City of Lost Souls

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A rather long poem I wrote one day I forget why or what I was feeling at the time but I like it.

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1 - The City of Lost souls

Even in the light it's the blackest of nights. The glitz no longer masks the fear and hatred. The light of life has dimmed in the city of darkness where no even death can grin, in the city of lost souls.

They say they want to sell you the treasures of the world but the true is there are no treasures to behold. They look young but they're centuries old and the truth of their lies are shown in the folds of their skin and under their eyes, the same eyes that used to ask "why?" But now they are silent in the darkness of the city of lost souls. They walk with a smile though inside they frown, they live for today never knowing whats coming around. They say they can stop but they lie on their backs, they say they're in control but there is no control, they say they hold the reigns but in the city of lost souls the truth is there are no reigns to hold, and it's all because of her.

Her name is appearance, she appeared in a flash, she said that she had loved, then she laughed. She grabbed hold of a soul that was not ready to be held, the soul yelled for help but there was no help to behold. And now the soul wanders looking for its place but there is no place for it to find, for it had to meet appearance thinking love is blind.

Death walks holding his head in his hands wondering why he is forced to wander these lands. Souls use to respect and fear him now they just sit idle waiting for him. They used to care of their fates now the wander looking for meaning, but death brings no meaning just a means to escape.

In the city of black and gray there is no white,

There is darkness wherever you turn even when the sun is bright.

So if you see the darkness and find the city of lost souls turn back from it do not share it's fate, If she calls to you ignore her and be strong for though her words are sweet sounding there is no truth to them.

For all who listened found out fast,

the only truth of those bittersweet words is that the things she speaks will never last.