

The pendulum swings as the clock strikes 3, witching hour has taken its toll.

The grinding gears cease all senses.

Pulleys wrench and pull.

Snapping from the strains of the fight.

You slip into the abyss.

As the gruesome chaos bellows out from underneath.

Beneath are the hellions you use to fight back your demons.

You look up from 6 feet under holding, scraping onto the roots trying to pull yourself to freedom.

Until the undertaker scoops a fistful of gravel, sprinkling it onto your shoulder.

The weight is unfathomable, the root snaps plunging you into the darkness forever.

Forever alone, forever forgotten, forever to live with the broken pulleys, shattered gears, and dislodged springs.

You sit in isolation collecting piece by piece setting up the incomplete puzzle that you were once proud of.

But you've lost a piece.

An organ that holds you whole.

The heart that makes you, you.

As the sun abandons the sky.

And you curl up under the covers.

The demons come out to play, toying on your thoughts, dangling you at the edge of your insecurities.

No matter the fake smiles or happiness you portray, you are not whole, and you'll never be.

The darkness slithers up your skin latching onto your throat as it strangles you with its taunting whispers.

You are alone, and you will always be.

Those demons, those hellions, can't hold back are bursting through their captivity.

No matter how much adhesive you slap on top.
No matter how many safety pins you pierce through it.
The demons see no fortress.
They see a challenge.
Challenging your strength, your integrity
Challenging you.
But as you pretend to be strong, the dark matter consumes you from within.

A familiarity takes form.
You love it here, alone.
A form takes hold onto you.
A shell encases all round you.
Your loneliness construed as happiness shields you from the agony bound to happen, an agony
written in the stones.
For eternity, you will forever be alone.

Huddled in a fetal position you hear a faint word.
A weak whisper.
A hi from the heavens above.
It's so odd, an anomaly in the distance.
A hiccup in the system for it to come to you.
Piled on consequences pile on the lists
of reasons to flee.

A hand reaches out and you take it.
The demons screeching for you to stop, for you to think.
Wicked habitual tendencies fill your mind to the brim with poisons.
Demonic venom stains your veins, and you sink further beneath their broken wings.
But again, the hand reaches out, never looking away, never giving up.

Soon the darkness around the hand is slain by the smile on his face.

A smile capable of lies.

A face hinting at betrayal.

A man able to tear you to pieces.

But your demons are just protecting you.

Your hellions are no longer standing in the way, instead they stand in line.

Together, uniting against this abnormality shaking their very existence.

As they try to scream from inside.

You start to listen, sinking back down to imprisonment.

Back to your home.

You like it there, it's safe, you're safe, no one can cut you there.

But this man, this beautiful soul.

When his welcoming eyes finally meet yours.

You see his demons.

You see into his fortress.

He's letting you see, a mirror into your own soul.

You can't imagine it's possible, but taken back, you see with your own eyes as the wreckage around
you begins to rebuild itself into a whole.

The demons are hushed with his voice, dimmed with his smile, forgotten with his dialect

This stranger takes your hand and guides you up from the bottom of the grave you dug for yourself.

Into the light, into the world,

The beautiful world your cynical self-longed criticized.

For once in a long time, your gears find their grooves, and your pullies start to move.

The icicles around your heart, held up like barbed wires, melt away
from the intensity of the flames soldering your broken organ.

Your heart ignites alive with just that one look, that one touch, one love.

The flames sever off the rest of the rust and thorns, cauterize the wounds, readying yourself to heal
with that one love.

A foreign word, for an empty expression left by the betrayers of the broken.

A foreign word inching its way to the surface.

But the demons inside still grasp, leached onto the side of your poorly patched heart, unwilling to
let go, whispering sweet, sweet fears like little brilliant nightmares.

Don't give it your all. He's just like the rest of them... he'll show you soon enough...

Just not now,

He's not done with you yet...