

The Land of the Dead

By : dubl

"Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me. I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

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Peel the skin from every bone
Left rotting in this wasteland
They tore the soul from every corpse
In claims they took up spaces

Hollow every single skull
Like decaying trees but once
They could have had a happy life
Now stolen ounce by ounce

Green does this river flow
Like poisonous acidic filth
The grass is fluid like the sky
Where the clouds and horizon meld

The streets are filled with skeletons
Prodded now to dance
For food for sleep they dig their graves
They never stood a chance

Humor every funny bone
Till all that's left is grim
Succumb to masochism cause
It's all that we've been giv'n

We seek to feel something more
Than just the constant ache
In every chest there is a hole
But they left in the stakes

They tried to bleed us dry
But we have become stone
We're far from what we started as
This blood and skin and bone

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