

Poetry Series

# **Tyler Mccracken**

## **- poems -**

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## Tyler Mccracken(3/20/1992)

My name is Tyler McCracken. I have been writing poems for awhile and most of them i will not post unless requested. My poems aren't just something I make up. They explain how I feel. I have a dark past to where I've been heartbroken, depressed and rejected. The majority of my poems are sad and depressing. Some of them are about my Ex-girlfriend Rachael... The time that I had lost her was one of, if not 'the' most difficult time of my life. I'm fighting a battle of depression that some are un-aware of and even more do not understand. Many close friends I have lost over time. Such events have left me scarred and hurt. Honestly, I am more emotional than other guys, and no I am not gay. I am not suicidal...anymore. Many attempts gone unsuccessful after the loss of my Ex-girlfriend. Overdoses, cutting (no one knows about.) ...all I thought were remedies to my pain. Over time I have learned, suicide is NOT the answer. I vent my emotions through creating music and writing poetry. Many a thanks to my friends...NOT my family. Sadly I hate my parents with a passion for reasons I will not explain. I love meeting new people so feel free to leave me comments or txt me (405-822-0534) . DONT SPAM ME! ! ! I will have you blocked and btw.. Prank calls don't work so don't try it. And please don't judge me... thanks everyone! (new poem soon: to whom it may concern) ... \*5/12/09\*

Sincerely,  
Tyler McCracken

# A Ruined Nation Awakes

Obey me!

They sit alone on the edge of reason  
Maleficent in their glory  
Walking barren wastelands  
The 13 desolate and cold  
Leering from the black abyss  
Ever tearing to their goal  
A million screaming voices  
Vile ambitions surge tenfold

The stars are screaming loud  
The blind idiot god stumbles  
A mind giving way  
Gnashing worms from the other side of shadows

And in the centre of everything...  
The swirling nuclear chaos

The children of the dead sun  
The rejoicing damned  
The 13 blessed helix  
Marching from myth to megalomania...

Elite surgical supremacy  
Shadow lords of the bio circuits  
Prophets of chaos  
Messiahs to the Shaggai  
Dispensing erotic genocide

Progeny of Nyarlathotep

The universe is crumbling to dust  
The atoms themselves are coming apart  
The weak flesh withers and dies  
Nail and tooth, token trophies

But through it all, a beacon of light  
A homing signal at the end of infinity

A dulcet torch pierces Mechanikanna's excrement  
The single tri-lobed eye...

Piping daemonium flutes  
The madness at the centre of everything  
And it swells through the gate of nothingness  
Time itself has died

Tyler Mccracken

# Born Under The Knife, Live In Pain

Inconceivable claws wrenching at the gates of time  
Torrential incandescence of the atomic wellspring  
Churning in it's infinity amongst mindless dancers  
Lurching to the twitching cadence of discordant flutes  
This is chaotic abhorrence, mercurially envisioned horror  
The incoherent howling in the untamed void  
Of a malformed child stretching it's emaciated limbs  
Amidst the unbearable pounding and the stench of vile smoke

...Skin-graft ugliness...  
...Implacable gaze...  
...Towering disdain...  
...Insectile grimace...  
...Talons stretched...  
...Muscles taught...  
...Burning scars...  
...Waiting to be born...

Cruel, haggard eyes locked in incurable amusement  
Contorted grin on the face of inhumanity  
Stirring the convulsions of it's puppets  
Stapled down and force fed misanthropy  
Cavorting primitive playthings  
Bastardised on the ruins of a wasted heaven  
Eagerly devouring our own minds  
Mouth and eyes sewn up but still we shriek and stare

In the alleys that weave between (gulf-spanning) sky-thorns  
Graffiti hung derelict towers (pinning down the earth)  
Litter scuttles blindly away like fear-crazed insects  
Crumbling city walls echo their terror (back at them)  
In the filth stained underpass we wait  
Dangling limply on chains, hung from another reality  
Empty minds waiting to create pain  
Waiting to be born.

Tyler Mcracken

# Chained In The Damnation Asylum

See the beast in the forest of interchanging mirrors  
Feel the stinging breath of the hounds upon your neck  
Pouring ravenous from sky-cathedrals riddled with chthonic pulse  
Beyond the breaking point of human conceptions

(Through the)     dark embrasure....

Crouch paralyzed in the circle of salt and await the end  
Torch-beams glitter on the rust-caked torture implements  
The vile, barbed accoutrements of the chambers of agony  
Blind, slithering chains scatter the circle heaped around you  
The bloodstained hooks glide eagerly towards your flesh  
While you spit your soul into the filth

Pull down the stars and brand them into the shriveled eyes of God  
Grind the temples into gravel and tear his face with the shards  
Sunder the cross into thirteen stakes and pierce his emaciated flesh  
This is the promise of those who make us as insects

Let Satan cling feebly to god, they shall be destroyed together

All engulfing pain seeping through the vulnerable angles  
The hounds slip on the breath of night and vault the shadows  
While horrors whose face-tentacles twitch in eagerness  
Consume the crumbling idols of your gods...  
Human gods...  
All-too-human gods!

Tindalosi be our salvation....

Tyler Mccracken

# Die Tide Zu Steigen Beginn

Ich gehöre nicht hier \r\n Ich habe dies auf dem Weg, den ich zu Fuß \r\n Die blutbefleckten Wände, die Linien der Kreide auf dem Boden \r\n Die sich so schwer \r\n Ich habe den Rückschlag, als die Flut begann zu steigen \r\n Ich kann mich nicht erinnern \r\n Die Art, wie es war, als alles, was der Ansicht rechts \r\n Mein Mund gehalten und schließen die Augen verschlossen mit engen Kontrolle

Ich erinnere mich, also auf der Innenseite...

Ich habe eine dunkle, höllischen Ort, Ich will nicht, dass sich mehr \r\n Irgendwie werde ich nicht aufhören Fütterung der Schmerz \r\n Mein Herz ist nur das gleiche wie vor

So, jetzt bin ich hier stecken \r\n Zwischen die Schuldigen und die unaufrichtig \r\n Die Worte habe ich gesprochen haben mich hier ganz allein \r\n Ich hätte wissen müssen, diese \r\n Ich habe den Rückschlag, als die Flut begann zu steigen \r\n Ich möchte sie alle weg \r\n Ich konnte schon gebrannt, als ich es hatte, dass die Wahl \r\n Und jetzt würde ich sterben zu töten, dieser Lärm in meinem Kopf....

Wenn es sich um all die Liebe geben kann meinen Geist \r\n Nehmen Sie es heute Abend \r\n Es besteht kein Grund mehr zu leben.....

Tyler Mccracken

# Disturbance In The Perpetual Screen

I, wide asleep at 00: 13 or so it seems  
As my eyes roll back to inspect the optic nerves  
The walls breathe with my exhalation  
Disgorging our insects to unravel your world  
My skin attempts to flee  
A technological trail of vomit, blood and sperm  
Snakes toward the rotten core  
Maggots swaying to the rhythm of the universe

Tear my fingernails out from their tombs  
Underversal architecture unfolding  
The sky is pooling on the floor  
A star or two screams abuse at my face  
Reach down and pluck a thorn from my side  
The placenta next to her upon the floor  
Incapacitated?

A naked thought, incandescent and burning  
Primal like the sun, nuclear  
Will power beaten into submission  
Instinct rise in domination  
The insects are gathering to watch intensively  
Creator of maggots rises, writhing and spitting  
Pulls me down and in  
Burrow into rotten flesh, vomiting and twisted in ecstasy

Teasing amplitudes of nothingness  
Spun from the unreality chambers  
I visualize deconstruction as the paramount of my fears  
Who was this place?

Interjections of god, trapped in it's own creation  
The unbeliever reels  
Intelligent equations decimate divinity  
Formulated infusions of horror

Peering in they are pleased  
The torment of the individual  
Their weapon of mass destruction is the creation of new paradigms



No one saw it coming save the sightless messiah

And who gave it credence?

Who stopped to pay attention to a warning of cataclysm

No one

And now the end is here and no more cards can be played

You have no one to blame but yourselves for your weak hand

No one.

Tyler Mccracken

# Exalt

I have no patience for a cowardly prejudice  
What's done is done and what's dead is dead  
I have my colony united for commemoration, listen  
My proposal slowly manifested  
Pleading as if I care for a worthless excuse  
Imminent I am to a victory  
All who deny, shall burn alive  
No time for weak states of mind  
So wake up  
His awakening is near  
The stipulation is obvious  
Kneel before me or be cast down  
How I hope you feel the magnitude  
Kneel before me or be cast down  
How oblivious could one be  
Humiliated are the false allies  
Infidel, into the fiery depths you go  
Bring me the head of treachery and greed  
I won't let this escape my grasp  
No time for weak states of mind  
I have no patience for a cowardly prejudice  
So wake up

Tyler Mccracken

# Hollow God...

you dont reall know my pain, , ,  
the world seen through my eyes.....  
is so much diffrent than you could imagine.....  
im so trusting.....  
i was foolish....  
you all think its cool to mess withmy feelings.....  
you dont realise my love is but a sickness.....  
pure and intense.....  
when you hurt me you take a piece of me.....  
now theres no pieces left....  
where laid a heart and soul....  
is replaced by a gaping hole....  
i cant feel...  
i cant care.....  
i cant love....  
i stand catatonic to emotion.....  
i am.....  
numb....  
i am no longer weakend by love....  
raped of all emotion....  
i cant seem to care if you or i live or die....  
look what you did to me.....  
what you ALL did to me.....  
i used to love.....  
i used to care.....  
i used to hope....  
i used to pray.....  
i used to believe in god.....  
now he is as gone as my trust....  
good luck getting me back...  
now all i feel is hate  
this is the old me.....  
i am hollow...  
and to your friends i am god....

hollow god

Tyler Mccracken

# I'M Not Ready To Die....

Sie haben eine Menge Nerven und ich habe eine Menge von Finger-zu-Punkt \r\n  
Während Sie fleißig Aufbau von Wissen Ich war schon richtig \r\n Ich weiß, eine  
Stimme wie die Ihre ist keine Waffe auf allen \r\n Und auch mir ist nicht ein  
Meißel für ein dicker Schädel \r\n So können Sie Ihre Chant Hymnen der  
Gehörlosen \r\n Oder können wir hier sitzen und weinen, bis es nichts mehr \r\n  
Oder können wir unsere Stimmen mit unseren Händen \r\n Stellen, wie Messer  
und Forderungen...

Wir nehmen unsere Stimmen - mit unseren Händen \r\n Wir machen wie Messer  
- wir fordern

Ich bin Brennen Brücken zum letzten Mal \r\n Ich bin gegen Gewohnheiten zum  
ersten Mal

Ich sah meine Zukunft heute \r\n Er sagte, ich bin weg \r\n Aber ich habe immer  
noch nicht gesungen in der letzten Zeile

Auf meinem Weg nach unten.. \r\n Ich bin nicht bereit zu legen, ich bin nicht  
bereit zu verblassen \r\n Ich bin nicht bereit zu sterben \r\n Nicht bereit zu  
legen, ich bin nicht bereit zu verblassen \r\n Ich bin nicht bereit zu sterben.....

Jeden Tag in meinem Leben kann ich halte es immer schwieriger zu atmen \r\n  
Mit jeder Minute durch Ankreuzen Ich bin immer bereit zu verlassen \r\n Ich  
weiß, ein Leben, wie mir ist kein Grund zu der Bund \r\n Aber ich habe  
beschäftigt die Narben, die Sie nie vergessen werden \r\n Wenn nur  
dreiunddreißig Jahre Save My Life \r\n Ich habe vierundzwanzig mehr Dinge  
richtig zu machen \r\n Also wenn ich die in den Himmel und du bist immer noch  
hier \r\n Sie können Ihre Meinung und Ihre Tränen trocknen....

Wir nehmen unsere Stimmen - mit unseren Händen \r\n Wir machen wie Messer  
- wir fordern

Ich bin Brennen Brücken zum letzten Mal \r\n Ich bin gegen Gewohnheiten zum  
ersten Mal

Ich sah meine Zukunft heute \r\n Er sagte, ich bin weg \r\n Aber ich habe immer  
noch nicht gesungen in der letzten Zeile

Auf meinem Weg nach unten.. \r\n Ich bin nicht bereit zu legen, ich bin nicht  
bereit zu verblassen \r\n Ich bin nicht bereit zu sterben \r\n Nicht bereit zu  
legen, ich bin nicht bereit zu verblassen \r\n Ich bin nicht bereit zu sterben...

Wenn ich mit nach Hause nehmen - und Sie sind immer noch hier \r\n Nur klare  
Ihre Meinung - und Trocknen der Tränen \r\n Wir nehmen unsere Stimmen - mit  
unseren Händen.....

Tyler Mccracken

# My Time, My Reign, My Tyranny

Resurrected....

Awakened to an earth unrecognizable and ruined  
Emerging from the fractured chambers of surrealism  
Searchlights cast beams into a blackened cityscape  
Through skyscrapers thrown down the horrors stalk

This is the God deconstruction field  
Where scorched planets floating aimlessly  
Are more insignificant than dust motes  
Orbiting my baleful outstretched fist  
Exacerbated madness of the chaotic abyss  
Beneath continent-sized slabs of sentient machinery  
Smoke-veiled mechanized Charcaroth  
Rears it's clustered jaws

I stare at your feeble world from the far side of the apocalypse  
Chaos fathered me now I guide it into your world  
Post-human abominations bow jerkily to my broken idol  
To the thunderous violating song of the inverse stars

The stench grows more appalling as they draw near  
Dragging their festering, bloated carcasses with spindly arms  
Chittering incessantly from their many mouths  
Eyeless, pulsating vermin dripping their filth into foul waters

A universe anathema to passivity and warmth  
Stretches creeping metallic tendrils to strangle time  
A malignant alien aeon eating it's way towards you  
Eternal pounding and joyless disarray

I died an iconoclast in chains and woke as a lifeless god  
Stillborn apotheosis to rule over war-torn ruination  
Misanthropic dawn  
My time...my reign...my tyranny!

Tyler Mccracken

# Nightmare Suspension

I wear the crown of razor-thorns above tangled, twitching cables  
Protruding from a bloodstained mouth wide in soundless agony  
I, wreathed in tortured wires in the displaced gulf  
Scorched hand gnarled around spheres of collapsing time  
Pitiable fragments of war-ravaged cities creep behind horizons  
Clawing through the toxic fumes and pits of atrophied hope  
Humanity flees into sewers infested with seething terrors  
Poisoned herds digested by an aeon of stagnation

I see nothing but the vastness of the envenomed stars  
I scream towards  
The transitional suns in a dilating reality  
I've seen everything but the vacuum of infinity  
I'm the one who trampled glass into God's grave of filth

Beneath the crumbling relics of the machinated empire  
The unsullied throne becomes the pestilential tomb  
Voices without mouths shriek words without expression  
Minds without matter writhe in formless, wretched hunger

We are the life after death  
We are the nightmare suspension  
We are the cultivated hell around the transforming relic

It's post-human stellar beauty of the coldest sphere  
It's the entrancing glare of an imploding world  
It's black hole noise, whispers of singularity  
Subsonic star-choir on the astral frequency  
It's the volatile retort of the chaos contortion  
It's the nightmare desynchrony of the dying god  
It's realities torn away in planetary rape  
It's the gift of unspoken cycles

This is it.....This is the end of time!

Tyler Mccracken



# One Thousand Apologies

Dort stand in Unglauben, \r\n Versucht alles, was Sie können, um zu sehen,  
durch diese liegt \r\n Und jedes Wort, dass ich konnte atmen, \r\n Sie würden  
eher zu verlassen, aber ich versuchte \r\n Und zu wissen, was ich gemacht habe,  
an Sie, \r\n Mit jeder dachte, Sie sind durch \r\n Mein Herz so schwarz wie böse  
werden kann \r\n Und alles, was ich konnte, \r\n Gelöscht werden, was ich  
wollte, dann \r\n Ich konnte nicht glauben, dass eine weniger Menschen....

Alle empfindliche Arten \r\n Vertieft, dass ich unsere Gräber \r\n Meine  
Entschuldigung Pfähle

Die Schmerzen in den Augen \r\n Mein bedauert nie bekannt, wie Trauer \r\n Alle  
schade, dass Sie verstecken \r\n Beschlüsse sind die gleichen morgen..

Also ich jetzt ernten, was ich gesät haben, und alle Rapture I \r\n Gezeigt habe,  
hat Bled trocken \r\n Und ich ging allein die Straßen, die Annahme der  
Schmerzen würde ich \r\n Nie bekannt, wie Sie starb \r\n Dann habe ich mich  
selbst verletzt, um zu sehen, sie auch das Gefühl habe ich das Messer \r\n Sie...

Mein Herz so gebrochen wie meine Wege \r\n Ich habe nie haben sollten lassen  
Sie es passieren, in diesem Herbst war nie \r\n Zum letzten \r\n (Der Grund  
gegangen und Schäden bleibt)

Es tut mir leid \r\n Was denken Sie, Sie tun? \r\n Meiner Meinung nach wird \r\n  
Ich kann es fühlen \r\n Auf Wiedersehen...

Kill die Kosten, und Ihre letzte Phase \r\n So viel kosten Ihre letzte \r\n Kill die  
Kosten, und Ihre letzte Phase \r\n So viel kosten Ihre letzte \r\n Kill die Kosten,  
und Ihre letzte Phase \r\n So viel kosten Ihre letzte \r\n Kill die Kosten, und Ihre  
letzte Phase \r\n So viel kosten Ihre letzte...

Alle empfindliche Arten \r\n Vertieft, dass ich unsere Gräber \r\n Meine  
Entschuldigung Pfähle \r\n\r\n Die Schmerzen in den Augen \r\n Mein bedauert  
nie bekannt, wie Trauer \r\n Alle schade, dass Sie verstecken \r\n Beschlüsse  
sind die gleichen morgen...

Tyler Mccracken

# Raining

Raining, falling,  
Lost in forever,  
Will I find a way to keep it together?  
Am I strong enough to last through the weather,  
In the hurricane of my life.  
Can it be a conscious decision?  
When I look for ways to walk to my vision  
Am I speeding towards another collision?  
In the L.A. ways of my life.

Memories don't lie  
You know better than those who have fallen  
Please just leave me  
Dare my eyes deceive me?  
Don't stand me up  
Just leave me!  
I have fallen again  
This is the end  
Pain redefined.

Shaking,  
Burning up with the fever  
In the realm of pain I am the deceiver,  
And I won't lie to myself,  
So I can't believe her  
As she disassembles my life.  
I can not dispel the illusion,  
All my hopes and dreams are drowned by confusion,  
Can I find a way to make this illusion,  
As I disassemble my life.

Tyler Mccracken

# Reflections Of The Underdark

Join me here where the stark trees whirl their shadows in the nuclear winds  
Under bloated, acid-stained clouds collapsing in upon themselves  
I have clambered through the chains that mask my prison to witness  
The effigies of dead earth that symbolize your gods are crumbling

I saw how toxic and poisoned life became in that stench-ridden dark  
I am the first of it's spawn to crawl distorted and free out of the filth  
Where the shadows wove a veil for that which slithers through charnel warrens  
Where your herd means nothing in awe of our ravenous hive

Devour, blind and twitching young of the chain-linked shadows....

The feeding frenzy ends when nightmare propagates a soul  
Now we revel in the secretive confluence of abominations  
A face stretched to accommodate it's malice  
Devouring the grotesque dancers with it's eyes  
Scribing it's name in the pit of excrescence with malformed hands  
Learning how to writhe inside it's messy skin grafts  
Eating towards the surface in a foul swathe of dripping air  
Malignant one, skin ripping the world

A distorted crown of bones is worn as a blindfold  
By the contorted avatar, trembling in excitement  
Slug-like and repellent in undeserved splendor  
Consummate priest of the void betrayed by eloquence

Devour, blind and twitching young of the chain-linked  
Screen....the shadows....  
He...chaos that crawls spider-like through its abyss

Tyler Mccracken

## Suicide Note....

I'm done with cutting  
I'm done with pain  
I'm done with life, it's all in vain.  
I'm done with all you've put me through,  
All my pain you never knew,  
And now it's known and now you pray  
Pray it's not from the things you say,  
Say to me in my dreams,  
I'm so confused nothings what it seems! !  
I give my heart and soul just to you,  
Even knowing every word you said wasn't true.  
Now no amount of love can fix this heart,  
Not when it's been blown apart.  
I feel so hollow in this life,  
Like a fish gutted with a knife.  
Mentally incapacitated,  
As my heart and soul are incarcerated,  
Comatosing on these pills,  
Won't even change the way I feel,  
Of death I think everyday,  
Death: the only thought that's come to stay,  
Oh dear god please stop this pain! ! !  
Words that seem to just fade away....  
My life it seems has gone astray,  
I can't keep doing this...  
Going through life with these scared wrists.  
This is my end,  
Hearing that you'll probably grin,  
But I don't care,  
I won't be here for you to abuse again...  
Goodbye...

Tyler Mccracken

# The Pain Of Having Your Heart Broken...(Abridged Version)

My heart is cold, my eyes are black,  
You tore me apart now there's no turning back,  
My love for you had never faded,  
Now my heart's hollow and desecrated,  
Pain is the only thing that I feel,  
And you left me in this hollow shell,  
These cuts on my wrists have defined who I've become,  
Now to you I've gone numb,  
Pills have become who I am,  
Suicidal thoughts have become my friend,  
I'm hurting inside; it's easy to see,  
Exactly what has become of me,  
Sorrow and fear are all I've come to know,  
But sadly you think it's all just a show,  
My life is bleak and my mind is weak,  
In my heart havoc you have reeked,  
All that I wanted in the world was you,  
But love, I guess is too good to be true,  
I gave you my heart and you tore it apart,  
And yet for you I would give my life,  
Not once but more than twice,  
If, for one more day, I could have you back in my life.....

Tyler Mccracken

# This Is Exile

This world is ours and we won't stand still  
Infinitude sets thy vision toward the deep  
Civilization will fall by the hand of all disease  
Banished of all life and awoken from the grave  
Eternal light will now be washed away  
Desecration proclamation  
How it feels to be demoralized  
The life you live is now rotten and cold  
This is exile  
We are the walking scum  
This is exile  
You are the sacrifice  
And it was said  
Blasphemy will now stand  
They walk the earth  
This is exile  
This world is ours and we will not stand still  
This world is ours and we will not stand still  
The dead will never rest  
Vociferating hypocrites shall whisper every last word  
And they will not be heard  
Our death shall reign and our purpose exhort  
False hope and lies we all glorify  
This world is ours and you're Freaking dead

Tyler Mccracken

# To All That Are Dead

I am the one who is always exhuming  
I am the one you think you see in the darkest of nights  
I have yet to reconcile the thoughts within myself  
For still I am one with the dead  
Oh, sanguine blood of thy corpse  
Quench my thirst and stain my skin  
Oh, how ironic it is to feel so alive  
When you cease to exist  
I adore what I have become  
I have longed for such a love in my dreams  
And my wrath will not subside until this love is mine  
Forever I remain the hideous figure treading these unholy grounds  
For I have failed the one who has created me  
My conscious is telling me to ingest the flesh of the deceased  
And with my tongue I shall lick the graves of all who will follow me  
Mark my words, they will pay  
I still am one with the dead  
And I swear to all that are dead

Tyler Mccracken

# To Walk The Corridors Of Hell

Cygnus X-1 was discovered as an X-ray source 30 years ago This binary system, distant of 2.5 kpc, consists of the O9.7 Iab type Supergiant HDE 22 and a compact object orbiting around with a period of 5.6 days. The mass of the unseen companion, significantly Larger then 5 solar masses, suggests that it is a black hole. Focused wind accretion from a primary star being extremely close to Filling the Roche lobe drives the powerful source of the X-ray radiation. Cygnus X-1 is one of the brightest X-ray sources in the sky.

Fall.....

Seasons of crippling pain as I walk the corridors of hell

A disturbing contortion of the mind revered

Unending hypocrisy when faith removes your eyes

Fall.....

Stretch your fingertips and feel the barbed shell of your prison

Huddle freezing on the immaculate steps to my temple

Which lead in (intertwining) spirals to your nightmares

Burn the havens that justify the light

And watch the smoke invite the shadows in

Shadows so deep they are infinite chasms

The foetid jaws of hell

A mummified god clinging like a parasite

To an earth that pathetically complies

Shall be swallowed by that gaping maw

All that lives shall die

Fall and fall again into the horrific maze of your undoing

To me it is a reflection of my supremacy

Tyler Mccracken



# To Whom It May Concern (To Be Continued..)

Written in blood,  
My hearts saddening tale,  
How could one girl leave it so broken lifeless and pale,  
Look at it shiver...  
Cold with fear,  
Saying: don't fall for her; don't let her bring me back here,  
Locked, trapped inside this dark room,  
Dying, bleeding, false love speaks its doom...

Tyler Mccracken

# You Fail To Understand My Pain.....

One more day one more night,  
Sorrow wins this little fight,  
Ney there be no bloodshed,  
But still I wish that I were dead,  
Falling down, this empty soul,  
Makes me wonder if I'm whole,  
I feel like I'm missing a piece of me,  
A piece, vulnerable and broken for the whole world to see,  
Go ahead and laugh at me,  
For this gun will set me free,  
Free of pain gone awry,  
For this night I surely die,  
For when I die do not cry,  
As for your love for me...the end was nigh,  
You broke my heart you know it's true,  
And the pain you caused me...You've not a clue,  
The pain has turned me into this,  
Broken, scared, with bloody wrists,  
As I lay there growing cold,  
I take the gun out of its mold,  
Angel of Death set me free,  
Look at what I have come to be,  
Loading the gun cold as ice,  
Not looking back, not thinking twice,  
Tears fall into oblivion as I squeeze the trigger,  
Now it's done,  
Pain it's self has finally won,  
As you finally find me here,  
Dead in our bed, you shed a tear,  
On this day begins your end,  
Staring at my grave, starting your end,  
Taking your life, you whisper...the end.

Tyler Mccracken