

Poetry Series

Thomas Ramirez
- poems -

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Thomas Ramirez(10/01/1992)

2 Paths

When devastation makes us forsake,
Let love partake,
Ask for strength to repair the sorrow,
But let all follow,
Death will equal pain as
love will equal happiness,
Would you reap the path of disdain or fulfillment,
Pray all your sorrows to god in the messiahs name,
But understand without, you can not sustain,
Be diligent to his work,
For satin hides in murk,
Know life is delicate,
So intricate,
Life may be difficult,
Not a cult,
Heaven is to great,
Hell is to mistake,
Its up to us to choose our path,
Gods righteousness or satanic laugh,

Thomas Ramirez

Am I Trapped

Its dark within the room,
Silent whispers cover every corner,
Where are they coming from,

A'm I trapped?

Is it all illusion,
The jingle of keys hitting steel,
I feel a presence of four walls,

A'm I trapped?

Now gaining consciousness,
My arms are stuck,
Heart beating faster now,

A'm I trapped!

I get up on my feet,
Hitting four obstacles
My silent screams,

A'm I trapped!

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Crucified Heart

My heart burned, crucified,
Pierced by the arrow of rejection,
Ripped away by satin himself,
Why do I feel the pain of exception,
stitch by stitch,
Thorn by thorn,
They will never justify upon my guilt,
Fire burning me down from redemption,
My soul torn out of my carcass from which I have built,
The torture I indulge Satan takes to his satisfaction,
God washes my heart in the river of rejection,
Flowing and trapping it in satin's burning quilt,
Never to venture in the pits of hell terrified,
For the ace of spades is the card I am dealt,
In satin's world there is only death,
No resurrection,
So take me devil to the gates of filth

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Cry Blood

The sorrow of ones eye that can take,
Watching a loved ones fate,
So much hate,
seeing them dissipate,
Who would of thought ones eye could cry blood,
Pain and misery thick as mud,
Dreams become reality,
And reality isn't fake

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Suicidal Mind

Suicidal mind,
Suicidal mind,
Why do you bother from time to time,
Sitting in conscience,
Always making nonsense,
Why do you put forth these binds,
Pictures of nooses tied to trees,
Suicidal conciseness who are you trying to please,
As the knot around the neck slips tight,
In time there will be no light,
The struggle for the last breath,
The suicidal mind brought him to death,
Suicidal mind
Suicidal mind,
Why don't you bother someone else next time

Thomas Ramirez