

ETERNITY



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Within something they call **ETERNITY**
Is a torture worse than that which **SISYPHUS** was subjected,
Wherein the world passes by like a fluttering butterfly,
So fleetingly, so...temporal and fragile

Like sitting on the clouds that hang in the sky and
Watching as the world goes about its own way –
So detached, like something foreign and incomprehensible and
Utterly removed from the observer

Rivers rush along their self-same way,
Over years forests grow and disappear, just like
The candle flame of lives that pale in comparison to the lapse of time –
The greatest punishment from the **HEAVENS**

The thing they call **ETERNITY** within a ghastly sheet of deception lies,
So beautifully shrouded in silk,
Hiding grossness within with fair beauty,
A **GOLDEN APPLE** bearing a lead core

THE CURSE OF A GIFT UNFOLDING

He wanders all day and all night, for what else can he do?

He is a creature that doesn't die, and yet
with the adding of every day,
The rising of every sun at dawn and the setting of every ray at dusk,
the falling of sands in the hourglass of life that simply rewinds itself for him –
Never granting him merciful end,
the heart that doesn't beat and the silent tortures that do not end,
Living in a nightmare, living in death

UNDEAD – how apt, for the dead do not rise and walk amongst man
Like empty masks filled with unmoving sand
Yet, so dead, crumpling like an empty hide,
So easily crushed like the wings of an ugly moth,
A poor imitation of beauty

The **OUROBOROS** cries to the waning moon with
Its end trapped within the beginning, a mindless, senseless loop
Condemned forever to replay the things that have long passed and
Faded into obscurity and heavy memories

The repetition of history, the building of civilizations,
The collapse of peace, so easily torn, already ripping
Tearing with the hollow sound of frayed fabric,
Delicate and yet resilient, but resisting what?

When it falls away it will be rebuilt and renewed,
Born like a helpless bud in the midst of **HEAVEN'S** storms.
Quietly surviving -- barely -- but yet pulling through with
Strength then unknown, unbelievably to exist

Forcing life onto a struggling soul that
DEATH refuses to accept into its lair of the mercifully dead
A swirling vortex of memories dying and reviving, confusion and pain,
Love and loss, death and life -- of all but his

For he is the one damned for **ETERNITY** to wander like
A bodiless spirit across the vastness of this earth,
Never resting, never stopping, for time waits for no one,
And yet everyone waits for time

THINGS ALL UP TO TIME TO DECIDE:

Time heals wounds, time takes life, time makes things better, you will reborn with time

BUT ALL THIS HE NEVER HAD:

*Time amplified pain, time wouldn't let him die, time made living hell, he persisted through time like an
archaic entity*

So old and so weary, so desiring of love and affection that would
Last as long as he would, things he could ne'er have.
Deceived into receiving eternity from the hands of a **SERPENT**,
Promised life, love and joy

But all for naught that was his when the winds of fate blew his ship over and
Threw him onto jagged sea rocks
Left to wither and die in frost and alone, bleeding out the *blood* that lied to him
and whispered mockingly, "*You're still human.*"

He knew he wasn't.

Humans died, he didn't
Humans lived, he didn't

Humans learn to laugh and cry when the situation called, he was numb.

So wholly numb that darkness fails to frighten him
So wholly unfeeling that light fails to move him to blindness,
The scars on his arm, on his chest, over his heart are but
Testaments to his desperation

He wants to die, but cruelty manifests as a vine that
Ensnares him amongst the living, tortured to be one of them, yet
Not one of them, for no other man, no proper man that is, can ever claim
To desire **DEATH** and release that can never be granted

He walks amongst them, masquerading as part of their community but
Knowing he is as far from them as far can get
A distance uncrossable by land, sea and air
Only overcome by the whims of **FATE**

(And only if it decides to select another mortal plaything and make him immortal too)

So it can laugh at his despair, the way his deranged eyes
No longer see the world but what lies beyond
Things that the world can never imagine to exist,
Can never be so opened to the truth to see –

UNICORNS that steal the virginity of women
GODS that find entertainment in the eternal sufferings of others
Crutches that translate into power and strength
Seduction to the highest limit that transcends the human body's understanding of pleasure

They will both cry and desire it, beg for stop and beg for continuity,
Not unlike the lure of "**FOREVER**" he was baited and fooled into taking.
They cannot survive it, but he did...and he off' wonders why him why not them.
Why him and why not them?

He should have died that very day when his heart blackened and crumpled, when his
breath failed to form mist in winter

"I will die for you,"

They always say, but what they should, what they fear, they should have said,
"I will live for you, forever."

That is the greatest promise, the greatest lie, and his greatest desire.

<ETERNITY SHALL END>

ETERNITY



forever