

Damned

By Steven Kevin Beattie

Darkness falling, moonlight calling, my empty soul breaks free,
The ghostly light impales the night, as twilight beckons me.

My skin it burns and peels away, my human form contorts,
The need for blood and flesh endures, giving rise to hellish thoughts.

Blackened heart and primal lust, give sway to second life,
The torturous pain of transformation cuts through me like a knife.

My Blood is boiling, my bones are breaking, I am screaming from within.
My inner demon calling out breaks free from ancient sin.

Mortal fear from unknown past, through the night I flee,
Prayers unanswered, heaven silent as God ignores my plea.

Haunting images stir my nights of victims past and present,
As I stalk the wilderness as Satan's earthly agent.

Prowling through the shadows, silently I creep,
I am waiting, wanting and watching you, while you soundly sleep.

I try and fight this aching feeling; to kill and feast upon you,
The battles lost, the beast has won, and your flesh has now condemned you.

With dripping jaws and blood-stained lips I'll send you to the stars,
I'll hide the shame for evermore, behind eternal scars.

With the dawn I awake, to see your ghastly entrails,
I weep for you and weep for me and for what my life entails.

I long for death, my soul's release; I pray that God forgives me,
But with the dawn I realise that heaven will forsake me.

