

Amber Wilson *Living in Hell*

How does it begin?
For me, it didn't start with sin.
I took a different pathway in,
To end the game that no one wins.

Now I'm just a looney trapped in a cage—
Helpless,
Enraged,
Afraid,
Screaming in pain.
Things simply happening.
No freewill;
Just destiny.
I'm screwed up in ways you wouldn't believe.

At times I can see,
But sometimes they're blinding,
The evil rings circling.
Never-ending, this seems...

I keep trying to understand,
I'm really part of a cosmic plan.
But faith doesn't carry weight,
Some days,
When I can't shake the blaze.

Here now remembering things,
Things sick and tormenting.
I'm fighting to get my mind free.
Maybe I'll achieve,
Eternal peace and harmony.
If I can manage to kick this disease.

So heinous and cruel,
Is suffering the fools,
Who lie over truth to avoid having to do.
Instead they just use,
Whatever they can accrue,
Until they strangle to death in a hedonistic noose.

But there's pleasure in Hell,
Any psychopath will tell:
Self-hatred that compels the cheap ones to sell,
Their soul to rebel,
Against anything well.
They enjoy fiery reign, the infidels.

So in searching for an answer,
To rid the world of human cancers,
I'm getting fucked by a wicked master—
Exploring Hell in the darkest chapter.
Brain spattered,
And life tattered.
I'm stuck in an existence that to me no longer matters.

And day to day I notice things change,
And it relieves me of some of my pain.
Yet what's insane,
All that's past remains,
And I'm burnt all over again.

The only consolation made,
For this life beyond the grave proclaims:
Who I am won't go away—
The beast will never take my name...
But this comforts me in vain

I want my life to not be fucked.
I want my mind the way it was,
Before I ventured through the sludge,
To know what evil really does.

So here I wait,
Imploring Fate,
To free me from the cage of waste;
'Cause my life's a game,
And on this stage,
I don't get to set the pace.

I wish and pray that soon someday,
My true and handsome sage, I'll face,

And he'll save this weary slave...
But as I say,
That's not the way
Things work inside the flame.

Instead, I'll say,
Until the day,
The map to Satan's through is made—
Destroying escape,
From negligence's shame,
(Which all demons hide with lies and pain).
Then no more will Hell remain.