Pitch Black...

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Pitch Black...

The last light extinguished.
Shuffling in the shadows.
Find a source, you must live on.
Air becoming so rareâ ¦ so precious.
Finger clamoring to the neck,
Trying to steal the last breath.
Blood a fatal currency.
Fumbling in the dark, trying to find the pure white shadow.
The one you can never catch.
A body only of bones.
Locked deep away.
The descending sound of footsteps.
A soft chuckle. Itâ s all I have left.
Slower now.
My heart starts to give in to the need.
Fight it, find it, find one last one to bleed dry.
Bones fade to dust, as the skin caves in.
Dying so slowly.
Swallowing the words.
A smile breaks the night.
Silent sighs.
A moment of quiet. A moment of bliss.
Nothing moves.
Canâ t feel the bitter embrace of the cold, guiding my hand into the cruel deed.
Exhale.
Locked inside this hidden tomb, only seen in the slightest light.
Inhale dead air.
Suck this wound dry.
Destroy this world of birth.
Steal its blood. Liberate its breath.
Only Death follows me.
There is no reason. Only consumption.
Survival. Itâ s all I fight for.
Feeding it misery and pain.
Providing both in one small action.
One last fight for air. One last drop.
Pitch black assures my company.
With no laughter left.

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