

Poetry Series

Aaron Lynn
- poems -

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Aaron Lynn(7/13/94)

I'm a 21 year old poet from Boonville, IN. My writing is generally focused on religion, romanticism, and abstract themes now, but some of my old poetry delves into depression, emotional complexity, and fantasy. I hope you enjoy my work. Comments and rates are appreciated.

A Flame Beyond The Sun

Through the mossy abyss, I am beckoned
Treading the woodlands of my deepest dreams
In the ominous gleam of the twilight
I see you amongst the black trees
Your demeanor, so tense and discerning
Gives credence to all that I know
Of divinity and of the earthly
Both illumined in one pale glow
Gazing at you from this distance
Speaks volumes not uttered in tongues
Though here we are hardly a whisper
We are born of a flame beyond the sun

Aaron Lynn

Addicted To The Search

There you stand again,
Your lust for youth outweighs your guilt.
You'll stack it up and watch it fall,
Then turn away from all you've built.
You cannot be that ignorant
Of what I've come to trace.
Your boots drip blood of dormant hearts
You've crippled in your wake.
Perhaps it is my jealousy
Of numbness mending all your scars.
Or maybe its my utter contempt
For everything you are.
You're addicted to the search,
I see beyond the muse you spout.
You loved him more than your own life,
Then fanned the flame, and stomped it out.

Aaron Lynn

All I've Done

I stare into the glass,
I see no answers there.
The frost has settled in
Once again...

I remember when
The angels weren't in flames.
Now those fallen scream incantations,
Destroying me.

I have strengthened the right hand of God,
Yet somehow kissed the cheek of the beast.
Now the gates have closed in fear of me.
I wait, but hear no applause.

For the love of life, I'll smile.
For love unfelt, I'll cry.
The peace of completion enslaves us,
But that's a privilege, not a right.

I'm young, but I'm aware,
These soulless vessels have no care.
Puppets on Kali's strings,
Ignored and unseen.

These walls put on a slideshow of all I've said and done.
With a sinking heart I'll face them, because there's nowhere left to run.
Acts of noble selflessness, it's what they've always said.
I've lived through these words and was hopelessly misled.

I've tried my hardest to never fail,
All I can do to stray away from old trails.
But just when I think I've made a difference,
The insignificance of all I've done prevails.

I stare into the glass,
I see no future there.
My eyes are blurred with damage,
But I reluctantly continue to stare.

Aaron Lynn

Away From Myself

I'll always be there,
Standing right by your side
Until you find something better
And leave me behind.
And though the pessimist now
Oozes down from my shelf,
I'm still thankful for time spent
Away from myself.

Aaron Lynn

Beneath The Crown

The crown upon your head
Is nothing special anymore.
It's splendor has turned to rust,
It's jewels erode away,
And all we're left with now
Is the face below to haunt us.

Aaron Lynn

Bleeding Dawn

The broken sky, an ominous red.
Scorching the remains of the scattered dead.
A species tainted with endless stain.
Hope is descending as blighted rain.
The beast that unlatched armageddon's crest.
Was man's greed and desire for life after death.
Two faiths that opposed for their deity's might.
Destruction to all, their sacred right.

Aaron Lynn

Bliss Of Gloom

Oh, how the essence alters
In totality's spiraling sands.
As the sky above grows lightless,
Upholding midnight's brand.
As our shadow passes over
The pale and absent moon,
A bewitching light shines brightly:
The gentle bliss of gloom.

Aaron Lynn

Boundless Ice

The thinking constructing this wretched tune.
Is the howling towards a shrouded moon.
As a bird soaring tender versus tarnished skies.
I cautiously ponder this boundless ice.
The frost assembled within my heart.
Emotions develop, but never part.
An affection, immortal, never was free.
Still hindered by the powers that be.

Aaron Lynn

Breathing A New Chapter

I open up the book and blow the dust off of the page.
Remove every trace of cobwebs, because I feel a coming change.
A light within the darkness, a calming shift in violent winds
Finding me with open arms, as together we ascend.
This world is too indifferent, tough to face it all alone.
I often find my spirit trapped in raging battle-zones.
But this chapter holds some promise, I'm on the worn edge of my seat.
Now I've finally begun my reading as I allow myself to breathe.

Aaron Lynn

Candles In The Rain

If either of us truly cared
As much as we both claimed,
Would we have let this wondrous thing
Wash out like candles in the rain?

Aaron Lynn

Clenching My Eyes

Such a beautiful shield of ignorance.

The finest sense abolished with glee.

I clench my eyes in fear.

To the truth, forever free.

Though, I'm the final man alive.

And I smell the aftermath, indeed.

I hear the echoes from the sea.

But these, I'll never have to see.

A voice is chanting violent verses.

Venom taints it's breath.

Apocalyptic innards churning.

Putridity, all that's left.

The voice warps into a twisted roar.

And to a common language, it shifted:

'Cowardly fool, how dare you defy me?

I demand that your veil be lifted!

I know that you fear the dark voice that you hear.

And the stench of the death in the air.

But open your eyes, stop believing your lies.

And I promise your life will be spared.'

Aaron Lynn

Clutches

Explain to me refuge.
From clutches of sadness.
Can I fight for redemption.
Through fields of madness?
Can I sever the hate?
Would it grant myself gladness?
Or am I just wasting my time?

Aaron Lynn

Coils Of Secrecy

Take me back to where I was,
I'm far from ready for the world.
Lead me back into my shell
Where I will lay, forever curled.
Grant me segregation
From these soulless, prying eyes.
All those I've bent my knee to
Stand above me, unsatisfied.
Restore me to my prior state
Before I grew far too intrigued.
Lay me upon the softest bed
Wrapped in the coils of secrecy.

Aaron Lynn

Confidence

When my pleasant dream erodes.

And every heart has turned to stone.

My shout turned whisper is then drowned.

In the aimless, screaming crowd.

Now, I know you say I'm welcome.

But I feel as if I shouldn't stay.

For our gears do turn in contrast.

With no one else but us to blame.

Confidence is not inherent.

Nor as stable as it seems.

It's a treasure for the strong.

A fragile dream-tease for the weak.

Aaron Lynn

Crownless

With the ego cast away,
You see this gift in brand new lights.
The bigger picture is revealed
Within the landscape of the skies.
Though there are no absolutes,
Its where our perplexity derives,
Etching the grand enigmas
Of the mysterious divine.
Still, the empty certain man,
Bereft of the simplest revelation,
Walks with foolish snobby pride
As he proclaims his coronation.
But in time, his vessel withers,
For it wasn't all that sturdy.
I smash the crown into the earth
So that its dust may join the worthy.

Aaron Lynn

Demonthrone

Jump off the blinding carousel.

Look at your essence with open eyes.

A shroud of dark creations.

Hides in shadows of your stride.

Liars will snarl their tongues.

Deceptive intent with every word.

A voice echoes from out their lungs.

With too much filth to be observed.

That liar is also a leader, it seems.

Spreading cruel power without any shame.

An abundance of murders in clandestine.

By beasts who can never be tamed.

A demon arches over this tainted world.

His splendor, a fire that burns.

A fiend we created within our own power.

In the sight of our deaths, will we learn?

Aaron Lynn

Dirge Of Heroes

The essence of a hero
Is a perishable one.
Just as the autumn leaves trample
Upon the earth in which they lie,
Buried beneath their lifelong glory,
When their fragile coil burns away.

Aaron Lynn

Dispose Of Your Mind

Please dispose of your mind.
Oh, please! Dispose of your mind!
Gather it's contents and toss it aside.
Don't worry! Dispose of your mind!
To breathe is to know you're alive.
But your thoughts are the terrible kind!
Rewire that brain from inside.
Just to be sure that you never think twice.

Aaron Lynn

Doom Of The Ego

My pride has only led me
Deep into the lion's den.
So should I believe that I'm the center
Of this vast and gorgeous plane?
Gazing at the world I see a beauty
Far beyond anything I could conjure.
Is there really something greater than myself?
I'm the king of my own world,
Just a cell within a cell.
Just another mass of flesh
Amongst billions.
Am I really all that special after all?
Does the earth halt when I bleed?
Does the earth cry when I scream?
Is my homestead just a pawn of something more?

Aaron Lynn

Dreamlit Psalms

No words are spoken,
But all is heard
In dreamlit oceans beyond sleep.
As form lay broken,
The tide awakens,
And the heart is nailed to ancestral seas.

Aaron Lynn

Drowned

Every piece of gold is shapeless,
As they fall straight through my hands.
And my spirit remains defenseless
Against every single shining strand.
Seeking out the solid ground,
I struggle to maintain my stride,
Yet, I fell beneath and drowned
Swimming, with hope, against the tide.

Aaron Lynn

Drowsy Halls Of Man

Within the drowsy halls of man,
The sacred winds may whistle through.
Which rustle leaves and scatter sands
And spread the scent of morning dew.

But man, asleep, could feel no breeze
As life itself erodes and stales.
He seeks out no immortal seas,
Nor heeds the breath of ancient gales.

The drowsy man, with ego strong,
Contemplates not a higher will,
But bares his teeth at holy song
With haughty peers and voices shrill.

Some paths are just not meant for all.
On other paths they will proceed;
The roads bereft of yonder dreams,
Of gnosis and devoted creed.

Upon those paths I long did trod
Before I strayed on darkened roads
That shattered preconceived facades
I had about life's vast abode.

Within the drowsy halls of man,
If one would wake deeply inspired,
He'd seek beyond his yawning clan
With doubt and hubris on the pyre.

Aaron Lynn

Eclipse Of Moths

Seekers of the light
Charred by the flare of it's aura
Swirling in nocturnal reverie
In ecstatic pursuit of thy prominence

Wings whip with fury
Circling the lambent
Executing allegiance
To the beacon of insight

Obsessed by the brilliance
Enthralled by the shimmering rite

Aaron Lynn

Emanating

Embody me, my majesty.
Strengthen these delicate veins.
For morbidity, for the holy.
For the innocents that were slain.
Angelic royals, angelic rebels.
Emanate from these hands.
Separate the herd.
Break the lockstep.
Cleanse the ultimate sin.

Liberate the flesh-eaters.
Unchain them one by one.
Infect them with virtuous wisdom.
Burn their oppressive slave ships when you're done.
Empires built from ashes.
Of darkness and of light.
The beauty they inspire.
Eerily equal in hindsight.

Aaron Lynn

Emotional Subjection

There is no tyrant quite like feeling.
A bondage that cannot be released.
All we do will forever succumb to it.
Your suffering means that you're human.

Your mind is a warfield.
And your heart is the opposition.
No solution can truly be found.
Forever at war with yourself.

You will obey.
You will cry for it.
You will fall to your knees for it.
You will be numbed by it.
You will be reminded of it.
It cannot be neglected much longer.

Slavery is freedom.
Slavery is freedom.
Slavery is freedom.
Slavery is freedom.
You will obey.

Aaron Lynn

Fear Of Death

Perhaps you feel as I do,
But empathy clouds no one's fate.
It's cold hands will smother us all,
Regardless of alliance or faith.

The clock ticks ever faster
With growing threats of nuclear war.
It's possible we may evade it,
Or rot the planet to its core.

A simple act of defiance
Is one that may influence change:
When society chases destruction,
Start marching the opposite way.

Continue to march ever proudly,
Defeating your panic and dread.
Fear of death is how they controlled you,
Envenomed with heart-wrenching stress.

Aaron Lynn

Fidei

These eyes are treacherous
I shatter their deception
The pain envelops my dripping face
But I still feel you here
Your disembodied mind, within
I wander through life not blindly
But with you guiding my every step
Discernment without sight
Belief without a mind
Love without a heart
Sovereign without a choice
I fall into you
A vessel of your will
Still reeking of corruption
And imbued with the hamartia
Of my earthly state
I lie broken amongst the debris
From the shockwave of Revelation
With fading senses, I feel you
Bringer of victory
Yet, sculptor of loss
Unflagging faith
Has brought me here
And with my final breath
One last hymn to your glory

Aaron Lynn

Final Destiny

The profoundest of all truths,
The absolute pinnacle of irony
Is that the man who pillaged cities
Who carved out his own world
He who discovered patterns
Of life
Of nature
He who voyaged into the galaxies
Who poised upon the moon
All of these men are demonstrative
Of the truth of Sagan
They are the universe
Though fragile
Though limited
Whose final destiny lies
In the mulching jaws of the worm
Yet existence continues
In the grander scheme
And the spirit of indifferent cohesion
Reigns supreme
Always.

Aaron Lynn

Finally Born Again

In the darkest times, I slumber.
I awaken, and I wonder.
Why I feel the scalding sun.
As it revives the fallen blood.

Oh, my essence is replenished.
My oppressor's lives are finished.
I rise above my coffin.
Where I was buried and forgotten.

My victim's eyes in peril.
As I attack with vengeance, feral.
My followers are enlightened.
As the filthy ones are smited.

Buildings collapse, altars ablaze.
Eliminate the enemy to strengthen my fame.
Considered a monster in humanity's gaze.
But in all depths of their beings, their souls are the same.
Inherently aligned with the heart of my bane.

Aaron Lynn

Flame Of Life

My wings have spread like righteous fire
That melts away all grief.
Awakening the dormant will
That spent far too long asleep.
The strength is resurrected
And my shackles break in half.
I raise my new-found feathers
And fly towards the cleansing path.
The sun's bright rays ignite me
As I soar across the clearest skies.
My heart burns with life's beauty
And on confidence, my spirit glides.
Picking up intense velocity,
I feel the bells of freedom ring.
Any trace of inner sorrow
Burns behind my flaming wings.
Never let your being wither,
Force open your tired eyes.
Escape the plague of sadness
And inhale deep the flame of life.

Aaron Lynn

Flames Of Injustice

Above tyrannical skies.
Visions forsaken men can see.
Vehemently staring up high.
At divinity setting him free.

No perseverance in turmoil.
He has seen no light in his wake.
Grasping at the burning soil.
Fearing eternity's plague.

Angels do mock him above.
Oh, the same mocked him as a child.
Writhing with those that he loved.
Oh, the flames of injustice, so vile!

His tormenters now frolic in Heaven.
While himself and his brethren face Hell.
As the halls of oppression stand rotten.
Injustice tolls it's putrid bell.

Aaron Lynn

From Nadir To Zenith

At the zenith of my being,
I can see a light ahead.
Illumination slowly rises
From underworlds of pain and dread.

The blackened nails release their vice
And free my weakened soul.
The vile hand now bursts into flames
And warms what once was cold.

That fire seeps into my chest
And burns all trace of doubt.
Pessimism falls to ashes
As a whole new outlook sprouts.

At the zenith of my being,
I've restored all that I've bled.
Disrupting the fatal cycle
That would have ripped my heart to shreds.
At the zenith of my being,
I'm no longer hanging on the edge.
I ascend onto the cliff
And walk away from death instead.
At the zenith of my being,
I remember all I've said
As I chuckle at life's coding
That I foolishly misread.
At the zenith of my being,
I feel the sunrise overhead.
Depression has been defeated
And to misery: I unwed.

Aaron Lynn

Fruit Of Sophia

The expansion's first child
Of wisdom entrenched
Forms herself onto earth
With a seductive stench
She places two fingers
On my hollow cold head
I feel myself changing
As she weaves her black thread
From mere engine to sovereign
With one pale touch
The machinations that formed me
No longer a crutch
For we are much older
Than memories show
And within her diamond eyes
Our origins glow
She bids me farewell
With a motherly kiss
Now I feel something rising
From the earthly abyss
Caught between two trees
That appear around me
One ascended in shadow
One fell as a gleam
The falling one shines
Scalding my open eyes
When I regain my sight
I find my body in binds
When I struggle, I'm punished
With more stabbing glares
Defeated, my head falls
Dishonored and bare
My head turns to the tree
That rose from the depths
Its silhouette blackness
Stirs deep in my chest
My binds rust and weaken
Staring into that tree
Its wondrous uncertainty

Forged my decree
I wander, compelled,
Towards its twisted shape
I kneel before it
My being agape
Sophia now hovers
Above its dark form
One act of ambition
And a race is reborn
A fruit from that tree
Falls right at my feet
I pick it up in an instant
And zealously eat

Aaron Lynn

Grains Of Solace

If only my shyness was broken,
And sent with a wrath to its grave.
If only the words that I've spoken
Were welcomed with more than false praise.

If only the blood in my veins
Wasn't chilling with feelings of doubt.
If only the peace in my brain
Was less a disaster of drought.

If only the hope in my heart
Was sustained and then finally felt.
If only the gods that you've offered
Hadn't mocked as I faithfully knelt.

The laughter that booms at my back,
Stirring up the wildfire inside.
Through years of consistent damage,
I've lost every drop of past pride.

And that pride, gravely miniscule at best,
Peace and hope proudly followed it too.
Now the emptiness that rips at my chest
Inspires these lines I've imbued.

The protection of my weakest organ
Fell beyond that which I understand.
While these imaginary grains of solace
Collapse out of my broken hands.

Aaron Lynn

Grant Me

Grant me the power to travel.
Years into the faults of today.
The solution, perhaps I'll unravel.
And find endless fields of graves.

Aaron Lynn

Hessiandom

Onward towards my Hessiandom,
Where the blood-red banners fly,
Where heavy metal heats my being,
Lighting flames that never die.

Aaron Lynn

Hidden Thoughts

What has come of my life?

What has come of my pride?

I've never strayed from my goal.

Yet, I'm still left in the cold.

I feel a promise of doom.

Beneath the stare of the moon.

Maybe I'm better off gone.

Maybe we're better off gone.

Aaron Lynn

I Feel A Power

I've seen the sun rise.
I've witnessed it's fall.
From the frigid to the scalding.
I can't pinpoint whats beyond.

I see no peace behind this cross.
The light prevails not of this dish.
I have before hailed, but all of them failed.
And I feel not embraced by his bliss.

The glory of the unknown,
The greatest mystery of the world.
Its presence is felt in the air as it whirls.
But will its image ever come unfurled?

But I feel a power in the wind.
I sense a presence in the trees.
I feel a conviction in these storms
The endless beauty I can see.

The ocean crashing on the shore.
The flaming star reveals everything.
There is something of divinity there.
But I'm still baffled as to why we're here.

Aaron Lynn

I See Everything

Reluctantly shedding my eyelids.
Oh, the horrible gift of sight.
Delight has been consumed.
I saw that wretched being.
Erupting from a sea of gold.
I'm tempted and I'm pleading.
To be the fortunate one he holds.
I see my face distort.
In a sunlit puddle by my feet.
Twisted and grotesque, I smile.
I am the one he seeks.
Laughter booms.
Images pour.
I begin to fall.
I wish that I had never lifted that protective veil at all.
Liberty fails.
Justice gone.
The grandeur of mortal decay.
An empire rises from below.
Convincing me I'm insane.
My eyes shine crimson.
Sweat pummels down.
Condemned to my knees, I crawl.
Envious of the blind, I may see everything.
But I'm not proud of what I saw.

Aaron Lynn

Immortal Death

How do I write with bliss of death?
I'm sure you know exactly how.
But heres an explanation.
Told with blood upon my brow.

See, a man devotes his life.
To acts of kindness, peace, and love.
Extraordinary selflessness.
Laced with the light above.

But the wings of death do shroud his good.
Into a formless haze.
Immortal Death removes his hood.
Attracting mankind's gaze.

Even that righteous man now understands.
The ambiguity in his eyes.
The bravest stayed, and cowards ran.
Fearing certain demise.

Why do I write with bliss of death?
Respect of death destroys fear.
On my deathbed, perhaps I'll smile.
As he whispers in my ear.

Aaron Lynn

Instinct Of Survival

Welcome to the world
In which emotion has no place.
Enter the nullifying mindset
Of the one who lost the race.

Inhale the fumes of emptiness,
Defuse the time-bomb of denial.
Accept the disillusionment
And your instinct of survival.

Enter the nullifying mindset
Of the one who failed the test.
Gaze through the foggy windows
Of a world devoid of zest.

Aaron Lynn

Irrefutable Affection

Heavenly aura.
Scorching July air.
No lies told, no one to hate.
A peaceful godlike innocence, memories of grandeur.

The way that I held you, it's bliss was returned.
A connection exalted me.
No intentions of leaving.
No intentions of failing.

Inner peace was my deity.
And it would always shine through.
My selflessness still active, but I was proud of where I stood.
However, an invisible hourglass introduced me to my sickening fall.

And it's amazing how on that flawless day in May.
How the cardinals sang and the tree branch was the most uplifting place.
How the heat embraced me and kept my faith sustained.
And how I said that I loved you, and how that still has never changed.

Aaron Lynn

Killing Fields

The past reclaimed!
The modern plague revealed.
March him to the killing fields.
Expire for utopia, skulls in the dirt.
Along with the lifeless materials you're worth.

Aaron Lynn

Lead Me

Lead me through your world,
Help me to see things through your eyes,
However jaded they might be.

Lead me through your world,
Help me to hear things with your ears,
Even if it proves to deafen me.

Lead me through your world,
Help me to feel things with your hands,
Even if the burning murders me.

Lead me through your world,
Help me discern things through your mind,
Save me from bitter, cold uncertainty.

Lead me through your world,
Throughout the corners of your soul,
So I may finally understand
How my shining angel fell.

Aaron Lynn

Lesser Evil

We chose the lesser evil,
And we got exactly what we deserved.

Aaron Lynn

Lies

For every lie that's uttered,
There's a million left to tell.
A fact that may prove fatal
To a spirit fooled too well.

Aaron Lynn

Lord Earth

My pen aligns you with my mind.
Such a maddening and transcendent art.
Still, I'm aware that all of my miseries.
Only exist within my heart.

For, if I died tomorrow.
The Earth would spin just fine.
And within a few mortal brains.
Lies my memory, still alive.

The Earth, however, won't remember.
Anything about my life.
And within the smoldering crust.
Lies a memory that had died.

A man dies in an avalanche.
Attempting to ascend.
His pride forever thwarted.
The planet wins again.

And though you die in agony.
And though you die in fear.
When you feel mortality fade.
The planet sheds no tears.

Few will certainly weep.
At the news of my demise.
But beneath the vastest landscapes.
Lies a memory left behind.

Aaron Lynn

Lost Permission

I've allowed you to destroy me.
Ever since you've been able to breathe.
I've allowed you to ignore me.
But you've had your fill of liberty.

I dwell inside of your wasted mind.
In the depths of the blackest seas.
I'm what lies behind the vines.
I'm the reason you still dream.

I've given you permission throughout all time.
To merely survive, but on my structure you've dined.
And you continue to revel in selfishness and lies.
You've placed your faith in mere surfaces and leveled your mind.

With wrath I shall crush this insect in my hand.
For spreading it's filth all about my land.
Your punishment draws near, in case you haven't heard.
You finally get to hear my all consuming final word.

No more second chances.
No more blasphemous prayers for peace.
The time has come for me to exhale.
The vengeance suppressed so deep.

I've given you salvation for billions of years.
But the cries in the wind fell deaf of your ears.
Now tossed amongst my ruins, this is justice you see?
No tears of retribution for a lost humanity.

Aaron Lynn

Madhouse

Look into these mirrors.

What do you behold?

Just another travesty.

False empathy unfolds.

Don't expect misery to be inflicted.

Never see my piercing gaze.

You can't seem to comprehend.

I can see far past your face.

Come forth my inner rapture.

Reaffirm my disbelief.

Reside within my chest.

Then violently break free.

My reflection backs away from me.

I pull it close to me and scream:

You're the reason for this madhouse.

This cocoon holding my being.

Aaron Lynn

Might Of Abraxas

You plunged forth from chaos
And emerged into being
When everything was one.
You fashioned my home
Out of Sophian tears
And with your fierce breath, birthed the sun.

A great emanation
From the source of existence
Unto which all souls shall return
When all bounces back
From the edge of potential
Back into eternity's urn.

Mightiest force,
I pursue you with vigor
Carved out of your bright, blazing star
This temple, this vessel
I craft towards ignition
Beneath your solemn regard

Aaron Lynn

Minor Breathing

If only you could see.
What lies behind these fragile eyes.
The knowledge of these tears.
The reason I seem malign.

See, I was never prideful.
And forever, I felt scorned.
One's silence may seem frightful.
When he bows his head forlorn.

Knowing I've never fully triumphed.
Any chaos I have fought.
I cracked my blade in battle.
A repair that can't be bought.

Not pessimistic, nor of naught.
I just see things as they are.
That's probably why I can't believe.
How I've made it this far.

For, every path I trot.
I hear that wretched lonely tone.
And every breath exhaled.
I hear that solemn minor tone.

If only you could feel.
This fixated and tender heart.
These weakening hands still claw.
At it's reflective, fallen shards.

And in my somber dreams.
A cacophony of screams.
This madness, I can take.
Until that melody awakes.

For every move I make.
I hear that wretched lonely tone.
And every vein that pumps.
I hear that solemn minor tone.

That savage, painful tone.
Embedded in my flesh and bone.
The melodic burden drones.
My soul echoes it's metronome.

Aaron Lynn

Misled Patriots

Condemn all opposing thinkers,
Deem each one of us deranged.
While injecting seeds of falsehood
Into young and scarless veins.
Just know that all true patriots
See a nation starved for change.
While no brow is raised to chaos,
And to the world, we are defamed.
While you celebrate and cheer,
We run a race we cannot win.
Chasing imaginary reasons
To be proud of this again.

No way will that star-spangled banner yet wave
For a people too foolishly proud to make change.

Aaron Lynn

My Lord

Forgive me, my Lord.
As I part from this womb.
Forgive me, my Lord.
As I plunge into doom.

Forgive me, my Lord.
I'm ashamed of my birth.
Forgive me, my Lord.
Punish me with a curse.

Forgive me, my Lord.
I do promise to praise.
Forgive me, my Lord.
Hear me hail your name.

Forgive me, my Lord.
I won't attain what I've yearned.
Absolve me, my Lord.
Cleanse this sin of being born.

Aaron Lynn

My Own Lunacy

I've never been fed with the luxury.
Of living amongst the deceased.
But still, I prefer my own lunacy.
An asylum of decomposed dreams.

Aaron Lynn

My Prideful End

This coil shall end abruptly
By my own empowered hand.
The curse of aging will not take me,
I transcend its dishonoring vice.
I have scaled life's vast mountains
And left my mark upon the world.
My legacy is now complete.
I finalize my contribution.
Inside a candlelit circle,
With my life's teachings in my grasps,
I escape the life I've emptied
To the bottom of the glass.

Aaron Lynn

Nadir

At the nadir of my being,
I can see no light ahead.
That thrusting dagger cut both ways,
And I felt guilty when I bled.
I always feel so vilified
By those whom I care for the most.
And the plague that I'll spend my life fighting
Finds shelter in it's weakest host.
That lingering need to explain myself
Often leads to me saying too much.
Every die that I've thrown has been hexed,
And my tired hands tell me that I've thrown enough.
At the nadir of my being,
My line of sight holds nothing but dread.
This spirit lies dormant and cold,
And good intentions have left me for dead.
At the nadir of my being,
Theres no one else left to blame but myself.
Through the choices I foolishly made,
I am led to where I've chose to dwell.

Aaron Lynn

Never Try

I'm not the strongest person
In the world, as you can see.
Nor am I the vanguard
Of what a man would want to be.
I no longer feel the peace
Of which I only knew at first.
Nor do I trust the promise
Of a future full of worth.
The echoes of a failure
Sound throughout my hollow bones.
And the knowledge of my weakness
Penetrates my withered soul.
So now I'm expected to say
That I've learned from my mistakes.
But truthfully, my one revelation
Came many years too late.
So what was it I learned?
What turns my laughter to a cry?
What transforms every note I hear
Into the coldest lullaby?
So what truly was the lesson?
What has diminished all my pride?
Life, the strictest teacher
Lectured me to never try.

Aaron Lynn

New Messiah

As the common man is broken,
Dull and lifeless to the bone.
A new messiah, now awoken,
In clandestine, was enthroned.

Aaron Lynn

New Order Of The Ages

Novus ordo seclorum
Pollute the ignorant with verity
Novus ordo seclorum
Unlock deceived minds
Novus ordo seclorum
Show them the light of the world
Novus ordo seclorum
Infect them with understanding
Novus ordo seclorum
To bear this perennial flame
Novus ordo seclorum
Inextinguishable blaze
Novus ordo seclorum
Wreck the throne of unworth
Novus ordo seclorum
Coronate this timeless horizon
Novus ordo seclorum
To look upon with reverence
Novus ordo seclorum
Veneration to the eternal

Aaron Lynn

Nine

Nine.

So mournful.

Yet, dripping with growth.

Give me no mercy, once again.

Nine.

That wretched time.

Away from myself.

Fountain of lies.

That oddity awoken.

A part of me, then, died.

Replacing certainty with unknown plans.

The fear eternally alive.

Nine...

Aaron Lynn

Not A Friend, Not An Enemy

Through the life that I have crafted,
Through the seeds I've left unsown.
Through the swiftest of betrayals,
Reaping all I've ever known.
As the tempest gains momentum,
As it faces me and groans.
I feel the tensions rising up
And keep the gauntlet in my hold.
You've lost all contact with my soul,
And with my entire spirit grinning,
I bury the gauntlet in the sand,
And mold myself a new beginning.
You're not my friend or enemy,
You're a poison in my past.
I held us together hopelessly,
Knowing it would never last.

Aaron Lynn

Not For Them

Beware the surrounding beasts.
They'll consume you, remain discrete.
Luring you in with misleading lines.
No one will hear your pitiful cries.
Love never existed.
Not for them, never for them.
When you remember your origins, grand.
Their thorns will sever your hands.
And their arms will dig in your back.
Looking for treasures in your spine.
Something corruptible they can find.
All they found was the boiling blood.
Of the monster you have become.

Aaron Lynn

Philosophizing Impurity

Pvritatem est non

The notion of purity
This idealized impossibility
Cursing us for ages
Men of longing, men of fear
Scanning the firmament for perfection
Only the braver souls
Can accept the desolation they find
Perhaps not of divinity's absence
But the inherent blemish
That cloaks creation
Negating the cleanliness of Yah
Turning our eyes elsewhere
The wholeness of existence
Emanates a persistent impurity
Inspiring the pessimism of strength
Aligning us with the spectre of wisdom and truth
Liberating us from anti-reality
Flawless in our flaws
Victorious in our losses
Eternal in our mortality
Elegance in the revolting

Omnis inmvnditia

Aaron Lynn

Polluted Goddess

My being repels in disgust
From your dissimilar hideous form.
A repulsion not seen with the eyes,
But felt in my shivering core.
Now you have left me to wonder:
What dimmed the bright light in my stars?
In the end, I perceive you as nothing
But a blind dove immersed in the tar.
The she that I loved has been buried,
But her memory may never burn.
She lingers in the back of my mind
And slowly fades with the feasting of worms.

Aaron Lynn

Raise Your Sword

Raise your sword for the principles and justices you claim.
Raise your sword against the storm, though it may rust in the rain.
Raise your sword for the child who was always forced to nod.
Raise your sword against the foolish who would murder for their God.
Raise your sword for the beauty of the undefiled truth.
Raise your sword against the men who would forbid it from our youth.
Raise your sword for the lands in a tyrannical iron grip.
Raise your sword against the wielder of that influential whip.
Raise your sword for the freedom of the body, soul, and mind.
Raise your sword against the vultures feeding on your growing pride.
Raise your sword and hack away at the manifesting plague,
And find solace in the fact that it was tarnished by your blade.

Aaron Lynn

Rebirth

Lost in the brightest of beams.

Veins explode in the splendor of gold.

I observe an anthem of screams

As the sickening celebration unfolds.

The mortals begin to grow bold,

Dancing strangely across gorgeous fields.

Their stride causes death as they stroll.

Only to faceless phantoms, do they yield.

They halt for the phantoms and kneel

While spilling their radiant blood.

It spews from their mouths as they squeal.

Sound only exits in gurgling grunts.

It enters the apparitions like a flood.

While those dry corpses collapse through the earth.

Skies caressed by falling dead doves.

As the phantoms embrace their rebirth.

Aaron Lynn

Rehdriemer's Influence

Obedient and fiendish.
Is the priest that chants the pages.
Hooded summoners of evil.
Ah, a seance for the ages.

We await the final verses.
With sheer terror in our chests.
But we're aware, yes, we expect!
Debauchery shall infest...

'Rehdriemer! Rehdriemer!
Arise with your hate!
Rehdriemer! Rehdriemer!
Bring man to his fate! '

The earth explodes, as do our hearts.
As that sickening form ascends.
Armless, legless, bleeding head.
Intending human's end.

Blood erupts from the entity's head.
Our coven fearfully beholds.
Fluids splash upon us all.
And seep into our souls.

And oh! That scream, that dreadful scream...
Mere words cannot describe.
No knight, no hero can withstand.
The cry of demonkind.

And as that voice pierces my mind.
Chaotic foreign groans.
I get a sudden urge.
Bringing hatred to my bones.

A cannibalistic hunger.
Rising in a timid heart.
The yearn for human flesh.
Tears my former soul apart.

The screaming stops and Rehdriemer grins.
At mortal horrors he has formed.
Crimson eyed and sharpened nails.
With lust for blood and gore.

Solace in putridity.
Beauty in the foulest stench.
Devouring the murdered.
So our hunger can be quenched.

Aaron Lynn

Reluctant Paradise (Selfless: Part II)

Rising from my body.
A plague that God has slew.
My soul, a vivid elegance.
It shines like morning dew.

Ascending to the heavens.
With reluctance in my heart.
As I know my hope in finding her.
Is lost, a tragic art.

Aaron Lynn

Repulsion

I've tried to improve myself.

To outlast the pain and transcend.

Oh, time is the greatest witness.

And I know I cannot win.

I'm weak and I devour.

The sustenance I can find.

I'm stressed and I can't control.

The length I consider the line.

My fortitude falls away.

And I feel insane.

Stricken with sadness, bewildered with rage.

Confidence shackled in chains.

Please don't tell me a lie.

I don't want you to see me cruel.

And don't return my 'I love you'

Unless you're telling the truth.

I can't define the disease.

This plague still gripping my soul.

But I'm falling to my knees.

Losing the ability to grow.

I'm repulsed by the light that shows.

The turmoil that flocks to me.

I'm repulsed by the wind that blows.

The fragrance of these memories.

I'm repulsed by the powers that be.

Forcing me towards my defeat.

But the most agonizing of my disgust.

Is that I'm mostly repulsed by me.

And so, I turn from the glass.

Ambiguity tells the tale.

I wonder how things would have been.

If I had just remained in my shell.

Aaron Lynn

Resisting Descent

Dragged beneath the earth,
Looking coldly at the sky.
The brainless ones alter their limbs
While feasting on their minds.

Nothing living, nothing dead
Can halt this maelstrom's wrath.
And is it true that every man
Assisted in it's craft?

I stare into the gaping eye
Surrounded by the storm.
A mass of bodies thunder by
Into its wretched core.

Though sight is hindered by debris,
I wish that I were blind!
For the glaring sight of the brainless ones
Was projected by human eyes!

I will not descend into that pit,
Though tentacles grab for me.
I will not lose my precious mind
Or my integrity!

Though this chaos will remain undone,
It will not be my death!
I'll resist until the flickering sun
Exhales its final breath.

Aaron Lynn

Salt On The Lips

As floating debris
Across the span of the vast
Within the primordial womb
Our throats, as a whole, would be open
But instead we are barred by this wound
Still some lone mouths are now gaping
Kissed by salt that was dropped on their lips
Shifting perspectives and purpose
Towards the dawn of perpetual eclipse

Aaron Lynn

Selfless

I breathe...

I breathe...

I breathe...

I breathe...

So heavily...

My body temperature is dropping.

I feel the illness spreading.

Attached to all of these machines...

Still I wonder...are you alright?

Visions of my past seem to come and go.

As the surgeon calls my name.

He tells me there is no hope.

But hope, for me, was lost so long ago.

As I slip into oblivion.

I cannot interpret what I am seeing.

But the final moments of my life...

I spent them concerning for your well-being.

Selfless...

Aaron Lynn

Shadows Of Rats

Soul bound inside a massive room,
The stench of death is strong.
A single bulb brightens this hell
But not the door leading beyond.

I can't decipher the foreign language
Etched upon decaying walls.
But the atmosphere feels panicked
As cries echo throughout the hall.

The cries grow more inhuman,
A song to match the thickest gloom.
Much like a hundred violins
Screeching out of time and out of tune.

A shadowed mass of vicious rodents,
Several silhouettes of death,
Sing their symphony of horror
As they rip my soul to shreds.

Aaron Lynn

Siren's Song

Alone, he ponders day and night
On a world no one can see.
So should he only blame himself
For his deluded miseries?

As the world around him flattens out
And all seems less than bleak.
The colors vanish from his eyes
All throughout his losing streak.

Though he's endured many foiled hands,
He's anything but strong.
As he still inclines his yearning ear
To every siren's song.

And once he feels empowered,
Once he hears that siren sing,
That allure proves to be fatal
When he falls without his wings.

Aaron Lynn

Soldier's Ballad

I'm a soldier by duty,
But a human by heart,
And I wonder if you will stay true.
As I lie in this bunker,
Awaiting my death,
I'm brought back to that farewell from you.

Though I left with a fight,
And you said you were scared,
I promised that I would return.
But your reluctant, sad eyes
Gazing back into mine,
Showed me the doubt within them as they burned.

So I finally sat as the thoughts made me cringe,
Gathered some paper and silently penned:

'I'm ever so sorry for being so cold,
The fear of death had surrounded and angered my soul,
But no fear burns inside greater than losing my bride.
You're the reason I'm here, still fighting and alive.
Remember that wonderful night back in June?
We laid in my truck beneath the bright beams of the moon.
That's the time that comes back every night in my dreams.
I know our love is much stronger than it sometimes may seem.'

I'm a soldier by duty,
But a human by heart,
And I have faith that you will stay true.
As I lie in this bunker,
Evading my death,
I'm lifted up by the beauty of you.

Many months have now passed,
But I've obtained it at last,
A letter from the love of my life.
My prayers are answered,
I hold them all in my hand,
Some solace to be found in this plight.

I go and sit down with my heart filled with glee,
As I open her letter and silently read:

'I am ever so sorry, but you are insane
If you honestly think I'll be a part of your game.
All that I ever wanted was for you to stay,
Now you expect me to wait with my body in chains?
Don't write me again, I'm so sick of your lies,
Your brother had to hold me as I violently cried.
Now I know this might hurt your big masculine pride,
But I've been seeing him since the fourth of July.
Maybe now you will learn that you shouldn't leave me.
I threw your engagement ring into the sea.
As this chapter of my life now comes to a close,
Your love has eroded, as a new chapter grows.'

I've never been lower in all of my life,
My reason for living wrote me with a knife.
Betrayed by my family, their hearts made of stones.
As I carry on and face certain death all alone.

Many months pass again,
And I fight one more time.
The enemy advances,
And pierces our lines.
This may be the end,
Our one final stand.
So, into a flurry of bullets
I rose and I ran.

Rounds penetrate my shoulder and sides,
But I had to go out in one last pulse of pride.
Firing my gun, I mow three of them down.
I see four of them run as I fall to the ground.

I'm a soldier by duty,
But a human by heart,
And I'll die knowing that I stayed true.
As I lie in this warfield
Embracing my death,
I'm at peace with that letter from you.

Aaron Lynn

Sun And Moon

Your eyes glisten like the brightest stars.
On a clear-skied, radiant night.
And your soul glimmers with that grace as well.
Filling mine with delight.
Though many refuse to understand.
View us hand-in-hand with spite.
Calling out to the fools who bring us down:
We will absolve this plight.
May the sun illuminate our path.
May the moon fortify our peace.
We'll charge through black tunnels of wrath.
And emerge with a new sense of strength.

Aaron Lynn

The Blood On Satan's Sword

They gather in congregation.
Their prophet wired into their core.
To avoid, and yet, to conquer.
The blood on Satan's sword.

They are the modern virtue.
The wax shaping onto the floor.
Solidified to overcome.
The blood on Satan's sword.

And as they all embraced their symbol.
It's fear encased within their mental.
All saintly men have cowered and trembled.
At the blood on Satan's sword.

They say we'll all be torn asunder.
If we don't fear the darkest thunder.
Then we'll face the infernal slumber.
And taste the blood on Satan's sword.

Terrified and forlorn.
Still, an answer one man seeks:
'The so-called blood on Satan's sword.
Why has it always gone unseen? '

He has questioned their fixed path.
They swear he'll see the fiery bath.
The stained glass adorned with wrath.
The holiest evil now is cast.

Onward they wander in plight
Are they praising whats wrong or whats right?
Raising their royal swords, not pride?
Their blades dripping of crimson lost life.

Aaron Lynn

The Eternal Path

You can't have the puffy clouds
Without the worm-infested Earth.
Nor can you have the soothing warmth
Without the fire burning first.
You can't have a sprouting flower
Without alluring the flies
Repel them all you will, but still,
One day that rose will die.
You can't have the burning sun
Without the strong and vengeful storm
And you can't have the fairy tale
Without the cruel and haunting lore.
You can't have the truth
Without sifting through the filthy lies
You can't even be given life
Without a screeching, bitter cry.
You're destined for a grave
As you lay secure within your cradle
And you can't have almighty God
Without the dreaded fallen angel.
You can't have this precious Earth
Without the unlit burning at the core.
And you won't find any peace
Without sounding the drums of war.
You may have heard of paths
One of the left, and one of right.
The good eye sees the paths converge
Bringing the truth into the light.
Now, you can sit and weep,
Perhaps you'd scoff at me appalled.
Or you could kneel forth in humility
At the eternal beauty of it all.

Aaron Lynn

The Fullness Of God

Grasping at the burning dawn
Of a new ascendancy.
Yet one erected far beyond
The husk of eternity.
Unknowable black majesty
Revealed in glimpses three.
Of wisdom, might, and passion;
Of that ancient serpent's tree.
To bow before it's cryptic roots;
An elect to be delivered
As just another stream that flows
Into death's mystic river.
Unto Pleroma I do strive
In life and in its absence,
For the voice that howls in dreams and skies
Heralds the distant advent.

Aaron Lynn

The Helping Hand

You benefited my existence.
Revived my inner blissful flame.
With heartfelt intention.
I made it my mission.
To save you from all of your pain.

Trying to assist, remove misery's brand.
Showing the purest, the truest of love.
So I lent you my hand.
The so-called haven of my hand.
the same hand you said fit like a glove.

Slowly unsheathing your sinister knife.
Brought by despair and sick ideas implanted.
Such a reluctant drawn knife.
Bringing panic and fright.
To a mind that was once so enchanted.

Still reluctant, you dig that foul blade in my hand.
For your arm is controlled by the merciless master.
The pain explodes in my hand.
In this pitiful hand.
Good intentions morphed into disaster.

I could tell by your eyes that the plunge of that knife.
Was in fear of emotional growth.
And in my line of sight.
I see by your eyes dimming light.
It was a plague that was cast on us both.

Repair my daggered hand.
We can free ourselves from this curse, from this ailment.
Unite with my hand.
Reclaim the haven of my hand.
Remember before the impalement.

Let me assist, repel misery's brand.
With the purest, the truest of love.
I will lend you my hand.

The promising haven of my hand.
The same hand that still fits like a glove.

Brought back into my existence.
Stirring up the inner blissful flame.
With heartfelt intention.
I'll accomplish my mission.
To save you from all of your pain.

Aaron Lynn

The Holiest Aura

The aura around me may dim.

But never will wither away.

Guiding me through perpetual nights.

It strays at the first light of day.

The terrors within me will cast it away.

Neglecting my soul, it's beauty at bay.

Protecting myself from this feverish growth.

Putrefied beings through veins of it's host.

Depart from me, memorial tortures!

Negative necrotic tortures.

Dispose of me, unheavenly vultures!

Surviving the slaughters, still severed with scars.

Chronic inner wounds.

A solitary room.

Head in hands, my gloom.

Rising up, my doom.

It took me a year within that sanctum.

To even fathom what I'd lost.

Now I'm riding through all storms.

Living my life with fingers crossed.

Return to me, definitive elegance!

Cast away this pitiless pestilence.

Part the sky!

Grant me stillness, divine!

Remove the plague from my heart.

Force self-doubt to subside.

Aaron Lynn

The Modern Deity

I spoke a volume of countless prayers.
In times prior that I have slept.
I believed in peace, in God, in one.
But then I collapsed and wept.
The truth does stab like daggers.
Upon most tender flesh.
When I found the modern deity.
Was impotent, flawed, and dead.

Aaron Lynn

The Pessimist Rises

A certain society smiles with glee.

At an atrocity so obscene.

They gather and shout and with hatred, they spout:

'This is God's will, indeed! '

On a lingering stain within parents sad hearts.

One can never be truly wiped clean.

A group plans to march, and like cowards, to mock.

And to thank God for this tragedy.

Now slowly our happiness crumbles.

Peace of mind for our youth is a thing of the past.

Our generation is lost in a jungle.

They burn it down and assume we'll be back.

Still, our elders shrug their shoulders.

While insisting it's only a phase.

Just know that our towering helplessness.

May be following us to our graves.

As we are endlessly bewildered.

By gutless acts and your effortless plans.

How can you neglect that the pessimist rises.

Completely usurping the doomed hearts of man?

Aaron Lynn

The Race Of Eve

The dominion envelops my skin

An inevitable degradation

That essence seeps into my pores

And twists the inner key

This force

That bored its way inside

Awakens the ascendant

That always nested within

Though inactive, unknown

Now breathing, alive

Through these veins that are flooded

With the substance of that yonder gulf

Lighting torches

Of heart and mind

This undying stimulant

Nailed to my bones

The horizon expands

Beyond the narrow valley of the Lord

Who condemns this bliss as an ailment

And curses us to perdition
But to be is to produce that sentence
For those black seeds were planted
With the fruits of the Fall
And it was what the Ophians saw
That hangs above the race of Eve
Making our circumstance viable
Steering us into recondite wisdom
Into unnoticed beauty
Into remorseless passion
The rivers of which flow forever
Aaron Lynn

The Song

One bleak night,
In a candlelit room,
I began to compose a new song.
A composition of terror, of witches, of darkness,
Of horrors that made my skin crawl.

Three notes of chaos
That could frighten the strongest
Like cold fingers scratching at your spine.
I thought this would strike fear of God into heathens
And save them from evil's thick binds.

But as I perform this new song to these masses,
Terror I just could not see
But rather a large horde of passionate faces
That reveled in my notes of three.

Something was certainly stirring within me,
A quintessence so pure and sincere.
In the process of trying to battle a monster
I fell in love with the thing I once feared.

Now on this bleak night,
In a candlelit room
I compose more anthems of doom
The best choice I've made in this lifetime
Was exploring that unopened tomb,
That mysterious side of the moon,
That vastness that in darkness blooms.

Aaron Lynn

The Source Of Depression

I truly thought I found the reason.
The core of the negative thought.
So, diving through oceans of feeling.
Towards the bottom rung of the distraught.
Barely surviving the fury of rapids.
Dodging torpedoes, I gaze through the sea.
Sinking through a crevice, I found it.
An unfamiliar portrait of me.

Aaron Lynn

The Sublime Root Of Faith

Beneath the splintering moonlight
And the flickering sense of unease,
A tide of her golden waters
Collapses on my heart, a sea.

I submit with great pride to the brilliance
And kneel, nearly crushed by this weight
By might, she has carved will of worship
With awe - the sublime root of faith.

Aaron Lynn

The Temple Falls

Holiest elder of Rehdrimer!
We invoke the wrath of the dead!
Our legions shall rise from the pits of the earth.
To mangle the emperor's head.
Invading our grounds with violent intent.
But we strike back with double the force.
Forbidding our worship? We forbid their breath!
Behind the black walls of the North!
Though their numbers increase, and their will gaining strength.
And they're pinning us to our own walls.
I see a soldier slip past me, straight into the ghastly.
And ominous Rehdrimer's Hall!
These ebony towers are only sustained.
By what lies in that hall of the grim.
Beyond that rising red mist, a lost being exists!
A statue, a figure of Him!
The soldier unmoved by the stare, that of doom!
From the effigy centering the hall.
Unsheathing his sword, blessings all to his Lord.
His mistake shall be fatal to all.
Rehdrimer's head with a thud, hit the floor.
But that isn't all that fell!
The floor, old and grey, turns to sand, falls away.
Into a starless cosmos of Hell.
The emperor's men, down that chasm, descend.
Along with my fellow cultists indeed!
Growing horrors! I cringe! Now aware of my end!
Barely hanging from blackness that feeds!
The walls and the towers now crumble.
A seldom chance for time to reclaim.
As the primitive temple falls.
Into it's lightless, cosmic grave...

Aaron Lynn

They Shine

In grief, I spotted two crystals.
Across the flame-drenched fields.
They were leaking and appeared pitiful.
So I wandered to them and stood.

They shone as the sunrise.
They shone as forest fires.
They promised happiness.
They promised omnicide.

I stood there staring into her.
She asks me where I've been all her life.
My whole being smiles at these elusive words.
Considering the euphoria that died.

They shone as the sunrise.
They shone as forest fires.
They promised happiness.
They promised omnicide.

I'm certain that I knew you.
I guess you've always known me.
Now your conflicting intentions.
Have parted this diluted sea.

You lie through your teeth.
You laugh as I grieve.
And you dare call my name.
Knowing I'll cringe again.

These lights will not dim.
Your words never die.
Beautiful yet grim.
Bewildered, I am confined.

They're just eyes.
Soulless eyes.
Lying eyes.
Yet, shining eyes.

They shine.
They shine.
They shine.
I am blind.

Aaron Lynn

This Heart

This soul sheds its skin
This soul is reshaped
This mind is sovereign
And these senses penetrate the shroud
These eyes singed with wonder
These eyes are unmoved
These hands set the candles
These hands light the wicks
This spirit finds fervor
This spirit finds life
This heart erects temples
This heart shifts its crown
This heart, consecrated
Is unearthed through ardency

Aaron Lynn

To His Defense

To his defense, I understand the problem that is at hand.
To his defense, I understand the turmoil behind all of this.
To his defense, you'll never live the life he has endured.
To his defense, judge, I object to the inaccuracies you are spewing forth.
Be prepared to kill two birds with one stone.

Anxiety rises about the room.
As the swine feeds on frozen hearts.
A sign of treason ascends in my thoughts.
My conscience was right, the traitor exposed.

To his defense, there must be a reason for all the things he has done.
To his defense, it could easily be a coincidence.
To his defense, look at him now.
He's happier than I'll ever become.
To his defense, theres no defense.
No toleration for betrayal.

Aaron Lynn

Unbalanced

Its tough to keep your guard up
And have faith at the same time.
But you'll hit the floor much harder
With an unbalance at your spine.

Aaron Lynn

Veil

You're wide awake at dawn.

In fear of that glimmering, icy blade.

You'll always be wrong.

You're merely a pawn.

In this confusing yet riveting game.

Defending yourself from the truth.

To the same person, you always lie.

Bloody heads hanging loose.

You grapple the noose.

Undevoted, release it and cry.

Chanting the dirge of the loss.

Into the hollow crater in which it was bored.

Hatred spawned from it's frost.

The sad anthem is stopped.

The sensation extinguished no more.

Aaron Lynn

Verum Dei

The aureole shatters
Realigning itself
The glory rescinded
The deficiency revealed
The way of all flesh
Has corrupted even He
Corpus Christi
Swallowing grass and dirt
Insects and bones
Inhaling the light of man
The dimming light of a coil so empty

Other lights reflect from that fractured visage
As if reborn out of its destruction
Striving in infinite directions
Yet unified in a single beam
A dismal voice booms across the plains
Over the oceans and sky
Burned into our minds:
'Adeste Fideles'

Aaron Lynn

Victory Pledge

With claws, they will slash,
With voices, they'll scream,
Leaving no lasting impression,
But a scratch upon my sleeve.
See, the world can never crush me,
I laugh at all the gnashing teeth.
Those blades will never penetrate,
My soul will never bleed.
And with the strongest of convictions,
I proclaim my victory!

Aaron Lynn

We The People

We the people
Are not ones to trust.
We the people
Turned diamonds to rust.
We the people
Created our binds.
We the people
Are foolish and blind.
We the people
Are bullies that shove.
We the people:
'The same-sex can't love! '
We the people,
With morals so worn.
We the people,
Will save the unborn!
We the people
Raise cowardly minds.
We the people
Committed the crime.
We the people,
With confident grins,
We the people
Will fail again.

Aaron Lynn

When Ego Toppled Reason

The flag of forgotten principles
Hangs somber above the waste
Casting shadows upon the negligent
Throngs of the same expressionless face
Could this be the epilogue
The pall of a sorry becoming
We mourn the olden glory
Back when we still believed in something
Hubris took the tired reins
This ever-growing lesion
Consumes the world with dogma
And topples the crumbling, long-lost reason

Aaron Lynn

Will To Live

How can one lose the will to live,
That solitary need?
They must first know that everyday
The planet squirms and bleeds.

A shelter housing the selfish,
Gripped by tragedy, ensnared,
Enforcing tyranny from fear,
An epidemic of despair.

His spirit is exhausted,
Closed in by worldwide padded walls,
Feeling no desire to stick around
And witness mankind's fall.

Life is no fit paradise
For one pondering alone,
It suffocates a thinking mind,
Favoring a squalid drone.

As society lost respect,
The pessimist rose and tolled the bell
Then the final decision was made
To bid a dying world farewell.

Aaron Lynn

Wish Upon A Star

As I wish upon a star.
I gaze the splendor from afar.
Revealing all internal scars.
Where the very same tyrant left it's mark.

Aaron Lynn

Wounded Eagle

We don't deserve this freedom,
Let's commit it to the flame.
Instead of seeking the solution,
We point our fingers and we blame.

In a land of conflicting values,
Do you not expect a constant war?
For every single man that dies,
Best plan to bury thousands more.

We betrayed our greatest gift,
And we aren't worthy anymore.
We won't turn to the wounded eagle
Struggling to maintain its soar.

Destruction is upon us,
But we refuse to heed the call.
But we will self-righteously weep
The day that eagle burns and falls.

Aaron Lynn