

Jen Appell

Misery Masquerade

Poetry - BookRix Edition



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Lost in the dark forest, alone and cold
The wind shakes the trees and runs through my hair
Like a feral beast from stories of old
Thorns and branches snatch at me with Death's hands
Black shadows and devils lead me astray
Into the depths of this hellish nightmare
Corpses kiss their brides as their hearts decay
The paper cut pain glistens in my eyes
The ghost of my memories haunts me here
Regret is gripping me, choking me, drowning me
The great Temptation is my biggest fear
Midnight masques in the trees are alluring
No! I will not dance tonight or ever
The way out of the forest is now clear.

Publication Date: October 11th 2009

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