

Poetry Series

Bryony Sheldon
- poems -

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Bryony Sheldon(13/09/2003)

[Female,15, UK]

I like thrash metal, fast cars and ultraviolence.

Poetic inspirations for Bryony Sheldon:

J.G. Thirlwell

Dr John Cooper Clarke

Simon Armitage

Neil Fallon

Phil Lynott

Bon Scott

James Hetfield

Dave Mustaine

Peter Dinklage

Geezer Butler

Ronnie James Dio

Biggest achievements of Bryony Sheldon:

- Watched The Green Mile without crying.
- Stood up so fast that she temporarily could see into the fourth dimension.
- Managed to boil minute rice in 56 seconds.
- Snook into an 18 rated film (When 13)
- Was smuggled into a Motörhead concert at the age of 5. Eardrums were permanently damaged, thus leading to parents' divorce.

Acceptance

Reverend, reverend...
Is this some conspiracy?
Crucified, for no sins...
Your image is beneath me.

Lost within my plans for life,
It all seemed so unreal.
I'm a girl cut in half in this world,
Left in my misery...

Reverend, you turned to me
Without a tear in your eyes-
I guess it's nothing new for you to see,
I shouldn't ask you why.

I will remember
The love our souls had sworn to make,
Now I watch the falling rain,
All my mind can see now is your Well, I guess you took my youth
And gave it all away,
Like the birth of a new-found joy
This love would end in rage.

And when he died
I couldn't cry-
There's pride within my soul.
You left me incomplete
All alone, as the memories now unfold.

Believe these words:
I will unlock my door
And pass the cemetery gates.

Sometimes, when I'm alone
I wonder aloud
If you're watching over me
In some place far abound.

I must reverse my life,

I can't live in the past,
I'll set my soul free and
It'll belong to me at last.

Through all those complex years
I thought I was alone,
I didn't care to look around
And make this world my own.

And when he died
I should've cried
And spared myself some pain.
You left me incomplete,
All alone, as the memories still remain.

Bryony Sheldon

Addict

Jaded, disconnected eyes,
Scanning for material pleasure.
Misfits, telling only lies,
Pretending it'll get better.
Silence, they're scared to speak,
Get annoyed when they won't listen.
Lying, brain-dead and weak,
Needles create the incision.

Burn the thoughts you don't need,
You never wanted them anyway.
Pity fuels your greed,
But you can quit any day.
Relinquish all that you know,
Give in to your desires.
Quick-fix, to make you go,
Adding more fuel to fire.

Poison: to cure my disease,
I get off with the danger.
Increase the morphine,
God is no one's saviour.
Cirrhosis of the mind,
Cannot sleep but I'm still dreaming.
Help me, I've gone blind,
Cannot speak for I'm still screaming.

Bryony Sheldon

Angst

I see your face and it's
Colder than the sea.
If I could escape from you
I could escape from me.

I'm a liar
And I'm stupid,
But the worst part
Was what you did.
Another night
Afraid of you,
Another night-
I'm the same as you.

I see your face and it's
Colder than blood.
There's no turning back for us
Even if we could.

I'm so lonely
And I'm stupid,
I'm still burdened
With what you did.
Another night
Afraid of you,
Another lie-
I'm the same as you.

Bryony Sheldon

Anorexia

Fire away
Fire at will
Shoot to live
Shoot to kill
Born to die
Born to lose
Light `em up
Light the fuse

Endless fight
Endless waves
Mighty force
Mighty slaves
Poison sky
Poison pain
Shrapnel bomb
Shrapnel rain

Bullet sweat
Bullet shell
Given lead
Give `em Hell
War for peace
War of dogs
Pray for end
Pray to God

Bryony Sheldon

Attack!

Sunrise, another day, smile on a killer's face
Strikes terror through the heart, all's lost without a trace
Pressure high at overload, fever pitch, it's gonna blow
They're closing in, time's march is slow
Somebody's gonna steal the show
A game of chance, the stakes are high
Spin the wheel, the ball will ride
No escape, no return
Squeeze the trigger, it's time to die!

Power mad, the path is set
Can anybody tame this land?
Politics deal destruction
Are we gonna change their hand?
Make a stand, the charge begins
One step from genocide
When everybody's screaming
It's hard to tell who's on your side...

Bryony Sheldon

Beware

The clock keeps ticking round and round,
Those hands of time will cut you through.
There's a place for you so deep underground,
The worms will never get to you.

Bryony Sheldon

Bloodthirsty

Festering corpse;
Neck but no head;
My lurid creation-
Tribute of flesh.

Twelve minutes ago I stand
Rusted hatchet in my hand
Hacking through your steaming guts,
Catastrophic bleed from violent cuts.
Twisted in pain, your face is contorting
As I suck out the vomit from your organs,
I bite at your spleen- it oozes pus
You will not deny my voracious lust!
A paroxysm of ecstasy:
You die for my bloodiest fantasy;
I shove faeces into your orifices,
Deliver my perverted justices,
Mangling your face until no features remain,
I fling bits of skin on the wall and expose your brain,
I crush your skull, laughing maniacally,
Howling with joy as I stomp, demonically.
Maggots start to boil in your chest cavity,
Limbs smashed and broken fuel my depravity.
Moist innards sop at my feet
You thrash less and start to sleep.

Decaying cadaver starts to ferment
You were a victim of my bloodthirsty torment.

Bryony Sheldon

Brighton

A pile of broken bones
And a sweet copper taste
Shoulda stayed at home
Coming out was a mistake
Those dogs want some more
Muzzles growl with hatred
They slash, maim and claw
They need to be sedated

Waste of breathe
Exhale
Where can you exit to?

Wasted life
Dribbles
Out of your exit wounds

A cold day in Brighton
A beach of war and pain
Nice boy's knuckles tighten
And soon they'll start to stain
Heart rate on the rise
And just like that it goes
To get pennies on the eyes
You have to pay through the nose

Bryony Sheldon

Chinatown

Reservoir of corruption
Starts to overflow.
The papers tell the story
That they don't even know.

Mr Mulwray slipped and fell
(At least that's what they say) ,
Committed adultery,
And soon washed away.

Long distance lips
On the telephone.
Come tomorrow,
Come to grips
That you're all alone.

Helpless.
Help us.

Restless and uneasy,
A sister and her daughter-
One eye on the road-
Heading for the border.

Her heart's in a travelling bag-
She left in such a hurry.
Ha.
She thought she could escape.

Do as little as possible.
Just ignore what goes down.
It won't ever come back round.
Forget it, Jake,
you're in Chinatown

Bryony Sheldon

City

Slow nights
Fast food
Breath grease
Bad mood
Xenon lights
Blinding dreams
Broken men
Angry screams

Fancy lady
Fresh perfumed skin
Does not care for
The mess you're in
A fancy party
A constant laughter
A tell-tale sign of
A fresh disaster

Streetlights blind eyes
Lost man blind drunk
Car park quick-fix
Tired shadows slump
Moon yawning
Stopped traffic
Morning's near
Don't panic

Short change
No cash
Poor men
Spend fast

Bryony Sheldon

Corpse

Your blank eyes-
They send chills down my spine
As they twitch and spasm,
I lock up, feeling petrified.
Your spine is protruding
From your deflated chest.
Ichor and blood mingle
With the oozing, cold, abscess.

My stomach feels empty-
Your skull is split in two
And is hanging together by a thread
Of your scalp. I fear you:
A mockery of life itself,
A chronic nightmare of no soul,
You are for what, not whom,
Those bronze bells doth toll.

Bryony Sheldon

Cowboy

After walking the razor's edge for so long it starts to get blunt,
But the past will always cut deeper than any blade could.

The cowboy is spinning,
He's falling to his knees,
As wrinkled as a raisin,
As windswept as the trees.

The cowboy's a sinner
On the sick horizon
Of new days a-coming:
Days of redemption.

The cowboy is spinning
On life's never-ending wheel,
Emergency exit:
Two barrels of steel.

The cowboy feels nothing,
He's just an empty shell-
He ain't never done nobody no wrong
'Cept for himself.

He wronged himself- so he took his revenge.
Dipped his feet in ice water and they began to sweat.

Bryony Sheldon

Crash

He breathes in the hot smoke,
His lungs cook from within,
He begins to drown and splutter,
The seatbelt restrains the victim.

Boiling oil from the busted tachometer
Caress and sear his flaking face.
As the skin peels from his ears, neck and eyes
He tries to say a prayer of his now pious faith.

A miasma of gas engulfs him
He gargles the froth that pours from his lungs.
Vitreous humor is flowing like sap
As his saliva bubbles and scalds his tongue.

A visceral plague of fumes
Devours and melts his insides.
He longs for his God to have mercy
As, in agony, he spasms and writhes.

Every breath he takes is excruciating,
But he needs to hyperventilate before the flames
Eat him alive and char his skin
And fry his blackened, withered remains.

Before he died that day
He was lost and insane,
He cried out for his god-
But his god never came.

Bryony Sheldon

Decay

No regrets, Free Man, but there are a few survivors of your personal holocaust who would like the chance to meet the man responsible for the total annihilation of their race.

Bryony Sheldon

Defeat

You hear moans behind her bedroom door,
You don't want it to be true-
But we've both been here before.

Don't confirm your suspicions,
It's best to just turn away
Because there's no use in fighting
When you've nothing left to say.

Innocence can be torn with pride
So grit your teeth and close your eyes.

Say goodbye to the girl you once loved,
She's laughing down from the storms above
Where men die and heavy hearts lay to waste
And broken dreams succumb to their fate.

Bryony Sheldon

Doodle

Got a life full of lies
And a face full of bruises
Her only choice
Is never what she chooses

She walked the razor's edge
So much it's now blunt
But the past cuts deeper
Than any blade could

I wonder how she's coping
Now they've turned the morphine off
I heard she flinched that night
And tore her jaw clean off

Her head is reeling
Filled with sick, daunting fears
Praying for freedom
Except her God doesn't hear

Burned and thrown out
Kicked and mistreated
She took a lot
But never what she needed

Well, there's no way back
No more hope or glory
Because when she fell from grace
She fell 32 stories

Bryony Sheldon

Doubt

The cold wind blows through you,
You find yourself alone
In the fog that you waded through.
The night wraps itself around
Like a second skin,
Its inky fingers claw your back
And try to drag you in.

Your head's so light and uneasy
And you feel like you're drowning
In the black velvet sea.
A demon is obscuring
Your map and your compass;
You're lost in the shadows
Of doubt and injustice.

Bryony Sheldon

Dracula

Hiding and haunting
He rushes me in the night

Scalding and scorching
Hellfires are burning bright

Gutting and gashing
Reopening all my wounds

Fighting and thrashing
Quickly the darkness consumes

Skulking and stalking
In the shadows of my mind

Maiming and mauling
Cut free the terror inside

Pulsing and pounding
My heart spits and seethes and sears

Howling and hounding
I'm skewered with guilt and fear

Bryony Sheldon

Dread

Have you ever felt dread?
It freezes you inside
The terror is awful
And aching and harmful
And there's nowhere you can hide

Have you ever seen death?
It turns your body cold
You're so shocked and you're dazed
And it'll keep you awake
And scar your confused soul

Have you ever felt dread?
It kills you from inside
A chill stabs through your bones
And you feel so alone
And helpless from fright

Bryony Sheldon

Explode

In the land of good 'n' plenty
Where the customer is king,
Hindsight's always 20/20
And it don't achieve a thing.

I'm done tip-toeing on eggshells
Chained to the slave majority.
What doesn't kill you makes you stronger-
That must make me Hercules.

Like a needle in a haystack
Provoking all my allergies,
The genie's outta the bottle;
This day will live in infamy.

The repulsive and the ignorant
Are gonna meet their makers yet,
With the kindness of a blindfold
And one last cigarette.

I'm speeding and my brakes are out
And the bridge is out atop,
But it ain't the fall that kills you-
Y'know it'

Bryony Sheldon

Exterminator!

The waiting becomes torture, distractions become bliss,
Futility's a luxury when you sleep in blood, sperm, vomit, and piss.
Huddling to the dead for support, jacking off for warmth,
Swaddled in less than ashes and rags,
The payoff's always been over the ridge
And the pot of gold is full of sh! t.
Now hi-ho, hi-ho it's off to work we go!
Another merry go-down goes round, goes down.

I seen a prisoner without a clause,
Living on a diet of dirt and water,
Being slapped and sliced because
She didn't happen to agree with the warden-
He had an itchy trigger finger...

Jackboots battering a tattoo on the inside of my skull,
Militantly hankering for something never done.
High school memories, once a folly,
Are now reality due to sheer lack of present.
Death without a trial, dyin' ain't a trial,
Dyin' ain't a curse but livin' sure is worse-
Each experience becomes my epilogue...

Countin' my ribs for the thousandth time,
Dyin' on a diet of gruel and grime.
They fall down, they don't rise again.
Where the women are trodden and forgotten are men,
They're givin' birth to orphans.
The air is old, the comments are cold.
I'm covered in lice and scabs and mould.
My days are numbered, I'm in a daze,
The door creaks open, the whole room prays!
Enter the exterminator!
Enter the exterminator!

I hear the sweet sound of syringes
Crushed underfoot.
See who set the homefires burnin',
See who set the husbands burnin'-

Make the accusation stick!
Morale is thin, the air is thick,
Hard earned self-esteem goes up in a puff of smoke-
I'm waitin' to die...
I'm waitin' to die!
Too much of a coward to snuff myself...
Guess I'll just have to suffer myself...

Shoulder to shoulder to detonator-
Enter the exterminator!
Enter the exterminator!

Bryony Sheldon

Finally Reached Level 6 On Ph

I am truly humbled,
Thank you very much-
I couldn't have done it without you-
Drinks on me!

Bryony Sheldon

Getaway

I got a fortune teller
To look into my future,
A doctor and a dealer,
To keep me feelin' right-
See, I got me a lover
Who like to see me suffer,
I try to keep it under cover,
But I get shivers in the day
And I just can't sleep at night.

I went out to the island,
But she knew where I was hidin',
She could not read my writin'-
She must've read my mind!
I felt sick- I had to see her-
I started sinking deeper,
I was burnin' in a fever,
I asked her for water-
She gave me turpentine!

Now, the night sky is fallin',
I can hear the sirens callin',
They sendin' out a warnin'
I try to understand.
When I turned the corner
That's the last time that I saw her:
She was standing by the water,
Starin' at the sunset
With a hammer in her hand...

Bryony Sheldon

Glass Eyes

Her eyes are soft and gorgeous. They are pure- honest- securing a deep sense of trust and warmth, sparkling brightly under the intense sunlight. Teeming with passion and the nostalgia of distant childhood memories, these sapphires gaze at the sky peacefully as if they were lost in a trance of pure bliss. Even as they twitched and spasmed they were as calm as a placid lake, almost like they could still recognise and see the beautiful world around them.

The corpse is festering and naked and slimy and cold. During the torture her spleen was used as a gag. Innards are strewn all over the cadaver just like ribbons of meat and chunky confetti had been frantically thrown over a tribute of flesh. Brain matter sopped out of her wet skull, marking the concrete slabs upon where it had been so effortlessly cracked open. It's very hard to tell that this mangled creature once lived and breathed among us; in fact, the only sign of human characteristics are her angelic, beautiful, nine-year-old eyes.

Bryony Sheldon

Guilt

You look at me with disgust
And ask me "why? why?"
Well, I guess there's nothing more scary or satisfying
Then when someone believes your lie-
Now I hate myself for it.
I was a liar, and I was stupid
But you told me that's what made me human
And you said that you loved that side-
Were you wrong, or was it just a lie?

A poisonous combination,
We were both to blame,
And though I remember bad times more than good
I still love you just the same.
I don't think I can love anything again.
It's getting harder each day to keep up this façade,
I'm lusting for my happiness now forgot,
I keep a straight face while sinking in Hell.
My heart's turning black but you'd never tell.

I remember on those cold November nights
When there was a sting in the way you kissed me,
And it's all making sense now-
You really did move on a bit too quickly.
I wish I kept the blindfold on.
You said I made you whole;
You said I filled your soul,
But I knew from the void in your eyes
That it had all just been a lie.

My heart is breaking,
I just can't take this,
What is the point anymore?
Still torn up by our last kiss
I am tired of waking up.
What's worse is that I hurt you just as bad,
I can't move on from what we had,
So I'll try to hide these emotions in my guilty cell.
My heart is bleeding- but you'd never tell.

Bryony Sheldon

H A M M E R

There must be some kind of romance in bein' dumb
'Cos the ignorant lead the blind, the blind lead the sheep
See, it takes two to tango but three to have won
And you can't win nothin' 'less you've learned how to cheat-
Or else an honest man will gut you in your sleep.
I've been a-thinkin' and a-thinkin' and I still don't know
How much vice it takes for Eden's stones to bleed,
I've heard they'll cut off your face just to spite your nose!

Those armchair veterans smear pride on their lapels,
Big time talkers among their fellow inbreds-
Never seen action but love dropping bombshells.
They'll murk you with divine gauntlets of lead:
A threat to survival; tobacco chompin' agents of dread-
Imma judge and Imma jury and this case is closed:
Ain't no rest for the wicked, no sleep for the dead,
Your wholesome heart will be burned with them bones!

Red on red on the White House lawn,
Watch your innocence raped away with napalm fire,
Atomic hormones unholstered and aimed for Babylon,
Children's bodies hang in ranks of barbed wire,
I've been a-pokin' and a-stokin' and buildin' your pyre.
Starving poets with blistering, puckered, infected skin
Know futility too well in a war against tyrants and deadly liars,
'Cos twenty-four megadeath later and we haven't learned a thing!

Let's shoot 'til there're sparks colliding,
Let's shoot for the moon and crash 'neath the stars,
Let's shoot 'til God comes out of hiding,
Let's shoot so we can claim what was never ours.

Bryony Sheldon

Heartache

If you knew even half of what I've been through
I'm sure you would be crying, too.
If you could even show an ounce of remorse
I wouldn't be so mad that you toyed with my heart.
If you'd even once looked into my eyes
I'd forget about the excuses and lies.

How can I live another minute without
Those hazel eyes I always think about?
How can I pretend I'm not afraid?
I'm yearning for you every day.
How could I be so deaf and blind?
You were only using me all this time.

I remember every single lie-
Your secrets made me shout and cry.
I remember the day my world turned black;
Should've seen it coming because looking back
You never said you loved me- I would've remembered-
Your heart is colder than cauldrons in November.

I'm a joke.

Bryony Sheldon

Hell

Another hungover morning
In the bottom of the black lagoon.
Purgatory disguised
As a room with a view.
I used to be in Heaven looking down,
Now I know the inferno from the inside...
An obscene, sprawling landscape of nothing-
And nothing is its middle name-
Meet you on the corner of nothing and nowhere!
(Where in Hell is that?)

So black, you can't see ten feet in front,
I want everything to disappear-
Give me an isolation tank,
Make a withdrawal from my blood bank!

Give me another stiff one, and make it a double,
I don't know when I've had enough,
But I've never had enough, and I've never been bad enough.
I need it, and I need it bad
And if it ain't bad, it ain't worth having!

I ain't the most popular girl, I know
That's common knowledge in this town.
I'm trying hard to DIY,
But everything is broken down...

I recognize thee, Satan, and I spit in thine face!
Whatever happened to the human race?
What happened to the humanistic faith?
What happens to human waste?
I wanna get the Hell out, but there ain't much hope of that,
Fallen into the abyss like a roach in a trap!

I don't need a mother no more-
I'd rather be an orphan than a son of a bitch,
Or a bastard son who's been dug up dead-
Worms in eye sockets, holes in my head!

Don't excavate if you ain't digging for gold,
Cause it's a long way up when you're six feet under
Under a pile of human debris:
A life full of lies and sh! t and rubble
You wanna save yourself the trouble!

Starin' into a waste of space,
Bring on the monotony, bring on the lobotomy-
And make it a double, and make it a pact!
I've had more than I can stand:
An hors d'oeuvre of maniac!
I've had more fun in an iron lung!
I'm cancelling my next birthday!
I'm gonna wait 'til the witching hour
And watch my life come tumblin' down!

The moon's so full it's spilling over...

Bryony Sheldon

Huntress

She stirs her coffee with the same spoon
That she cradles her foal in.
She's got a lucky feeling about this lightning colt
She'll back it- but deep down she knows she won't win.

On a cold November mourning she opens the case
Of her lethal, little gun.
She's going shooting, you see, she'll hunt something-
For after 5 cold months it's finally open season.

She's gone shooting again, and it's a relief;
Her itchy trigger finger was having cramps,
It was really nagging at her- but, oh, the irony-
Now she's gone and shot up the nag.

The Huntress tries to cover her tracks
As she cries in her filthy room.
The anxiety and fever burns her body all over-
But she just kills the pain with a Zippo and a spoon.

Bryony Sheldon

Imbeciles!

You make me want to saddle the electric chair,
Kiss the switch and pull it,
You make me want to play Russian Roulette
With six bullets,

You make me feel nauseous, so bloody sick
To my stomach,
You make me feel like clicking my heels as I
Take the plummet.

Bryony Sheldon

Inamorato

In a foreign room
At 4AM
My head's spinning round-
I'm a disaster,
I look a mess,
But I always try my best for you.
Oh, please don't try and complicate it,
I know you're sophisticated
But you haven't got a clue
of what I'd do for you.

Well, I've missed the last bus home
I'm stumbling
I'm upside down-
Head's spinning faster,
I keep it high,
Because I always try to smile.
So please ignore all this damage,
I can't cope but I'll manage
And no matter how much I'm feeling blue
I'll always have some time for you.

Bryony Sheldon

Intracranial

For that splitting headache
I'd recommend an aspirin,
You should also have a shower
To remove that foul stench of cadaverine.

I don't tend to sugarcoat-
This is an unfortunate atrocity;
Have you confronted anyone
About this unorthodox lobotomy?

Whoever defiled you,
They are beyond psychopathic.
I would recommend that you two make peace,
But it seems they've already buried the hatchet.

Bryony Sheldon

Lies (Haiku)

I didn't do it:
The first lie ever spoken
No one offers trust

Bryony Sheldon

Lurkers

I lock my doors,
Peer through my blinds...
They're still there! ?
The same men from this morning...
Reflective 97s,
North Face and Nike,
Ballies that send shivers through me.
The light pole flickers...

Darkness.
They've disappeared!

I'm running out of time...

Bryony Sheldon

Mandelay

Edge me,
Kiss me,
Set me alight,
Touching,
Stroking,
Caress and smite.

You took everything away from me?
What? Why?
Why do I deserve this?
I'll give and give and give you some more,
But you just take it all away.

Strip away my mouth, eyes and ears
So I can forget all your evil.
Sickening, hateful, vile witch,
Slowly crawling to my spine,
Slice the nerves so I cannot feel.
I cannot feel.

Erase my mind and leave me empty,
Sell my rights and leave me to rot,
Suffocate me and leave me blue,
Wreck me and leave me broken,
Let go of me and leave me crushed,
But please don't leave me.
I need you.
Hurt me more so I may feel again.

Turn me schizoid;
Relinquish my pleasure and joy,
Turn me to stone,
Relinquish my love and taste,
Turn me down,
Relinquish all I have ever known.

A transfusion from you'd kill the faint of heart.

Manufactured

Starving children bleed
As fire spills from the sky.
I foresee a holocaust...
There are many more to die.

Senseless destruction,
"The gods are taking their revenge"!
So, should we rape the harlot
To make her pay for her sins?

I'm crying because I know
There was a time of innocence-
But they fell unto darkness,
And they've been there ever since.

The tides of my mind are crashing
And dragging my thoughts out to drown,
Pushing along the pinnacle of war
Towards my bleeding crown.

Bryony Sheldon

Mariachi

He walks down the lonesome road
Dressed in a dusty, black charro suit.
In his right hand is a loaded six-string,
In his left is a loaded semi-automatic.
He doesn't have money on his mind,
But he has a price on his head.

El Mariachi,
He's not looking for trouble,
But he always finds it.
On his dusty black suit is blood
As red as diamonds. It's not his.
It's not his as his heart is as black as spades.

Bryony Sheldon

Mayhem

The Count watches as
Åsane Church crumbles.

Smoulders to cinders to ashes to dust.

Faust has desires
For his God below.

Andreassen felt every inch of his evil.

Dead was insane
And cursed with melancholy.

"I am a mortal, but am I human? Excuse the blood".

Helvete's basement
Mocks the living.

The Black Circle is a spell of destruction.

Euronymous deserved
A far worse death

For he was not a true Lord of Chaos.
For he was the leader that mutinied his people.

Bryony Sheldon

Megalomaniac

Midnight victim, hit and run,
Smell the glove and kiss the gun,
Plague of flies, demon's fire,
Stay away, I'm a loose live wire,
Got iron fists with a heart of stone,
Bred to kill, strip flesh from bone!

Firestorm and thunderbolts,
Come at me if you dare,
Charged up with a thousand volts-
I'm so bad, baby, I don't care!

Slashing up my amplifiers,
Machine gun love's a pacifier,
Brace yourselves for a mighty trip,
'Cos I'm a lethal man, a three-line whip,
I smoke rattlesnakes rolled in barbed wire,
Got foetus stuck between my tires!

Rapier tongue with razor teeth,
Body bags in the back of my 'Stang
Don't you ever tread on me-
Or I'll pick you up just to let you hang!

Bryony Sheldon

Mescaline

750 Fastback,
Cold start,
Don't need headlights,
Only gold stars,
God's eye is burning,
Heaven's not far...
Asteroid brain.

Slingshot in neutral,
Coast until the sky ends,
I hear a star scream,
I see the light bend,
Fairing of fire,
I'm king of the end...
The planets align.

Tachometer spins,
Check both mirrors,
A comet roars by,
Watch Jupiter disappear,
Bear left at the nebula,
Heaven is here...
No known life forms.

Bryony Sheldon

Misery

My brain's throbbing against my skull,
I'm locked in the drunk tank, it's 3 AM,
Sighing as I sit in the moonlight:
I should've been home by 10,
Mother will be worried sick-
I guess I'll tell her I was staying at a friend's.

The guilt is ripping me apart again,
Memory's scattered, but hindsight's 20/20,
And it seems I just always let people down.
As I cry in this cell my demons confront me:
They're laughing, howling, kicking me upside the face.
I failed and I hurt you and for that I'm so sorry.

I don't know why I do these things,
Why I waste away and fool around,
I'm stuck living in a trance, I need some self-reflection,
But it's hard looking in a mirror when you hate yourself.
I'm slipping away, I'm falling off the edge,
It's okay- leave me- let me fall 'til I hit the ground.

Bryony Sheldon

Morella

Now I don't know,
But from what I've been told
You were born outside the womb! ?

Forbidden texts
From Hell's unholy depths:
Volumes of vicious doom.

Intense abyss;
Stern apocalypse;
Eyes of nightmarish void.

I feel your breath
Down the back of my neck-
Could it be that I'm paranoid? ?

What demon possessed me
To speak your name?
I try to forget but
You're burned in my brain.

Sick clairvoyant!
And I knew that I shouldn't,
But I listened to what you had to say.

You'll torture me
In another life
Through the soul of the incarnate!

To my surprise
Before my own eyes
It crawled out of your dead womb!

I had to laugh
A sweet and bitter laugh
When I found you weren't in your tomb.

What demon possessed me
To utter that curse?

Your voice was once magic
Now I wish it weren't heard.

Bryony Sheldon

Murder

Heavy footsteps and heavy breathing;
You're sure you're being watched-
You don't like how you're feeling.
You don't see me in the shadows,
You don't hear me creep behind,
You don't even think about the blade-
Yet it's still going through your mind.

Bryony Sheldon

Muse

It's ten to ten,
I have so much homework due in tomorrow,
But she's there sitting, dormant.
Yet her presence is overwhelming.
I'm enchanted by her beauty

The longer I watch her
The harder it is to look away-
Hell- I can barely even blink!
Could it be I'm obsessed
With feeding my disease?

Draped in Sherwood green robes,
A fine tortoise shell necklace,
Silver rings and pearl jewellery
Compliment her ebony skin.
Beautiful baroness. My Muse.

Bryony Sheldon

Muxton (Golgotha)

A sick, faceless, daunting fear
Blackens my thin soul
The rodent's crawling near
I feel lost, frail and cold

Fed to the jaws of corruption
I'm helpless and alone
They're sending me back to Muxton
They're sending me back to home

Restless to stab you in the back
With rusted, twisted nails
Fuelled by hearts so black
The smoke of Hell looks pale

They're the worm in your core
Eating away at your flesh
Beaten, bloody and sore
Sealed with a kiss of death x

Bryony Sheldon

No!

No, I don't believe in Jesus Christ;
My brother died of cancer when he was five.
No, I don't believe in religion;
I was forced to go to church, I wasn't told why.

No, I don't believe in the police force;
Police brutality isn't a dream.
No, I don't believe in the system;
Nothing it does makes sense to me

"Don't worry- you'll get over it-
You'll grow up, you'll calm down.
Another youth, another fashion-
You'll get over it, you'll calm down.
You don't really mean what you say-
You've had too much to drink!
Don't be so full of hatred,
It's not as bad as you think! "

No, I don't believe in what you say;
You're just part of what I despise!
Yes, you're part of this stupid system;
I'm not blind, I can see your lies!

Your system thrives on ignorance:
What the public don't know, they can't reject.
In the face of you all I stand defiant-
The rest of those sheep, I'll never respect!

Bryony Sheldon

Obsession (Tribute)

Hush little baby, don't you cry
Because the neighbours might be listening.
You're my precious little china doll-
Why do the neighbours say you're missing?

You can't dodge snowflakes in a blizzard,
You can't dodge raindrops in a storm-
Don't you see? We're meant to be together-
You can't dodge the truth anymore.

You will be immortalised in my dreams
So stop all that kicking and screaming
Because if you want to live forever
You've got to have something to trade in...

Let me take you somewhere more comfortable
Where our love can start anew:
There's a warm, wet place in my garden
Where the worms will never get to you.

Bryony Sheldon

Overdose

Don't smoke no cigarettes,
Don't drink no booze,
But you gotta understand
That I'm just a man-
And a man can sometimes lose.

Well, I been workin' 14 hours-
Can barely afford to stay alive.
But then you came a-walkin' in,
A little thing dressed like sin,
Had me losin' my worked up mind.

There was nothing I could do...
I overdosed on you...

You had something I needed
(Who'd thought I could be saved?) .
Your love and affection
Started an addiction
That they'll have to write on my grave.

Love is a Class A drug
And I just need me a little bit more-
I just need my daily injection,
You're like a kinda infection
'Cept I don't wanna find no cure.

You really pulled me through...
Now I've overdosed on you!

Bryony Sheldon

Overkill

Darkened midnight crypt
Reeking of cadaverine
Horror lurks at night
Gets on like a second skin
Rattling of bones
On rusted, blunt meat hooks
Thrown in the melting pot
Smell the way the skin cooks

Anarchy's apostles
With voracious lust
Shredding the victim alive and
Grind the skull to dust
Poisonous clouds stain the sky
Voodoo pins through the chest
Black magic sorcerers drain the soul
And rot away the flesh

Breathing in the hot smoke
Lungs boil from within
Eyeballs pop and mouth foams up
Small price for the cost of sin
Choking on froth and teeth and blood
Body jerks and is overheating
Finally the bats tear off the head
But the heart's still beating

Bryony Sheldon

Reanimation

I woke up toe-tagged and cold,
Numb yet aching inside my skull,
Distorted howls ringing through my head,
I check for my pulse 'cos I think I might be dead!

Trapped in a cramped, confined space,
No windows, no lights, just no escape,
My skin's pale as death and I'm struggling to breathe,
I've got no memories 'cept for all the haunting screams!

Suffering in this Purgatory state,
I'm frightened and begin to suffocate,
The walls closing in on this Hellish nightmare,
I check for my pulse but it just isn't there!

Bryony Sheldon

Relapse

Do you remember me?
I see that coat of fear gloss over your eyes.
Well, welcome back home, my sweet dear-
Step inside and hold on for dear life.

I don't care what you're thinking
As you turn to me,
For so long as you hold me closer
You can hold the key.

Sure, you can fight the feeling
To resist me over time,
But when it all becomes too much to take
I'll sneak up from behind.

I will soothe and condemn you
With these used needles of fire,
I shall take you to Hell-
To where you've never been higher.

Lightning on haunches, ready to strike,
Thunder shatters your tormented mind,
You promised yourself that you would stay clean;
But you won't escape until you've torn at the seams.

Bryony Sheldon

Rockers

"Is there anybody out here with a bit of Irish in them?
Is there any of the girls out here who'd like a bit more Irish in them? "

The crowd erupts in a roar of praise
As the guitar man springs into their favourite riff.
Twenty thousand hearts and minds belong to the stage-
What would you consider magic, if not this?

The audience all genuflect to the heroes
In this gymkhana of high voltage sound.
They aren't the greatest, but they don't care though;
They'll still raze the venue to the ground.

Pulse-pounding, brain-thumping music:
They are the voodoo rhythm devils
And they know how to make you lose it
When they play their thunderous metal.

Half a million unstoppable watts
Crash out of a thousand Marshall Stacks,
That black boy from Crumlin will show you what he's got
When he plucks a dirty lick on his shining axe.

Long hair, bullet belts and skin-tight leather:
Those teddy boys sure know how to rock and roll,
They'll bring down the roof when they perform together
And when they play a heavy song you're gonna have a ball!

Bryony Sheldon

Sabotage

I stand there, helpless,
Watching, useless.
All I can contribute is a scream
Lamenting the horrific scene.

Your neck snaps, skin melts,
Collarbone breaks on the seatbelt.
Your skull smashes against the wheel;
Bone fragments through the windshield.
Your flesh sticks to the warm leatherette.
Your eyes close to your heart's arrest.
Hairs singeing, glass slashes
Your face. You'll soon be ashes.

I watch you, completely helpless.
But if you weren't so selfish
I wouldn't have had to make you pay,
Wouldn't have to let you burn away.
I can't tell with all those secrets that you hid
If you loved me as much as you said you did.

Bryony Sheldon

Shakespeare (Haiku)

Alas, poor Yorick!
He ran, pursued by a bear.
All that lives must die...

Bryony Sheldon

Soldier

The gun is loaded.
Warhorse thunders towards the front,
Straight towards the void.

My chest is burning.
The bayonets flash in the blackened sun,
Blinding our eyes.

The gun is loaded.
White knuckles are tight on the grip,
Yet I feel nothing.

In a foreign field.
We charge onwards to our fate
In a foreign grave.

The gun is loaded
And I rust some of my bullets
With stranger's blood.

Comrades fall.
Stiffened wounds begin to test our pride,
Coarse, raw, cold.

The gun is loaded.
It chuckles at the men I slaughter,
It laughs as they die.

I spend bullets,
Screaming at the sky as I charge on,
Deafened by shame.

The gun is loaded.
My victims fall tediously one by one,
I lose count.

He has no name.
I catch him in my cold sights,
He catches me, too.

The gun is loaded.
Our eyes meet for a mere split second,
And we know each other.

We hesitate.

I regain focus.
War is a game of survival, not compassion,
And I only have one bullet left.

I reach for the trigger-
BANG!
My gun is loaded.

Bryony Sheldon

Splatter

Cold sweat down my brow,
Scraping brains off the wheel,
Dear God, is this truly happening?
It feels too sick to be real.
My hands are red and shaking,
My throat is sore and dry,
Skewered with guilt and fear,
I drop down and start to cry.

Operator, help me please,
Make a collect call to whoever's listening-
I'm going to fix my mistakes,
I feel courage pouring into me.
I feel the wind through my hair,
Looking down a twenty-story drop,
It's not the fall that kills you,
It'

Bryony Sheldon

Starless

I'd like to say he looked sad,
Or a little guilty, even,
But I knew that in that present moment
He couldn't feel a damn thing.

We were standing under the willow tree,
It wasn't humid, but the air was so hot,
Yet he seemed so cold, so disconnected.
There wasn't a single damn star in the sky
And the moon was hiding in robes of clouds.

When he looked into my pupils
With those glass eyes of his,
He didn't need to say a damn thing,
I knew exactly what was coming,
But he opened his mouth,
His dry voice scraping against my skin:

"I'm sorry...
But the thrill is gone..."

After that, he walked back to his Camaro
And left me behind for the last damn time.

Bryony Sheldon

Stratocaster (Haiku)

Cradling the siren,
She's so goddamned beautiful,
I think I love her.

Bryony Sheldon

Stress

Getting reckless like a backer losing fast,
Sweatin' bullets 'cause you know that you can't turn back,
In a panic, sprinting, 'cause time is all you need.
Watch out everybody- there's a madman on the street!

Paranoia turning you inside and out,
If they don't move you'll just have to run them down.
Mind is racing- make haste is what you gotta do.
But to make haste is waste; perhaps haste is making you?

Bryony Sheldon

Telecaster (Haiku)

Sweet Telecaster,
So versatile for my needs:
Jazz, country and blues.

Bryony Sheldon

Thrash!

I remember hearing Metallica for the first time
When I was eight years old.

Drop the needle, I sit back.
A crescendo erupts through my headphones.

Guitar rips in, kicks my face, melts my mind,
Twisting turning, quickly burning, tearing me apart,
The hammering of fingers on frets seduces me
And a teenaged voice grips onto my heart:

"No life `til leather! " he shrieks into my ears,
Drums pounding, surrounding, rattling my skull,
Brain thumping, blood pumping, skin jumping,
Electric wizards are igniting my soul.

I barely have time to catch my breath-
When- like bullets- notes shred at inhumane speed,
Hyperdrive, overdrive, electrified, cutting through
Speed a-sounding track rounding, noise that I need.

Bryony Sheldon

Trash

I'll go back home and I'll pretend
That the future will be an easy ride,
Bedroom's filled with fresh dog-ends
And reminders that you're not mine-
And you won't ever be.

If I could stand on my own two feet,
And try not to lose my bottle,
Maybe I would finally leave
Behind all my struggles-
But not today, let's try tomorrow.

If I could move mountains
And turn back all the clocks
I'd stop my stupid shouting
And keep my angst in a box-
I'd lock it up tight.

I might just be too young to get it,
But I'm old enough to see;
I need to learn to commit
To some basic responsibilities-
I need to grow up.

And the burden starts to weigh
Much more heavy than I can bear,
When I think of your face
Regret floods the air-
And right now I'm drowning.

I've got no tread on my tyres,
And I'm veering straight off course,
I just can't put out this fire,
I can't take it anymore-
I need some relief.

Mosquitos wearing business suits
Draining life.
It's got me in disrepute,

They're so sick and sly-
They're my scapegoat.

I'm too young to admit,
But I'm far too old to lie;
I need to get a grip
Or I may as well just die-
And no one would even care.

Bryony Sheldon

Unforgiven!

Dear Mother,
Dear Father,
What is this hell you have put me through?
Believer,
Deceiver,
Day in, day out, live my life through you!
Pushed onto me what's wrong or right-
Hidden from this thing that they call life!

Dear Mother,
Dear Father,
Every thought I'd think you'd disapprove;
Curator,
Dictator,
Always censoring my every move!
Children are seen but are not heard-
Tear out everything inspired!

Dear Mother,
Dear Father,
Time has frozen still what's left to be!
Hear nothing,
Say nothing,
Cannot face the fact I think for me!
No guarantee, it's life as is-
But damn you for not giving me my chance!

Dear Mother,
Dear Father,
You've clipped my wings before I learned to fly!
Unspoiled,
Unspoken,
I've outgrown that fxcking lullaby!
Same thing I've always heard from you:
"Do as I say, not as I do! "

Dear Mother,
Dear Father,
Hidden in your world you've made for me!

I'm seething!
I'm bleeding!
Ripping wounds in me that never heal!
Undying spite I feel for you!
Living out this hell you always knew!

Bryony Sheldon

Unloved

When I asked you to give me a break
I didn't think you'd start at my heart.
Your paranoid antics drove me insane
And they blew my head apart.

You were slippery and disgusting
Like vomit, puss or phlegm
Your love was incarceration
And I had been condemned.

You were an obsessive control freak
So how am I the one to blame?
I broke my back for you, I did no wrong,
So why do you think that I should change?

You said that you'd do anything for me,
But you never listened to a word I said.
Looking back, I see that you wore two faces,
Looking back, I hated both of them.

I was your puppet on a chain-
You broke my heart to keep me in check-
So why don't you just give me a break? !
Please- start at my neck!

Bryony Sheldon

Veteran Of The Psychic Wars

Turn the knife and you will see
The truth behind the tragedy
Of pain.

Look into those tawny eyes;
They bewitch you and traumatise
Your brain.

Heavy breathing and lack of sleep,
The most evil demons will softly speak
To you.

Slice to ribbons the wasted years,
Carve your path that's oh so dear
And break through.

Sink the knife in, you will see
What the push towards insanity
Can tame

Victim of this bloody terror
I prayed to God but he never
Came

If you don't fight but still don't run,
All of a sudden it'll become
So clear:

Don't you know that Hell is empty
Because all the devils are already
Here?

Look into these haunted eyes;
Someone come and stabilize
Your soul.

Grip the cord and cut it clean-
Do whatever to achieve
Your goal.

Shaking hands and nausea,
Remove from me the cause of the
Pain.

Twist the knife and look at me,
I beg for this lobotomy;
I'm insane.

Bryony Sheldon

Vicissitude

These membranous wings of fate
Fly me through this torrential downpour
I'm upshifting at half-past eight
I have nothing to slow down for.
I have a lady of electric love
Her beauty is illogical-
She's as perfect as Ligeia;
A princess of all that's celestial

Tomorrow I'll propose.
Bright lights, doves, ticker tape, the lot-
I've pulled all the stops.

She knows I've been hiding something,
Lately I've been distant,
But in the morning I'll be back home-
And it'll've been worth the distance
To offer her the opalescent halo
To glide onto, entwine about, nest upon
Her precious flesh. Though we're far apart,
She knows I always think of her when I'm gone.

I'm giddy like a little boy.
I just pray that she screams yes-
Lord knows I've tried my best.

The haze of dawn upon me
With its mystifying hue,
I'm kissed with melting colours
Of the red before the blue.
I know I'm home when I see her
Star-strapped and graceful
With ivory skin and blowing hair-
?
Why did she look so hateful?

Perhaps it was aquaplaning.
Or maybe my nerves-
Who could predict the sudden swerves?

Trapped in my twisted metal fate.
Cu, Mg, Fe, Cr, K
Agony smashes through my system
But I don't know what's going on.
In the smoking wreck,
I whimper, I cry, I scream,
I'm skewered with confusion.
And the handbrake.

Bryony Sheldon

Victim

My hair's too long
My skirt's too short
My thoughts are wrong
My rights aren't fought

My days are dark
I'm in a daze
A bruised birthmark
From yesterdays

Gun to my head
Heavy and hard
"Just drive, " he said
"I'll pay by card"

Their hate so ful
It's spilling over
Bright minds cause all
Melanoma

Bryony Sheldon

???

A cornucopia of neon lights burns through my mind
Like a nicotine stain leaving its mark.
And though this fantasy thaws not the icy grips of my woes,
It is enough to flood me with opiates and free my mind
As if it were anaesthesia, novocaine or Librium.

As cool and as sleek as a pool of blood,
The garnet lioness introduces herself, radiating beauty.
Silver moonbeams collect in a mercury pool within her eye.
With a mighty battle cry, she roars defiantly to all who dare challenge her-
She will barely survive the genocide.

The born loser, like any dead duck, is desperate and mad.
Upon gaining sudden power, he loses control of his own mind,
And then when becoming the answer he discovered a river
That introduced a greater sophistication of which he hardly understands.
Now he is desperate and mad to discover the source.

His greed for power eroded the ballast of his sanity.
This demagogue, this Messiah, and his dogmatic abnegation
Built his empire and slaughtered his own kind,
But he died a confused man; he killed himself with his own mind.
His pyrrhic victory was really a heart-breaking defeat.

A planet with such grand colour that paints the opalescent skies
Within my mind is a sullen, bleak tale.
The loser's vulcanised veins of rage strangled the world,
And despite the true threat of a real dystopia sickening and scaring me
I can't pretend that I prefer happy endings.

Bryony Sheldon