Destination, Distruction Station

By : dibbledabble

When life hits rock bottom it has a way of suprising you. I have writen this poem to thank and honour all those friends who lefts such kind messages when I expected the worst. Thank you all, another leason learned.

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Destination, Distruction Station

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Unstoppable it steamed ahead, despite the warning others said

Its mighty engine demanding speed, stoked by obsessions need

Stack billowing flames of excess, burning a pariahâ s will to supress

Steam screaming out into the abyss, embracing fates scolding kiss

Racing down a dead end track, carts laden with guilt, no way back

Pistons pumping, cranks shunting, wheels grinding, insanity sliding

No way out without a junction. Destination, Destruction Station

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Thundering though a desolate land, a garden destroy by serpent plans

Lashed onward by maniaâ s acidic rain, hope eroded, replaced by pain

Corrosive to all but the tormenting beast, devouring its captive feast

Slicing through the heart of dreamâ s vale, now only nightmares prevail

A landscape devoid of loves kind expression, a lethal one way excursion

Tragedy shovelled into the fire box of desire, a vision of a funeral pyre

Hell bent on devastation. Destination, Destruction Station

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Pounding, thumping, wheels grinding, pistons pumping, tracks rumbling

Sleeper grumblings, momentum lumbering, future stumbling, crumbling

Track ending, brakes binding, wheels locking, buffers solidly blocking

Shrill whistling, reversing wheels squealing, sparks flying, no more lying

Tracks buckling, train sliding, opposites colliding, smoke rising, no hiding

Metal twisting, engine explodingâ ¦â ¦ life imploding, history unloading

Destination, Distruction Station

Journeys end, termination, train arrived at Destruction Station

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Dusts settling, reality beckoning as does honest day of reckoning

Smoke clearing, angry voices nearing; rising above insanities din

Cast iron and brass scattered, existence derailed and shattered

Hauled out of the mangled wreck onto the platform of social respect

The station master barks with authority, this is your responsibility

Dazed and confused is the reply. Who switched the signals, was it I?

Preordained assignation, past and present at Destruction Station.

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The waiting room is cold and bare, sat alone with regret and despair

At first desperation takes a seat, followed by depression and defeat

Then in comes truth with relief, followed by trust, kindness and belief

Compassion and love hold open the door, you coming? They implore

Thereâ s a train leaving for a better place, a land of hope and joyful grace

This train is not of shackles that clang but made of many caring hands

Train departing Destruction Station, homeward bound to sweet salvation

By Dibs

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