and mild,
yet taken at a young age.
Such innocent filled eyes,
this world despise,
now lying in this grave.

Adam M. Snow

Requiem

Requiem
By: Adam M. Snow

The darkness blooms on this cold still night,
Loneliness I wait; I wait for time to take flight,
But loneliness I wait; lost forevermore,
Bounded by fate of my tomorrow, dying for,
Lost forevermore like my burden upon dreams,
Like my past behind me, so it seems, so it seems.
Awaken now by agony and greed,
But still alone in this time of need,
Alone, with but one desire,
To fly free, not stoke the fire.
Requiem on this night upon dreams,
Like my past behind me, so it seems, so it seems.
A requiem like any other, sung upon dreams, so it seems.
Broken through turmoil and bliss,
I give my dying kiss to a broken reflection,
A reflection, shattered across time,
By my one tormented prime.
Like my woes overthrown by ageless affliction,
But my dying curse, my only addiction,
Lost forevermore like my burden upon dreams,
Like my past behind me, so it seems, so it seems.

Adam M. Snow

Requiem of Solemn

The night when I closed my eyes; I caressed the nightly skies,
but the stars had a toll on my heart, their light dimmed since the nightly start.
But the twinkle of spring melody henceforth sweet serenity played out as night went on;
erasing my existence before the dawn.
I lost all hope, all essence of this forth convalescence.
My soul weakens at sight of the morning star, but my dreams rest on that lowly cloud afar.
Do I dare to wake and let my soul devour, or shall I stay to rest my final hour?
That music once again played that sweet melody, a simple chord just for me.
But how sweet the sound was, it dragged my soul down again;
I'm left standing in front of my worldly sin.
I'm stuck with a choice, shall I choose Limbo or Hell, but another calling echoes forth to tell.
This voice of reason whom to know, such familiar tone it had bestow.
A vision appeared before my eyes; t'was I whom was yet to've died.
'Have no fear.' He said in jest. But how can I when I'm at rest?
I am mesmerized by this soulless voice, figures like myself who dances and rejoice.
I saw him reach into my breast, grabbing forth my heart as he laughed in jest.
Ripping it out for me to see; bearing my soul, now cast into the moonlit sea.
But as I gaze to wonder the woe of my humanity, surely it's not enough to judge my sanity.
I look before the pass of where I stand, just gazing out onto this misty land.
I feel the beating of my heart as it rested in my palm; it shattered into black sand as the wind be calm.
The ground before me quaked before giving way, shown a dark black pit with no sign of day.
An arm reached out as it grabbed my hand, taking me now into a hellish land.
I am dragged down into this darkened abyss, with the vision of my lowly self amiss.
He reached into my breast once more. Taking with him, my dreamful lore.
Fear whelmed me as I closed my eyes; I caressed once more the nightly skies,
but the stars had a toll on my heart, their light dimmed since the nightly start.
I woke from my slumber with a hole in my chest, insanity held me as I laid to rest.

Adam M. Snow

Rippling Waters

Rippling Waters
By: Adam M. Snow

Let the water ripples;
as our reflection is shown.
For it has tripled;
for we are all alone.

Let the rain dropp upon rippling waters;
showing us our past and our future.
For we are no longer curse;
for it shows what we once were.

Let our reflection in the ripples show;
how our love gently flow.
For our touch is also smooth;
for there is no need to lie for we know the truth.

Let the moon beam upon our reflection;
showing us there is no affliction.
Let our reflection in the ripples show;
how our love gently flow.

Adam M. Snow

Roses Withered

Fall has come, I see roses withered
with timely settled of fluttering birds.
The golden colors of fallen leaves,
upon the grounds and upon the eaves.

With whistling winds a joyous tune,
an eerie light from an Autumn's moon.
And underfoot fresh acorns fallen,
with the scent of Summer's last final pollen.

Masks wearing children, running door to door
carrying bags of sweets hoping for more.
The echo chirps of the southbound geese
the sight of that flight, wish it not ceased.

I think of the crisp, clean air
and laughter's from an Autumn's fair.
A feast prepared for a family's gathered
around the table and around a smoked bird.

The smell of smoldering leaves
and the first snowflake upon the eaves.
The mixed golden shades within the trees;
the season has come, I lay with the stars at ease.

Adam M. Snow

Series of Solemn

Requiem of Solemn
By: Adam M. Snow

The night when I closed my eyes;
I caressed the nightly skies,
but the stars had a toll on my heart,
their light dimmed since the nightly start.
But the twinkle of spring melody, henceforth
sweet serenity played out as night went on;
erasing my existence before the dawn.

I lost all hope, all essence of this forth convalescence.
My soul weakens at sight of morning star,
but my dreams rest on such lowly cloud afar.
Do I dare to wake and let my soul devour,
or shall I stay to rest my final hour?

That music once again, played that sweet melody;
a simple chord just for me.
But how sweet the sound was, it dragged my soul down again;
I'm left standing in front of my worldly sin.
I'm stuck with a choice, shall I choose Limbo or Hell,
but another calling echoes forth to tell.

This voice of reason whom to know,
such familiar tone it had bestow.
A vision appeared before my eyes;
t'was I whom was yet to've died.
'Have no fear.' He said in jest.
But how can I when I'm at rest?

I am mesmerized by this soulless voice,
figures like myself who dances and rejoice.
I saw him reach into my breast,
grabbing forth my heart as he laughed in jest.
Ripping it out for me to see; bearing my soul,
now cast into the moonlit sea.
But as I gaze to wonder, the woe of my humanity;
surely it's not enough to judge my sanity.

I look before the pass of where I stand,
just gazing out onto this misty land.
I feel the beating of my heart, resting in my palm;
it shattered into black sand as the wind be calm.
The ground before me quaked before giving way,
shown a dark black pit with no sign of day.

An arm reached out as it grabbed my hand,
taking me now into a hellish land.
I am dragged down into this darkened abyss,
with the vision of my lowly self amiss.
He reached into my breast once more;

taking with him, my dreamful lore.

Fear whelmed me as I closed my eyes;
I caressed once more the nightly skies.
But the stars had a toll on my heart,
their light dimmed since the nightly start.
I woke from my slumber with a hole in my chest,
insanity held me as I laid to rest.

Pestilential Solemn
By: Adam M. Snow

From a deep slumber, a forever rest;
lies abreast from me a lowly being.
T'was the same like before,
who showed no signs of fleeing.
He looked at me, with his eyes he glared;
he looked at me with his nostrils flared.

He reached within me and grabbed my soul,
disappearing now into a world so cold.
An ethereal place where nightmare lurks,
as I wonder alone being the berkes.

I stood there edgewise as a crow flew to me,
he showed no fear, from what I could see.
He spoke with a voice so soft and ease,
'Weary traveler, let your trouble seize.'

I am stricken with angst as time before me froze
'What is now to come, but one of many woes? '
The crow before me, glisten and glowed;
forming a mirror, myself it showed.

Upon his chest a darkened hole,
and in his right hand beating, his heart and soul.
He reached with his left, grabbing my arm from the mirror,
my eyesight blurred for a second, now is clearer.

He dragged me in as the mirror liquefied,
leaving me alone on the other side.
My body it burned as I looked upon my breast,
my heart was gone, a blackened hole upon my chest;
a beating in my hand with my heart in chains,
agony overwhelms as insanity now reigns.

A ghost beside me, a face like mine;
he laughed and jest as I am benign.
Time still froze while I lay restless,
lost in this dream, nonetheless.

Pit of Solemn
By: Adam M. Snow

I hold dear, a beating heart in my hand,
as I stood still on shifting sand.
But the stars around me hid away;
their light has vanished upon this day.

Alas, the chains which binds my heart and soul,
rust away to a shade of rustic coal.
My heart now fades as my hand be empty;
I traveled this world on a bitter spree.

I was approached by a women, in white gown she worn;
her face was that an angel, her eyes of bitter scorn.
Out of her mouth flew a melody tune,
a beautiful song sung so croon.

The music so pure it tranced my being;
it blurred my vision, I am without seeing.
This siren song had called to me;
curse me now, upon this blood red sea.
But as I go, my wake fell upon my essence;
this holds dear to me, no convalescence.

Solemn Serenity
By: Adam M. Snow

I see myself bound in shackles,
by a Siren's laugh and hackles,
Draped in sorrow; agony fallen,
in her palm my heart she stolen.

Upon my breast, still gaping hole,
Her reach forth in and grabbed my soul.
Time is still as I fall nigh,
as it is that I must die.

Adam M. Snow

Shallow Eyes

Shallow Eyes
By: Adam M. Snow

Look beneath my shallow eyes,
upon my soul for which you despise,
your tainted hands upon my chest,
broken dreams, it failed the test.
Hearts pounding, skipping a beat,
tormented lies, sorrowful heat,
worlds passing one by one,
alone, wishing to be undone.
I be a vision of a ghost,
look right through me as you boast.
Wasting days in solitude,
alone, never meant to intrude.
As I cry my tears in vain,
you ignore my one true pain,
I suppose I am to blame,
yet you say, I've brought shame.

Adam M. Snow

She is Agony

The world is cruel,
it's dark and Hell.
'Agony is her.'
the demons yell.
We drink from blood,
and kill the youths.
Lost in Her flood;
love is the curse.

Adam M. Snow

She Wears Black

She is dead;
the lady in white wears black.
Such tragedy-
the widow, a childless mother dead to the world.
An innocent, fallen to the hands of man;
her soul is restless,
her pain cries out.
She is sad, weeping tears of blood:
She is the ghost in the mirror looking back;
the innocent of an evil spirit.
You hear her cries on a cold still night;
the howling, the chill, the very thing that cast a fright.
She is alone, forever alone;
she is the lady in white wearing black.

Adam M. Snow

Sinister Lullaby

A Sinister Lullaby
By: Adam M. Snow

A melody flowing caressing the nightly air,
its soothing sound echoes a flair.
It sprung from the lips of a maiden aloft;
the angelic song, sung ever so soft.
This peaceful lullaby dares be at ease;
it is peace and harmony, this song decrees.
I dare not wake from this melody slumber,
this rest entrance me to encumber.
The melody continues through the night,
caressing the angelic lunar light.
It steals my breath, my soul, my heart;
it speaks a lore to impart.
It torments my dream, my self, my being;
to hear this earthly angel singing.
I cannot wake from this melody trance;
darkness consumes as the angel dance.
I cannot wake from this grimful hollow;
an ethereal silence, who fears to follow.
All life trembles at her voice,
leaving all to surrender, not by choice.
Her melody sways forevermore,
stealing the souls for many yore.

Adam M. Snow

Sinisterness

Sinisterness
By: Adam M. Snow

Lost in the vastness of our hearts,
do we stray from all living things,
and to all knowledge to whom imparts,
do we find ourselves once again.
To be a child, reborn and new,
and to witness all's bitter despair,
to see the sky once pure and blue,
and the people's bowing heads in prayer.

To be within a dream of reality and fate,
and wander through all endless depths.
To live in a world of dreary hate,
and be broken in frightful aspects.
Do we bind ourselves for one's flaw,
as we seek for a divine abode,
yet we suffer with these wounds of raw,
as we atone for our sins upon the road.

Adam M. Snow

Smoke and Chaos

I see smoke, waking pain;
cries of souls, death in vein.
I see streets flowing red,
among many lost or dead;
reigning chaos from insanity,
growing strong our humanity.
I see from terror rising heroes,
amidst chaos, love arose.
Flowing tears still being shed;
many nations, mourning the dead.
People scattering like fluttering birds,
screaming cries still being heard.
I see from chaos, many uniting;
a nation's love, a fire igniting.

Adam M. Snow

Solstice Night

Solstice Night
By: Adam M. Snow

Once upon a solstice night,
As she broad a distance sight.
Leaving behind her spoken voice
As she waits the world by choice.
One scarlet night abroad the tower,
She lies to wait a night devour.
As truth be told she lies awake,
Dreaming of her knightly sake.
Burden be her heart dost sing,
'O to thee what morrow brings? '
She lies there by the window pane,
Silent forevermore and forever insane.

Adam M. Snow

Sorrow D'Crees

Sorrow D'Crees
By: Adam M. Snow

The night will be torn in twos,
And days stripped away,
And hearts shattered a thousand times,
By the alleviant of sorrow d'crees.

To wake and be no morrow.
To love and live, but not live to love.
A d'crees sought by woes of many;
A heart shadowed by a stillness clock,
By the foe of twenty men.

A dream stripped from a child's grasp,
Shattered by a hellish song
Sung by a acute sorrow,
By the likes of sorrow d'crees.

Adam M. Snow

Soul Sacrifice

Soul Sacrifice
By: Adam M. Snow

I speak from a stolen breath,
Echo of it lost, on sighs.
With night going yonder,
My cries filled stagnant air,
As tears fall on tainted ground.
My wakeful soul knows no bound,
But though I live this life of bane,
I can't, O' I cannot explain,
Still I speak from muted tongue,
Only I could hear my call.
I live because I must, I feel it just,
Sacrifice even dignity to survive,
But though I give, I give not to me,
I remain the shadow of worlds to see.
A ghost of past shadowing future,
But what I hold dear, I cannot grasp.
I reach for what I cannot get,
But to live on knowing I'm exiled,
I'll forever live on, constantly dreaming.

Adam M. Snow

Soulless Knight

Soulless Knight
By: Adam M. Snow

In my darkest hour spoke a lore, not I, not I.
Fornicate the world betrothed, but I, but I.
Extravagant thee of I be cheerful,
Naething be I but fearful.
Naething be I to wonder,
As hour froze, I ponder,
'Will it be a night enchantment? '
No, a night extravagant,
To be with thee a soulless knight,
As death would follow in spite,
As love would conquer all,
As it would be the fall.
The stars at night twinkle upon me,
A misty pass vision of thee,
Cloaked in putrid and raw indeed,
Carrying out the worldly greed.

Adam M. Snow

Soulless Reflection

Soulless Reflection
By: Adam M. Snow

Heart to leave upon my sleeve,
I wander tremendously.
The ink fade of a broken heart,
Upon my flesh, a tattoo bares not.
It be without saying as I be praying,
For a time not like this.
It seems that I may lost myself,
In time's frozen abyss;
Counting down till nature's calling,
As death takes me home.
I be without seeing as I be grieving,
For my soulless reflection.

Adam M. Snow

Sounding Crescent, Moonlight Befallen

Sounding Crescent, Moonlight Befallen
By: Adam M. Snow

Sounding crescent, moonlight befallen;
now above, twinkle lights me.
A crescent moonlight now befallen,
upon thy hanging tree.

Adam M. Snow

Swimming in Time

Swimming in Time
By: Adam M. Snow

I am lost yet found;
in time surround;
past and future follows.
I see the door;
neither open nor closed;
and divine nevermore.

I'm swimming in time;
seeing your life and mine;
and all that gleams;
in this time divine.
This is beyond reality;
beyond mortality;
swimming in time.

I feel no pain;
not crazy nor sane;
neither light nor dark.
I'm but one yet not alone;
between space and time;
in the looking glass shown.

I'm not dead nor am I alive;
but a ghost that thrive.
I swam through time;
to see your dreams delight;
down an isle in a gown so white.

I'm swimming in time, time again;
being resurrected now and then.
I see the sun covered in blood;
waiting here for the endless flood.
The sandman awakes to children cries;
as mother nature dies.

The people wander with hearts of weary;
as the stars grew dark in the night;
they lay to rest their soul so dreary;
hoping that time would finally cease;
and everything would be at ease.

I am swimming in time.
there's no fantasy;
nor is there ecstasy.
It's a bad nursery rhyme;
and everyone is blind;
yet I am within my dreams;
trapped in time.

I'm my own shadow;
staring at me;
through a broken window.
I'm not blind yet I cannot see;
all my pass desires.
This is my only crime;
now I am drowning in time.

I'm caged yet free as time despise;
and all the truth feels like lies;
here all alone, lost in time.
there's no rest for the weary;
as we suffer sick and dreary.

I am stuck in time;
trapped in abyss;
nevermore will I feel bliss.
I am one broken in two;
again, nevermore will I be new.

I hear the echo;
it calls to me;
telling me I should let go;
of all my doubt and misery.

For all time sake;
I lay here, now wide awake;
no more swimming in time;
now gone is the night;
sun now greets me with morning light.

Adam M. Snow

The Bearer of False Smile

The Bearer of False Smile
By: Adam M. Snow

Ye humble thyself upon thy altar,
Calling upon thy bearer of false smile;
Lest be known thy truth are lies,
Yet oneself ye defile.
But one day ye would lose thyself,
And thyself would lose thy heart;
And by the month of twelfth be told,
The wake which lies apart.

Adam M. Snow

The Birth of Spring

The Birth of Spring
By: Adam M. Snow

A birth of Spring brings flowers bloom,
A beauty that reigns from nature's womb;
Bringing forth a new day of yore;
A beauty that reigns forevermore.
Heaving the life of nature to nature,
As the world within matures.

The flowers blooms ever so gracefully,
A Spring sunshine O' so blissfully.
The life of Spring so frail and gentle,
Like a rose or that of lentil.

It is evermore so sweet to wonder,
The scent of Spring would sunder.
And by the night, the stars glisten be,
Spring at it's glory, a song decrees.

A melody so sweet and peaceful to be heard;
The calming voice of nature's word,
That glistens the wind and flowers alike,
Flowing 'gainst the wind like a shrike.

She dance with a melody,
Like a wild felidae;
The petals of roses flows the wind.
I stand here in awe of nature's friend.

Adam M. Snow

The Coming King

The Coming King
By: Adam M. Snow

I see a light shone blinded
caressed the sky.
Thousands have vanished
and fear reigns supreme.
Millions wander aimlessly,
confusion coating the span of time.
Many lost hope to gain
and only the sound of crying remains;
these, the dying pains.

The truth shown in plain sight
but many are frightened, refusing to believe.
The Believers does not fight;
the Lost does not grieve.
Chaos corrupts the lives of many
as greed fills the streets.
Betrayal among family grows uncontrollably;
shown the worldly feats

The Word left upon fire
hung by a wire,
in spite the devilish desire:
To take that which doesn't belong.
the Children's gone and vanished,
banished from the mind before the trumpet sounding.
Friends among friends,
families among families
gone in a blink of an eye.

Dread;
it fills the hearts of many
and some, hatred consume their essence.
They live their ignorant lives,
haplessly unaware that torment is yet to come.
Almost here;
havoc wake in the hearts hardened by numb.

The number upon the flesh,
accept the fate or die.
River of red pours out upon the streets;
many are gone like thieves in the night.
Many foreseen this Godly feats.
Many still blinded by that Godly light.
Many are weakened by this deadly plight.

War erupt between the Believers and not;
Blood sheds more and more with every shot.
Every passing day,
We pray, and still the violence consumes.

Who is there to save us from ourselves?
Arose a light, blinded like the sun,
The King has return!
The Children has won!
Bleed no longer,
feed your anger no longer.
We will be stronger
forever longer.

Adam M. Snow

The Day America Died

This is the day America has died,
it is a day for mourning; a time to hide.
The children's are crying,
for their love ones who's dying.
This is the day,
our freedom's stripped away.

We forgotten, 'One nation under God'?
Yet it was Him who we outlawed.
This truly is a sadden day;
for America, I must say,
'Tainted we are with bloodshed sin
forgotten the message with iron pen;
'that all men are created equal'
lost are we, forever sinful.'

This is the day America has died;
to the people, the President's lied.
The children's are hungry,
even the blind can see
how our great nation has fallen,
and how our freedom is stolen.
What about, 'We the people'
I guess we lost our soul.
We should be united,
instead we're divided.

What about our flag under fire;
the red, white, and blue we once admired?
tainted by the lies, spat upon the people;
but whom to say, shallow we've become to fall.
What was once 'the Land of the Free'
now is 'the Land of the Greed.'
There's just so much I wish to say,
it seems America has died this very day.

We lost our courage to fight,
bowed down in shame, we've lost our sight.
We've became the puppet that we are;
controlled from a distance, great and far.
Afraid to speak, for Death may follow;
subsequently afraid what lurks in the shadow.
Afraid to lend a helping hand,
to help the fallen proudly stand.

We forgotten the meaning behind this once great nation;
cowering in fear, we refuse salvation.
We curse the true Americans, the ones who's dying,
fighting through bloodshed; their families are crying.
We've let putrid lyrics taint our youth,
leaving this country with forgotten truth.
We've become weak; no more are we strong,

This ain't the America where I belong.

Adam M. Snow

The Flame

The flame, it flickers with a gentle breeze;
it is weak and strong with ease.
It's light can pierce the darkest night,
and cast away your dearest fright.
Hold it close would guide your way,
until the light of morning day.
Carfull now, it can bite-
if you are close to that flame's light.

Adam M. Snow

The Flowing of Dulcet Melody

How sweet it is the swaying of dulcet melody,
only a profound sound like wind to the trees.
A beginning for what was the end;
a music, that does ascend.

It finds the heart and proudly gives in,
to ignore this sweet melody, it would be a sin.
Such peace that comes from dulcet melody,
from a note of an offset key.

It sways with a sound, a beauty to be heard-
like the voice of the morning bird.
How sweet it is, that I bear witness-
a profound sound swaying with a kiss.

Adam M. Snow

The Fruits of Insanity

Take a peek within my mind,
taste the fruit of insanity.
A dreamless abyss of my dark fantasy,
where this fruit dost grow
upon a gallows tree.

Where I lay, slumbering away;
lost to my own world of insanity.
I am my own dream
falling upon time itself;
fluttering away like murder of crows,
into the blood red dusk,
spreading wings to grow.

To be sane is to be insane,
they are one,
an endless cycle;
as I am two but one.

So I say, 'Take a bite upon this fruit,
free your mind to a dream;
a forever fantasy,
within my insanity.'

Adam M. Snow

The Garden

The Garden
By: Adam M. Snow

The garden blooms to your delight;
to and from this very night.
When you are but one;
this garden blooms until you're done.
Keep that in mind but out of sight;
this garden is full of roses so white.
Open up and let shine the sun;
for Springtime has only begun.
Show off your garden so bright;
for there is no need to fight.
Now go on, no need to run;
when you're in your garden my son.

Adam M. Snow

The Ghost

In this world I sought for,
who I am and many more;
without a reason but a treason,
without a life, but with a life and none.
To live is profound, much greater is death;
if I could confound, it is that I'm not worthy
for life and for death.

Do I confined myself within my chamber,
to count the days till I remember?
Who am I? Who am I?

Who am I to curse myself so freely, so easily?
A ghost with a reflection,
with no hope, no resurrection.
I encumber my tears
with all things I fear,
there is no end for which I dream.

Adam M. Snow

The Great Trial

The Great Trial
By: Adam M. Snow

Taken in nights stillness, after a prayer he had spoke,
To be tried for the wrongs he did not commit,
The jury laughed and ridiculed, to them he was a joke,
They let a guilty free, for him, death befit.
His punishment was great and brutal,
Whip was lain lashing, flesh was torn,
In agony he suffered, relief futile,
His fate sealed, the day he was born.
Given a crown of many thorns upon his head,
And a cross he must carry to Calvary peak,
The crowds they spat as Jesus bled,
To his knees he fell; cold and weak.
Another came to carry the cross,
Head down avoiding the hail of stones,
The angry inflamed crowd would toss.
On and on Jesus dragged his bones.
On Calvary hill the crowd does wait,
His wounds too many to be counted,
Three driven nails will seal his fate,
Upon the cross he was mounted.
The thunder rolls; a lightning flash.
'Forgive them Father, ' his last breath.
His side is pierced and soldiers lash,
Blood no longer red; marks his death,
His blood shed, the sinners freed.
Placed in a tomb, soon to revive,
Mary to mourn with flowers she carried,
An angel spoke 'Christ's not here, he's alive.'
Three trimesters of morn, noon and night,
He settled in an earthly womb.
But his spirit was brilliant with light,
When they opened the door to his tomb.

The word went forth “Christ lives! ”
“Salvation his sweet spilt blood gives! ”

Adam M. Snow

The Hourglass

The Hourglass
By: Adam M. Snow

The hourglass drops grains of sand;
with thy one I take in hand.
For time will soon cease and end in fear;
for they would come and disappear.

The hourglass falls at the end;
for there will be no one left to befriend.
When the last sand falls;
the writings will be shown on the walls.

The hourglass shown thy pain;
for the light will soon rain.
The hourglass drops grains of sand;
with thy one I take in hand.

Adam M. Snow

The Lighthouse

The Lighthouse
By: Adam M. Snow

Come to my lighthouse;
so that I may light your way.
Come to my lighthouse;
a place for you to stay.

Where darkness hides;
the demons flees.
For I'll provide;
and you'll be at ease.

Come to my lighthouse;
for all is welcome;
even your spouse;
and those who are numb.

Come to my lighthouse;
my friend, my child.
to a place where there is no louse;
for you are also mild.

Come to my lighthouse;
so that I may light your way.
Come to my lighthouse;
a place for you to stay.

Adam M. Snow

The Lighthouse Keeper

I wait eternity upon this shore,
crying out my heart and soul evermore.
I watch thee sail beyond the horizon;
I sit here waiting, rot and wizen.

I light thee way through a fog draped night;
you sailed on blind without a sight.
I wait here in this tall light tower,
until the day death brings my hour.

Adam M. Snow

The Puppet and the Puppeteer

The Puppet and the Puppeteer
By: Adam M. Snow

By my strings you control me,
By your hands I dance.
I have no life of my own;
I am lost in a trance.

You sway me left
You sway me right.
You carved me of oak;
You paint me white.

Your voice is mine,
I don't speak.
The children laugh
When I shriek.

You are my maker,
I am your toy.
I do whatever you want,
It is your joy.

Use me for enjoyments,
I splinter each day.
I have no feelings,
I'm rotting away.

Adam M. Snow

The Siren's Song

The Siren's Song
By: Adam M. Snow

Once upon a midnight wake,
A Siren sings, 'Sweet mercy sake'
Soothes the hearts O' gentle man,
In their yielding peaceful span.
Sirens cometh from the deep,
Cloaked in light the water sleep,
Claims the souls, lost to man,
Since the dawning life began.
Gathers victims from the shore,
Spoke the stories ancient lore,
Of beauty risen from the sea,
Captures souls without a plea.
Mesmerized them with her song,
And as the boat-head wound along,
Lighthouse glistens over tides,
Kiss her lips and she abides,
Kiss her twice, your souls no more,
And death awaits at your shore.

Adam M. Snow

The Star

The Star
By: Adam M. Snow

The star in the sky,
is evermore so bright.
It'll never fade away,
as it fills the sky with light.
It's something to reach for,
when you're awake or asleep.
Such beauty to adore,
even as you weep.

The star in the sky,
can be seen with your heart,
even though it's up high,
it's been here from the start.
You're never alone,
with the father from above.
From the star he looks down,
on all his children to whom he love

Adam M. Snow

The Sunlight Daughter

The Sunlight Daughter
By: Adam M. Snow

The single spring allotted her expires,
Like the sun at dusk inspires;
And though she knows not a reason,
She awaits the sun by season.
To light her from her darkened days;
To free her from her darkened ways.
How cruel the waking one-eyed sun that stares,
And of this heart it tears.
No longer spins or bends the earth;
No longer treasure, a child's mirth.
But who to say that fortune grieves her,
If time be still, who knows for sure.
To scourge all things of her to yore,
and of her time forevermore.
To elude all things from past to morrow,
And to be the forever sorrow.

Adam M. Snow

The Tyranny of Man

The infanticide of man,
who are we to decide the lives of infants
whom not born yet to see the greed of man?
Who are we to challenge life, yet to lose life itself?
Such irony is God we seek, is the God we banished;
yet we wonder why He has forsaken us:
Not He, but we have forsaken Him.
We tarnished the name for which man once stood,
all for power of a corrupted mind
and for money, the greatest sin of the Earth.
We threw away the sanctity of marriage,
the truth it once held;
casting out God's plan for that of man.
Love has no meaning, no truth but lies
it is corrupted by that of man.
So sad the greed this world now has,
the rich of man to rob the poor.
To love without a cost just for greed,
to find laughter in today's bloodshed,
oh how we are so blind to see,
we are the end of man;
the infanticide of the innocence of man,
a victim of our own misdeeds.

Adam M. Snow

The Voice

The Voice
By: Adam M. Snow

Ever heard of the things that go bump in the night?
When you are alone how it stirs up a fright,
The night's all calm in vespertine stillness,
But that's just the start of a long night of cruelness.
The story starts out with a girl so young,
With boys on her mind as words flow from her tongue.
Her name is Ember, not an age past sixteen,
Alone in a house with something unseen.
Her parent's are gone on a weekend long trip,
Cruising the Bahamas on a romantic cruise ship.
As the story starts she's alone in her room,
On the phone with her best friend Emily Bloom.

'It is true, my parents are gone,
They won't be back till Monday's dawn'
Said Ember to her friend over the phone.
'What are you going to do until then? '
Asked Emily.
'Surely you can't watch movies again and again? '
'I-I'll think of something I guess,
Perhaps I'll read or go out none-the-less.'
'O.k. Ember, I'll let you go for now.'
Said Emily as she hung up the phone and let Ember be.

The clock strikes midnight with her house now eerie,
She remains in her room, alone and dreary.
She lies down onto her bed with an erotic book in her hand,
Getting ready to read, she lies there peacefully and grand.
Thinking of nothing but the book she's about to read,
She hears a loud screech as of a woman screaming with plead.
'It sounds like it came from the room next to mine' she said.
'Must it be my parent's home early from a trip cut short? '
Getting up off her bed, she continues to see what that noise may be.
Walking now down a darkened hallway to the room next to hers,
'Whose there! ? ' She cries out, but not a voice in return.
She turns the light on to find, twas no one there.
'How could this be, am I not the only one here? '
She continued to search all throughout the house,
Only to find no one, not ever her brother's spouse.
'Perhaps was nothing, but my imagination going wild.'
She thought to herself out loud.

Back to her room to where the story first start,
With the night still young and also mild.
She picked up her book and started to read.
Again, she hears the loud screech as of a woman screaming with plead.
'Truly this cannot be my mind playing tricks on me.'
Said Ember now afraid and confused.
'Whose there! ? ' She cries out, again not a voice in return.

'Whose there! ? ' She cries out.
The voice replies, 'Ember.'
'Me? How can that be? Truly I must be dreaming with all these screaming.'
'Ember.' the voice repeats over and over. 'Ember.'
'LEAVE ME ALONE! ' Ember screams with agony.
'LEAVE ME ALONE! ' Ember screams again. 'JUST LET ME BE! '
But the voice failed to cease.
Minutes after minutes went by,
The voice urging Ember to die.
Hours after hours went by,
The voice urging Ember to die.

She runs to the front door hoping to break free,
But nothings there that she cannot see.
She runs to the window hoping to break free,
But nothings there that she cannot see.
She grabs the phone to call the police,
The operator answered and said, 'All lines are busy.'
She's panicking with fear with no way out,
She's hoping this will end, but she's full of doubt.
The voice constant going caused her to go insane,
With Monday's dawn approaching, only bloody stains remain.

A car carrying but two now pulls up to the house,
Exiting one-by-one, her father and his spouse.
Arriving at the front door, opening to see,
No sight of Ember for it's as quiet as can be.
They look all over hoping to find her there,
But what they found no parents should bear,
Twas a bloody message written on the wall,
It read, 'Here lies Ember, a child who lost all.'
Her mother's in panic, her father's outraged.
He grabbed a chair and swung at the wall,
What they found no one could call,
Was Ember's body rotted fifty years,
Her parents crying, shedding tears,
Suddenly there came a loud screech as of someone screaming in pain.
Twas the ghost of Ember, who died mysteriously in vain.

Adam M. Snow

The Writer and the Blood Inked Quil

The Writer and the Blood Inked Quill
By: Adam M. Snow

The candle flickered by a passing gentle breeze;
My quill dries up leaving not I at ease.
My words upon page now left to hang.
A reader's disappointment, now a writer's pang.
Misery held me as time stood still,
My heart has fallen because my mind is ill.
I stare at blank page as all words elude me,
I can't help to wonder, 'How could this be? '
Torment follows as night falls victim to dread;
My ink once black now turns blood red.
I wrote my soul upon each page,
As time ticks by with every age.
The word itself scream an agony scream;
I, the writer without a dream.
But what bedevils myself to write,
Elude me once more with the fall of night.
My nightly whimper comes with a toll,
My life upon the page, now bearing my soul.

Adam M. Snow

Then Heaven be Free

See me now, a vision nor ghost;
lively to be yet to boast:
A treasure above thus love.
Lively we are, to see yet to be
romantically entwined,
yet aligned
served with a purpose and not in fuss.
If we're to be, then heaven be free;
If we're not meant to live,
then our lives we proudly give.
Even so-on, 'gainst dawn;
forever wandering, forever pondering.
Who to say thus love,
dost not abide above,
but above abide thus love
and thus ends thy love.

Adam M. Snow

This is Me

This is Me
By: Adam M. Snow

Caring heart;
a gentle smile;
love from the start;
no voice of guile;
this is who I am;
this is me.
I am gentle like a lamb;
this is who I choose to be.

Caring eyes;
a gentle touch;
no more cries;
for you mean so much.
This is me;
why cant you see?
My words are calm;
my love's your balm.

This is me;
whom you not know;
I show you mercy;
for you, my love I bestow.
I'm your guardian angel;
no need to be fearful.
Can't you see;
that this is me?

Adam M. Snow

Through the Depths of Despair

Through the Depths of Despair
By: Adam M. Snow

Through the depths of despair;
where we are drowning in air;
consumed by hate and fear.
We're tormented and scorned;
as if we're not born;
and death is lurking near.

With the dreams we yearned;
with Hellfire we are burned;
as we remain caged by our sins.
We are digging our grave;
waiting to be saved;
as our suffering begins.

In the depths of agony and fate;
death approaches as we wait;
we lay to rest our head so weary.
We ponder all fate and dreams;
with the darken moonlight beams;
we awake, cold and dreary.

Adam M. Snow

Through the Eyes of the Untold Lore

Through these stained eyes, dark is all I see
yet I try to live, believing this is me.
But all I could do is place my heart on a page,
and watch it rot away with every age.

All I am through your eyes is a ghost,
whom you don't dare miss the most.
All you are through my eyes, is hopelessness;
but my words I write are my distress.

Peaking through my once soulless muse,
as my heart lies victim to your solemn abuse.
I live to be your puppet, nothing more
but I am a writer of many lore.

And as I dare write with missing heart,
it is with you whom my stories start.

Adam M. Snow

Time and Time Again

Time and Time Again
By: Adam M. Snow

She lies gently in a bed of roses so white;
dreaming time and time again in this garden delight;
and I wonder, 'Is it me she see's in her dreams at night;
or could it be that she has found yet another light? '

Although it will come time and time again;
for us to choose love over hate and sin.
I can feel it within;
that all things must end so that anew may begin.

Time and time again I have fallen;
for my heart, she has stolen.
If only I could see her dreams within;
and soon hopefully soon, our love will begin.

So time and time again will I see her eyes so bright;
filled with our love and dreams delight;
for dark will never invade her night;
as long as I am her light.

Adam M. Snow

Time is Nigh for a Lover's Birth

'Time is nigh for a lover's birth.'
I ponder so-on and so-forth.
Waking even I with dread;
so it may seems, to wander weary.

I leave myself in a vision,
the past what's shown before me.
Do I dare to return, only to lose?

Naught now shall be forever,
nigh upon eternal:
I gave thee up to live,
only to fall on love.
I let my days ache away,
like a broken melody sway.

Adam M. Snow

To be Bathe in Life's Alter

To be Bathe in Life's Alter
By: Adam M. Snow

Wake me not for I am not at rest,
Nor any Death-but lest.
Not I whom ye should fear,
But thyself drawing near;
Not only you, but myself as well,
And I but my lore to tell-
Of my ever dreaming song,
Weakens those who are strong.
I am who bathe in life's alter,
Cleansing flow of holy water.

Adam M. Snow

Tragic Heart

I wait my days alone,
in chambers of dark endure.
I hold back my tears alone,
until blood shed from my eyes.

I hold back my voice,
await for mercy in time.
You put me here by choice,
now you watch me die.

You stole my heart and taint my mind;
you shown your love but not full.
My heart was not like yours of rind,
I was weak but now am more.

Adam M. Snow

Translucent

Can't you see me,
a ghost I am to be?
A translucent figure without a purpose,
fading away like a blood drop to the sea?
Can't you see me?
Hear my plea?
My words, my reason to live;
can't you hear me?
Hear my voice, a plea of sorrow,
tearful apologies,
and a truthful memory.
Can't you hear me?
See me crying;
the reflection you deny to see?
Can't you see me,
through the mirror looking back,
a ghost I am to be?
Can't you see me?
I am you.

Adam M. Snow

Trapped within the Minds of Poe

Once upon a nightful somber,
entranced within a loreful slumber;
a murky pass it feels to be:
this dream, this world it calls me.

Dragging, falling deeper within a void,
my mistress Fear and I devoid.
Clinching my chest, my racing heart pounds,
alone in darkness with many sounds;
one in particular from a raven afar,
'Nevermore.' said he with my ears ajar.

Intrigued was I by an outspoken raven
perched upon a branch, in a realm of non-haven.
'Nevermore.' said he, spreading wings to flutter,
'Where am I? ” I whispered in terror, utter.'
'All that I see or seem
is it but a dream within a dream? '
but the raven he quoth again, 'Nevermore.'
lost I feel, lost evermore.

The raven vanishes, taking me back to slumber;
waking again with my eyes a somber.
Finding my hands and feet a bound,
above a pit with a pendulum confound.
Approached by a man thought to be dead,
Poe he spoke with so much dread.
'We loved with a love that was more than love.'
spoke he, as I lay watching the pendulum above.

It swings with a flutter as it slowly drops to me,
my voice is muted; I am force to see
as the pendulum drops, my flesh gets torn.
My eyes again fell somber as I forlorn.
I close my eyes welcoming death,
getting ready to take my last breath.

I feel it wash over me, it is just that;
my memories flashing of images like tat.
This nightmarish of a dream, I feel forsaken;
my sorrow; I could not awaken.

Adam M. Snow

Under the Innocent Sky

Under the innocent sky,
ever serene and fair.
Beauty is the stars on high,
taking away our despair.

Ever so silent it can be,
with still a melody that can be heard.
Close your eyes imagine free,
with wings stretched wide, like a morning bird.

Soaring through the dark blue sky,
ever serene and fair;
joining with the stars on high,
feeling the wind between your hair.

Even though the dream's not true,
we can still admire from afar,
the beauty the sky, so dark and blue,
and the many dancing stars.

Adam M. Snow

Undying Tomorrow

Undying Tomorrow
By: Adam M. Snow

An undying tomorrow;
friends of sorrow;
lay to rest;
on the night of morrow.
Mark of raw;
torments and flaw;
lives on forever;
with silence of maw.

All hearts are broken;
lies are spoken;
the hangman comes;
the gallows oaken.
Death is forsaken;
lives are taken;
no rest for the wicked;
as the reapers awaken.

All eyes are scorn;
the people mourn;
nameless ones are lost;
no child is born.
Souls are caged;
the peoples outraged;
all children died;
the dogwood aged.

An undying tomorrow;
dying of sorrow;
awakens the beast;
of the final morrow.
No need to mend;
nothing left to fend;
all hope is gone;
this is the end.

Adam M. Snow

Unspoken

Unspoken
By: Adam M. Snow

You torment me with your bladed tongue;
if only you knew my life is left unsung.
Now I am broken;
blind, and left unspoken;
with my dreams shattered by you;
for now I know not what to do.

I am left with a voice of silence;
all alone in the distance.
My words I want to say remains unspoken;
for I wonder, 'Will I ever be unbroken? '
Your words still scorn my soul;
for it feels that I am left to rot in this hole.
You showed me your heart of ice;
yet I ask, 'Is my life the price? '

Your bladed tongue pierced my heart;
all because of you, I have fallen apart.
You speak of broken truth;
yet you say I am uncouth.
You push me away and call me a freak;
for all you have done, now silence is what I speak.

I am a ghost with words left unspoken;
standing over my essence, shattered and broken.
Your words are torment;
is this not your intent?
I am tainted by your selfishness;
for my feelings I cannot express.
I am broken because of you;
I only wish you knew.

Adam M. Snow

Until I Soar the Horizon Before Me

Until I Soar the Horizon Before Me
By: Adam M. Snow

Do I wake or do I dream.
Do I live or do I die.
Twinkle now I ponder here
As I travel, far and near.
I speak that I dare not speak;
I long after a dream to wake,
But not wake fully from a glimpse,
Leaving I but many simps.
Do I wake or do I dream.
Do I live or do I die.
Until I soar the horizon before me,
I am caged until I am free.

Adam M. Snow

Upon the Hour

Upon the Hour
By: Adam M. Snow

My wake draws nearer upon the hour;
Call upon, thy upper power.
I wait the time for truth be told,
When the world itself grows cold.
I lie here asleep to tell,
Of this life in worldly hell.
Beware my love of time be told,
Of thy child growing old;
And when your life becomes a knurled,
I will be a whore for the cold world.

Adam M. Snow

Virgin Love

Virgin Love
By: Adam M. Snow

My first time loving heart;
I knew it from the start;
thus be a dream;
to let all sparkle and gleam.
If only thou knew my love;
was truly sent from above;
would I be here right now;
speaking a virgin's love vow?

How great is thy passion?
It pierces thee with fashion;
like a spear called lovers woe;
for I feel it's gentle flow.
Thus be a wish upon a star;
for I know who thou are.
Tis be but a virgin love;
sent from heaven like a dove.

Thus this be a lover's birth;
no money can equal its worth.
Thus it blooms gently like a rose;
and yet preciously it grows.
I have great affection;
for that girl in the moonlight reflection.
I am but a man unspoken;
with love never broken.

Adam M. Snow

Voyage to the Depth

Voyage to the Depth
By: Adam M. Snow

Woe unto us, one of many,
Yet was not the foe-of any-
Unto us the storm crashing tides,
But to sail on, voyage to the depth.
I envy Seas, whereon we rides-
By thee captain side, I stand tall.

Waves crashing upon the haul,
The creaks of soaked oaken rot.
A sound throughout the ship had caught.
Tossing and turning, the ship sailed not.
The thoughts of death upon us all,
Among this time, we all stand tall.

We await the time calming sea,
To sail this voyage once again.
We know not the curse may be,
But we know to sail on to the depth.
None-the-less to live on dreaming,
As we sail the moonlit tides gleaming.

A glistening light in the far distance,
Our only hope to our existence.
That might prove useful and yet never proves.
Closer we are, the further it moves.

Lest not give up hope,
For many should cope.
A journey seen fit till the end.
I should not dare to leave my friend,
But if we do not see the shore again,
I make mend of my very sin.

But the stormy seas rages still,
This voyage ceases to thrill.
Lightning clashes throughout the sky.
A time like this, all things must die.

Journey on to that dark horizon,
Until our bodies rot and wizen
All but I am sickened for home,
Out at sea, do we roam.

Many are ill since lost at sea,
All now knows what our curse may be.
Traveled the world, many times till now,
Onto the depth, our soul soon sail.
We leave behind our eternal vow,
Our promise to return to our love somehow.

We now sail down the river Styx,
Free from the havoc ocean tides.
Lost at sea, not a month but six,
As we leave behind our many brides.

Our vision's clearer than ever before,
Our voyage ends, not a glimpse of shore.
Our soul sails on, unto the abyss,
Our life's voyage went amiss.
We leave behind a story untold,
Many a child to whom never hold.

Adam M. Snow

Waging Flame of a Lover's War

My love I told you once before,
of this life and waging war.
But if my life should come to pass,
our memories should forever last.
I say it only once again,
'I shall not fear the foe of men.'
But if I cannot grasp our love,
our morning star shall fall above.
I shall not live but live again.
I shall love you till the very end.
But if our end were sure to come,
my heart is yours, as I lay numb.

Adam M. Snow

Wallflower

I see her alone in far distant breeze;
as umbra despair her, which does not please.
I looked into her eyes, and felt emptiness still-
a little bit of hope as she falls ill.

It is sadness which draws me to her;
the feelings of lost and fear as it were.
She hides that tear so no one to see
what lies within her, the feeling of free.

She appears translucent in a crowd of many;
she is to us but a lowly memory.
She longs for that which I cannot give;
a feeling of love, a reason to live.

Adam M. Snow

Weary Lad

Weary Lad
By: Adam M. Snow

He gaze upon himself utterly; not knowing, not knowing.
Should he ponder or sunder; but his words not flowing, but his words not flowing.
His thoughts a damsel, not quite a lady
His heart is young, his mind is shady.
But this girl he lust but lest he dream,
The girl he long the more she gleams.
He sought her again, once again
And once again, his heart speaks of her.
He gaze upon himself utterly; not knowing, not knowing.
Should he ponder or sunder; but his words not flowing, but his words not flowing.
He quiver with fear as she draws near;
This young lad's love is all he had.
Despair follows in the quake of his steps,
He waits for her with every pep.
He speaks only of her but dreams of her forever.
Surely these two souls are destined to be,
But he remains alone in the far distant sea.

Adam M. Snow

Welcome to My House, My Mind

How is it that you've come to be within my house, my mind; to see perhaps my wizened soul?
Make yourself at home, unwind; perhaps even might extol.
Don't you mind the many voices and laughter; they're just the many sides of me.
Calm you down and join me hereafter, indulge in my fruits of insanity.

I hope your stay will be delight, an unpleasant one the most;
the hours here may cast a fright, especially when I am the ghost.

Lay you down and rest assure; the hours, the day, the morning-struck shall never come.
Give in your fears, it will procure; it yearns to equal a sum.
I warn you my house, a labyrinth; get lost would meet your end;
you can run and sprint, your attempts would only descend.

Enjoy the nightmares I have to offer, they're quite tragic at the most.
Lay your mind within my coffer; give in to your new host.
Let it be succumbing, an eternity here if you lose your way.
I thank you for coming; I hope you enjoyed your unpleasant stay.

Adam M. Snow

What an Age

What an Age
By: Adam M. Snow

What an age, to be young and full of life,
to live free with love and no strife.
To dream a land of pure imagination,
soaring on the wings of inspiration.

What an age, to feel joy and bliss,
and be greeted by butterfly kiss.
To see the world in a whole new way,
and live a life of peace everyday.

What an age, to dance and sing,
and pick flowers in the newborn spring.
To laugh and smile with a sparkle in your eye,
and lay on the grass and watch the clouds go by,
and let all your dreams ponder,
of the hereafter and going yonder.

What an age, to be fragile and strong,
and hear Mother Nature's song.
Peace is yours to hold and give away,
and view the world with hope today.

Adam M. Snow

What Are We?

What are we?
A dream none-the-less
or perhaps just maybe,
a lost shepherd's sheep?

What are we?
A caged bird who sings
or are we more than what we see?
Perhaps we're a dream within itself,
or maybe the dreamer.

Have we lost our ways,
a reason to live?
Have we forgotten the beauty of life,
that of a natures worth?

Perhaps we fratricide our being,
as we fall unto greed.
We steal from the poor man,
and we give it all to the rich.

We teach the youth to kill;
to teach love is a crime.
We forgot what we once believed,
blamed it all on God, not ourselves.

What are we? Who are we?
A dream none-the-less
or perhaps just maybe,
a lost shepherd's sheep?

Adam M. Snow

What be I be Tomorrow?

What be I be Tomorrow?
By: Adam M. Snow

Nae be I a wonder sorrow.
What be I be tomorrow?
Nae be I a dreamer of dreams;
What of the world, but life it seems.
Heart-wrung tears of perpetual sorrow,
Bringing forth an endless morrow.
To speak, but have no voice;
To live, but not by choice;
To see, but have no sight;
To love and to fight.
In heart-wrung tears of sorrow,
What be I be tomorrow?

Adam M. Snow

When True Love Dies

When True Love Dies
By: Adam M. Snow

True love cries when lovers dies;
When the stars twinkle upon despair.
Lovers dies when true love cries;
When the scent of death taints the air.

Adam M. Snow

White Flower

White Flower
By: Adam M. Snow

Let bloom my lil white flower;
for you, my love will shower.
You're still but a seed;
I can see you're full of creed
You are also young;
there's nothing left unsung.
You are my lil white flower;
you shine this very hour.

You are gentle to the touch;
you mean so much.
You're the reason why;
I refuse to die.
You are my lil white flower;
for you, my love will shower.

Adam M. Snow

Why

Why
By: Adam M. Snow

What have you done! ?
Another scar carved into your flesh,
The feelings of lost and betrayal haunts you,
You lay now in a pool of red,
Your life is gone, you're now dead.
What have you done! ?
Your flesh is cold,
Not a life in you,
Not a memory to hold.
What have you done! ?

Adam M. Snow

Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow

Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow
By: Adam M. Snow

My heart does not ache
With every love I take.
Your voice over-shadows
My lame. I repose,
Despite your treachery
Of our love contrary;
Living our unholy masquerade,
Afraid and betrayed.
Your voice does linger still,
Though it be your will;
With every breath I speak,
Though I'm lame and weak-
I speak with my sorrow:
'Will you still love me tomorrow? '

Adam M. Snow

Winter Solstice

Winter Solstice
By: Adam M. Snow

I sought that I be meek,
As days drawn weak;
And days left benighted.
But I be near sighted,
Blind by those who loved me not;
Blind by those who cursed me rot.
Twinkle, twinkle the stars not shine,
The moon eclipse my soulless shrine.
My winter solstice draws an end,
I, myself without a friend.
I, myself alone forever,
As my journey alone endeavour.

Adam M. Snow

Woe Is I Whom Fell Misery

One night as cold winter sway;
I thought only of her, that once blissful day.
But O' that day I wish it so;
O' but that day it wasn't so.
I ache to see, I am blinded by her,
That voice of hers who knows for sure;
An angel, a demon, a siren boast?
I know it's love I feel the most.
But I know this love, it cannot be;
Woe is I whom fell misery,
Underneath this cloud covered moon,
Crying tears of shade maroon.
Longing for what is out of reach,
My heart is hers as I beseech.
Though I love but loved alone,
My journey ends with lover's atone.

Adam M. Snow

Woe is Me

Woe is Me
By: Adam M. Snow

The dawning of an ageless night,
Starts with fear of love's delight,
Calling upon a vespertine heart,
Who doesn't say, would soon fall apart.
Broken tears now laid to rest,
My sorrow tears knows what's best.
My ghost shows pity for the lost,
With final dreams the only cost.

Lest I forget the endless sorrow,
Coming close, the forsaken morrow,
Melancholy of my one desire,
Burning sensationally like a fire,
Waking from a lonely slumber,
No dream should I encumber.
My destiny awaits my fate,
Feeling no love, only hate.
My ghost awaits the world to see,
One thing on my mind, 'Woe is me.'

Adam M. Snow

Writer's Block

I am lost without inspiration;
I cannot think my thoughts are empty.
A sudden expectation
of words I cannot see.

I try that I must but I cannot write;
the ink in my hand, an outspoken sanity.
No inspiration, not of the night;
I am lost to insanity.

Adam M. Snow