

Placating My Mind

Let me ask, what placates your mind more than knowing your right?

What placates your mind more then knowing you were right?

As I walk through tired hells of mine within red nights.

Firelight; of a hearth warmth with home and story. I ask for I am wrong and with that these storms rage on, My mind forever torn with roses and thorns made fond. Its not a hardship of mine that buries my songs, that brings tears that belong to form ponds. I am alone in this battle, long fought.

I cannot know I am wrong without this sight. For, What placates the mind more, then knowing your right? Oh, how it will deceive you, and lie to ensue undue doubt. Doubt in mind of the heart's internal drought. I am alone in this battle, leather wrought.

I see in this fire that I am wrong, eternally burning with esoteric matter, Yet my mind wishes to ask once more for it despises the latter, Within this feeling of melancholic and mesmeric, Friends, I must ask as I walk through tired hells of thine within blue sights, What placates the mind more than knowing your right? What placates the mind more then knowing you were right?

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