

Pure Hell

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I wrote this poem, b/c I believe that in order for one to respect what they have, one must experience pain. Each and everyone of us has a different his(her)story, so life means a seperate thing for each and every soul alive...

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1 - Pure Hell

I know what pure hell is.
But not your kind,
for a thousand many are there.
Pain, my beautiful haven.
Most are afraid to be alone.
But not I, anymore.
You, you worship your gods.
But your gods are plain,
only of cloth and gold.
I laugh at your idols,
fraudulent beyond repair.
Such pride one takes,
in a single breath.
At least I keep the
true facts straight.
So I am no longer happy?
But what does that
even mean among us?
Many claim that they
are their own almighty,
but are never satisfied.
So surely their own
Heaven awaits them?
Only us damned
and the unloved
know where happiness lies.
Not in money, things,
or even within.
Happiness only lies
in pain, pure hell.
So surely Heaven awaits us?