

Poetry Series

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

- 114 poems -

Publication Date:

February 2014

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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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.

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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.

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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.

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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

A Heart For Two or Three

When all my hopes seemed to collapse;
With one heart I wondered where to be!
And feared those distant vague grand gaps,
Then woke me up but a dream of thee.

I watched my life rushingly elapse,
And my love with it away did carry;
And just stood there fastened with straps,
Embracing a time that was weary.

Then thought all was just for the best:
As did swiftly flee all of my agony;
And now the time has come to rest:
So I slipped my dreams away in serenity.

The look with which she looked at me,
The smile, the laugh and the anxious view:
They all did steal my breath away;
And led me to bid my mind adieu!

I once did ken a dream of joy,
And loved, that lasted the whole night through;
But then it did my hopes destroy:
When away it woke the joy and you!

Like one that is with love possessed;
Although I ran, it still was with me.
Nor time nor life love did divest!
Yet sentenced me to be never free.

So tell me, tell me, speak again,
What one has got to do?
With all that he has and what he has been,
And now he's in love with two!

When all my chances seemed in mist;
With one heart only I had a plea:
To be too strong to rip apart this chest,
And break this heart in two or three!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

All The Loved Ones

To make it work: anything you'd do;
All what's in your hands, some sacrificies too;
You'd aim so high and all the boundaries break:
To make love not die and dodge an old mistake.

You'd seem always happy and all your sadness hide,
And smile the whole day and at night away the smile glide;
You'd think of them the whole time and where you would be:
If something happened and love was lost, 'So would my soul and me! '

All this time it was you who made that ship to go:
Yet how could they that know when you yourself didn't know?
The ship kept sailing for more and more; but what was the price?
Was love enough? Or love is worth making not a sacrifice?

Love leads you to unconscious be,
And its ship just sails in a tears sea;
Time passes and that sea of tears doth dry,
And with such fees you can't no more comply.

You hold your breath for a second to see what's ahead:
It's you alone there, and at your feet love lies dead!
So you hurry back and many more tears cry:
As you can't just go on knowing that love will die.

This time you know it's you who too blows the wind:
To make that ship to go and such pleasue not end;
Sometimes the source of pleasure deep down lies in pain,
And fear of losing them, and fear of tears in vain.

Yet all that has a beginning doth too have an end;
And there lies still a new one: when you more tears do send!
So here you are where you did start:
Awaiting love to fill your heart and then be ripped apart!

You should be ready and embrace not all those days bygone:
As when it's darkest, you should know, there comes yon the dawn!
'Happiest I when I'm in love! The price seems but fair.'
Yet you get used till there's no more heart left about to care!

With having known that even if your loved ones are gone:
There still would be new hope and still would rise each morning's sun;
Now could you tell me what will you do when all your loved ones are gone?
'There'll be no more reason to live, and that's when my life is done! '

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

All You Need Is Love

Why bother search when all you need's inside?
How many places? Still they all were wrong,
And hopes—'cause false—brought not 'ny joy along:
How hard it gets to then frustration hide!
Not only but lose strong beliefs beside,
And blame perhaps ourselves for being young;
Yet knowing how we may not end unsung:
Sedates our souls, consoles what's been denied!
Yes, everyone deserves this once at least:
To learn to hate how we've been made to feel,
And ken, alas, we're better off alone;
Until you love you never do exist,
Yet mind you not to others try appeal:
The greatest love indeed is but one's own!

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

Apprehension

As under long, I've come to understand:
How awful fearsome I have made you feel,
In getting closer; arms yet open wide,
And haply—momentar'ly—holding hope:
That lit the way: thus I had not to grope,
At first; but then all light abruptly died,
And listened not to even one appeal;
O Hapless Self, such woe you must conceal,
Too smile, while wishing admiration'd slide;
Unwilling to with raging feelings cope:
I'd rather leave than sit around and mope,
For feeling cozy's vain on alien tide;
And I, at last, have come to terms that she'll,
Nay, we'll not ever—No! —go hand in hand!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Behind Blue Eyes

Behind blue eyes I hide my bane and woe,
Behind blue eyes I do too much sustain,
And wonder whether I should stay or go:
'Cause after all I can't in love remain.
Behind blue eyes I hate myself so dear:
For breaking countless hearts, including mine;
Behind blue eyes I have one silent tear:
For whom I were but meant to with entwine.
I seem to linger still behind blue eyes,
I know I have to leave, it's just too hard;
With all those many failed attempts and lies:
It's better if I but rebuilt my guard.
It sadly seems my try to hang just through:
Have failed, or else my eyes would not be blue!

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

Brevity

I've chased too long in the meadows green:
My dreams, and did in the coldness too;
I've seen so much of what could be seen:
Hello, light, joy, pain, darkness; then adieu!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Burned Bridges

It saddens me to think that what
We have shared was merely a kiss,
And that what love has yet brought
Was more of a woe than a bliss!

I've carried the weight for far too long:
Of bridges sinking in a sea of rust;
But I was wrong thinking we'd belong
Again, I guess dreams can turn to dust!

It kills me that I'm glad to let go,
And that sorry I just no more feel;
It's time for the wind of change to blow:
And sweep my soul and scars conceal.

Find me guilty for seeing the light
Amidst a dark world filled with lies,
For knowing everything's not alright,
And embracing not but mere demise!

I wouldn't lie and say that I
Us sometimes yet don't miss;
And the more I think of our goodbye,
The more I blame myself for this.

I should have held on some more,
I should have bit my tongue!
But the heavy weight my back outwore,
And at the end I was another hero unsung!

I came to terms with what I must do:
That's to get the hell out of the black;
I've carried the weight of your world for you,
And figured it'd just my shoulders crack.

Once upon a dismal dawn
I've decided to end my long dismay;
And so I've burned my bridges down:
In hope that it might light the way.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Call

It's just too hard to wait around for you,
To call; I see the leaves oh slowly grow,
Then fall, hear larks but mourning, humming woe:
For bidding their beloveds a fair adieu;
So winter came to freeze such saddened view,
And stop those tears that'd every right to flow:
Because this life comes always with a blow:
That strikes us down, or haply life renew!
I then did know it got but way too late:
Oh when I saw the clock hung by the wall
Not moving yet, I felt 'twas time alright:
To just let go and no mirage await;
But when at last I was about to fall:
I heard you call, 'Look not into the light! '

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

Carpe Diem or Almost the End of the World

I looked around and it was the day,
That again will never come;
I could not help it but to sway,
Away from what would make me glum.

I thought that I've been granted life,
And so did life take but for granted;
I thought that time was yet rife,
And had my soul by life enchanted.

My life has passed before my eyes,
As what's alive was just no more;
I've never thought of any goodbyes,
And still of faith was but unsure.

I've seen the green swiftly fly,
As did the gray and too the blue;
I've felt all beauty at once die,
And couldn't stand that morbid view!

I've looked above and did scream,
At a god that there might not be:
'Look down on this scarlet stream,
And speak but of immortality! '

Though life may but immortal seem,
Whilst everything else ceases to be;
It could be nothing more but a dream,
And on the waking verge's just uncertainty!

I woke up thinking of:
'What if the world ends today?
You've had much mirth but it's not enough! '
Then hoped more mirth won't make me stray!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Chances

They said go right to heaven or; go left
To hell; but why this way? I could not tell;
And all I care is but when tolls the bell:
I would have lived in charge and not adrift.
Between two destinations I am cleft,
And knowing after all I have to dwell;
Today, however, I hear not a knell:
So why'd I waste a borrowed time and swift?
It's not about a simple left or right,
Some tread but one and wind up high and dry,
Lamenting that not tasted other fate;
What matters most are both, the black and white:
Hence yes, I have to all the options try,
And take a chance before it's way too late.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Choose

Choose not the nicest guy,
Choose not your friend;
Choose who did simplify
A lot, and could on depend!

Choose not who promises heaven,
Choose not the new;
Choose who gave and still is giving,
And did for long his dreams pursue.

Choose not the freshman who:
Knows none about a thing;
Choose who did just preview
His plans, and will what promised bring.

Choose not what your heart
Blindly guides to mischoose;
Choose who have tasted Art,
Not who'd just all art abuse!

Choose but who knows best,
Not who thinks it's just a game;
Choose that who will not rest,
Until these Arts are all aflame!

Choose who you ever want,
Remember that the choice is yours;
Although your mind may taunt
You for what can't no time restore!

Choose not the nicest guy,
Choose who his hand will lend,
To you; and but yet nigh,
You might just make a future friend!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Close Your Eyes

If you may just close your eyes,
And for a second cease to think:
I'll show you how magnificence lies
Still, on a soulful soul's brink.

Imagine you can merely fly,
With wings attached whether out or in;
Make sure your limit is the sky,
But forget not who you've always been.

Despite the various vague attempts:
That try, or once did shoot you down,
With the envious senseless contempt,
Be proud you've made it on your own.

It matters not if you seem blue,
Or see gray, or black or white,
If you have something that gets you through:
The most cold, blackened, bewildered night!

My eyes wide open, like yours, were once:
Seeking to something embrace;
But the one thing I did barely glimpse:
Transients oft leave a trace.

If you may just close your eyes,
Then try to take a look at life:
You'll find it filled with goodbyes,
Heartbreaks and an endless strife!

With eyes wired shut I see:
The world always warm and bright;
Or maybe but imagine it to be,
Since fancy's better than actual sight!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Closure

I walked, I ran, I went the distance yet,
No matter how but hard I try I fail;
All efforts fell to finally forget,
And I was left to laugh perchance, or wail!
I from the highest high was thrown by you:
Then wise it seemed to loose the chains and go;
How I such burning passions should subdue,
When I was left with little things to know?
The distance seems to be approaching near,
Or maybe I have never gone that far;
The rage and joy and rue're a mere veneer,
And failed attempts to memories but mar.
I ran, I walked, and finally did lay:
As I was heading oh, the other way!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Contemplation

Do you at times but wonder why we're here?
Or more important, how? Or e'en till when?
How great a legacy left when we are gone!
How hard farewells when filled so oft with fear!
For grandeur, glory, fame; to deem a peer:
Oh man shall lose his soul, dive deep in sin,
Be hollow then inside, and rot within,
And in the end remains a glass veneer.
Oh once they're born, mature, and poof, they die,
Whilst hoping, having, blindly, faith in fate:
It might yet help when one is ought to strive;
O Wasteful Eyes, dread not the end is nigh!
Not long ago I've sat to contemplate:
The trick's to live, not only be alive.

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

Darker Days

Darker Days I left behind,
And ran from as far as I could;
Darker Days, and I'm to find:
A lighter life; and be bright I should.

Darker Days chased after me,
Here and there, with winds of woe;
Darker Days don't want me be,
Me, or happy, and had me at hello.

Darker Days were filled with sin,
And all the beauty that one can crave;
Darker Days, oh! and I have been,
Rushing towards my growling grave.

Darker Days did steal my breath,
As if it was alas! lost and found;
Darker Days pursued my death,
In stealth and oh! it made no sound.

Darker Days, god damn! grew strong,
Each second, and I couldn't resist;
Darker Days, and all what's wrong,
Seemed right; then I was left to twist.

Darker Days did tempt me again,
And weak and lonesome, I said yes;
Darker Days deep down within,
My soul; and all was in the abyss.

Darker Days I tried to erase,
But failed, and I won't try no more;
Darker Days, and tears down my face,
And my conscience within waging war.

Darker Days did I embrace,
Again once more, just like before;
Darker Days, and I fell from grace,
And now was I doomed aye, for sure.

Darker Days I left behind,
And lonesome I have lonely stood;
Darker Days doomed me to find:
More Darker Days; to be bound for good.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Dearly Beloved

Two years ago I did lose:
What almost meant the world to me;
And up till now I still refuse
To believe my love's a fantasy!

World's apart yet still together,
Whether you're in heaven or hell;
And I can't help but growing bitter:
Every time I bid you farewell!

So long, so soon, my long lost dear;
And I play but a serenade on the strings of my heart,
Of solace overwhelming me year after year:
That makes every beat but tear it more apart!

You only left the memory,
Of you that just cannot die;
It shines across eternity,
The mist and through the cloudy sky!

I hate that every year I yet weep anew,
Nay, but every day, and I'm left in a dismal tune;
O Dearly Beloved, instead of a vague adieu,
I guess I'd rather say, 'I will see you soon!'

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Déjà Vu All Over Again ' The Fake-smiled Lone Wolf '

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 Lone Wolf, 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

Demons

I fear the darkness deep, alas, within;
But being part of me I must embrace,
As I was taught to be but full of grace,
If even, oh, my best was but a sin.
I hide it though it's right beneath my skin,
I can't, but wish that they won't find a trace;
And find I must a cure indeed apace,
But how when dark beclouds my simple ken?
In fear, almost, I think I've lived my life;
But not from her, or him, or them, or you;
It's larger than what people seem to see!
And when the dark doth look forever rife,
I know, in fact, I must no more pursue:
The countless demons deep inside of me.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Diaries of a Schizophrenic Narcissist

I write what I feel it must depart:
The darkest, bloodiest bottom of my heart.
My heart is full and apart from peace,
And words are the only way of decrease.

I speak of love and swear at hate;
I blame myself and sometimes fate.
I cry of hurt and plea for dreams:
As in my dreams often darkness beams.

I bleed like you, and do scar too;
Yet try my best not to seem blue.
I fake a smile, and nod at times:
'Look how he everything sublimes! '

I wear a mask, but die at night:
As I take it off and all is not alright!
This is not me, but what I've become;
I'd rather act than just be lonesome.

I still do feel sometimes alone:
That's when I wish I had a heart of stone.
And when it's cold, or cold I feel:
I use the ice to the many scars conceal.

The sun then shines above my head:
Then melts the ice that's the frozen tears I've shed.
I don't want your pity, nor your grief:
I've had enough and they are nowhere near relief!

It's not about what you have, but what you've lost;
It kills to know that greed indeed comes at cost.
I've been to hell, and back again;
I've learned that all great art comes from pain!

It's not that easy to speak out loud,
Specially when the truth doth minds becloud.
You're just not me, nor in my shoes:
To judge whether you were to win or lose.

I write so free, I'm not afraid;
I'd rather burn out than away fade.
It feels so right, yet hurts too much:
I'm clinging to this pen as I at life do clutch.

I'm not alone, I'm reaching out:
To those like me, who do but wander about.
And when I'm sad, or in despair:
I think of all the times when there was pleasure there.

Just because I wander, doesn't mean I'm lost;
Maybe I'm to find what once I've loved the most,

Or just to turn round, and stay away:
From what I gave it all yet left me in dismay.

'So hold my hand, and let's walk a mile:
I'll show you what's worth dying for and what's just vile.'
We walked too long, then stopped at last;
It seemed that we stood still while life before us passed.

He whispered then whether I knew or not:
That we're ourselves and that's all what we've got!
I understood when did the mirror clear:
That he who loves himself his love is the most dear.

I now arise in a mirrors room,
And bless he who helped me banish the gloom.
I was like you so long ago:
Then I was saved, I think, by a friend; or foe.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Discontent

I hate how hard it oft doth get to know:
Right here, right now's not close to paradise,
And how such bliss but barely doth suffice,
And how a kindled heart just makes me glow.
I'm worn all out from whipping to and fro;
I only seek, I think, my cardinal vice,
Yet still I could make use of your advice:
Despite my doubt it e'er would end this woe.
I wonder whether I did fall from grace,
Or grace and I'd, alas, to both depart;
Perchance, I pray, my greed will grace restore.
Oh longing've left me lying out of place;
At least it puts at times at ease my heart:
To know for sure I'm going back for more!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Distant Horizon

Right up ahead I think I see the light,
Oh, nay, I'm sure; it never seemed so near;
I only seek to end this endless night:
That always felt like home, albe't my bier!
Ecstatic, anxious, I myself have found:
For finding comfort ever holding shades;
How freedom's easier when no one's around:
The nearer draws the light, the more it fades!
I gaily hastened not towards my goal:
It's futile longing for uncertain ends,
And losing in return but one's own soul,
Then wasting what remains to make amends!
I know the light yet lies right up ahead:
I'd rather but domestic darkness tread!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Disturbed

I've e'er been good at hiding how I feel,
At yet these darkest times can't help but shake:
Such shiver keeps me every night awake;
Repose deprived, I know no more what's real!
I quiver, hope the heat would help me heal,
Or hold me still, since I'm about to break;
O Words, if you me must at last forsake:
I prithee, please, try to her heart appeal!
'He harms at times himself to swerve the pain,
Or switch it from abstract to just concrete;
It's rather sad how hapless he became!
With every drop he hopes such warmth to drain,
But with each bead his heart doth faster beat,
And every beat but screams so loud your name! '

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Dreamsmith

Just all it takes at times' to go to sleep:
To frame the sweetest dreams 'nyone could have,
And help, perhaps, all whom can't stop to grieve,
To show them how 'nto rabbits holes to creep.
Just all it takes at times' to dive too deep,
Inside unconscious minds and try to salve:
The seething beast in need of but some love;
I cry a lullaby and hope he'd weep.
I need no water nor a handful 'f fire;
It takes yet one who has enough to wail,
Not dreads, nor cares of consequences dire,
And harkens still to my well tailored tale.
I live to fill what empty hearts desire;
I guess, alas, all dreams are lies for sale!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Enigma

'Across the sturdy mountains,
And above the cloudy skies:
There lies but dry fountains,
For bidding oh, mere goodbyes.'

'Look closer and you'll see
What hides beyond the wind,
And there too should be
A shadow and no friend.'

'It's only where the real doth bind,
With the short ephemeral dreams:
That's when the peace of mind
Will clear, from all darkened streams! '

I looked around for hours but,
Could not find a thing;
And wondered whether of what I've got:
To let go or to cling!

I've wasted almost all my life,
Frightened greatly of change;
But stability never ended strife,
Yet led me to what's strange.

It seems bizarre to comfort find
Comfortably lying in pain,
As numbness is always behind;
So how much can you sustain?

After such futile search I froze,
Because I no more could abide;
But then beside myself I was:
As the answer was deep inside!

'Amongst the shadow and wind,
Right where you did begin:
The start is but the end:
As the answer lies within.'

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Epiphany

'I opened my eyes on the verge of fire,
And I was filled with sin;
And having once but lust admired:
I ended where I did begin! '

'I have a memory of a white light,
Right at the back of my head:
It seems so vague but yet despite
The blackness, it left a scarring dread! '

'I fear that I just did not choose,
And yet was tempted by the unknown! '
'It's you that did the light refuse,
And now your soul's claimed mine own.'

'I was there to break your soul,
And have your heart with eros entwined,
And make you blame your morbid fall
on yourself, and in sin recline.'

'I was born an innocent man,
But now I just can't see;
And it's too late and no more can
I repent, and in hell I deserve to be! '

It only takes to realize:
But a single moment of divine sooth;
And yet there goes such paradise:
As a result of a rotten ruth.

Once upon a dreadful dream,
A man thought he has lost the race:
When surrounded him such fiery streams,
And felt that he did fall from grace!

'I rose in fear one morning and
Was happy I still had a chance:
To make up for my misdeeds grand:
In hope not to this abyss glance! '

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

False Awakening

I think I woke up when I heard your call,
All anxious; I've been waiting far too long,
Yet stubborn, willing not to ever start:
And why? I've started all those times before!
It's not—not even close—I care no more,
But, caring much, I must less care impart,
Though caring less, alas, my soul doth prong;
Then looking closer something di'n't belong:
We growing near were whilst we're oft apart,
And sudden feelings started down to pour,
And hopes perhaps surpassed a mere amour:
That's why my heart oh sadly had to thwart,
Albe't 'twas what I've wanted all along,
Since I was simply sleeping after all!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Familiar Suffering

I trod this road a thousand times before,
And every time it someway feels anew;
I seem to yet the same old end renew,
And do, alas, just keep to downwards soar!
I think I hate what's but unknown in store:
And so prolong some faded thoughts with you;
Yet when such sweet, but swift short glints are through:
I'm panged, in pain, and dreary plight deplore.
Then from afar she came, yet with a slap:
Oh hurling bitter hands upon my face,
Reminding me of who but once I was,
And said, 'It's time we tried to bridge this gap:
For you to reach a better brighter place.'
I took her slap and sealed, for now, the cause.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Feelings

Feelings flood then us just overwhelm;
And what else should do such an excess?
Seeking signs of bliss only us to helm;
But bliss' always paled to ones you can't possess.

Keeping busy by thinking all the thoughts away;
But busy we're not when they keep to regress:
And so we try to sleep; yet do dream astray,
Of those who we lost, and feelings of distress.

It's always darkest before the dawn, yet
Slowly lessens the dark, too sadness less;
And hope shots a spark that those feelings let
Apart and offshore, and no more us oppress.

Hence we begin ourselves to load
With words: to bring us weal or woe;
Yet those that we did shun still showed:
Then froze those lips that could not go.

Too hard to replace or to embrace:
So we seek other means to success.
Hearts beat loud and blush doth one's face:
When smiles are about and scars redress.

Wounds are all sealed and despair doth egress;
It's time to give in now and feel the joy alway,
Send sincere blessings, and all emotions confess,
And stop all future guessings, and prettiness portray.

What good are words when they can't express:
What just one wants to say?
All ears, lips and eyes amiss;
But hearts speak still, so do those feelings gay!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Forbidden Bestowal

I wish I knew 'twas highly hard for you
To be my friend, I would've pursued perchance
The end, pretended I was passing through,
Instead of holding true a failed romance.
I must yet spill my heart before I go:
There have been times when I would linger still,
Presume that this is set to someday grow;
It did, apart, then smiles would silence kill.
Avoidance fades as I can't keep the guile,
And stay away for long, or sad, or mad;
And all the silence's music for a while:
To exile me in what could I have had.
Alas, the wasted times I tried to blend,
For you 'twas still so hard to be my friend!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Forever Lovers

I was left amidst the dust,
Of passions burned so long before:
Wondering whether it's love or lust,
Or a malady that I must for find a cure!

Time passes for how long?
And still there comes a moment anew:
To meet and prove that we're not strong;
But end up bidding ourselves adieu!

The seconds pass so slow as years,
Away from you my seraph astray;
And I do suffer yet skeptic tears:
For our paths may cross not another day!

I await you at the crack of dawn;
And having hung to the crooked nights:
I but to any beam get drawn;
Although they're no everlasting lights!

Hapless, ephemeral hope's all I have;
And just when I'm ready to move on:
This glimpse renews and me enslaves,
For another future year foregone!

I was touched with a glowing gust,
And thought I couldn't my soul restore:
When all our love has turned to lust,
And did alas all sense ignore!

We tried to the pricks adjust:
For the sake of what we both adore;
But with every burst and every thrust:
You grew yet weaker than before!

We shared the kind of love that dust:
Couldn't and cannot still deplore;
And nay, our love was never lust,
But our lives apart's what's unsure!

Despite all the pain that you've and will
Yet put me through:
I'd rather burn in hell,
Than be away from you!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Glory Days

I dread, my friend, my glory days are done:
I see the end approaching ever near,
And death doth seem at last no more unkind;
Prolonging fading moments or to stall,
I'm striving, failing, drawling deathbed gall,
Convincing still my parting soul not blind,
I was, albe't my sight was not that clear;
But I did trust my heart my life to steer,
And hoped, nay begged, such blind faith'd be enshrined;
I'm now reclined expecting certain fall,
Since when I looked into my crystal ball:
Oh, glory felt like just a state of mind,
And nothing heart, too nothing soul did smear,
And I was wrong: I've never reached the sun!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Gray

My life I've spent between just two extremes,
Missed tons of things all great and in between;
If it's not fun, your tears would run in streams,
Not right, then wrong, and must all wrong demean.
What if the world had more than just two sides?
And people saw aft noon comes not the night,
Instead how afternoons the twilight hides?
What if real life was more than black and white?
I mixed the two and got a color, gray:
I let it be because it seemed bizarre;
But in the end when came another day,
I wondered why I've always gone so far!
I trapped have been in such a dreadful strife;
Then I knew Gray was oh, a view of life!

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

Haunting My Dreams

I wish I could your dreams define:
Since you just keep on haunting mine!

Again I dreamt of you last night,
Although I never made the choice!
Yes, you do my dreams ignite:
So how can I not but rejoice?

This time we shared a single kiss:
It did but more just sadden me;
Knowing I can't get much of this:
As I'm powerless over reality!

I have no control of my dreams too:
We started off as friends; now see where we are!
I go to sleep and unwillingly dream of you:
And it makes me ken how my paradise's far!

I know I want just not to dream,
And with but myself at peace be,
Embrace the loneliness, and solitude deem
My dearest friend, and melancholy.

I have you carved yet deep within:
My soul, my heart, and too my mind;
Alas, I have you under my skin:
From a lingering look you cast behind!

I wish I could my dreams control;
There happiness might just have been:
As you would play all happiness' role,
And guide me to where I'd begin.

I wish I did just something say;
But I lie here all still instead,
And dream of you yet day by day,
And take asylum in an ache unsaid!

I know nothing would change even if you knew:
That's why I don't want to ever dream of you!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Heartbreak Town

At the road where slowly sets the sun,
And towards the sea it doth drown;
Darkness dwells when the day is done:
I glimpsed then there the outskirts of a town.

I walked towards its wooden gate,
And wished that there somebody would be;
Yet all the walls were just in slate,
With all black bricks that did seem blurry.

Like a wandering gypsy for help I cried:
Then the gate opened wide, and there were plenty,
Hence jumped my heart and myself beside,
And thought that this is where I find me!

Yet all the pleasure that was there,
Couldn't help but me confuse!
In heaven was I, and I could swear;
And damned if I such bliss refuse.

I was sure love lied somewhere:
Thence on this dream I sat my eyes;
And so I wandered far for fair,
Then found love doth of all arise!

And I was purged from my despair:
When I such joy all around could see;
I once faced sin then did forbear:
And now my soul's set finally free.

I looked far forth and there a muse,
Lied in grief that pain entwined;
'Blind, insane!' I did her accuse,
'How could you not such happiness find?'

'I've lost much and got nothing more to lose:
When I to the brown my blood did bind.'
And then she me did disabuse:
When she showed me how her world declined!

She once did love all what's around,
So deep it almost led to her demise:
And did her heart for all impound,
And did destroy her joy likewise.

She slapped me hard and then she said,
'O Wanderer! watch out for excess!
So many have dreamt and are now dead:
Of too much love and perfectness.'

I said, 'Of such there never could be so much!'
'Fool you are to think such a thing!'

'Even if, still I love do clutch! '
'All what brings joy too doth sadness bring! '

I screamed, 'No! ' and away I ran,
I sought and found such fate refined;
Yet when I did her words scan:
It led me to lose my peace of mind.

I wish I could the present contemplate,
Forget the future, and leave the past behind!
I wished but it's not yet too late!
I wished that she'd not my tale divined!

Then the sun rose right up again:
When I a lie just did turn down,
And left behind such a beautiful den,
Of happiness entrapped in a Heartbreak Town!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Heavy On Hearts

'I see the parting tonight in our eyes,
Right before our way long due goodbyes.'

'This is not the end, we'll still be friends,
And I want you to know, it's not you; it's me.'
'If you could give me a second chance to make amends;
I promise I'll be a better man in no time, you'll see! '

'I really truly love you, but it just won't work,
Yet I shall never forget the magical moments we shared.'
'What about love at first sight, and that eternal spark?
What about your previous promises that to break you dared? '

'I knew I glimpsed something weird in your eyes:
That kindled the feeling that it's time for our goodbyes.'

'It aches that I've got to do this now,
And will even kill me when you're gone.'
'Then why not make it last somehow,
And pretend a kiss' a heartbreak undone? '

'I've given this a lot of thought,
And I'm afraid, it's already too late.'
And he was the one who dearly fought
For a lost cause, or a sealed fate!

'I felt a certain misdeed burning in your eyes,
When I walked in tonight thinking not of goodbyes.'

'We had a lot of fun, but this is going nowhere;
The guilt is just eating me up from the inside.'
And in that very moment his heart was all despair:
Knowing, alas, that love can't guilt abide!

'We had a good run, but this is where I get off.'
Smiling, 'Alright, just take good care.
I never had or will, never ever, have enough
Of you, that's why I'll always be there.'

'I know I'm the reason behind the tears in our eyes,
But tonight's the time to say such long due goodbyes.'

And every now and then she'd try and call;
Taking him for granted, that he's nowhere to be.
It's nice knowing you'll always be caught when you fall;
But I wouldn't forever count on such certainty!

He saw that very night the parting in their eyes,
And that hideous sight was heavy on his heart;
But despite knowing that it was time for their goodbyes,
He tried his best to stop one soul to be torn apart!

'I saw our world collapse that night in her eyes;
That's why I tried, and failed, to prolong our goodbyes! '

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Hero ' That's Not Who I Became '

Every time I look in the mirror I see:
The same sad hero; staring back at me.
And whenever I try to put by that portrait on the wall:
I have a flashback of, my rise and fall.

But fall did I not, or perhaps not just yet?
Or maybe it's about, not letting me forget:
All the sins I've committed, and all the mistakes I've made;
That piled up together and shaped a shiny blade.

And it cuts through my guts, and leads me to regret:
This lost life of mine, and my never ending debt;
To only myself, yes to just me alone,
Alas! I've always flied solo, and on my own.

For it's easier not to on anyone depend;
Albeit the price is, a lone life to spend.
But it's the reason I am the hero that I am today;
Or is it all in my head? And I am only astray!

Afield, amiss; but what if I already know?
And still keep walking, as towards any glow I go!
Remembering my dark past, that I without;
Wouldn't have ended up here, utterly worn out.

And then slowly all the shame started to fade;
When I came to terms with my hero who grayed.
For it's not always about: when and where to shine;
If you finally do, for all heroes at times decline.

And then I looked again at that Hero in the frame;
And turned back to the mirror to know: That's Not Who I Became!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Hope Against Hope and Despite Darkness

Despite the hatred of the world,
That we yet seem to find:
Everywhere, with pain manifold,
And tears that render selves blind.

Despite contempt and despising:
Those who their promises broke,
And lingered long but mesmerizing:
Whom have tried them to provoke.

Despite the anger and the fear:
That always assemble in one nightmare;
Hence we end up fighting what isn't here,
But hidden within our shunned despair.

Despite the loneliness and too the dark,
Despite the parting eyes:
That hearts do melt then make them stark;
As miracles rise from mere demise!

Despite the memories, despite the grief:
That fills voids with hollows bittersweet,
And makes life but a candle brief:
Lit not to solace yet a single defeat.

Despite the rather ruptured ruth,
Despite the soothing songs:
That bring but obscure words of truth,
Thus make souls not belong.

Despite the lost battles and the various scars,
And all unhealing wounds alongside agony;
Despite the lying lull at but the distant stars,
And the slowly fading dreams in which everyone's free.

Despite such dark and monstrous things:
That forge one but forlorn;
There shines scant hope that rapture brings,
Always in every morn!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

I Hang Around

I hang around because I don't,
Have yet the strength to leave;
I hang around and it's so hard,
To hang around and grieve.

I hang around because right here:
I laughed, and loved, and slept;
But all seem now to disappear:
So I hang with who've wept.

I hang around, yet keep in mind:
That I can't hang for long;
I hang in hope to someday find:
The guts to end this song.

I hang around and fake a smile:
To hide how hard it is,
To hang around to just beguile:
A harsh life of unease!

I hang around, I hang around,
I hang around all day,
And when the time does come to go:
I hang some more and pray.

I pray that when around again
I hang, that time's the last:
So I could finally begin,
To, oh, part with the past!

I hang around for one last time,
And bid before I go,
All those who were once close to me:
A mildly fair adieu.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

I Tend To

I tend to sit alone amongst only walls of four,
And think deeply of whom did once matter more,
And speak with those that are not really there,
Or just the silence break by screaming from despair.

I tend to stare more close and the walls just turn to glass,
And I can see right through them all my deeds that cannot pass;
I try to bring them down or do my best just them to break,
Yet the more I punch: the mirrors glare, and all what they bring is ache.

I tend to cover the looking glass after failing to break free,
But the shackles show no matter how natural I make them be;
I search for a spot that has no past so that in peace I'd stand,
Yet the memories, that away are cast, and peace come hand in hand.

I tend to make amends with my ghost that doth me chase,
Yet get the same response, 'History you can't just replace! '
I close for long my eyes and try to think the pain away,
And dream awake of lies that may save me and end my day.

I tend to dream by day whether asleep or just awake,
I miss so much the things that make me smile and I forsake;
I moan, I scream, I growl, I cry, I love and do so long,
For those who light my heart ablaze and make me all but strong!

I tend to have much talk with these voices in my head,
And wail my pain and cheer my ease with tears that are well shed,
I spar with these voices and try to string them shut:
In hope to just rejoice or at least my thoughts do cut.

I tend to hear myself yet speak without no moving lips,
As is the sun trying to break free throughout an eclipse;
I tend to be sometimes quiet and others just insane,
I tend to be so cheerful but my smile is filled with pain.

I tend to try to mend some hearts, yet break my own instead,
And pities rise for a fool who woke a hero and slept undead;
I tend to imagine my loved ones right here although they're gone,
I tend to live in yesterdays that's why to the past I'm drawn.

I tend to sit alone, although I'd rather not,
I tend to remind myself of all the things that I forgot,
I tend to be friends with just those walls of four,
I tend to look around and see the ones I still adore!

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

Imaginary

I sought so long some fellowship. For me,
Alas, a dream it was so far away;
Perchance I looked where I was but astray,
Or fate just let such melancholy be!
Accepted I'm alone and e'er not free,
And stopped to moan by night and mourn by day;
For I was but a child, yet now I'm gray,
And still I could beside no one not see.
'Fear not, ' they said, 'nobody dies alone!
Just trust and go to where your path may lead.
May you find all you wish for at the end.'
Wished one that's not but on some gramophone,
And dark around was all what I did need:
I closed my eyes and made at last a friend!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Inevitability

It's rather painful knowing life could end,
Without a warning, notice, now, today;
No chance to give your dear and parting friend,
No time to reminisce 'bout youth when gray.
Imagine I but can't how'd I all lose,
And be the one to bury her or you;
I know I have to face plenty adieus,
Yet how without those who help me get trough?
I'll miss the feeling life have passed me by:
As suddenness' a such mere dire surprise;
And wail, or weep, or pass a passing sigh,
Regretting all of those unsaid goodbyes.
Go first, my friend, or spend a frightful life,
Just knowing death is always lurking, rife.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Insight

It's slightly strange how one—in peace—could watch:
His very hanging soul before his eyes,
All bloody, yet doth manage finding joy,
While fills his face a sick sadistic smile:
That dead—how clever! —hides his dreadful guile,
And hugs along persistent poses coy,
But fails to freeze the covert tears he cries;
Oh, sin by sin his soul still slowly dies:
Addicted yet, what else but sin enjoy?
Though deep within—perchance—he drowns in bile,
Still knowing leading ne'er no life senile:
Doth aid so oft all rotten thoughts destroy,
Defers the darkness, doomed—at last—to rise:
Which did when kenne'd forever's just too much!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Invite

I often find myself right at your door:
Just knocking, hoping you would answer me;
Although at times it seems to endless be,
And every knock yet makes me more unsure.
I think I knock because in some old lore:
Persistence's honored hence, I may the key
But be rewarded yet, I might not see,
Or glimpse your glint that I've not grasped before.
I knock oh like the day would never end,
And if it did, I think I'd knock at night:
The Holy Grail looks worth the sacrifice;
Yet then I tap; I fear I might offend;
Don't want to think I came with no invite:
It's blue, though true; none's bound to paradise!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

It's Not

It's not that you can merely rhyme,
It's not that you can act;
Some poems are just a waste of time,
And plays from art distract!

It's not that you can bang the drums,
It's not that you can sing;
For music not from noise comes,
But doth mere noise bring.

It's not that you just have a dream,
It's not that you can draw;
Blank dreams are but vain to deem,
And doodles are but raw!

It's not that you know how to cheer,
It's not that you've a plan;
For shouting nonsense's still unclear,
And to number lines' not to scan!

They say to lead is first to follow,
Have you still ever tried?
Some never, and when came tomorrow,
They have as neither died!

It's not that you can write a poem,
Or sing or cheer or draw;
It's that you try to be sublime,
Or at least your best bestow!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Journey Into Darkness

I've ever hated still this dread abode,
The light was but too bright for my dull taste;
Gramercy, darkness grinned at me and glowed:
I could not help but hence—at once—make haste.
I sought delight in what has been unknown,
To me, and everyone; how bold was I!
And dared to fold away my comfort zone,
And scold how hard 'twas yet to cry goodbye.
Albe't I left, a part was left behind:
That helped me find the black beneath the white,
And good—or bad—is but a state of mind,
And evil lurks not only in the night!
I searched the closet, found no monsters there;
Then looked about: and they were everywhere!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Left Behind

I'm standing here amidst a tomb or shrine:
Where lovers mourn their lost and broken hearts,
Adorned with oh, all those just shattered parts;
I weep with them: this tomb I think is mine!
I pay my tribute till the sun doth shine,
And wonder whether we had altered starts;
For all those many heavy harsh departs:
Have rendered me to but in ice recline.
And if our yesteryears weren't on the wall:
We would but dare to love and laugh again;
But doomed we are to ever feel so blue.
How great was grace! But we, alas, did fall:
I curse, I cry, and every now and then,
I hate I've left my heart with; nay, for you!

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

Meant To Be

It hurts like hell to've always known oh we
Will never get, no dear, a single chance:
For both our walls are but erected high;
I hate how reachable seems right now the moon,
And hollow drilling your concrete cocoon:
Perchance because of such a starless sky,
Or such a heart that dreads a velvet dance,
And dodges yet another sweet romance,
In faithless fear of doom that's lurking nigh;
Sure troubled feelings drive a rough typhoon:
Which renders one alone, a down maroon,
Yet lessens times we have to say goodbye,
And takes us out of our beloved trance,
Since we weren't ever meant—not once—to be!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Memories

Memories still lead us to lose our hearts;
And having lost all: we surrender our souls,
And render but nothing that may leave us apart:
In hope to once more set love as our goal.

Memories always slide into our lonesome minds;
And while we try not to, we wind up giving in,
And let them consume, and to the past us bind:
To have a glimpse of life and where it all did begin.

Memories of the few miles that we have walked before;
So long and too tiresome, in our beloved's shoes,
And make us remember what we've been fighting for:
It all seems so vage now with not that much to lose.

Memories that we can't run, from our inevitable fate;
That keeps on holding us back and our emotions detain.
And stop embracing sadness and oh, misery contempalate!
Yet we doubt how only light could cut through our chains?

Memories deep inside and everywhere we go;
It haunts us as a never-will-be-at-peace ghost,
It runs through our veins and lead us just to know:
That redemption isn't always a cure for who's lost!

Memories of those who're gone, but with us still remain;
No matter how hard we try to move on, they end up being there.
And what we have been brings but pain yet again,
And all the frozen tears that we did before bear.

Memories that we do miss, yet try to leave behind.
Memories are such a bliss, although they bring us dew!
Memories leave us amiss, and heart and soul entwined.
Memories are our goodnight kiss, that last the whole life through.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Mirrors

What's out of sight, alas, is out of mind;
Yet deep inside at times you them could see:
What if no light did glare or gleam in thee?
Or worse, what if it happened you were blind?
Be not ashamed, my friend, you're left behind,
Don't hate yourself, this life, or you and me;
I've worn your shoes and walked two miles or three,
Before, and hit, and my damn teeth did grind.
So when you are about to break don't bend
No more, stand straight and hold your head up high;
It's pointless wasting time to one defend,
Or do a such short life in sadness spend;
Yet look ahead and let the past pass by,
And mirrors love or but, at least, befriend!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

My Heart On My Sleeve

I have many things that I want to say,
I try to break the silence that doth them detain;
I speak yet the words seem to turn away,
Hence so I always do just silent remain!

I'm wearing my heart on my sleeve,
And it's up for you to see,
Or hear or feel or just believe:
The kind of heat that burns in me.

There are other sorts of speaking that I tend to seek,
Since all the feelings are entrapped inside my heart:
I rip this bleak chest open and it blood begins to leak,
Then draw you a castle of roses and to you this gift impart.

I'm wearing my heart on my sleeve,
And sometimes I wish to be,
As cold as stone just to relieve:
The kind of heat that burns in me.

I catch a dozen doves then set them free high in the sky:
To sprinkle over you the red roses that I did draw;
Then crimson rain doth fall and all the showers are but dry,
For you I'd make it rain and give the sky a scarlet glow!

I'm wearing my heart on my sleeve,
And the love just seems to grow,
And the passion doth my body cleave,
And the heat melts all the frozen snow.

Silence fills the air while soundlessly sets the sun,
You did not say one word, all you did was speechless be;
I could've done much more but enough with what I've done!
Since you, my chosen one, have chosen not to be with me!

I've worn my heart on my sleeve;
I'm not a hero, I'm just a man!
I could not help it but to grieve:
From all the heat that through me ran!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Necessity

Just because the sun is high,
And a lot of blood's been shed,
Doesn't mean that tears run dry,
Nor daily dreams are dead!

We fight not 'cause we love to fight,
But that we have to fight at times;
We fancied ne'er such scarlet sight,
Yet do long for the distant chimes.

Perchance one day this all would end,
And we would claim a victor none;
The worst foe yet becomes a friend,
And grasps the past the setting sun.

Well, as for now, you just hold fast,
To your life, knife, and wicked gun:
For every breath might be the last,
And every blow ends lives anon.

For me, beneath the starless sky, —
In pain—with needle and thread:
I'll sew all those who've parted nigh,
While crying o'er goodbyes unsaid!

Just because our hopes are high,
After streams of blood are bled,
Doesn't mean this current'd dry,
Ever; nor memories touch no restless bed!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

One More, One Less

One more, one less; and yes I should rejoice,
Although I'm not at ease with one decrease;
But life has not left me a better choice:
Than faking smiles to seem to be at peace!
One more, one less; I wish I could recall;
Yet all the echoes sound to've gone afar!
One more, one less; and time doth me appall:
All sweet and sour do seem, alas, to mar!
I know I should be happy, yet but how?
I've always measured life by things to give;
And even if I'm in the here and now:
I sadly still have one less year to live!
One more, one less, one closer step to gray:
I hope it's over soon, this birth damned day!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

One Step Too Far

As I lie awake staring at a twinkling star;
I stop and take a step down memory lane:
To see all black bricks and one bright scar,
That lightens my darkness and eases my pain.

And oh it is what keeps me going,
Night after night, and day after day.
And oh I no more fear what I'm doing;
But the only color I see now is gray.

Gray and I the one who walks alone;
Will miss all of my years of yore:
When all out of the window's thrown,
And I still can't glimpse what's in store.

As I lie awake staring at a twinkling star;
I hate to admit that everything was only in vain,
So I bite my lips: to let not the pretty memories mar;
And slap myself: to rise right back up again.

And then I pushed a little harder,
Not knowing my goal or aim;
And all of a sudden all was brighter:
The same was all the same.

So I walked on and continued to speak;
Then stopped for a moment and started to listen:
To what had to be said; and what's at stake,
Paled in comparison to what I've been missin'.

As I lie awake staring at a twinkling star;
I think of all the things that seem no longer sane,
And what lingers still is nothing but bizarre,
So I try to break away, and till today I still strain.

And then I watched the sun slowly go down,
And with the little hope that remained;
I've hanged on for dear life, and in a swoon,
I fell and woke the next day: and nothing I have gained.

A few words just won't suffice,
To tell my tiresome journey that lasted too long;
And with the vain mirage that did entice:
My wet behind the ears senses, then all went wrong.

As I lied awake staring at a twinkling star;
I looked back in time and plenty I did sustain,
And sadly knew I was One Step Too Far,
From my long lost dreams that afar did remain.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

One-Night Stands

By chance it all came to happen,
Or perchance it was a twist of fate;
Plucking a flower before it doth ripen:
Able for a want to no longer wait.

Once, two overlapping hearts,
Crossed paths for good or ill;
And no matter when one heart departs:
It comes back unfulfilled still.

It seems that in all our nights together,
Other thoughts have haunted yet my head;
No, it's not guilt, nor a wanted glimmer,
That could've stopped this shaken bed.

I strive for a moment of peace,
Or perhaps, alas, a moment of pleasure;
You long for a fleeting fleece:
From that for long's been robbed treasure!

It matters not the promises made:
To hang on through thick and thin;
As every thrust leads love to fade,
And kindles quite the disgust within.

It's supposed to be an act of love,
Not anger, nor a disguised revenge;
But it seems with every thrust you shove
Me farther to your innocence avenge.

Have we been pure before? I doubt;
Yet still we were filled with regrets:
Knowing we were wandering about,
Thinking, 'This is as good as it gets! '

I think it was the lack of choice:
That made us drive our souls to hell,
Or the long for warmth to, though fake, rejoice,
Or the hope to fill that void beneath the shell.

And finally when we came face to face,
With the fact that this act's all what we do:
It only looked like another fall from grace,
And the fog cleared from a long due adieu.

I lie mourning, with not just dirty hands,
The false feelings and times untrue,
And the fact that all my One-Night Stands,
Unfortunately, were always with you!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Outside Your Window

Outside Your Window;
And in the hands of fate:
I feel the seconds slowly pass,
Whilst you I anxiously await.

And behind the glowing glass;
I glimpsed a fading candlelight.
And I with hope was filled and so:
Wished I for love and life this night.

Outside Your Window;
And in the hands of fate:
I see through the looking glass,
To find my missing soulmate.

And when the light finally flew;
When darkness swamped the room:
A wide smile on my face drew;
And waited I for you to bloom.

Outside Your Window;
And in the hands of fate:
I feel my feelings all amass,
As I your beauty contemplate.

Seconds felt forever;
Nor beauty I did see.
All alone my eyes did glitter;
Whilst wondering where you would be!

Outside Your Window;
And in the hands of fate:
I walked on in your impasse;
Wishing it's not yet too late.

Outside Your Window;
And in the hands of fate:
I lonesome stood for long alas!
And didn't notice your window grate.

Outside Your Window;
And in the hands of fate:
I tried to drag out of that morass,
Myself; and my lost senses locate.

Outside Her Window;
And in the hands of fate:
I watched my heart swiftly by a lass,
Gets stolen; and did my soul sedate.

Outside Her Window;
I still pass by everyday.

Outside Her Window;
I can't just turn and walk away.

Outside Her Window;
I still have hope that she might show.
Outside Her Window;
I watch my life pass by so slow.

Outside Your Window;
And in the hands of fate:
I once awaited you alone all night.
But now I know: it's just too late!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Paradise Somewhere

I could write a thousand lines,
And yet still they won't suffice;
For wishing what cannot be mine:
That is a piece of Paradise!

I could bind a billion flowers,
And hope their scent'd steer your way;
While I hold on to the unfaithful hours:
That draw me closer to my decay.

I fall blind at your feet:
All weary from my lifetime fight;
And shed one tear but just discreet:
Lest I walk forth in the dead of night.

They say the kindled hearts
Are lit by their own fire,
And when that fire parts
The hearts do die by their desire!

Heartless, I modified mine own:
For I could not just take anymore;
Replaced it by a stone cold stone,
All ready to face all what's in store.

I've heard them pray, praise and believe:
In somewhere else besides this abyss;
A higher ground that souls relieves:
From all their pain and pensiveness.

I've sought this land far in the West:
And found but fellows who too blindly roam;
For some who'd been for long oppressed,
Were but obsessed to feel a new home!

It seemed that we all shared a dream:
Of a place that hardly seemed to be;
And deemed our own hopes but a gleam,
And chased upstream uncertainty!

When I was just about to lose
All faith, a thought of you has startled me,
And wiped away all past adieus,
And saved my soul by serenity.

I sought a haven yet elsewhere,
Thought not to look at where I stand,
Fought far for heaven away despair,
And caught in strangers' lands just sand!

The winds of change on me but blew,
And cleared away the fog and mist:

Therefore I've kened Paradise with you,
Or Paradise of you yet might consist!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Personal Property

So sharing's caring? I can't give a damn;
I shared so much before and still I starve:
My lavish actions you did lead to ram
My walls, and now I my mistakes do carve.
I've lived my life through you and every breath
I took, O Spring, did add more years and years;
At last, I thought, I waved goodbye to death,
Thus I just let your light but dry all tears.
Immortal yet, it came but with a price:
I owned no more myself, my life, my heart;
Mistaken I to think such love'd suffice:
Possession helped to grow afar apart.
Unselfish sorry I but could not be;
My heart from now belongs alone to me!

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

Phantasmal Grief or Hope ' We're One Soul '

I sat there silently amongst those walls of four,
And kept an eye on destiny, and another on the door,
And stared and stared for hours without a single blink;
Yet had to close them finally: as did my mind deplore.

With eyes wired shut, I Hope almost lost,
And every second passed filled my life with frost,
My heart froze my mind that I couldn't even think;
Frozen, lonely, blind; is that what love doth cost?

Then I looked around and found that axe from before,
I once knocked down some walls and helped an angel soar;
Soared from my world and dropped me from high to sink!
But swam I did and still I am, and searching for the shore.

I held that axe so high and began to break the pain,
I felt that Hope did lie behind those walls arcane;
I've been here too long that it's become a clink,
Yet every brick I broke did still the same remain!

I had to find a place where walls do not detain,
Where Hope doth exist: as loneliness' a chain;
I had to find the way, I had to find the link,
I had to find the reason why all always down the drain!

I tried to those walls destroy however, failed again,
And so I found another way to still Hope attain:
I went around those walls of four and not through!
And there Hope was and I had to calm maintain.

'It's been a while.' while hiding the smile, I said;
I feared that Hope'd run in the darkness ahead,
'I lost my smile and sun, but not my love for you!
It killed me, our adieu; and did such sadness spread.'

She said, 'You speak with your eyes, yet your words I hear;
I know how sadness lies, and too doth appear,
I too did always cry, and still weep anew.
She could no more deny that her toughness' a veneer.

Yet not a word was spoken, not even a single 'Hi':
For both our hearts were broken from our last goodbye;
Although years had passed, thinking apart we grew,
The present was the past as the memories did not die!

I fought thus far the loneliness, and so brave was I,
I had to feel my heart cry while mine eyes were dry;
We do both know that our love was but true,
Although to time subdued, it's still for now and aye!

We are where we started, right at those four walls,
We tried to move on, but the bond was not small;

'It's not better than before! ' and tears like waterfalls,
Streamed down both our faces, when we knew that We're One Soul!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Phantasmal Relief ' She Was No Longer There '

I opened my eyes and she was there;
And in disbelief, and in despair:
I touched her face and it was she,
The same old girl that me did err.

Oh God I did once have a prayer:
To forget all the guilt and her glare;
And along comes peace and serenity,
Yet again came along my old cross to bear!

And so I smiled and at her did stare;
And bit my lips and hid my scare,
And held her tight, and I couldn't be
Any happier but, afraid it's all a nightmare.

Then I did ask if she still does care:
About all the memories that she did tear,
And suddenly I a tear did see,
And felt that she, is here to all repair.

And then all that's been, I started to compare;
And saw that rough road, and knew it's not fair,
And I had the chance to stop, before I'm hurt badly,
After all she's just silent, and nothing she did declare.

But what shall I do when comfort is in the air?
It's only for seconds, it's not going to last I'm aware!
Yet it's better to be happy, even if it's just temporary;
After all I knew, Life has been and always will be unfair.

And so I turned my face, and She Was No Longer There,
She was gone before myself I could prepare:
For another heartbreak and a curse for eternity;
The curse of a can't be forgotten love: that I'll always bear.

And then I looked around; and there lied just four walls;
And everything was clearer: when I did the past recall.
'It's better than before.' says I; to prevent any more falls,
Yet I am just living a lie, for I miss the joy, woes and all.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Please, Don't Forget To Smile

'What if I forgot,
Will you remind me?
For I'll be in a tight spot:
If I could see but blindly.'

'I might make a note:
'Don't you forget to smile! '
And while the time just pass me on:
I'll try to make it worthwhile.'

'The problem is: I've got too much
Entrapped inside my head,
That's why there's not anytime for such
Shiny smiles, that all turn to lead.'

'I used to smile sometime ago,
When all was just alright:
Yet I've known what many don't know,
That keeps one awake at night! '

'One could fake a thousand laughs,
But could not fake one smile;
Hence should be as my epitaph:
'He laughed only to his time beguile.'

'But with a smile you do see life
Yet through a different light,
You love, you laugh, you have no strife,
And all the blackness seem but bright! '

'You should not take a single step,
Without a smile upon your face! '
'Alas I don't of happiness drip!
Yet do try hard to the joy embrace.'

'You know you could use a smile:
To yet your misery beat;
And stop to just your fate revile,
And feel once more complete.'

'You know you could forget what's gone,
And break any current ice;
And look forward to tomorrow's sun,
And be not blue, if for a trice! '

'I wouldn't have said it if it didn't matter much! '
Then with a smile that's full of grace:
She reached just to his cold heart touch,
And plant some warmth with an embrace.

He went on his way,
And walked and walked for miles;

Yet day after day,
He thinks of her and starts to smile.

So Please, Don't Forget To Smile,
Even if your times get dark and gray;
Now that you know it's not a wile:
Believe a smile won't let you stray.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Preacher

It's not that easy living by the sword,
Or in his case a ruthless wicked gun:
His reasons? Told, and freedom's ever stored,
In bullets boxes down the dismal sun.
Alas, some say a sinner, some a saint;
But still and all, he walks a lonesome road.
Behold his morals, like his colors, faint,
And melancholy's heart's his dread abode.
His hands are dipped in blood; not all he's shed,
Revenge is getting tighter 'bout his neck;
Salvation's when all evil winds up dead:
For this old friend has left his life a wreck.
The day is done with one more left to kill:
He cocked his gun and screamed, 'See You in Hell.'

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Purgatorial Turmoil

Since every step towards you doth mean more pain:
I challenge choices made along the way,
Precisely hence I do but farther sway,
And sweat, and blood, and tears seem yet in vain;
But every step—how strange! —brings bliss again:
Such bane then looks to lead me less astray;
Or maybe I'm but fooled by disarray,
Or haply fancy to such folly feign!
The closer I but get to you the more
It hurts; the thought of you yet comforts me,
And makes me smile at ease throughout the toil,
And pore on all the pleasures still in store,
Plants hope in me my woe futile won't be;
Catharsis' crucial desolating moil.

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, on 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

Retro Hearts

It's either we get closer or we drift apart:
As just hanging there is nowhere to be!
Must not we go crazy over our lamenting hearts,
To make sure they're safe for all eternity?

We run in distant circles yet they are aligned,
Entwined and in both doth darkness fall;
Just blind but drawn by faith to find,
Somewhere some peace: and so we crawl.

Reaching out for memories, or reaching out for pain?
Reaching out for emptiness, or reaching just in vain!
Reaching out for the good times that all are gone afar,
Reaching just not to let all what once mattered mar.

And we still walk all lonesome where
Doth no moon or sun yet shine;
But having once our love declared:
It lightens still your path and mine!

For when all is just dark and cold,
We'll look deep down and there yet lies:
The greatest power o' perpetual gold,
That doth not rust nor reek nor dies!

As what eyes can't see can hearts yet feel:
The powers that be that consumes us thus,
And leads us where sweet lies are real,
Then leaves us there partly speechless.

We speak with our eyes all the words we cannot say,
And a touch of fingers flies two old hearts so far away;
We stop and stare awhile at the place where we did start,
And long for a time when two apart were just one heart!

We walk and walk for miles with all the years just going by,
Yet no distance nor time exiles what we do have and cannot die!
When a thousand songs are spoken and still we're worlds apart:
I'll swiftly run my miles to meet you where we once did part.

We're meant to run our courses sometimes together and others not,
And hang at times lonely and curse what love has brought!
Yet having once met must mean we'll meet again,
As our round paths foretell not only start but end of pain.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Silent Watcher

I sit behind a shady screen,
Scouting life in a still state:
In hope to see what is unseen,
Or glimpse hope or contemplate.

It's not as easy as it seems,
I'd rather be taking part;
But life is tough and rough with beams:
That crush the spirit and the heart.

I sense them laugh and feel them cry:
Beyond a bunch of shallow signs;
I see them pray and praise and pry,
And prison themselves in false confines.

But I am not to judge anyone:
For passiveness' prize's only shame;
And judges who're yet wasted won:
None but just inglorious fame!

I wonder why these lonely souls,
Keep living in this unreal realm!
And I am not the one to stroll:
In what could possibly peace overwhelm.

I sat behind a rainy window:
And feared that I'm just passing through;
While the drops outside did like pain glow,
And the drops inside did agony accrue.

I sit behind an unshaded screen
Silently, and just await:
The right moment or a chance serene,
And wish that it won't come too late!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Sing Along

One day I was all alone, then:
An old man came and stared at me.
He said, 'Son, what could you have possibly done
That led you in this solitude be? '

I said, 'Not just now but yet have been
Always in such a miserable state;
I've got this loneliness under my skin:
To comfort me and my sorrow sedate.'

He said, 'Up above lies the lord of love,
And down below those who belong
To a realm of joy and cheerful doves;
So go ahead join me, and let's sing a song.'

'Let's sing for the good times,
Forget the pain and what's wrong;
Let's sing a song sublime,
So seal such sadness by singing along.'

One day I was passing by,
All only old and grey, then:
Glimpsed a girl that did lonesome lie
As if she was entrapped in a den.

I said, 'Dear, East shines the good sun,
and sets West softly kissing the sea;
Yet rises again when the night is done,
Day after day and beams away your misery.'

She said, 'I wish it was that simple or
I could only escape the night;
Yet life ain't just all morning nor
It is but always filled with light.'

I said, 'Look back and forth and there lies love,
Look deep inside, you'll feel it so strong,
Look at the skies right up above
All clear, so join me and let's sing a song.'

'Let's sing now for the good clime:
It might not last all day long;
Yet there comes a time when all life's sublime,
So seal such sadness by singing along.'

Once upon a time all life's looked black,
And all what's right just did seem wrong:
So away I turned and too turned my back
On sadness, when I sublimely sang along.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Skepticism

If you were there how could it be, or why,
Do I see melancholy everywhere?
And every dream is tainted with despair?
And all hellos do hide a harsh goodbye?
We die inside with whom about to die;
And in such life that's very far from fair:
We love or hate, we laugh or cry, and dare
To doubt a truth and wisdom of the sky.
A child is born not ruthless but with love,
And sees but each and everyone the same;
Although alike we're not in awful parts.
So why such gods with much oh power move:
The virgin hearts into religion's game,
Or end, alas, a life before it starts?

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Somebody's Hero

Some wear a mask, others a cape,
Some just pass this life unknown,
Some do leave you yet agape:
For being loved but doomed to be alone.

A hero can be anyone;
But it's such a burden that you accept:
To make up for all what you've done,
Or save some tears that aren't yet dropped.

You can simply wear a mask,
Or sink yourself in steel;
For they but in your presence bask:
As safe is all they feel.

When I was young I had
A hero of my own;
And when times got dark or bad:
I'm told how he'd into a hero grown.

So whether you have a gun,
Or just some tissues hold;
Whether you wrestle or run,
Or tell some tales untold.

You don't have to save the day,
Or even save the world;
Sometimes a simple 'Are you okay? '
Is better than to into fire've hurled.

Some wear a shirt, some wear a skirt,
Some are holding on although they idols are,
Some do but their best efforts exert:
To make others feel they're not that much afar.

'When I grow up I want to be like you.'
But the hero was hanging by a thread.
'It's what you believe in that makes you do what you do;
You need not some power to smiles spread.'

Some live so long, some die young,
Some are just like you and me,
Some are famous, some are unsung,
Some know nothing else to be.

Some are still alive, some are long dead,
Some live forever inside an unforgetting heart,
Some we've heard about or sometimes have read,
Some without knowing have been heroes from the start!

'I wake up every morn wondering where my hero'd gone.'
And though the hero lives inside, he is down below!

Ordinary to others, but to him he was an icon.
'I hope someday I'll be like him, just Somebody's Hero.'

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Steadfast

I pant, alas, whilst I just do my job,
And dare not think it seems 'ny strange at all:
As everyone at times doth weary grow,
And all the reasons blur, or fade away,
And all tomorrows feel like yesterday;
The deepest light appears to darker glow:
And while the darkness keeps to ever fall,
I, harking back, recall both big and small:
Then try, in black, escape the lowest low,
And haply seek to steer myself astray:
To be a hero yet another day;
In losing track the truth, at last, doth show:
Why I've, for long—all strong—been standing tall:
For heroes fight although with woe they throb!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Surrogate Love

I'm searching still for someone else to love;
Yet merely love, not try to have at all:
For having leads to lose this splendid thing,
And so I must such slimy wants suppress,
And seek to chase for once unlettered bliss:
As knowing makes it harder e'er to cling,
And I can't just endure another fall;
But unprotected, naught erected wall:
I might get hurt if it were just a fling,
And I'm but zealous not to dwell on guess,
Besides, I'm having trouble love confess;
I wish at times I could such feeling wring,
Forget all what I can't but help recall,
And take my love with me still to the grave!

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 had 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 Lonely Man

His shadow lurks in the shades bitterly,
Contemplating in its comfort zone;
Despite being doomed to be never free,
He's happy having not chosen the unknown.

Gazing at the stars at night,
Aided by the moonlight, lost and lone;
And when there is some cloud at sight:
Death doth plight not to such flight condone.

Bragging of invisibility,
But occasionally longing to be shown;
Bleeding from uncertainty,
Bearing not a heart of stone.

Accompanied by whomever on falls the light,
And hand in hand at unclear skies groan;
Aching for some beams to invite:
To the poor party of who have addicted grown.

It's not just clouds but eclipses too, swiftly
Tempting souls to mere specters disown;
Sometimes it's saddening not to see:
Your long life buddy behind shining, as it has always shone!

He has found some solace, albeit slight,
In being the prince of darkness on a white throne;
Since it seems not quite alright:
To be lonely although not all alone.

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

The Wanderer ' Your Home Is In Your Chest '

So they ask me why I'm such a rolling stone,
Yet all the words pale in comparison to what I feel;
'It's not that I hate company, but I'd rather be alone.'
And I hope with a lie to a painful truth conceal.

Traveler, I prefer not a certain place,
And do search for where the memories are;
It seems that I might have a dream to chase,
Yet memories or dreams lie here and afar!

Some say that I'm just in need of a home:
Somewhere I can be sometimes at peace.
'You waste your life when you only roam,
And if you have a drop of sadness it will e'er increase.'

Arrogant, I tried but couldn't care less.
The faces that I see do always look the same,
Like the words that are said; or I guess
From all the nonsense I but numb became.

Apparently I'm not one to be advised:
After all I've chosen to walk an endless road;
Maybe I'd rather just be surprised,
Than suffer for eternity from a dread abode.

I've seen people happy, here and elsewhere;
Family is something I could never understand:
How could one the misery of others bear,
Just so they could someday these steel ties unhand!

Everyone is different in their own way,
But some things don't just make any sense at all;
Why did they raise me and then let me stray?
'Be not melancholic, you can merely so little recall.'

'Home is where the heart is, ' and so they did accost,
'Stop wandering about for a change and rest! '
I screamed, 'Not all those who wander are lost;
I know where my home is: it's in my goddamn chest! '

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

This Is It

Throughout a journey of love and hate:
I've learned too little, or too much!
And being daily in a different state:
Has left me only out of touch.

I've set out so soon ago,
As is on an obscure quest;
And up till now I still don't know:
Whether it was for the worst or best!

The very start still seems so clear,
The very end is happening now;
And with but woe in the atmosphere:
I wish I could start over somehow.

It's not that I would change the course,
The words, the laughs or the cries;
But maybe try all that remorse,
Destroying by breaking my disguise!

I could even spend more time
With whom I really dearly miss,
And forget about the mount of rime
Inside that guided me amiss!

Despite the coldness in my heart,
It still beats, hence I'm forlorn;
And the passion increases when we're furthest apart,
And the heat melts the frost and leaves me to mourn.

I've never really a destination set,
Yet let the tide but seize control;
Alas, I guess that this is it:
The time I've finally stopped to stroll!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

This Is Not Goodbye

This is not goodbye although we might meet,
Never again, nor this is farewell;
I know it's not goodbye albeit our hearts beat,
Each in a different space, but melodiously some place dwell.

Last time I blinked three years've gone by,
And now there aren't enough words to say:
For I am sure that this is not goodbye,
And such memories can't just end one day.

I dread when I walk out of that door:
This very moment could be the last;
I'm sure each step'll make me more sore,
And when I look back: eternity'd have passed!

You only appreciate what is gone,
But this time this is not the case;
Yet tears are still to stream anon:
When you yet can't the present embrace.

Fortune pities not who've loved so dear,
Just fills them with regrets over a joyous time;
If only I could tell that the end was near,
Right when we started such a startling chime!

I knew it had to end right from the start,
As do all beautiful and wonderful things;
And though it kills me softly as it slowly breaks my heart:
I have to accept always a beauty sadness brings.

Words are but worthless for my feelings are beyond:
So I guess I'd rather in silence only leave;
But no matter the distance, there will ever be this bond:
That will always make me smile while I grieve!

It's only when the end is nigh,
As I am in tremendous pain:
That I know it was not goodbye;
Instead, 'Till we shall meet again.'

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

To Whom It May Concern

Have you ever loved so much
That it almost was your pain?
Did each kiss and every touch
Help you to the hurt sustain?

I was a victim like you once:
For having loved too deep;
And poorly being but in a trance,
I was like one asleep!

Love has swept me off my feet,
And made me think I was alive.
Oh! I've finally felt complete;
Alas, I just could not survive!

I lie awake in bed at night,
And watch the dark moon's gleam;
It's not its own, this heavenly light,
Like someone else's dream.

But I may just not be like you,
Lucky, my friend, but true maybe;
True enough to yet dream anew,
Or stay awake for eternity!

I thought the answer was to let go,
And do try to love again;
But the more I did the more it did grow:
The scar, inside a dead terrain.

I'm writing this for you, my friend,
And hope that you'll see:
Not to love is not the end,
Nor alone's to lonely be!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Torn Between Two Immortals

I drove for miles and there were two
Sides so great that made me think,
And dream ahead the whole life through;
Two sides too tremendous; I couldn't even blink!

One was wide and all but blue:
Where roams there hopes and dreams as well,
And lives there winds and smoke sometimes too;
I've seen so many wish to in such realm dwell.

Grand was the other, with tops too high,
And grounds where the green could at times be;
I swear I saw those tops almost touching the sky,
Or else the sky did fly close by this side and me!

Rocky it stands still and full of pride,
Embraced by the sands that always shine;
Hot and cold and all it doth abide,
Every morning and night fall; it just cannot decline!

Between the devil and the deep blue sea,
I think I thought and thought some more:
Whether I should go where there is plenty,
Or settle with little as plenty is what for?

Between two sides I was torn,
Eternal both just mighty lied;
And I was scared that I would mourn,
And weep over that not chosen side!

So sorry, I finally had to make a choice,
It's a shame such feelings I could not just divide;
I might wind up sad, yet might as well rejoice!
I once drove by two immortals, and chose the mountain side.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Vision

Imagine all, for once, you dearly hold,
Hath been right there, but you were partly blind,
Or maybe caught 'tween heart and head, confined;
How strange to sense some warmth amidst such cold!
You know, like I, how ardor's oft extolled;
Why can't we help but be towards it inclined?
I wonder how with all we've left behind:
We still have faith in what doth fortune fold!
A constant blunder but becomes a choice,
With disregarding when it all went bad,
Whilst you still sink some scars oh from the strife:
To take a chance to just anew rejoice;
And sad, I wonder why I never had:
Vision, not once, alas, in my dull life!

Danny The Dreamer Boyd

Voices

I always hear voices right at the back of my head:
It's not pleasant at all when they seek my fall;
It seems they'll be much happy, more fine if I'm dead.
I hear voices always that are not amiable at all!

I listen to the voices advising me of hate,
And several other things that cleanse souls in soot:
To bring the ultimate me, and my conscience but sedate:
To live happily, be free, and my inner voice mute!

I tend to hear voices when I'm trying to be at peace,
And they keep on whispering, 'Beware the passing time! '
I really don't need what doth my quiet decrease,
Or darkens my light, or crimson my clime!

I sit alone in the dark in hope to not voices hear;
Yet the voices there do hark to all my thoughts unsaid,
Or speak out loud what doesn't to the bare eye appear.
I hear demonic voices that sear my sense and shred!

I thought the voices were but only at the back;
Then I looked in the mirror and no one I could see!
I feared that I was blind from all the saneness slack,
Then wished that I were blind, or else awake not be!

Instead of just hearing, for a change I tried to speak:
Yet sensed similar tones with those I heard before;
I really wished that mine own voice would sound unique,
But as many which are worthless; like richness to the poor!

I always hear voices in the back of my head:
But it's quite pleasant not being alone out there;
The path doesn't seem though that bright ahead:
From all the voices that I just can't compare!

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

Were We Strangers When

Were we strangers when:
We lied at times alone?
Were we strangers when:
We claimed all love our own?

Were we strangers when:
We upfront all boundaries broke?
Were we strangers when:
We for long did failure provoke?

Were we strangers when:
We to love lost our hearts and senses too?
Were we strangers when:
We swore to make it the whole life through?

Were we strangers when:
We walked hand in hand in more than a rocky road?
Were we strangers when:
We stood in the face of fear and in stranger lands trod?

Were we strangers when:
We made many promises to never part?
Were we strangers when:
We found our hearts amidst one heart?

Were we strangers when:
We stopped paying attention to what's being said?
Were we strangers when:
We used to dream always as dreams can't be dead?

Were we strangers when:
We smiled and laughed and moaned and cried?
Were we strangers when:
We abided by benevolence and stepped on pride?

Were we strangers when:
We to joy find flew so high?
Were we strangers when:
We never had to say goodbye?

Were we strangers when:
We let our guards deep down decline?
Were we strangers when:
We had a talk to names define?

Were we strangers when:
We kissed time and time again?
Were we strangers when:
We such heat ahead did ken?

Were we strangers when:
We did shine in the darkest dark?

Were we strangers when:
We did sparkle as is a spark?

Are we strangers if:
We said so long to love tonight?
Are we strangers if:
We lied that all would be alright?

Are we strangers if:
We gave up on all hopes and dreams?
Are we strangers if:
We could no more just see what gleams?

Are we strangers now?
As we by each other just pass!
Are we stranges now?
As all we had is gone alas!

Are we strangers now?
As in opposite ways away we ran!
We are strangers now:
As we're just right where we began.

Danny The Dreamer Boyd