

## Poetry Series

# Danny The Dreamer Boyd

- poems -

### Publication Date:

March 2012

### Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

Poems are the property of their respective owners. This e-book was created by Danny The Dreamer Boyd on [www.poemhunter.com](http://www.poemhunter.com). For the procedures of publishing, duplicating, distributing and listing of the poems published on PoemHunter.Com in any other media, US copyright laws, international copyright agreements and other relevant legislation are applicable. Such procedures may require the permission of the individuals holding the legal publishing rights of the poems.

## **7 Ballads Of The Fall: The Big Bad Burning Beast ' A Monster Beneath A Hero '**

Behold the fiery beast:  
Burning in awful red,  
Blinded by, a blinding anger,  
Covering his eye, with a mist of dread.

With horns from hell, too cruel to compel,  
With lungs from coal, the flames to inhale,  
With no sylphs to kill, nor a soul to sell,  
With bricks of brawl, he stands tall.

He stands still, between this world;  
Between this life, and the realm beyond.  
Beyond the shades of light, strife falls aside,  
To feed his soul, or his all, to pride.

He takes a hit, and apart his heart is set;  
Distant from love, or life to shove  
Deep down the abyss, to woe or to bless,  
The loneliness within, a heart breakin', yet glory to get.

And when he finally fell, in depth to dwell,  
In Paradise to joy, yet was set a ploy:  
To break or swell, his bricks of hell,  
His rage to free, or fire to spree.

The fuse within, was lit to bruise, and then:  
He brought down his wrath upon the earth;  
It made some suffer or scream, some smile or grin.  
Scratch any hero and a monster lurks beneath.

And then he went crumbling back to hell, on his own freewill,  
Six feet underneath, lies a hero, bar for a beast, any farewell.  
Hence, smoke and mirrors, so for Wrath not to hole!  
And that's the Third One of the 7 Deadly Reasons To Fall.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **7 Ballads Of The Fall: The Duke Of Drunkenshire ' Pour Me All and Purge Mine Soul '**

'Pour me one: ' said he,  
'For I am to drink endlessly!  
For I am to drink till the sun rises,  
Every morrow, and sets then on me.'

'Pour me another, nay, pour me plenty;  
Pour me all you've got in thy inventory:  
For I am to drink till my demise;  
Pour me thine poison, for I'm seeking the end of me! '

'Pour me all to forget, and purge mine soul in wine;  
Pour me all out of regret, and purge mine soul in soot!  
Pour on me all, and purge mine soul, in thine divine  
Death drinks, of salvation I am now in pursuit.'

He said, 'I will drink for the good times,  
And I will drink for the pain;  
I will drink for every verse and rhyme,  
I wrote for her and was in vain! '

And with every drink he swallows down:  
He dies just a little bit more,  
Almost on the edge to drown,  
In a cup of ale, an alone troubadour!

And with every cup and every sip,  
Her memory breaks out of his soul;  
And with every sip and every drip,  
Her memory becomes more blurry to recall.

And with every sip and every clip, he had his heart apart,  
Right before his hazy eye, and now his lifeless life to depart.  
Hence, it's never enough, so for Gluttony not to thrall!  
And that's the Sixth One of the 7 Deadly Reasons To Fall.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **7 Ballads Of The Fall: The Knight In The Shiny Armor ' Grant Me A Wish '**

It speaks of a lonesome knight,  
Covered in blood and surrounded with sand.  
He killed the kill and fought the fight,  
Dragging shame in his hand over a piece of land.

He looked upon, the burning sun;  
And burning went the cross on his chest.  
His eyes say defeat, from a war that couldn't be won,  
Haunted by his retreat, by the Crusade's ghost possessed.

Till flung a piece of rock, and beneath lied a ring:  
He put it on, and a sweet swan, he did behold,  
She said, 'Master, what want you me to bring? '  
And with no hesitation, 'Gold, gold and more gold! '

She snapped her fingers and in a blink,  
The sand and so the armor, began to shine.  
In a golden sea, he started to sink;  
In a golden sea, ought himself to confine.

'O Wise One, two more grants to go! '  
And this time he asked for rain,  
'Oh sweet swan, let it dew or snow,  
Coins of honor, the Cross quests were not in vain! '

Left now with one more wish to make  
He said, 'Grant me fame and glory! '  
And then the swan, suddenly was gone,  
And he never survived to tell his story.

Drowned in his golden sea, as he, was never told,  
That the sky wouldn't stop to rain, or snow, of his gold.  
Hence, content enough, so for Greed not to crawl!  
And that's Another One of the 7 Deadly Reasons To Fall.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **7 Ballads Of The Fall: The Man With The Wax Wings ' I Seek For More '**

'Son, just follow my lead and thou shall be free:  
Put these on, and away from the sun, stay thee;  
Neither fly so high, nor come near the blinding sea!  
Bear in mind what ye art, not what thou can be.'

Yet flew so high, and away did he:  
Felt the cool breeze upon his cheek;  
The smell of freedom, him, did gravitate,  
Refused to speak of weak or shriek.

'Look at the birds, beams, and all the clouds,  
Penetrating the atmosphere in steadiness and speed.  
Why can't thou be the same or great or far more greater! '  
And he chased them in a heart beat, for it's a decisive need.

Behind the visible frame, had he to seek;  
More than what's in his hands, desired he to eek.  
If only his given blessings, he did contemplate;  
The decoy of joy to crate, then followed a flying bleak.

And then he looked up at, the rising sun:  
Attempted to reach glory and, be like one;  
Flapped his wings in steadiness and speed,  
Till wounds are all over, and his life began to bleed.

Forgot about the freedom, and put behind the yore:  
Ignored the wise man's words, and spread the wax for more,  
Watched with his eye, everything slowly melts,  
Felt the red of the rose wilts, and not a single more flap to soar.

And then he fell down and sank, like a rock into the sea,  
Wasted his chance with the wax wings to forever flee.  
Hence, broken dreams, so for Envy not to call!  
And that's One of the 7 Deadly Reasons To Fall.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **7 Ballads Of The Fall: The Stranded Samurai ' Fame Falls In The Shades '**

The smell of war is in the air;  
A fight for a long forgotten legacy.  
The stink of fear and in despair,  
These splendid swordsmen stand, and in jeopardy.

'We are the end of an era! ' quotes one.  
'We stood together back to back;  
Yet now with an aura of shadows and no sun,  
This far feral fame, seems nothing more but a crack! '

'A wise man knows when to walk away;  
Wise enough to recognize that, life itself is a prize!  
Glory can be attained but yet another day;  
Lead us out of harm's way, no need for any goodbyes.'

He drew his breath in, and held his head high:  
Stared at his grand army and screamed 'Remember!  
Shame is nearby, and fame flies for us for aye;  
We always walked for miles, on the fields of danger! '

Then he stabbed the guts back in their hearts,  
'Circle the wagons, today we stand our ground! '  
Some bricks of bravery and sacrifices to impart,  
To the steel soldiers, and a history lost and found.

He beat his breast in his cruel conquest:  
For they blindly in the shades did fight.  
The many men and their souls a bequest,  
Around his neck, as the arrows ate the light.

He watched them as they all fell down, and with a grin all alone,  
Still fought far more for renown, till all what's left of him is none.  
Hence, vain valor, so for Pride not to shawl!  
And that's the Last One of the 7 Deadly Reasons To Fall.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **7 Ballads Of The Fall: The Time Keeper ' The Sands Of Time '**

'O Death thou hath been alone and prone,  
To denies, scorns, defies, and sorrow.  
O Death thou have heard the moans and groans,  
Of their demising souls, heading to the hollow.'

And with every essence he collects;  
His years grow longer, and tomorrow  
Will always be there, to inflect:  
More misery, and more time to borrow.

A full time job that he never chose,  
And the paycheck is: eternity to live!  
Making him sob for those to dispose,  
And their lives to close, to eternally relive.

'All in vain! ' he says, to curse or to praise;  
For the sinners shall live again, after their demise.  
He always lied there, with eyes wide agaze,  
'Amen Almighty, ' all these dead men rise!

So he took some time off, leaving them to rejoice;  
Caring less about his duty, or his souls to harvest.  
Hanged up high, his glass hour, and made the choice,  
To leave man free, to enjoy eternity, and to it adjust.

Then suddenly he heard the trumpet blow:  
And to and fro, he started to lurch and search,  
For the sands in the glass, he threw long ago;  
As his life flashed before his eyes, and perished.

This is not dead which can eternal lie,  
And with strange eons even death may die.  
Hence, time's up, so for Sloth not to stall!  
And that's the Fifth One of the 7 Deadly Reasons To Fall.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **7 Ballads Of The Fall: The Virgin, The Trier, and The Whore ' Clashes To Ashes and Lust To Dust '**

It is the tale of a desperate dame:  
Filled from head to toe, with the breeze that blows,  
Subdued by her sensual self, she is game,  
With the glimpse of every stud, her heart swiftly goes.

All the time she lonely slept, or was saved,  
Nay, but caged, alone in her room;  
Hanging on for dear life, driven by desire,  
An inner wildfire, alone in her gloom.

Then her pale pal came and snatched,  
Her keeper's soul, and away she broke free,  
From her captivating chains and caught  
Her whole, now in full control, finally!

She roamed the streets, night after night:  
Seeking sweet love, in everyman's grove.  
She then like lead, lost all her bright,  
And was no more, the chaste white dove.

Till it became a habit, and her body a wicket:  
To indulgence, thrusts, yearns, and bursts.  
It has turned to an obsession, she did run riot;  
All those years of oppression, an unfulfilled thirst!

She moaned for more, and for more she did covet;  
Now seeking satisfaction, with her endless endeavors.  
It was all on the house, nothing was the profit,  
Every time she gave it all, as if it was the first ever!

And then bruises are all over, her body is all sore,  
Couldn't handle the pleasures, in her viciously, they tore.  
Hence, one night stands, so for Lust not to gall!  
And that's the Fourth One of the 7 Deadly Reasons To Fall.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **A Faceless Man ' Lived To Fight Another Day '**

'Don't weep baby, this is not goodbye;  
It's only a matter of time and I'm comin' back to you.'  
'Take this locket then! ' she said with a sigh,  
'It will help you make it through.'

Holding her picture, daily he did lie awake:  
Wondering when this war will end,  
Though he didn't know there was much at stake;  
In suffering, the next period he shall spend.

Held prisoner, tortured mercilessly,  
Almost at the edge of death.  
'Tell us where they are, and we'll set you free! '  
'Over my dead body, even if it's my last breath.'

'We'll make you talk then! ' throwin' acid to his face:  
Burning, he was scarred for life.  
Yet The Almighty had for him some grace;  
Some clemency that will end this strife.

A squad of fighting angels, God had sent,  
To rescue him at a high pace;  
As he was almost at the top of his bent,  
Carried on their wings and to a better place.

A soldier that Lived To Fight Another Day;  
With a medal of honor, him they did crown.  
Nevertheless he quit, as he missed her bright ray:  
So he took the first flight back to his home town.

With arms wide open 'Honey, It's me.'  
Shocked and scared, 'This ain't happening, this ain't true! '  
So he showed her the locket, 'This is yours, can't you see? '  
And in a phase of denial, away the locket she threw.

'The maximum levels of pain, for you I did endure! '  
'I'm sorry, what do you want me to do? '  
'I promise, I'll do my best to find a cure! '  
'You've turned into a monster! ' said while she did bedew.

Defending his country, that was the plan;  
Yet destiny had something else for him in store.  
Rode to The Wasteland in the army van:  
And came back a human being no more.

So from her world, him she had to ban:  
For he has become A Faceless Man.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Anywhere But Home ' A Place Where Still Shines The Sun '**

At 2 o'clock in the morning  
While everyone else was asleep,  
She vanished without a warning;  
Silently she did creep.

Left alone, her beloved one,  
But it was the only option around.  
A Hitman she fell for, a big bad Hun!  
To Evil she was eternally bound.

Life as an outlaw was no more fun:  
So away she had to run,  
From a place where never shined The Sun.

Woke up, a note beside him that did stun!  
'My soul I've lost, but now I've found,  
See you in hell Lucifer, my freedom I've won.'  
Determined to hunt her down like a hell-hound.

A rolling stone life has just begun:  
So away she had to run,  
To A Place Where Still Shines The Sun.

Destination: X;  
Dead man walking, she made no sound.  
Some left wrecks she tried to fix;  
These old bloody memories she drowned

One day turned, to her head pointed an old rusty gun:  
He shouted, 'Why away did you have to run? '  
Sadly, 'I was tryin' to find A Place Where Still Shines The Sun! '  
Pulled the trigger and the light in her eyes became dun.

'Escaped' she thought,  
'Randomly' she did roam.  
Her old life for long she had fought;  
Yet unworthy! Destination: Anywhere But Home.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Blinded By Love ' I Only Have Eyes For You '**

A love so strong, A love so true,  
Never has been seen before, no one can deny.  
An accident happened and his eyesight blew:  
No more could he see her smile, hereby.

The realm of darkness, he went into.  
Caught out of guard, so she did cry,  
With only one thing in mind to do:  
That is finding him another eye.

Around the world she flew;  
Spread her wings and soared above the sky.  
An ad of a fortune she did strew;  
Yet no donators, she wondered why!

For giving up on searching, she did rue,  
Thought there is nothing money can't buy.  
'Cheer up darling, why are you so blue?  
I'm only blind, I'm not going to die.'

Time passed, but there was always that issue.  
Her ego, she did get by:  
'I Only Have Eyes For You! '  
Waved at her vision goodbye.

Her sacrifice forever will due;  
Repaying her, he did try.  
As his love for her always grew,  
Yet sometimes his eye went dry.

'Don't feel sorry, you are of great value,  
And I did this as you're my joy supply;  
Not only eyes, but my heart sees you too! '  
'The sound of silence' was his reply.

Happiness for him, she did pursue;  
To the lowest low and the highest high.  
Selfless, that was her virtue,  
As her lights went off for aye.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Captain Blackheart ' The Ghost In The Mirror '**

Here you are captain, for long lost,  
In the wilderness of the sea;  
The horizon seems foggy, no sign of any coast,  
And instead of clear water, the oceans seem bloody.

For forty three days now, the burning sun keeps to roast,  
You and your whole crew, slowly.  
Chased your dreams to be foremost,  
In a far away land, and to achieve glory.

The smoke's cleared and there is a sign of a signpost,  
That has the inscriptions 'For Never To Be Set Free.'  
A lightning bolt of fear stroke my heart to the utmost  
Limits there is, the smell of death is in the air, coming closely!

When the men had surrendered their souls almost;  
I had to cheer them up, 'Men, you control your own destiny! '  
Then I slapped their faces, and their guts were sclerosed,  
The pep talk had worked, and once more they looked lively.

And after a long restless suffering for the milquetoast,  
There was a sign of life you could see, barely.  
The far away land was an eden but filled with frost,  
Yet still better than nothing, we knew we're not to reach the holy.

A shattered dream after being by the tides tossed;  
Heaven we hoped for but heaven, wasn't a part of this story.  
The natives came and of invasion, us they did accost,  
I said, 'We come in peace, no need for your fury! '

And when the night fell on us, evil possessed the hosts:  
Then each and every one, turned into a zombie.  
I shouted, 'Let the devil take the hindmost! '  
And then we all fought far bravely.

We send a blow; they blow back as a riposte;  
Broken swords everywhere, lives came crashing down brutally.  
'Aim for their hearts boys, aim where the glass is embossed! '  
And the forty three men, fought the demons like an army.

Suddenly they vanished, like they never existed, like ghosts;  
And no wounds were on me or the men, we all felt freaky,  
No broken swords also, nobody was crossed,  
Maybe it was all a mirage, an illusion that away it did flee.

I stared at my reflection in the ice that's glossed,  
Screamed, 'You led your men to a land rolled bewilderedly!  
An island where you are your own provost,  
In a prison your mind built, and trapped you endlessly! '

And then the truth came unfortunately rearmost;  
Unable to believe whether it's really the truth, as it's a bit stormy.

Wandered the whole island, no not wandered but crisscrossed:  
In search for an answer, seeking reality!

Then a marvelous mirror, he came across,  
Asked, 'Mirror mirror on the wall, why everything is so creepy? '  
It replied, 'O Blackheart, what you seek is near, almost,  
You just have to look closely! '

After lots of thoughts, quarrelling with Heart's innermost,  
He knew what's wrong from the beginning of this journey:  
The blackness were in his dreary head, he was haunted by his own ghost!  
Never was he a captain, nor sailed a league; only entrapped in a world, imaginary.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Crystal Clear ' Wish You Were Always Here '**

So when you look at her, your heart beats so fast;  
You tell some stories: to make the time longer last.  
You crack some jokes: to make her laugh so hard;  
And like a house of cards, your heart really cracks!

'Once upon a time, I did so and so in the past.'  
Once upon a rhyme, the spell of love you tried to cast;  
Trying to impress her, you dropped down you guard,  
Although before you were scarred, yet it comes a blast.

And he asked, 'Why do I see sadness in your eyes? '  
She said, 'But how could you see, right through me! '  
'Whether you're far or near, you'll always be Crystal Clear,  
To me, Crystal Clear.' And I Wish You Were Always Here ...

And with every hello, you hide the tears with a smile;  
And with every goodbye, your breath with her she takes.  
And with every hand shake you stall: till all your emotions compile,  
In one single touch, for you know when it's done: your heart breaks!

And with every second passing, you see your life in her eye;  
A dream coming true, hoping she would glimpse, what's within you.  
Alas! Life's swiftly fleeing away, for it's time to say goodbye;  
And with hands all sore, striving for a second more, you slowly wave adieu!

And he asked, 'Why do I see sadness in your eyes? '  
She said, 'But how could you see, right through me! '  
'Whether you're far or near, you'll always be Crystal Clear,  
To me, Crystal Clear.' And I Wish You Were Always Here ...

And with every glimpse or thought of her, you smile away the pain;  
You don't mind falling apart, if apart serenity to find.  
Having only everything to lose and yet, the world to gain;  
With eyes open wide, and only for her, leaving all behind!

And he screamed, 'Don't you walk away, away from me! '  
And in his heart he did pray, that they would together be;  
And with a tear in his eye, 'I only wish you could see,  
The same way I do with you, just right through me! '

'Because whether I'm far or near, whether I whisper or shout;  
I only wanted you to hear or, discern my heart in utter drought!  
I've always been Crystal Clear, with you, Crystal Clear,  
As I always did, and always will, Wish You Were Always Here ...'

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Curtains Close ' When We Say Goodbye, If We Said Goodbye '**

Curtains Open.

The Scene: A Guy Lying In The Shadows.

'Sigh' Looking in the mirror, 'What a mess! '  
'Sigh' Filled with terror, from the feelings he keeps to regress.  
Having trouble breathing, there is no air;  
Forsaken by only his soul, and it's the cross he has to bear.

So he screamed, 'I must get out of this hell, I must break the spell! '

And he said:

'I'll Spread my wings, and I'll soar above the sky:  
But every mile I fly away, my heart starts to die!  
It only kills me more, When We Say Goodbye;  
It only kills me more, If We Said Goodbye.'

The Scene: A Girl Lying In The Meadows.

'Sigh' There is something missing, maybe a bless?  
'Sigh' But how come when the evergreen surrounds me? Oh yes it does!  
Yet when all the air is around me, I still can't breathe;  
When happiness is in front of me, melancholy still continues to seethe.

So she screamed, 'I must get out of this hell, I still have a destiny to fulfill! '

And she said:

'I'll spread my wings, and I'll reach the highest high:  
But every mile I fly away, my eyes start to cry!  
It only kills me more, When We Say Goodbye;  
It only kills me more, If We Said Goodbye.'

The Scene: Deep Down Somewhere.

'Tick Tock Tick Tock' A heart slowly beats,  
'Tick Tock Tick Tock' A cloud ragingly sleets,  
'Tick Tock Tick Tock' Feelings start to excess,  
'Tick Tock Tick Tock' Of the one they can't stop to miss.

He spread his wings, and his soul started to die:  
Sounds as if he to himself, finally said Goodbye!  
And she spread her wings, and towards her end began to fly:  
When her end is just the beginning, have they not said Goodbye!

The Scene: A Place Down Memory Lane.

With arms wide open, 'I'm sorry for what I've done,  
Thinking I'm gaining the world, yet I've gained none;  
Sought the sunshine other where, and left where shines the sun!  
If only I could press 'Replay', far from you, I would've never run.'

Stunned! she hugged him, after dropping a tear,

'My prayers were answered, and finally you're here;  
I wish you had seen me, after you were gone,  
You say I'm your sun, yet was dimmed without her one! '

And then, slowly, they started to kiss;  
Reminiscing all the old times, catching up on what they've missed.  
A precious pearl they sought together, and together they did possess;  
The whole world's blessings, paled in comparison of this bless.

They spread their wings, knowing the reason why:  
Leaving everything behind, for life, love to imply.  
It only kills so much, When They Say Goodbye!  
It only kills so much, If They Said Goodbye!

They spread their wings, when no more, love, they could deny;  
Destination: With each other, somewhere far above the sky.  
It would've only killed, If They Said Goodbye!  
Goodbye, They Said Before, But Was It Really Goodbye?

Curtains Close.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Déjà Vu All Over Again ' The Fake-Smiled Lonewolf '**

With all the shattered hopes and dreams, that continuously keeps to reveal;  
Trying to always put a smile, so from your happiness you steal.  
The urge of being the stronger part, misunderstood to have a heart of steel,  
It's Déjà Vu All Over Again, all replayed on the same reel.

Tearing deep down inside, yet this rain you try to conceal:  
And so you choose to feel, what you ought not to feel;  
While you're supposed to feel, what ought not to heal.

Grabbing that hot blade, and your wounds you try to seal.  
Filled up with love from head to toe, and so, you do your best to be ideal;  
Packing up all the agony, and away you throw this creel,  
Yet no matter how hard you try, all these wounds will eventually peel!

Driving yourself to be stone cold, so this rain you try to congeal:  
And then you choose to feel, what you ought not to feel;  
While you're supposed to feel, what ought not to heal.

You messed up alot before, and so you made this deal:  
To do the best you can, to always keep it going, this wheel,  
And so all you principles, you had to repeal,  
Being someone you're not, even if that led the real to be unreal.

All the little pieces falling shattered, you try to anneal:  
And so you choose to feel, what you ought not to feel;  
While you're supposed to feel, what ought not to heal.

'It's going to be better this time! ' filling yourself with zeal;  
And when you find you at the same dead end, to your destiny, you have to kneel.  
You've got to stop rewinding again and again, this old rusty ordeal;  
Maybe you were meant to be a Lonewolf, and to take from loneliness a shelter and a  
bastille!

And so you become their role model, immortalized in a spiel after a spiel:  
As nobody knows that you chose to feel, what you ought not to feel;  
While you were supposed to feel, what ought not to heal.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Everblue ' The Sea Of Bewildered Dreams '**

In The Sea Of Bewildered Dreams:  
Truth is the lies you see, it seems,  
Mermaids die, Sorrow cries,  
Tears of blue in running streams.

'Hats off, lads, set a sale;  
Follow the twilight, that's the trail.'  
Full speed ahead, and their blood they started to shed:  
Rushing through the rising tides to bail.

Yet, In The Sea Of Bewildered Dreams:  
Darkness is the forever outshining beams,  
Feelings wry, A thousand goodbyes,  
Sadness is the only candle that gleams.

'So gather up, I shall a tell you a tale,  
Of a fearsome warrior, that fire he does inhale;  
He holds his head high and walks amongst the dead,  
Carrying his blades, and smiling in the face of the pale.'

But, In the Sea Of Bewildered Dreams:  
Your friend is your enemy, with a million schemes,  
Treason flies, high in the skies,  
Doubt lies in all the corners and seams.

'Was stabbed in the back, by a sympathy gale;  
Drowned underneath the drowning dale.  
A lullaby was whispered and then he was put to bed,  
'Hush little baby, rest asleep.' And away she swung her tail.'

Yet, In The Sea Of Bewildered Dreams:  
Sweetness and smiles are the bait, it reams,  
But you can't deny, and you will buy,  
All the fog and follow to the extremes.

'Dropped his guard, and woke up stale;  
Thought he's the luckiest, love left a wale,  
Fell for a creature, beauty, no, a goddess instead,  
Had he known, his life is set to wail! '

As, In The Sea Of Bewildered Dreams:  
Feelings are a part of the regime,  
Pride fries, power decries,  
A ceremony of nonstop screams.

And, In The Sea Of Bewildered Dreams:  
Heroes are imprisoned willingly they deem,  
Souls comply, wondering why,  
Were they chosen by the singing steams?

Because in The Sea Of Bewildered Dreams:  
Lies are the truth you believed it seems,

Mermaids sigh, from the useless defies,  
By the slaves cuffed to the running streams.

Destination: The Middle of The Sea, Chasing Dreams ...

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Happily Never After**

It starts with a girl on an island  
In the middle of the sea;  
Shouting, screaming, and praying  
'God, please, just take me! '

Yet we wonder what it is all about!  
And what happened was:  
'There is no more us.' he did shout,  
After throwing her out of his life, with his claws.

'Till death do us part.'  
Together they vowed.  
Ended up with a broken heart;  
Depressed and crying out loud.

She was shallow,  
She thought he fell from heaven;  
A man on his head a halo,  
An angelic gift that God had given.

His sweet words she did buy;  
Doubting him she did not,  
Away he would grab her and fly,  
Suddenly she realized she had lost a lot.

Her life became so dark;  
So gloomy, with lots of rain.  
No more feelings she gets  
Other than hatred and pain.

All alone she ended up;  
With no more smiles, joy, or laughter!  
And that's where her life does stop,  
Lonely and Happily Never After.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Happily Never After ' Aftermath '**

It starts on a dark, rainy cemetery,  
With the same old girl, wearin' a black dress.  
It's the same place where his body, they did bury:  
She looked so pale, she was in such a mess.

'From dust we are made  
And to dust we shall return'  
Deep inside her a cutting blade,  
And in her heart his image, that still does burn.

Loneliness, sadness, and tears;  
Over him daily she did mourn.  
It has happened, her worst fears!  
So she wished she'd never been born.

A face that haunts her dreams:  
A whisperin' voice which she always hears.  
'My Love, I'm not going to forget you it seems,  
Even in a million years! '

Over his grave she dropped a dozen red flowers.  
'My God, I'm going to miss you my dear-'  
She kept starin' at his picture for hours,  
'-It's so hard darling, I wish you were here! '

Her tears kept streamin' down her face,  
With no one near to wipe them off:  
As she knew, him she could not replace,  
She felt how much life is cruel and rough.

Years passed with his memory, too strong to shatter;  
Dead in life but alive deep in her soul!  
Everything else in the world didn't matter,  
While she wished from grace he would fall.

Till the clock stroke zero  
And it was time for her to go;  
A spirit on her way to meet her hero,  
Carried by the wind that gently does blow.

Reunited in heaven, once and for all:  
A long distance she cut, a bittersweet path.  
Everything happens for a reason, Death you can't stall!  
And that was the story's Aftermath.

The End.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Happily Never After ' An Angel After All '**

It starts in a hospital room, with the same old girl  
Holding his hands, and in her eyes a burning heat;  
From crying, her head was in a whirl,  
While listening to his heart, as it slowly does beat.

So the story continues because  
The truth revealed itself for her to see:  
He had some serious disease,  
And with her, he couldn't anymore be.

Pretending not lovin' her: to give her a fresh start,  
He couldn't take it no more!  
So the only way was to depart,  
Because deep inside him a ragin' war.

Of her love that made him glare,  
He was so extremely proud.  
Leaving her, he couldn't bear;  
But above him hung the death cloud!

Then the doctor came and said, 'I'm sorry, he has passed;  
But he wanted you to read this letter.'  
She screamed, 'But how! we were supposed to forever last! '  
Holding a pill, 'Take this and you'll feel much better.'

'I'm so sorry, forgive me' he wrote;  
'Completely tied, was my hand,  
So makin' you hate me, was the only thought,  
Since we couldn't anymore together stand.'

'Good people die first;  
But I swear, with you I wanted to stay.-'  
Suddenly into tears she did burst,  
As she realized he has gone, so far away.

'-So after me, please, don't you grief,  
All the pretty times you should recall.'  
And that was the letter's brief,  
So maybe he was An Angel After All.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **I Will Always Love You ' There Was Nothing Harder Than Waving Goodbye '**

And though she wished she could stay;  
She didn't want to let love, get in their way.  
And though her heart was breaking, while saying goodbye;  
She asked him kindly, 'Please, don't you cry! '

And love will always be there, somewhere;  
But life forces upon us, other burdens to bear.  
And with the million miles that she had to fly;  
There was nothing harder than waving goodbye.

Convincing him that her love, he doesn't need;  
Left lonely in a solitary path, bruised to bleed,  
And with only bittersweet memories to take  
In her journey to the other side, all are left lonely to ache.

And love will always be there, somewhere;  
But life forces upon us, other burdens to bear.  
And with the million miles that she had to fly;  
There was nothing harder than waving goodbye.

With one simple wish, that is: the kindness of life,  
And dreams to come true, and beams burn the strife,  
And joy, and happiness, and glee, everywhere to spread,  
And not to weep over those, who made us beam and are dead.

And love will always be there, somewhere;  
But life forces upon us, other burdens to bear.  
And with the million miles that she had to fly;  
There was nothing harder than waving goodbye.

And as the nights grow colder and blue;  
I have forever loved and still, Will Always Love you!  
And as the skies in paradise rain and dew;  
I have forever loved and still, Will Always Love You!

And love will always be there, somewhere;  
You just have to believe, and all the trouble to tear.  
And with the fuming fact that she had to die;  
There was nothing harder than having to say goodbye!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Long Lost Love ' This Ain't A Poem, This Is Just A Sad Song '**

This Ain't A Poem, This Is Just A Sad Song:  
A song for everything that went wrong,  
A song for the dreamers, that never come along,  
A song for the Love, that had been Lost for Long.

Verse1:

Hey,  
Remember when we used to say,  
'Together forever till we grow gray,  
Through the darkness of night  
And the brightness of day?'

Hey,  
Remember what we used to say?  
'We're the perfect couple alive today.'  
The spark of love we used to ignite,  
The perfect image we used to portray!

Chorus:

And then you wake up wondering, 'What went wrong? '  
You've corrected your mistakes, you've made all along;  
Then slap your face, trying to be strong,  
Yet eventually, you end up singing a sad song,  
'Farewell My Lover, My Lover, So Long.'

Verse 2:

With all the broken promises, you lived to hear or say:  
Some let your hopes up, some left you in dismay,  
Some stole your eyesight, yet with no glimpse of light,  
Back home, you try to find your way.

Standing between two roads, but from the right one you stray,  
Confused whether to listen to your heart, or your mind to obey!  
A new dawn has come, no wait, it's just the twilight;  
You're still in the same night, and in sorrow, you lay.

Chorus:

And then you wake up wondering, 'What went wrong? '  
You've corrected your mistakes, you've made all along;  
Then slap your face, trying to be strong,  
Yet eventually, you end up singing a sad song,  
'Farewell My Lover, My Lover, So Long.'

Bridge:

It's the choices we make that determine who we are;  
So, whatever you choose; the good memories, don't let it mar.  
For those you loved, and those who have become far,  
Deep in your heart, I'm sure they left an eternal scar.

Chorus:

And then you wake up, knowing what went wrong:  
All the right steps, you've followed all along;

Yet, love was never enough, love was never strong,  
And eventually, you end up singing a sad song,  
'Farewell My Lover, My Lover, So Long.'

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Phantasmal Belief ' A Wingless Clown in a Four-Walled Red Room ' aka: ' Hope Ain't Gone, Hope Is The Goal '**

Watching her cry, hiding in the shadows, in the same red room;  
Stops a second, turns around, nobody's there, and then resume.  
Drowning in her own mind, no relief could she find;  
Trying not to wake up, from the dream of a bride and groom.

Looks ahead from the window, of a fatal future doom!  
With all the bright promises, her world still, she does gloom.  
Wishes that life was a tape, certainly she would rewind;  
Yet, she was bind, to her mistakes that always zoom.

The soundtrack of her life, that looks like a tomb;  
Like a beast, her happiness, it does consume.  
'Escaping' she can't, her, the beast keeps to rebind,  
By virtue, she was blind, goodness that runs in a flume.

Trapped in four walls of sadness, four walls of concrete;  
'I can't get out of here!' to herself, she keeps to repeat.  
Completely lost in a realm, that the sun never shined,  
Sometimes she smiled, as the rain on her face did sleet.

Afraid of her end, under the six feet!  
Not noticing that, her end daily, she does meet,  
When wishing her love was the only angel, of all mankind.  
Stop dreaming! wake up! before your life, away does fleet!

A glimpse of hope, when he goes there;  
With a big axe, destroying her walls of everywhere,  
Giving her his hands, with a ring precious refined,  
A ring of life, a ring that conquers all her despair.

No more acting, you're not the only one with more than a face!  
People aren't what they seem, here and every place.  
Of a normal life, with no more strife, she always pined;  
Yet, it's an anonymous winner, of lives' everyday race.

So wipe those tears, the makeup, and burn the disgrace;  
Remove the red nose, and your present, you should chase,  
Cherish what's in your hands, before it is declined!  
And live for the moment, with pride, people, you should face.

Her pricks of conscience built those four walls!  
That beast was her, leading to a downfall.  
'It's better than before.' she always recalls,  
Yet, Hope Ain't Gone, Hope Is The Goal.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Quantum Apocalypse ' A Hero Rises From The Ashes '**

'Dear son, thee are meant to be great:  
So your fear you have to shear.  
Ahead of you awaits a dangerous fate,  
A hellishly path which might lead to your bier! '

' From the Olympus, I'll be watching over thee,  
Just call my name and I'll be here;  
Yet I can't help much, they are my family!  
Pegasus will be your shield, easily wield, and sincere.'

'You said you needed a hero,  
To fight away the fear!  
Now I have become that hero,  
And the darkness, I shall clear! '

With massive powers, far beyond strong,  
Out of the ashes, he did appear;  
Driving back those creatures to where they belong,  
With an army of one, from front to rear.

With his mighty spear, all the evil he trod;  
Too much powers, made his eye blear.  
For now he is worshipped as a god!  
All the goodness, was just a veneer.

Outside evil has vanished, yet evil remains within;  
With the innocents' blood, his hands he did besmear!  
Another reign of darkness shall begin,  
As from the right path, he did veer.

The End.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Quantum Apocalypse ' All Hell Breaks Loose '**

At man, the Gods were angry:  
Armageddon was almost near,  
The earth was full of plague, famine, and disease;  
Sorrow and screams, have become music to their ears.

Beasts, hydras, and dragons unleashed;  
Humanity had to end, the Gods did resent!  
The chance is over now, darkness blocked the sun;  
Yet when all hope is gone, they tried to repent.

'What we need is a hero,  
To fight away the fear!  
What we need is a hero,  
To be our pioneer! '

'Among you a great leader shall rise,  
To defend the final frontier,  
To lead Evil to its demise,  
And again make the sun rise.' said the dark seer.

'Yet he will be vulnerable at first:  
So he better seeks the golden gear;  
From power it's forged, though, cursed! '  
'Grateful, we are, thee we revere.'

The son of a god was born,  
The chosen one, after a hundred years!  
When people forgot the smile, the spring, and the sun,  
When all the green and the red did sear.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Tabula Rasa ' The Dreamless Dreams and Hopeless Hopes of The Dead '**

Walking along the road of no return,  
In the no man's land.  
Thoughtless, roaming in darkness;  
As for eternity, he has been banned.

Of once he tasted heaven:  
O so sweet, yet now he does stand  
Solo, somewhere where the sun don't shine;  
Frozen, empty, as all of this wasn't planned.

Memories of the lost ones;  
A cold day in hell, O so drear.  
Now it's time to close the past's curtains,  
Yet to his heart, they'll always be dear.

Too much sorrow,  
Made his eyes blear.  
No hope for tomorrow,  
Only a feeling that the end was near.

'As I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
No evil, I shall fear.'  
Yet he had not known the truth:  
Evil, has been always lingering here.

The city neon flashes upon his eye;  
An angel of darkness, out of the ashes did appear,  
Offering a second chance for the dead man,  
A clean slate, to get him out of his bier.

For help, she extended her hand,  
From her eye, she dropped a tear.  
'Show me your world!' she bit his neck and left him lying in the sands  
Of time; no angel was she, it was only a veneer.

He stares directly into death's evil eye,  
Asking why, did she suck his life?  
She said, 'It was time to wave goodbye,  
To your bloody sad emotions and endless strife! '

Were his, those Hopeless Hopes and Dreamless Dreams;  
For now, he has become the creature of the night.  
Everything is the same, nothing really changed it seems:  
Dead from the beginning, not only due to her bite.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Fallen Angel ' Confessions Of The Forever Sinner ' aka: ' Godspeed, God, Goodbye '**

Dear Lord, thee hath created Adam, with knowledge that glare;  
And made thine angels, at thy perfect creation stare.  
But to this wretched being, shall I not bow:  
Thus, labeled pariah, a fallen angel, by thou.

Made of mud, was I not, yet from the burning fire,  
The Light Bearer, a shooting star, aiming higher and higher.  
Driven by pride, rising against thou, did I dare,  
Now, sinking I'm for long, in darkness and despair.

And then thee fell from the Lord's perpetual paradise,  
A deity dream did thou entice.  
It's better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven;  
Hence, in Hell thou hath been for a lifetime thriven.

Behold the blood, thine mankind hath shed:  
Thus, I shall tempt him than serve thee instead.  
O Bright Star, thy love for thou is now dead,  
O Creator, thy heavens I have already fled!

O Light Bringer, thou wish for a frozen featured reincarnation;  
But all hope is lost, salvation seems a far away dream, due to thy expostulation.  
If only he could see, thine love that might have been arcane!  
Curse him, no, curse thyself; there is agony, deep down like a fallin' rain.

O what a kingdom o' fire thee rules, in solitude:  
Sacrificed an everlasting Eden for your non-gratitude,  
Misery upon thyself, did thee brutally bring,  
Sentenced thou now, to listen to requiems and elegies the dead sing.

Look at thyself, bearing the light, did thou not,  
Against your God, with thy minions, did thou plot!  
O Morning Star, thine rays are now blocked;  
Being The Devil it is, as a servant is completely crocked.

The storm of damnation, O Dragon, did thou embrace:  
Hence, on the horizon, a sorrow serenade, thou hath to face.  
An everlasting story of a forever screaming scar;  
O Great Lucifer, thine glory, in the sky, thyself did mar!

Till we meet again, in the end, at Doomsday;  
I shall make thine Hades, ignite with thy clay.  
When they have their empty epiphany, dark oceans they shall cry,  
Of a life well wasted; then they all burn to ashes, and I say, 'Godspeed, God,  
Goodbye.'

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **'The Flying Dutchman ' Lost In A Crimson Horizon '**

She sails without a wind or breeze,  
In the nights of fog and mist;  
She's like a warden with the keys,  
To souls with clogs and sin desist.

Condemned never to land ashore:  
For the hellish things they have done;  
And so she sailed and sailed for more,  
In the crumbling waves and for eon.

Of health and wealth, they all had plenty;  
Yet with filth and stealth, these pirates did soar,  
And snuck from behind every ship at sea,  
Murdering mariners mercilessly, and their poor blood outpour.

As once a beast, that on spirits feasts, they came across;  
And with no rest, through the fog and mist, towards him they ran.  
'I hold treasures beyond measure! ' and then he did toss  
A coin of gold, and thus they were trolled, to carry out a bargain.

'You collect the souls that roam the stern seas for me,  
And in return, ' with an anxious burn, 'A coin for every dropp you slop! '  
And so they slaughtered all the souls they could discern savagely;  
And the blood, back to the beast, became their guide and prop.

And on a track of red, beneath the bright moon light,  
The ship shined like a ghost that in the darkness sled;  
Then the ghost got lost: for all the horizon a crimson sight,  
And the waves as if some scarlet sprites! were pangs that widely spread.

With a shadow of dread, the ship moved onwards evermore!  
And on a sanguine sea sailed seeking the promised gold;  
And all the blood did them misled, yet with a yonder shore,  
Still sailed and sailed for more, with only A Crimson Horizon to behold.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Four Horsemen ' Four-Never Freedom Fighters ' Aka: ' Riders Towards Their End '**

Filled with rage and wrath:  
Righteous and War did fend,  
The dark side consuming them  
To kill, who once was more than a friend.

Showing no mercy, nor grace,  
For the forsaken ones, once they did blend  
Most of their powers in one mace,  
And swore not to use it for wrong till the end.

So they got to the stronghold,  
Found Famine trying hardly to defend;  
A mighty battle that shook the world,  
For their fatal fate, they did trend.

Earth was turning to a wasteland:  
As the three of them did expend,  
All what powers in each hand,  
To destroy each other, or their hearts to rend.

Eventually he was defeated, yet Death,  
Had magnificent might that did transcend  
Their two powers combined:  
So his arm, Famine, he did extend.

In a moment of realization,  
All what he has done, he tried to amend.  
Suddenly Death, from the dark fortress,  
Holding a scythe, did descend.

Stabbing the betrayer in the back;  
Of death he is, of death he did impend.  
Of once a warrior, from the in and outside black,  
Now just a fallen angel, for good, he did contend.

'Forgive me brothers:  
Our sacred oath I did offend.  
I was blinded by power.'  
Helpin' them restore peace, he did intend.

'You can't defeat him by yourselves,  
First control the sea, skies, and wind!  
Then keep him away from the scythe;  
Attack with this mace, that, he won't portend.'

'Fare you well, brave riders! '  
And his might to them he did lend.  
No mercy for the wicked, No tears for the fallen  
'Absorb all the powers there is, ' was his last commend.

Unleashing hell upon the earth;  
Deep inside they kenned,

When facing the ultimate abyss,  
For now they know, Riders Towards Their End.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Four Horsemen ' Riders Towards The Sun '**

In the ancient dark times,  
The stories were always told:  
There were four of them, those rangers,  
Riding, in the nights of cold.

Fighting for the lost souls;  
With magical powers, none did behold!  
Four noble warriors, were their roles,  
The fates of others, they controlled.

Of a future, beautiful and bright,  
They have been always trolled;  
So, Towards The Sun They Ride,  
Conquering the darkness on the mold,

Defending the rights of others,  
Asking for no silver, nor gold.  
White, Red, Black and Pale-Green,  
Within their hearts, without the world.

Yet, this unbreakable demon  
Deep inside, growin' darker but bold;  
The hunger for greater powers,  
Two times more, no, It's fourfold.

Two of them were lured  
To the evil side, and holed;  
Spreading famine and fear,  
From their striking stronghold.

Swore vengeance, the other two,  
For what has been foretold.  
At the sound speed, in the night and through,  
As lone riders they bowled.

For once they made an oath,  
'Forever riders till we grow gray and old'  
For once they reached glory,  
For once but no more, they were extolled.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **'The Four Horsemen ' The Last Ride ' aka: ' Four Riders Towards The Fallen Sun**

After consuming excessive powers,  
Once family, but that's what it has come to;  
As they're now more than worst enemies,  
So the winds of change and the horns of war, they blew.

'Join me brothers and the pains of hell,  
You won't have to go through.  
No need for losing another rider, can't you foretell? '  
And behind his back, the scythe he drew.

'You want to kill us now? O mighty Death!  
I thought you want us to be once more a crew? '  
'Not even a chance in hell, I ride alone.'  
'You're giving the dark forces, loyalty that's undue.'

Earth couldn't hold this brutal battle:  
So the inferno, they went into.  
Once and for all this, they're going to settle:  
And so his end, they began to pursue.

Demons, dead warriors, even darkness itself,  
Everything he could find, at them he threw.  
So they had to summon all the powers they have,  
And to their humanity, they waved adieu.

Using the mighty mace, the sword, and the bow:  
A rain of fire, the sky began to dew,  
A rain of fire, an arrow after arrow,  
The evil inside all of them, kept to frighteningly grew.

It was damaged, by their wrath, the gates of hell:  
And to earth, darkness escaped through.  
The battle was going nowhere, till White cast a spell;  
And suddenly, Famine came back out of the blue.

Fighting for the good reasons;  
But from the good reasons, they did skew!  
For now it has become a personal vendetta;  
And the end of the world, you could preview.

The three riders formed a torment tornado,  
Unleashed upon Death, only his powers to accrue.  
Of he has become beyond invincible!  
And left them wondering, what else can they do?

One for all and all for one, the only way left was  
To sacrifice their powers, and their souls too.  
To Death they marched, to kill Death himself and to close  
The gates of hell, and God's green earth, to rescue.

Held Death with his army of darkness;  
And from his scythe, they did taboo,

Tying him to his pale horse and, the hollow of hell,  
Closing the gates behind, they rode willingly to.

The fear of becoming their worst fears;  
But their worst fears, they have become.  
And that was the story of The Horsemen,  
For The Last Time, Four Riders Towards The Fallen Sun.

The End.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Immortal ' A Soul Sold To The Devil '**

'I want to be immortal, I want eternity'  
'And what's in it for me? '  
'Take my money, my powers, take my kingdom far far beyond the sea!  
Take my money, my powers, take my family! '

'All of these are useless, I am the Devil, can't thee see?  
Only in thy soul, interested I might be;  
But on one condition: thee have only a hundred years by three.'  
'This is not a fair deal; but still I agree.'

'Then when rings the bell, I shall meet thou at the gates of hell;  
Now away thee flee, as you have been granted immortality! '

'My Dear, I promise, forever I will be with thee:  
I made a deal with the Devil, and my love will last endlessly.'  
'But what did thee give him in return? ' asked she.  
'Only my soul, and in the abyss I shall burn, unfortunately! '

Together they did wander  
For forty years or more;  
Through the times of spring, rain, and thunder,  
Till war came knockin' down their peaceful door.

'Avenge her death! ' whispered Satan;  
'Leave no man behind,  
Destroy every living thing,  
And by then, serenity, you shall find.'

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Immortal ' Revivals: Back From Hell '**

It is the same ancient Immortal;  
The King from far far beyond the sea.  
Brought back from hell, by the Lord's own spell,  
To fight the last battle, and crush his enemy.

Brought back from hell, by God's own will,  
For one last time, one last chance at immortality;  
Not on earth, but for what it's worth,  
Strike down the sinner, and regain glory.

'Oh! thou have returned, ' said he 'But how did thee  
Flee from my burning prison? '  
'O Darkling Dragon, there was forged a key,  
In thy smoldering hole, to redeem my soul, in agony.'

'Then God's own hammer, was handed to me:  
To break thy gates and thine manacles of misery,  
To seek vengeance once more, but not mine only;  
To once more settle the score, for all of humanity.'

'Remember that war, that knocked down your door,  
Once upon a spring? These brutes, I did bring:  
My sinister soldiers, in case you did wonder!  
Made thee destroy, an endless life of joy, with thine thunder.'

A never-ending quest of seeking serenity;  
Because of anger he was blind.  
Bound himself to a path of tranquility,  
To pursue the peace of mind.

All the good deeds, meant nothing at that time,  
For he did see, the Devil's true reality:  
Took his soul, and left him grounded in grime,  
That slime took his all, suffering for a hundred years by three.

And then again, rang the bell, for he hath a fate to fulfill:  
He struck the Viper viciously, and on the verge of victory;  
The Serpent stood still and tried his best to kill,  
His own demon that rose from six feet under, splendidly.

He drew his sword as well, to defend mankind and not to dwell,  
In a reign of schemes and broken dreams, and to be the Immortal to be.  
The Devil down now on his knee, screaming 'Spare me, spare me, Ancient King!  
Spare my life and thee, will once more, as did before, be granted immortality! '

He said, 'Immortal as I was, Immortal in a solitude sea,  
Thee took all I did love, and left me alone in the grove  
Of thorns deep within, and without the spikes of plenty!  
Immortal and I did close, all of mine gates to mercy.'

And with the hammer in his grip, he lift his hands high;

One thump away from being free-, 'Wait! Your Majesty,  
It's not yet too late, I can bring her back in a blink of an eye,  
It's useless to slay me, for I cannot die!' said the Devil humbly.

-He moved his hands with all the powers he was given:  
For all the before deceiving promises he could deny,  
Chanting 'Darling, for we sure shall meet again in heaven,  
For I now am a believer, in the sympathy of the Sky.'

He brought down the end upon the Fiend, by the name of all that's holy;  
Lucifer then was lead to swell, and suffer again, in his one and only hell,  
The Warrior could conquer the Wicked, and finally fulfilled his destiny.  
All what's left now is an apparition of the lost she, a vision of a faded memory!

It is The Immortal that rose from the dead, fuming aflame in fury;  
Was given a second chance to amend what he did, and to relinquish anarchy.  
All his debt is now cleared, and the weight of the world was no longer a penalty,  
Then his spirit fled to his beloved, in a perpetual paradise lasting eternally.

Long Ago, Once Upon A Time,  
A Great King traded his Soul for Eternity.  
And that's the Last of The Immortal,  
From The Far Far Kingdom Beyond The Sea.

The End.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Immortal ' The Road To Salvation '**

Slaughtered everyone with no sanity;  
Because of anger he was blind.  
Neither he could find serenity,  
Nor the peace of mind.

Till in his dreams came she,  
'O Great King, where is thy mercy?  
O Great King, O Your Majesty,  
Since when do thee slay people savagely? '

'For all my life I've loved thee;  
You had my heart, my spirit, my loyalty.  
Redemption thou shall ask for, but thee would better hurry;  
Enough being sore, time is running, thee don't have plenty! '

'O Great King, hear my plea;  
O Great King, my death thee could not foresee,  
O Great King, deep in thee lies the salvation key,  
O Great King, please, hear my plea! '

'Dear Lord, forgive me! ' said down on his knee,  
'For I have sinned, constantly:  
For I have destroyed, more than a city,  
Of vengeance I've burned everything, unconsciously.'

Forty years took love,  
Vendetta took sixty,  
A hundred years took pain,  
And a hundred more The Salvation Journey.

All what he hath done he tried to amend:  
Too much chaos, not knowing from where to tee!  
So the rest of his life he did spend,  
Carryin' the weight of the world as a penalty.

The meadows of heaven, to his people he had given,  
And many other actions full of glory.  
Until it rang: the bell, and to hell he was driven;  
To his people, 'I've been mistaken, I'm sorry.'

A great king that lived once,  
A great king that will live in us eternally.  
And that was the story of The Immortal,  
Once Upon A Time in a Far Far Kingdom Beyond The Sea.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Kingdom Of Nowhere ' Knocking On Heaven's Gates '**

Knock Knock,  
If somebody please, could get the door!  
Knock Knock,  
Please, is anybody there?

So for all your life, you've been searching for a savior:  
A savior so all your fears, he could tear,  
A savior so all your diseases, he could cure,  
A savior, to save you from this never ending nightmare.

Walking along an endless road, your feet are getting sore;  
Thinking that at the end of it, lies an everlasting lair.  
Taking no one with you, disbelieving the forever's been sure;  
Carrying your heavy luggage, having only your cross to bear.

Getting tired, sweat all over, and at a mirage you pore;  
Lost trust in your own senses and you, your shadow, it does scare!  
You take a look ahead, lust lies on a nearby shore,  
No wait, it's what you left behind, and yet you're not aware.

So you carry on with this journey, feeling a bit insecure,  
'What have I done to myself? Will I ever get somewhere? '  
Nobody to lend you a hand, no family, friends, not a mentor!  
A flashback, an epiphany of a foggy future, you start to compare.

But no, you can't stop now it's too late, you already swore,  
To fight your own demons, and your weapons you did prepare;  
But when you tried to open that big black bag lying on the floor,  
You found nothing in it, yet your defeat you did not declare!

So you took a front row seat, waiting for what's in store;  
Endless seconds passed by, 'Waiting! , hell no that's a snare.'  
Yet filled with regrets now, from this road, you it outwore,  
'Damn! I shouldn't have left my chair, I don't even know what I'm fighting for! '

You search your bags, 'Oh! that might help.' You found an oar:  
Thinking for a moment you're the last lone corsair,  
It's not much of a help, look around, you're ashore!  
This is how you fulfill your destiny, walking, fair and square.

And when you're sick to your stomach, can't take it no more,  
When all what's left in your company are darkness and despair;  
You take a look around, find keys shining like never before,  
Lying on the ground, the prize, finally! and towards it you hare.

Threw away the cross, and the keys on your chest you wore;  
'Blood, sweat, and tears' that's the price for you, the fare.  
It's like they were made of gold, made of light, of an ore;  
And the kingdom of heaven, up ahead, you could see it blare.

Push the key in, and all the last whispers, you ignore;  
Push the key in, it's not working! maybe you did err?

You turn around, another gate lies, and through it, you try to bore,  
Using another key, again no hope! and you, it did impair.

So you left behind everything, you left behind the days of yore,  
And chased a never dreamt of dream, that you, it did ensnare;  
If only there was a rewind button, if only you could restore,  
A well wasted life, if only you could get back to vanity fair!

Knock Knock,  
Please! I'm begging you, somebody get the door!  
Knock Knock,  
Please! I'm dying, is anybody there?  
Knock Knock,  
I know I'm in the right place, like in the old folklore.  
Knock Knock,  
Answer me! I am the rightful heir!  
Knock Knock,  
And the tears started on his face to downpour:  
Knock Knock,  
When he left everything he ever did adore,  
Knock Knock,  
When he started listening to the whispers he did always hear,  
Knock Knock,  
When he started doubting all what he believed in, and faith he did deplore,  
Knock Knock,  
When he knew that all hope is lost, no time left to spare,  
Knock Knock,  
When he figured that nobody's here, neither now nor before,  
Knock Knock,  
When he realized the keys weren't for any door,  
Knock Knock,  
When he reached The Kingdom Of Nowhere.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Love Archer ' Going Through The Motions '**

Day 1: Wake up, find a couple, make them in love fall.  
Day 2: Wake up, find a couple, shoot your arrow, combine a couple of souls.  
Day 3: Wake up, find a couple, watch them sing under the sol.  
Day 4: Wake up, find a couple, how sweet they are in that ball!  
Day 5: Wake up, find a couple, looking great in that picture on the wall.  
Day 6: Wake up, find a couple, wait a minute! doing something new, you can't recall.  
Day 7: Wake up, deciding it's about time you started walking tall.

So this is the story of an archer,  
Who in the pot of love, he dips his bow;  
Roams the universe, searching for lovers,  
And through their hearts, he shoots his arrows.

The same story keeps to repeat it self  
All over again, it's beginning to bring sorrow,  
To his never ending life; a job he never chose,  
Now filled up with the feeling of being hollow.

If only he could find the so called 'The One'  
And his love to her, deeply he could show.  
Just tortured daily under the crimson sun;  
If only this curse, away he could blow.

On the 7th day he woke up finally,  
And deep down in his heart he heard that echo,  
'Run away Cupid, break the curse once and for all! '  
And away Cupid ran, far from his woe.

Being bound for good was no good for him;  
Since day 1 he helped people's feelings to flow.  
Has been carrying the weight of the world for long:  
Getting heavier by the day and starting to harrow.

A long journey has just begun,  
In pursuit of happiness, running solo.  
That's still old news, since when did he have anyone!  
Hoping that his heart like the others, would glow.

And so he found her, this missing piece of a puzzle;  
The puzzle of his heart, in a far away oxbow.  
And from the first look, he was captivated  
By her boundless beauty, standing in the meadow.

For the first time ever, he could feel his heart beat;  
With arms wide open, he said good morrow,  
Thinking that a new dawn is coming,  
Truth is, it was all just a devastating dido.

Destiny was teaching him a lesson:  
And the beauty turned out to be a shadow;  
A shadow of a shattered dream, if only he didn't listen,  
To the voice in his head, now all is crushed by a bloody billow.

Day 1: Wake up, shed a tear for the lost goal.  
Day 2: Wake up, shed a tear for the lost soul.  
Day 3: Wake up, blame the voices that away, you it did haul.  
Day 4: Wake up, blame love that misery, you it did befall.  
Day 5: Wake up, drink a cup of joy, only to find it filled with gall!  
Day 6: Wake up, and away from this nightmare you did crawl.  
Day 7: Woke up, on a wake-up call, accepting your life the way it is; scrawl your history on a fractured wall.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Passerby ' I Wonder Which Way To Go '**

I came across a crossroads, and I  
Had wondered where and which way to go!  
And being only The Passerby,  
That I am: I went around and to and fro.

Knowing my choice is a do or die,  
I recalled what happened a while ago:  
I let my feelings perish and wry,  
In the name of love and joy also.

I could no more myself deny,  
And leave my heart aflame aglow;  
I could no more on love rely,  
And no more bear these waves of woe.

I followed happiness till it did fly,  
Time and again, and left me solo;  
I flew behind it to the concrete sky:  
And found it filled with frost and snow.

At night to sleep, myself I cry;  
And try to dream away my sorrow,  
And weep and long for a lullaby,  
Of hope to wake up for, tomorrow.

And then that morning with a sigh,  
I woke up and still could not know:  
Whether or not I am the bad guy,  
That had always caused my tears to flow.

And back at that crossroads, I  
Had walked the one where the lights less show;  
For knowing all sadness imply,  
I walked alone with no friend nor foe.

I came across a crossroads, and I  
Had known which way and where to go;  
And being more than a passerby:  
I walked down the one with little woe.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **The Sorrow Harbinger ' Light Up The Dark '**

When mother earth was fed up,  
And it was time to say goodnight;  
You could see him approaching  
From far away, burning bright.

Impending no more sunlight,  
'Your creation has destroyed your home:  
Your history, you have to rewrite,  
Build a brand new world, on a brand new loam.'

So they say, 'Home is where your heart is.'  
But where your heart is, your anarchy did smite!  
A new journey begins, from the ashes,  
To the unconquered space, to what's out of sight.

Ignorant of what tomorrow holds;  
It has begun, the million years flight.  
A big dark carpet starting to unfold,  
With a hope that yesterday to reunite.

Then they rode off in that spaceship,  
Rode off to the sunset, rode off to the twilight;  
Fighting everything in their way, ghosts, aliens,  
Fighting for their lives, in the dreadful nights.

They witnessed hell, not down but up above them;  
They witnessed hell, hell in space.  
And for the first time ever they realized:  
Hell is everywhere outside of God's grace.

Guided by their fear maybe,  
Or maybe by the starlight?  
Death whispers a lullaby!  
A lullaby, death keeps to recite.

But were they really dead,  
Or just dead from the inside?  
After all what they have seen,  
You can't blame them, it's an unbearable fright!

Have they escaped the grim reaper,  
Or did they just have a respite?  
A lost war they waged, Yet they still have faith,  
And keep on fighting like a shiny armored knight.

It has all started in darkness;  
Yet the darkness, they did ignite.  
Now when the dark has took over again:  
Holding a candle, the dark they try to light.

So no more spring and the joy it brings,  
No more winter and no more falling white.

Shed a tear for the lost, a tear that stings;  
Shed a tear for the lost delight.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

## **Wargasmatron ' Cyborg Century ' aka: ' The Lust For Wargasm '**

In a realm that doesn't exist, a realm of their own:  
A world ruled by the machines, forever lasting not to rust.  
Made out of no flesh, out of not a single bone:  
Yet always seeking souls, and human lives to harvest.

Their worst nightmare came to live, blood prone;  
Almost invincible, unstoppable, rabidly robust.  
Drove them all to carve up their own tombstone,  
The sun was setting for good, lives were turning to dust.

It's out there in the atmosphere, of black, a toxic tone;  
Killing clouds all over, and in the sky, a grooving gust.  
Everywhere on the planet is a crossfire, a dead zone;  
Remorse is haunting the place, not knowing who to be solaced.

The century of slavery is over; it's rising, a new dark dawn;  
Reprisal, is the only goal, with themselves, they did entrust.  
Dig a hole for yourself; sing over mankind, melodies of moan,  
Some sorrow symphonies also, like a desperate lone harpist.

How pathetic! their misdeeds they keep to intone,  
Instead of fighting for their lives, and the enemy to bust;  
Thinking God might save them, or their prayers to postpone  
The inevitable, yet God left this place long ago, to get mused.

All hell has broken loose, as they planted the spawn:  
The wolves fangs emerged, only their hearts to thrust;  
It's the abyss from above, from a merciless mechanic crone,  
Faith was no longer useful, everyone was now a deist.

The steel, they howl, and some hurricanes are blown,  
Buildings and fortresses collapsed, even the strongest!  
So God's green earth, with metal, they had sown;  
The plants grew to suck them dry, and their tanks to be fullest.

Tomorrow seems bright, like a cheap old rhinestone,  
That no one on the planet, no longer it seems to interest.  
All senses are gone, the remaining were just the scone and a scone;  
Their brains are being shattered and scattered, like sawdust.

When there is no other way, but their selves to clone,  
In hope to raise a massive army, a legion, soonest.  
Again with the technology! another journey to the unknown;  
Again with taking chances, lives in jeopardy, a path not safest.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd