

Chapter Black

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Submitted: August 30, 2006

Updated: September 23, 2006

Chapter Black is the book in which I store all of my work. Whether it be poems, stories or anything. One could think of it as my own personal bible. I hope to gain followers for those who understand my message.

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1 - Rebels of the Mystic

Sails pointed upwards towards the raging sky
Oars like wings picking up the wind
Soaring higher above the clouds and the horizon
A mystical chase awaits as we sail onwards

Let our troops rise and stand for freedom
A time has come our revolution is at hand
Each one screams a cry of valor and madness
We sail beyond the human eye, our message swift

More shall gather everyday as we press onward
Disarming each new oppressive force
A labyrinth of error lays in front
We stand to fight, our revolution shall spread through the cosmos

Our harmonic prayer, knocking down the gates and rallying gods to our cause
Sailing through the heavens archaics bend to our cry
Valor and honor have returned our race begins to quicken
Spreading crimson to the winds and the storms, our ship sails back home

We seek a new chapter in the lives of humanity
Let us band together as one
Our rave forever quickening, our thirst...endless
None shall stop my troops for we are as free as the wind upon the rising sun

We forever sail onward, spreading the sound, our message swift
The raging sky our guide as we press onward
Crimson our oars and madness our drive
Written in stone, none shall stop us, we are as free as the wind on the rising sun...

6/25/06

1 - Rebels of the Mystic

Rebels of the Mystic
Sails pointed upwards towards the raging sky
Crews like wings picking up the wind
Soaring higher above the clouds and horizon
A mythical chase awaits as we sail onwards
Let us escape fate and stand for freedom
A time has come our revolution is at hand
Each one wishes a joy of their own madness
We sail beyond the human eye, our message swift
More shall gather everyday as we press onward
Dismissing each new oppressive force
A melody of error lays in store
We stand to fight, our revolution shall spread through the cosmos
Our harmonies prepare knowing the great and selfish gods to our cause
Sailing through the heavens our path leads to our joy
Valor and honor have returned our race begins to quicken
Spreading crimson to the winds and the storms our ship sails back home
We seek a new chapter in the lives of humanity
Let us band together as one
Our own forever quickening our throats endless
None shall stop my troops for we are as free as the clouds upon the rising sun
We forever sail onward, spreading the word, our message swift
The raging sky our guide as we press onward
Crimson our sails and madness our drive
Written and stone none shall stop us, we are free as the clouds upon the rising sun
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2 - Twilight song

There's a path we all follow, a mysterious road
Twists and turns, right and wrongs, all forks a long the endless dance
Two sides to every choice, dark and light, its your own voice
We forever continue a long, predestined future, an illusion

Darkness has a distorted path.
Beginning in the shroud, with ego, you feel proud
What comes up must come down, and one could trip
The fog it deepens I assure

Listen to my words, my message it will put a new ring in your ear
Allow me to take you beyond the cloud, deeper through the rabbit hole
Beyond one's knowledge and beyond your secluded box lies a glistening harmony
A path in - between, where troubles and your cloud lifts

All who listen to my voice, they sing a long to one tune
Chime in and come a long, hop a carpet and fly
We march as one love, nature and spirit our guide
Your sight will be clear, no more wallowing in fear just follow a long to my twilight song

Never listen to one or the other, for they cannot coexist without each other.
Take the road less taken by most, follow in-between yin and yang
The beast and the angel hand in hand, they walk as one from land to land;
One harmony, one motion, one sound, to reach the twilight is such a feat

Those who stay in the shroud, will be lost forever, their hearts never found
Singing a long to their ambitious beat they slaughter the innocent as their troops march the streets
Spreading peace by fear, still at the beginning, their mind so unclear
Telling all they care, a brainwashed tactic brought about by the ever thickening haze

Follow a long with my voice, no force, its your own choice
Chime in and come a long, hop a carpet and fly
We, march as one love, nature and spirit our guide
Your sight will be clear, no more wallowing in fear, just follow a long to my twilight song

3/30/06

3 - The Beginning of Things to Come

The Beginning Of Things To Come

Stare at the chaos, look at in the sky,
can you see that, see how the clouds cry?
Can you feel their sorrow, their, pain, reach for a drop feel their sorrow

Infernos blaze, and the chaos rage
Nothing dares to cross....

Crimson rain of the chaos, soaking,
on the ground it pours, flooding, chanting
Flowing every which way it can, destruction is its name
Not even the darkest ground is spared...

Viscously its roots splay across the soaked ground
Its see a blackened hollow one, thirsting

See those blood red flowers,
Apocalyptic in nature, forcing death and grievance throughout
Merciless is their infliction...

They creep open to reveal their ethereal beauty
A void seeps through the desolate sky

From above spawned by their choosing, by their creation
Massacre, thrash, torn, millions lay slain
Slashing through every mortal they spot, a new era begins
Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide, as these creatures bid their time
Painting the new world with glistening blood

Only nightmares and horror will comfort
Insanity has breached your mind...

This futile society, it has no cause, these inferior being have made their grave
Given up life your time is up and a new king is crowned
Hate was your nature and you alone have fueled the end
Sleep, rest in the polluted soil, for your time has come

As your eyes begin to drift and your soul mocking before it leaves the shell
A new eden, a tree stands before the world producing its fruit
This world takes a turn backwards in time, starting over these creatures strive
The beginning of things to come as they give way to the deranged and clean the slate

And so you pass on the torch, your race has perished
Forever more you question why...?

Life is given to the chaos, from underground your corpse just stares
Feed the roses, feed the vines, feed them with care,
next time maybe your race will be spared
Listen hard and listen well for this was the story the story of the end I tell...

4 - Sacred from one spot to the next

I hold in my pocket a magical tool
A way to escape the mind and send your perceptions into a new reality
Seeing how others look at the world
I hold a bible in my pocket

A bible of truth of understanding
A bible consuming and swirling my mind
A bible bringing new visions of hope into my eyes
A bible that no religion holds its grasp, just a pen and paper

Inspiration of creation making your fog less thick
Listen hard and hear the heartbeat, each word like an artery
Transporting and circulating life to heal our wounds
Tearing away at the corruption and sowing it with revelation

Tranquil silence comes from my lips when I read the excerpts
Mesmorized by each stanza, conjoining their meaning
To question all and answer none is bliss
In my own world, my bible and I, as I carve my message in stone

Flaming ambition for a new order as I write my darkness
Letters dancing out of my pen, a festival of gloom and lust for shadow
A reflection of myself I see as I read to another person, each one expecting and lust for more
Every spark of terror I see in the world ensnares and compels me to write more

My hands play god as I open my book of life and move with my left hand of fate and a right of doom
I plant my seeds of sorrow and gardens of poems filled with black flowers of pity
Regrets my field, sadness my soil, and my ink, the rain sprinkling my feelings

Line by line and page by page I throw my heart and soul into my book of tragedy
Debates between myself, dictating every little sentence comes to my mind
Battling my own wits as I write my life, the papers consumed in shadow
Taking my life, my sheets breathing in every last gulp of spirit

Everyone holds such a tool, not expensive, a notebook and paper is all ye need
Pen or a pencil makes no difference, move in all memories and secrets
Etching your own faith into every page, a little darkness is all you need
Let your heart do the rest, put your own wits to the test, write something down and make each line more
sacred than the next

5 - Scars and unsolved mysteries

I've been around this world so many times
No questions answered and so I watch my time fly
Searched for answers all ways, I lie in dust
Would someone tell me when is life worth breathing for
You were my sheath, I am drained and weary

This is for all the scar that I never ever showed you
And for all the lies that I never ever told you
I splayed my heart and warmth out on the line for the last time
This horror show of yours has come to an end
Shut my eyes and clear my mind, I need to quit you
A rush of curiosity is all you need to grip and mask
This morbid shroud clings to my lungs

Walking through my life with a noose about me
The world you have created has brought about my death
Another clock thrown through the window, just another life
When does it matter? What are you searching for?
Just another grain of sand being pulled in by the sea

This is for all the cars that i never ever showed you
And for all the lies that I never ever told you
I Splayed my heart and warmth on the line for my last time
These shadows shall upon your tearing eyes
My message lives on beyond the grave
I bleed for our sakes, though no one understands
I had nothing to loose and so little to gain

I sought out to make your pains go away
My dreams were shot down in a moment of sin
I tried to save tis drowning world
It seems no true flame is meant to stay lit
How can you stand idly by and watch this happen to me?

This is for all the scars that I never ever showed you
And for all the lies that I never ever told you
Dying inside and out for a dead cause
Pushed the bar until the last breath I drew in
Seems I was just another thorn in your bleeding rose
My eyes are closed, my body buried but I live on
I was just a spark from a burning tree

Where did society loose its train of thought?
These scar I hold so very dear and true, they run so deep
Its like you all knew that I was emotionally impaired
Someday my message shall see it through
You'd be suprised what a drop of kindness can do.

6 - Rusted and Weathered

Lying here upon this barren wasteland
My generation in the dust, swept away, sound as the grave
Old giving way to the new neo-age of creation
The spiritual fuel has given way to a new metamorphosis
A new catalyst of perfection, taking technology to new levels

I lie and watch through my cracked, crimson eye
Machines altering the binary code of life
Morphing and shifting, testing and remaking
Another page is added to the haunted blue-prints

All seeing eyes, hover menacingly about my garden
Torching the peace to ash and letting planting a new fusion,
Seeds of life, metal, and beast, sucking my eden dry
Resources drained, and peace burned away, the future is their savior
Replicas of human existence tend to the world's whim

My life force is drifting away
My parts rusted and weathered and burning away
My paint is peeling and my body maimed, but the spirit shall always remain
Artificial heart bleeding, my vision is blurred, reincarnation a machine can't endure

A new war has spawned and new weapons are formed
A new kind of destruction for our once great planet
Creators self implode, creations malfunctioning, the age wilts away
Another repetition of history, when the smoke clears, new technology will be in gear
Another generation, another cure and curse, a new idea of perfection

My life has reached its last mile
The machine shell I once lived in buried for the future
My crimson eyes begins to burn out, I see how the rest of time will turn out
Each new age shall throw away the old, time will always be rusted and weathered..

7 - Tears of an Angel

The grace that makes heaven shine
There numbers expand beyond the stars
When did this world go wrong?
Where did humanity turn upside down?
Clouded by ambitions of war
Self conceded goals the angels watch as,
history repeats itself three fold
Heaven's gates fly open letting the souls of the fallen come crashing through...
Like a swarm of angry sparrows the noise it never ends
Like a ripple in a golden pond, disturbance in the archaic realm, makes you wish you were dead...
A shock wave of torment, when will the madness end?
The tears of an angel, a mystical power unlike any messiah had seen before
That shining grace, locked away to prevent the inevitable
Just stalling what we all see, the end we will soon fulfill
Siting around watching bodies fly and humans die
So numerous but more souls leave their shells everyday
A tangent will soon form, judgment day is upon all who suffer
And out of the light tears begin to crawl down from that beauty's eyes
The Tears of an angel...The harp stops playing and the organ player stops to watch
Ceasing to function, Olympus seems to be crashing down
What all perceived to be myth and nightmare has become a reality
The bridge collapses and the gates come burning down
All the shining silence turns to pandonuim before the holy's very sight
The war mongers still drive their troops to their grave
Beyond their vision, the world begins to end behind their machines and ambition
The shining grace above continues shedding its morbid tears
Their wings slowly fade away, decaying as their immortality dissapears from their bodies
One little tear goes by the ongoing deaths of that acursed race
The tears of an angel..A rift within the spirttual spectrum
A tangent in time, history becoming no more...
The present shall meet it's end, and its future nothing but an over emphasized tale
As each angel turns into nothing but ash, broken spirit
As the world comes to a conclusion and all its people perished, its soul and body substained
The tears of an angel...Bringing about the destruction of mankind
A nightmaric reality so painful, you fall to your kness and beg for your life's end
Let peace come and spawn across the lands
No such peace will ever walk about the winds, war shall always cause the rivers to run red
As a rainbow of fire spills across the blackened sky
All the people they run and they pleed and look up above they see what caused their doom
The wings now breaking away ages comes upon it's face
As the angel slowly fades away, its watches as the blue planet is turned to dust
As the shine fades into the shadow, only one llittle ripple remains

The tears of angel...The end brought about by the mistreatment of mother earth by this wretched race...

8 - The Flame within

There's something inside that fuels everyone of us
Ambition, strive, determination, accomplishment
What is this? Some kind of hormone or a rush?
People wonder...People try to comprehend

A burning light lives within all of us
A raging flame that lies upon a metaphysical plane
Each person's flame paints a different picture
Each one a masterpiece, whether, warrior, animal or beast

So many sculptures, masks, and images...Such a mystery
Does your etch board show the roar of a lion?
Perhaps a gentile and kind heart, generous and full of charity
Does your flame burn like one thousand sun's?

Does it speak of evil and dark ambition burning like the fiery depths?
Or perhaps a warrior with much pride, standing tall and grand?
So many questions arise, each flame has so many secrets it can hide
The flame within, parts can be controlled. Others move as free as the breeze

A gift that if controlled, the world is your oyster, determination on demand
A great power all your own, a fearsome phoenix of moral on your shoulder
A tamed beast of your very own to help you upon the battle field of life
Better than an army or money, or power by fear, the flame within...

However a force so mysterious must be treated with care
Harm it not or it shall turn you to dark
Hellfire it shall become and you left a dark and hollow one
Burning under its own will and turning your life upside down

Trust the flame within, never allow it to dim
Always be aware of the power within, treat it with care and you shall not feel despair
Open the treasure, reveal your flame...
Let the iron lion free, allow the phoenix to soar free, allow the warrior to run rampant

Trust the flame within...
Let the spark become a raging fire...

9 - Hands Controlling my Heart beat

Laying in my tomb, connections surround and inject my body.
Keeping me alive, my soul disgraced and in shame wishes to die...
People surround me, trying, trying to keep me going, as they wreck whats left, to no avail...
Shaking frantically, I turn to watch, my line on a race of time...To them life was my crime...

Gasping and craving my body longs for the darkness in everyone...
Pushing me away, shoving me down from grasping hope...

Every last evil, every last hateful action, like a flash, an instant then its done
History is always on a rampage of repetition, humanity in a civil war.
Hands of cowards hiding behind thrones decide when we shall fall...
Hiding behind others, secretly running how fast the pace will be...

Coordinating where the line goes, where it stops only time knows..
Deciding when to raise the pulse, deciding our minds are ghosts!
No longer knowing when to stop the beat, in the midst of war I see their hands seem to be controlling my heartbeat..
Behind the lines, playing us like a chess game, knocking us off one by one with each move they make.

Crawling through the rubble and the broken glass, feeling their grasp....
Gun smoke filling my lungs as their hands fall heavy upon me.
Racing across the sands, fighting for another's freedom..