The Fourth Demon

By : Pail the 2nd

Not sure how to sum this one up. Inspired by the old time poets like Milton and Poe, a tale of one man's Hell and someone else's Heaven. Or life after death, in an experimental type of story for me. I don't write much like this but I thought what the hell, I hope you enjoy it.

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The coldest light, in the lightest light. Who are you to close out the demons that made you what you are today? Your soul, five-by-five, you call it a hoax. And onto that letter you let slip the horny feet and hands. Why do you call it an unfortunate hoax?

What if your confession let out the inner clown; begging funniness and revolt of your bloated love? These questions have no purpose. So strive for the answers.

Blue sky, and the white eye. Words are the power and yet we realize only weapons in the mass material world. Let me tell you of an angel I met once upon a moon. Her wings were shiny and bait for many crack-addicts. She sat abroad the junkie-mattress and beckoned me to join her. Needle in her arm and disease all over her unhappy face.

She gave me her blue skies and purple butterflies. Without much more discussion I reached out and touched her soft and rough skin. My hand ran over her fragile breast and reached her face with and uncontrollable ease, and she offered me a prayer. A needle in the arm of the forgotten leader killed because of his talent. That angel is a product of the fear and irreverence we bestowed. Or was that ambivalence? You decide; for I am no longer mortal.

That angel stood and brought upon my final dream of conflict and black. The final angel of God, and wrought with an evilness just like her creator. She didn't want to help me or show me the ugly and bleeding truth. She bled me of all my possessions and ran with the night sky. Your descriptions are irrelevant.

Blown away by a dying decay. Say what you will but your law commands you to stay your life and worship this angel I write of. A goddess without responsibilities or anxiety's; nor did she deserve them. She sat above me in contempt and sadness. The angel of grey or dirt; or something along that thick white line. The insanity of it broke my mind.

I do not want you to have concern over my irritated soul. I'm with the angel now, on her junkie-mattress in a Heaven built for a man. Not very cloudy, not very rowdy. I tell you though, I am happy enough to let you into my Hell in her Heaven. Grey and sway; like the clouds they promised me I'd see. And where's the many a virgin held up by her thin belief in nothing? I don't see anything; only the grey junkie and her awful modern scent.

I have to go, just so you know. She calls to me in the silent night, to take on the disease she brought to life. How much longer can I go on like this? Only the questions hold our answers. Do not try to comprehend what I am going through. There is only one who can do that. And that, is my babydoll of grey.

May you live in peace, until you join me in this ultimate trial from The Fourth Demon. The who has been hiding in our heads this entire time.

The Fourth Demon

The radical bring the rancid.

Journey into my mind the next time you cry.

Goodbye, to the night.

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