

Random stuff.

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Submitted: June 18, 2008

Updated: July 12, 2008

Catchy isn't it? ^^

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1 - Brainschism.

Turning into a dried-up battery,
low on fuel I think of you.

Makes me sick,
seeing you.
make my stomach turn,
thoughts of earlier.

Tear,
'till I bleed.
Tears,
'till it all turns wet.

Burst,
flames burned.

Burst,
imploded myself,
too fast.

Decisions,
choices!

Choose!
Rejected!

Approve!
Do the same thing,
feel the same.

Feel the bass,
sing along,
forget earth.
Problem!

Concentrate!
No!
Thoughts astray,
feet crawling,
over and under.

Run!

If I could,
I should.

Don't stop,
continue to keep my head.
In one fracking line.

Stare into the lamp.
Gaze and behold!
Fail.
Justice in life,
cyanide for chemical joy.

Think about that one,
running low on white.

Need more to write.

Bite the input,
calm down.
Chin up,
more then this.
Way more then this.

High pitched,
calm me down.
Searching for the white!

Got it,
spit it out.

Sentence this in one line, too cruel, to me.
For this is me.
Line-up of depression.

Did I write that?!
Lost my input.
Gained my input.
Put it out,
of my mind.

Smile, smite, crack it up.
Fill me in, 'till you're over it.
It is the edge!
Crossing, manipulate,
the border.
The fracking line,

bite it.
Swallow my happy thoughts.
Find!
Disorder,
stop my dysfunction.

Next track,
join to be high.
Teddybear,
hug this!
I got no arms,
no feeling.
Whatsoever!
Sing along again.
High-pitched!
Searching for the words.
Wear me out!
Like a brick it sank,
right down, hitting the soil.

In the day it lays,
my euphoria,
paradise!
Still my feet crawl,
the bones hurt.
Veins!
Give me my blood,
work it through.

Skyline over, done, look, view.
S.
Just a word, containing one letter,
S.
Figure it out!

God, I need to stop,
sleep and rest.
Rest it all.
Forget it for the night,
I fracking did it!

I am the source.

Can I cope it?
Coping so damn much,
is this it for you?

Confused, run low.

Piano,
calming down.
Speak voice,
think it through.

The pointing,
it hurts.
I overdone it,
all along.

Pick me!

Source.

Seek.
Discover it was me.
Sleep now,
please,
stop the writing.

Worse or bad,
going for improvement.

Sick jokes.
Brainschism!

A seventh end,
made that up.
You make it up!

2 - Failing Feathers

I had an angel, only for the wings.
I cant get out of myself, I wish I'd kept them.
But I failed to fly, I ran too fast.

Gazing towards my sky, can you see
why I didn't dare, why I was scared.
I heard my voice been thrown back to me.
Echo my fears, I can't get out.

So why do I write this note of despair.
I had to, only way to be sure to fly.
Once again, like you did.
I want an angel, just for the feathers.
So soft.
So cruel.

I left a paradise, just for fun.
I ran from my God, I needed time.
So i grabbed an angel, I teared it down.
I felt the wings surrounding my mind.
I felt it, I felt it all.

So I fought like never before,
I didn't have to, not in my past.

My feather, I've worn you through,
my soul, I did no good.
My wings, I'll earn them
One of these days, I can be cruel.

Yet so soft
Clouds vision of what used to be.

I saw some blood.

3 - Flock the Clouds

Shame its a cloudy night,
masking the flashes so bright.
I counted the stars over and over,
yet I discovered one oh so bright.
Shame the clouds gathered tonight.

I can hear the rumble beating.
I see the vague flashes fighting.
Heart he rain dropping itself,
on the gentile green leafs.
The thunder biting,
it's way through the silence.

The longest growl,
the brightest flash.
The loneliest soul,
the darkened flesh.

Writing myself down,
can't be on this beauty of a night.
I love her smell,
gentile falling rain.

And so you fall asleep, hearing the pounding rain crashing against your window.

4 - I have the urge to write + Afterbirth.doc

This is not one of the most happy-written stuff ever ^^"

I have the urge to write,
already made the final sentence. Now I'm just filling the space in between. Lose misery story? Plain story? Feelings, boredom, headaches, sleepless nights, hatred filled eyes. So many things I could write about.

Every day I wake up from a dream where everything is spotless, the girl I want, little things, joy, fame. You name it, I dream it.

The girl I want. The last two or three weeks, every single night. She wanders in, say the perfect sentence in a perfect situation.

And wham! The radio sends me back into reality, some afterdreaming and I am awake.

Last couple of days I keep on saying to myself: "Say it, that you love her." Oh, she knows. But all I'm getting are questions. I want some clear answers, some revelation.

In the dark I gaze.

Reaching for what can only be thoughts.

Through the fog I seek.

Don't know whether to go left or straight.

"I keep a close watch on this heart of mine."

God, just some clear answers. But before I can get those, I'll need to ask.

The playing of the shadows.

Silhouettes dancing.

Image after image, animated thoughts.

Too big to miss.

Too blurry for detail.

This vague guessing of me makes me wreckige.

I'm so special I need my own words to describe my feelings.

The silver bends make me wonder: "How can it be so bright, after all those strange ways?" My eyes hurt, I can see spots really clear now.

I'm catching them with my lashes.

The noise of the light annoys.

I get distracted, fractured.

Shattered here I lay.

I know your sweet lips,

I wanted to continue, but I just can't. Thinking of her blocks my common sense. I'm squeezing my pillow some more.

I'm lonely, realised.
I've messed up, realised.

I can't get a second chance, but I need it so.
I want it, just one little chance.

I'm sweating and a major headache is coming up.

Looking back, I really got the urge to write.

With a plotted ending.

Afterbirth.

You know what frustrates me?
I keep on hugging my pillow, my sheets, myself.
It annoys me so for doing it.
I then realise I need someone to share these thoughts with, with whom I can have contact with.

Senne, I need you.

Writing her name drains me.
I need some aspirin.

5 - Seven Deadly Sins.

Lust is all I need,
not as foul as greed.
Knowledge to read,
multiply my breed.

Glutton, my appetite.
With every sight,
feeding right.
foul pest to fight.

Give me my fantasy.
I want all,
my eyes can see.
I want to live,
in luxury.
My **greed** over coped,
your will.

I'm numb for your pleasure.
I will ignore,
your futile attempts.
Tears for leisure,
I bade in **sloth**,
in which I rot.

Don't you dare,
crossing the line.
Warnings overhead,
I curse your wish.
No pity for the weak,
listen to my **wrath** instead.

I will deny,
approve your ways.
Yet I can't help,
my wanting mind astray.
I need your beings,
I want your price.
I **envy** your existence,
I will not relent.

I am blinding,

my own mistakes.
I disable my ethical feelings.
For I am great,
for my deeds outgrow.
Other feelings at stake,
oh, how I feel.
My **pride** made you.
Vermin.