

Sober Hours

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By : Edgar Dark Season

Face yourself in all your horror, no more suppressants for you. Hahaha!!

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In this cruel place my voice it haunts me. The truth surfaces and becomes irresistible in the worst possible manner. Held at bay for too long, it now invades like a silent killer of my bullshit. I held it down in the dark, drunken and full of fantasies for escape this dread. Full circle now in these sober hours, now feeling things for how they are. There is a strange joy to this natural composition as long as nobody else can hear my thoughts, I can keep my sick secrets and unhealthy sex habits to myself. Shame does not exist in privacy but sometimes my cock hurts. It could rain today. It could rain today.

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