

Most will envy

By Tyler W. Stinson

The dieing smile,
While the living weep,
The living left to carry on seek the end,
No matter what lays ahead for most,
The majority will attempt to climb to the heavens,
Their sins will deny,
Such sorrow to state the fact,
Only the few will be embraced,
For the rest of us, hell always has vacancy.

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Self Hatred

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My acts of past seemingly haunt my being,
Thrown into overwhelming guilt and self hatred,
Feeling lost and can not force myself to press forward,
I see now that nothing done will wipe my sins from my mind or dreams,
The look of my own face, I can not stand,
Still I refuse to take the cowards way out,
Instead I will isolate myself to solitary,
Forcing myself into an unbearable life of loneliness,
A suitable form of self punishment for the misery I've caused,
Even still my mind will tear itself apart for acts done that are unforgivable,

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