

Poetry Series

**Vasto Grom**  
**- poems -**

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## Vasto Grom(01/19/1990)

I am just a young man trying to make it in the world. It's been tough most of the time and it has taken its toll but I'm still trying. Over the years I've found myself not to be the most normal of people. I find that I am much more cold than most and even a little disturbed in the eyes of some. Honestly though, while I am a might twisted I am still a better person than most I know.

I have a youtube channel if you want to see more of me: Fwazangalang  
Entertainment

# Am I A Monster?

I long to hurt people, but only those that have ruined or taken lives.

Does this make me evil?

I am human, yet that part of me sickens me to my core.

Does this make me disturbed?

Deep down inside I want to be a lone and I want to enjoy being alone.

Is thing wrong?

I look at people and see not a member of the same species, but a creature I have nothing in common with.

Does this make me arrogant?

I simply want to give into the voices and the darkness that whispers from the edge of my consciousness.

Does this prove that I am twisted?

For all of this, I am considered a good man. But deep down I am truly broken and corrupted by the blackness and the pain inside of me.

Am I so broken and mangled that I am no longer human?

If I am what does that make me?

Am I evil?

Am I a monster?

Vasto Grom

## And All I Know Is No More (Part 1)

As I sat there on the bench, the last drops of life falling from me. I found myself wondering why I felt this way. The cold winter winds whip past me but I didn't feel its chill, for I was already freezing. I gripped the small, black blade tightly in my left hand as I slowly raised the .357 revolver I held in my right. As the end of the cool steel barrel pressed softly to my temple I felt tears roll down my cheek. I never wanted this to happen but it was never my choice to make. It had all gone so horribly wrong, and after keeping it all together for so many years. Ever since I was little I've been lying about what I really felt. For nearly 15 years I've lied and no one ever suspected a thing. So why? Why now? Why after all these years did my web of lies come crashing down now? My hand began to shake gently as I pulled back the hammer on the revolver. I felt my stomach grow colder as the blood pours from the gash in my abdomen. The blood has now begun to puddle at my feet and I can barely hear the alarm blaring. If I was to die, I would die here were everything fell apart. My eyes slowly rolled around, taking in the area where I had lunch with my friends for nearly 2 years now. Then she fell on the bench in front of me where the negotiator was sitting. Where she had been sitting when I told her the truth and how the end of my once decent life came to pass. I could no longer see the beautiful young lady who the police had sent in to calm me down and hopefully end this horrible situation. All I could see now was her face, the face of the girl I cared so much for. So much that I could no longer stomach telling her the lies that spilled from me like an all consuming poison. I had only known her for less than a year but I had come to love her and even though I could have continued weaving my web of lies to everyone else, even my parents. I couldn't, not to her. She didn't take the truth very well, understandably. But what she did made it so much worse, made it impossible to go on. She called the police that night and when the officer came to take me to the hospital I wouldn't allow it. I escaped to my car with my father's revolver and my combat knife. I found myself driving anywhere hoping the answer to my dilemma would just come to me and it did. I drove to where it all went wrong, my high school. I broke in and knowing the police would be there soon I stabbed myself repeatedly in my stomach with my knife and used my dark trench coat to hide it. The police soon came along with the woman now sitting before me. She was dressed in a very nice black dress and matching coat. I apologized upon her arrival seeing that I must have ruined a good evening for her. She simply smiled and said that she'd rather be here in the cold with me than at the opera with her snob of a date. We spoke small chit chat for a bit until she finally asked me the big question. Why? And so since I felt my life slowly fading away I told her everything even things that never needed to be heard. At some point in time I must have started crying because the woman got up, sat

down next to me, and began wiping my cheeks. I had never felt so good as I did when I could tell her anything and I began to wish I hadn't shredded my insides. But now after many hours of talking with this sweet woman out in the cold I felt myself finally fading away. What she at first thought was sleep deprivation setting in soon changed as she gently touched my left hand which was deathly cold and still covered in blood. Her eyes got wide as the realization of the situation struck her. I looked her in her soft, green eyes and whispered softly that I was sorry and that this time I spent had been blessed to spend with her was truly one of the brightest moments in my life and that I would always treasure it. She looked at me and I could see tears welling up in her eyes. I dropped the revolver and gently wiped away her eyes and as I took my last breath she held me close and she whispered softly to me 'I won't let you die on me'.

Vasto Grom

# And It All Falls Down

My world, this is my world. I have spent nearly 14 years building it. I have built everything you see from the earth to the sky. The wind whistling through the forests. The waves crashing upon the pearly white beaches. The pure white snow falling down on the mountain side. I gave up many opportunities both small and grand I also lost many friends to the building of this, my perfect world. I let you in to show you why I did this. Why I spent over half my life building this utopia because you were always the one that mattered most to me. The one person I never wanted to lose. But you do not smile in awe and wonder. Instead you simply shake your head and begin cry. Why? Why do you cry at my masterpiece? I ask perplexed at your reaction. You look up, gently stroke my cheek, and say 'I cry because you lost so much for something that is only able to be seen by you. I cry because you gave up the love of so many so that you could live here alone. But most importantly I cry because you still think I'm here.' Suddenly you are gone as if you were a wisp of smoke in the breeze. As you fade my world slowly begins to crumble and fall down around me. Then before my very eyes I find myself once more in the real world. It takes me a moment to realize where I am. The air is cold and the atmosphere is heavy with dread and loss. Suddenly, I am struck with the realization of where I am. I'm in the local graveyard and before me is the one thing in this world I never wanted to see. A cold, marble slab with your name on it. The memory creeps into my mind sending unimaginable pain through me and forcing me to my knees. I spent so much time creating my world to show you that I never even realized you were sick until all I had left with you was but a few tear filled hours. As the clouds open up and the freezing rain pours down from the blackened skies and slowly trickles down my face mixing with my tears, I hear your soft voice whispering sweetly to me through the trees. 'Why do you try to build? What you know can't ever be seen. Why do you give up everything? When you know none of what you made is real. Now you know what reality truly is and now you can see the lies. And all the lies come down. And it all falls down.' And as your voice slowly fades from my mind I watch as all I built fell down around me. For what good is a masterpiece when you are the only one who knows it existed and when it cost you the one thing you never intended to lose.

Vasto Grom

# As If I Cared

I honestly couldn't care what most of you think of me. If I did I wouldn't have stayed the way I am. I'm messed up, cracked, and broken but that's who I am. I dress evil and twisted because I like how it looks and your weird glances don't bother me. In fact they make me feel sad that you care so much that you find me odd. I've been made fun of since elementary school but never did I care because I'm better than anyone who thinks they have to make fun of me because I'm different. I've broken a few people's noses and knocked out a few teeth. Not because they made fun of me but they brought my family into it. That I don't tolerate at all. But seriously if I gave a damn about what anyone thinks of me I would've never dealt with my problems and I would've blown my brains out years ago. So go a head, point and stare at me and whisper about how I'm creepy. I honestly couldn't care what anyone of you think cause your opinion is the least of my problems and in the end your opinion about me isn't worth a damn thing.

Vasto Grom

# Beside Her

As I find myself next to her I feel her strength, flowing from her just as the warmth radiates from the sand under our feet. She reaches out and takes my hand in hers and holds it tight. I look at her and smile then speak but a whisper that we will see tomorrow. For but a moment the serious look that has adorned her face falters and a smile forms. She turns to me and tells me that as long as I am with her, she feels deep down that she has the strength to believe that she can make it another day. I lean over and kiss her cheek softly as the last rays of the fading sun sends its fleeting light over us. We both know that once again we must do all we can to survive yet another night in this land consumed by the darkness that spawns evil from its shadows. But neither of us yet feel the cold grip of fear for as long as I have my dearest Salean, as long as I hold her close I know I am not alone in this world of madness. And for as long as I stand beside her she knows in her heart that she will never be forced to relive the terrors that have long since hunted her.

Vasto Grom

# Blood Across The Walls

I remember those dreaded halls  
All that blood splattered on the walls  
The people had all gone mad  
While they were murdering each other they almost seemed glad  
As they feasted on bodies of the dead  
I felt myself well up with dread  
Why were they acting this way  
What could have made them change today  
Their bodies seemed dead and their eyes were glazed  
They wandered the halls almost as if they were dazed  
Even the ones that had been eaten rose and walked down the halls  
But the worst part was their low and mournful calls  
I hope that I can survive the nightmare unleashed upon this day  
But what fate has in store for me I can not say

Vasto Grom

# Blood And Tears

I can still hear them  
Their cries and their screams  
Echoing throughout the darkness  
I can feel the cold of their tears  
The warmth of their blood  
Why won't they leave me alone?  
All I wanted was to be free  
Just to be at peace  
So why is it now that I can't sleep?  
I silenced the voices  
I killed the pain  
I even ended the nightmare  
So why?  
Why can't I sleep?  
Why won't they be silent?  
Even as the dirt settles in on my the metal of my new bed.  
I can hear their cries  
I can feel their blood on my hands  
The lives I have taken  
The ones I have left behind  
So that I could sleep  
And never have to worry again  
How could it have gone so wrong?  
No peace and quiet  
Just blood and tears

Vasto Grom

# Burn It All Down

As I open the furnace door I feel the flame grow  
I hear the crackling and a smile cracks across my face  
As the fire begins to spew from the opening a sweet and twisted bliss begins to fill me  
And as the flames spread to everything in sight I can't help but laugh  
Soon the beauty of those flames cover everything around me  
And a warmth fills my very soul as the flames grow higher  
They lick my skin and begin to eat away at lies I wear  
No longer do I feel confined as it all burns away  
The old me peels away and disappears as the ash fills the air  
No longer can I breathe as I descend the burning stairs  
The faces in the pictures melt away and soon all the past burns to the ground  
And as I open the front door I feel the sweet and cooling breeze rush in  
As the wind breathes life into my burning redemption I feel happy once more  
And as I now stand in front of the burning and crumbling house built up on the foundations of my lies I feel myself reborn  
The last piece of the lies I once wore as skin peels away and I fall into laughter as my eyes gaze upon the sweet and wondrous flame engulfing everything

Vasto Grom

# Call Upon Me

When all the light that brings warmth to your heart goes out.  
And you no longer find yourself able to stand the pain that this world hands down to you.  
Raise your voice to me and I shall appear.

I will stand beside you to give you strength.  
I will place myself in front of you to shield you from agony.  
I will heed your cries and destroy all those that have stolen from you the peace in your life.

Who am I you ask?  
What monster am I that I can do such terrible things just at your call?  
And why would I go to such lengths to ease the pain you suffer?

What I am is simply nothing more than the monster you have harbored inside of your mind for so very long.  
I am the darkness in your heart that you tried to hide.  
All I really am is the burning hate that you have for those who have scorned you.

I have watched every tear you have shed.  
And with every harsh word and raised hand I have fed off of your misery and grown stronger.  
Now I am fully grown and await your command.

Will you call upon me from time to time to ease the unending pain in your horrid life?  
Will you lock me away until I grow too large and break the bonds you use to restrain me?  
Or perhaps you will call to me and give me form so that I may listen to your words and speak in your tongue?

What will you do?  
When all the world looks down on you?  
Will you take my hand?

Will you call upon me?

Vasto Grom

# Captain On Deck

Welcome everybody  
I am so glad to see  
You all aboard my ship  
You may call me Captain Rave Slendy

You may know my brother  
He's know as Slenderman  
A really tall guy  
Who could really use a tan

But don't you worry  
Have no fear  
I'm not after your souls  
To party is the reason I'm here

I've got an eight page bible  
You best know I'll never lose it  
Called Capt. Slendy's Party bible  
So how about we review it?

Step one: gather friends  
Step two: find some booze  
Step three: grab a dj  
Step four: be careful the music you choose

Step five: Drop the bass  
Step six: drink up and have fun  
Step seven: sleep it off  
Step eight: Repeat the steps because the party's never done

So lose your mind  
And dance til you drop  
Just remember the number one rule  
Capt's Slendy's parties never stop

Let the epic stories begin  
Booze will run like the Nile  
And when you finally get off my boat  
You'll definitely leave with a smile

So come on board  
Throws your troubles away  
And ask yourself  
You ready to party with the Captain today?

Vasto Grom

# Coin Of Fate

In my hand is my coin of fate  
It tells me at who I am to project my hate

With just a flip of the coin we shall see  
What fate has determined what is your destiny

On one side is written of forgiveness and prayer  
The other side is covered in scratches and shown little care

If me catching the side with prayer is your fate  
Then you will be left alone and safe from my hate

But if the side displayed is the latter  
Then save your breathe for your pleas will not matter

You will meet the side of me that is deaf to your cries  
And know that anyone who meet this twisted being inside me dies

So, now let us play my little game  
Let us see what fate has in store

\*Flips the coin\*

Well, it seems that I will stay tame  
What say we play once more

Vasto Grom

# Death For Me

(READ THIS BEFORE READING THIS POEM! ! ! ! In no way or form am I telling you or anyone to kill themselves. My father stated it best when he said 'Suicide is a permanent solution to a temporary problem'. I have since gotten over my problems though it took time and now I enjoy life and if I was able to survive my trials I firmly believe you can to.)

To end our life as we know it  
How to put that into words when one is a poet

To die for me is to be at peace  
To go to sleep and let all pain cease

Three times now I have felt death's cold embrace  
Three times now and never once did I witness God's or the devil's face

Though amazingly these times I died were not of my own will  
Each time was because of the stress of life and how it has made me ill

I have now tried to die many times  
Knowing that in the end I may have to atone for my crimes

But no matter how hard I would try  
I never seemed able to die

The rope would snap  
The blades did crap  
Even the guns would have a crippling mishap

But through it all it never seemed to work out  
And I would always be left with my heart full of sadness and doubt

But in the end the thing that I could never foresee  
Was the one thing that kept killing me

The stress of this life and the emotions I feel  
They caused me to obtain a heart condition that will never heal

But for those brief minutes I lay dead  
I felt peace along with a deep sense of dread

For what would all those I care about say  
When they came and found me dead the next day

As death reached out its hand I had to pull away  
For I knew it was not my time and that I had to stay

So now I must push through the pain this life brings  
Knowing at any moment Death may cut the last of my life's strings

So here I sit writing this poem  
For all those who don't understand to hopefully show them

That for me death's experience wasn't so much going to heaven or hell  
It was more about finding peace and serenity as far as I could tell

To have all pain and restlessness cease  
Death to me is true the way to find ultimate peace

Vasto Grom

# Dreamer

I have always been a dreamer  
And I dream to escape all I know  
Cause in this hard & cold world  
Only in my dreams my emotions do I dare show

From the moment I close my eyes  
This world gently fades away  
And when I open them again  
I find myself in the place I wish to stay

For in my dreams I am happy  
In my dreams my mind is free  
In this world that I created  
I can finally be me

But though I am happy  
I know that this place is not real  
And once I awake from my paradise  
I must hide again the emotions I feel

I am a hopeless dreamer  
In a world of cruel, hard facts  
And this world will continue to crush me  
Until my mind finally cracks

But in that moment I will not tremble  
Nor will I be sad or afraid  
Cause I know in that instant  
That all the debt collected will be paid

I will live forever in my world of dreams  
At last I will have my peace  
And in a world created from my longing  
In this place my pain will cease

Vasto Grom

## E.N.S.

I'm ENS and I'm the very best at what it is I do.  
I have just one reason for being here and that's to be stronger than you.  
I'll beat you to a bloody pulp and leave you in disgrace.  
After that you'll never forget this as I say it to your broken face.  
I live in hell and everyday I don't just survive.  
I grow stronger and damn it I even thrive.

I'm ENS and I will never die.  
I've spent my life living in my own world of madness, so don't even try.  
Most would break and fall.  
But not me I just rise above it all.  
Hannibal and Dexter should be taking lessons from me.  
After all the twisted messed up shit I've come to see.  
I've watched my family die over 10,000 times.  
I've witnessed so many unspeakable crimes.  
I speak to demons, angels, and gods.  
And I have slaughtered millions with everything from guns to metal rods.

Now you better think twice.  
Whether or not you're going to be nice.  
Or if you want to meet the me that's carved out of ice.  
And be warned that if you choose wrong.  
I eat you alive and spit you out like the lyrics to this song.  
I'm completely messed up and twisted.  
But worst damn part is I'm not even pissed yet.  
You wanna see the black blood demon of Houston.  
He'll skin you alive and devour your soul son.

Vasto Grom

# Ensanity

Not too long ago  
I had a dear friend  
But now because of her lover  
Our decade long relationship is at an end

We used to be like siblings  
I was always by your side  
We even had our own little world  
And because of you it nearly died

But I won't let you kill them  
All the little ones we made  
I will scrub you from their memories  
And soon the pain will fade

No more will I open up  
To anyone at all  
You said you'd always be there  
Then you just let me fall

Down into the madness  
That I once knew as home  
And while I played pretend  
It's strength has only grown

Now as I rise up once more  
From it's bloody, abysmal depths  
The me you called brother is gone  
Down there he took his last breath

I no longer will make friends  
Or try to hide who I am  
For why should I care about anyone else  
When now know my relationships were only a sham

So now I will stand here  
Surround by the ones you left behind  
We don't need you anymore  
Never again will we need your kind

I stand here now no longer afraid  
For your betrayal has set me free  
With the death of my last friendship  
Rose from the ashes ENSanity

Vasto Grom

# Eravock Dregeono 'The Tormentor'

His eyes are cold as ice  
and they are always watching

His mouth never moves  
for he never says a word

He takes great pleasure in his work  
though you will beg him to stop

He will watch and study you  
but you will never know he's there

He will make you scream  
and you will experience pain that will make you beg for death's sweet release

He is always watching, always ready  
to take you to his workshop and find what makes you tick, he will cause you  
great agony, then he will make the ticking stop

Vasto Grom

## Eric N. Stout

E-even now wishes he could have told a few special girls what they meant to him  
R-really wants to know who he is  
I-is always watching  
C-can do more than just dream

N-never wanted to hurt his friends

S-sees things in a way no one else can  
T-thinks about all the things he's missed out on  
O-only wanted to be truly free  
U-understands what he must do  
T-thanks all those that helped him become free

Vasto Grom

# Feel It! ! ! !

Can't you feel yourself losing control?

Can't you feel me slowly slipping into your subconscious?

Can you feel me sLowLY TaKING OVer? ! ? !

CAn YoU FeEL mE OVerPOweRIng yOU? ! ? !

CAN'T YOU FEEL ME BECOMING YOU? ! ? ! ? !

Vasto Grom

# Ferry

Upon a sea of liars  
My boat will ferry the true  
Just hand over your coins  
And I will ferry you

In your life you've seen much sorrow  
And suffered endless pain  
But when the light shines upon tomorrow  
Never will you suffer again

I am the great wathman  
I will judge you the decisions that you made  
Then I will render my verdict  
The price for your sins must be paid

Now hand over your payment  
So that we may now set sail  
But know if you try to cheat me  
You'll be thrown over the rail

And forever you will swim  
In a sea of those that would decieve  
You will be come just a part of  
The ones who sowed lies they couldn't reave

So now its time to leave  
This world of pain and woe  
Let my ferry you away from the grieve  
To a place as pure as fresh fallen snow

Vasto Grom

# For My Sins

((Warning: This poem is twisted and disturbing))

I will bath in the blood and the madness of my sins

I will feast on the pain and misery of my insanity

I shall sleep in a bed made from the broken shards of my hopes and dreams

I will break the lock that binds the demons within me

And in the end I will fall deep into the blackness of my own, private hell

Where I will spend eternity paying for my crimes

But I will have my peace

For in the blood soaked darkness I will feel no more

I will have my eternal slumber

For no longer will I want to live

And I will wear upon my face a true smile

Because I am what I wanted to be

Not what others think I should be

I will be twisted, mad, and evil

I will be looked upon by others a monster

I will be in pain

I will be hateful

I will be happy

I will be free

Vasto Grom

# Forever The Friend

I see such beautiful, young women nearly everyday and I must admit I do long to hold them close and call them my own. Though sadly I know that what I long for shall remain but a dream. For I am a dreamer that shall be left to long for the soft and sensual touch of a true beauty. I have lost my heart to many a goddess that I have grown close to over the years. Always though they deny me with sweet words and like the good boy I am I simply smile and nod as my heart shatters once more. Since I am a kind, understanding, creative soul most the beauties of my age find me less attractive than those more muscle bound than I. Though their flings with such rarely last long. And though I am always there for them they tend to shy away from me. I find myself in no way believing that they would ever return my feelings and I feel no ill will towards them for that. But none the less I still lust for them. Their angelic voices, their impossibly perfect figures, radiant faces, and their warming and caring smile. But for I, the one who will listen to their worries, wipe away their tears, and stand up for them will never be shown the love I long for. I am to forever be the dear friend, never to be the dearly beloved.

Vasto Grom

# Free

As I walk this world that is so full of hate.  
I feel myself grow colder.  
I wonder why I have to die upon this very morn.

Come now all my friends and join me in the end.  
Take my hand and follow me to a place where we can be free.

The people all cry as they hear how we died.  
But sadly they do not know.  
That we are now free and now can see just how lucky we are.

For the demon comes to end all they know.  
As the people's pain rises the demon will grow  
It feeds on their hate and won't hesitate to end all take their very soul.

But now that I'm here I feel no more fear, since I am finally free.  
I now live in a plane where I feel no pain. Won't you come join me?  
Come now all my friends and join me in the end.  
Take my hand and follow me to a place where we can be free.

(German translation)

Wie gehe ich dieser Welt, die so voller Hass ist. Ich fühle mich kälter. Ich frage mich, warum ich auf dieses sehr morn sterben müssen.

Kommen Sie jetzt alle meine Freunde und kommen Sie mit mir in das Ende.  
Nimm meine Hand und folge mir nach einem Ort, wo wir frei sein können.

Die Menschen weinen, als sie hören, wie wir gestorben sind. Aber leider wissen sie nicht. Dass wir sind jetzt frei und kann nun sehen, wie glücklich wir sind.

Für den Dämon kommt alles, was sie wissen, zu beenden. Als die Menschen den Schmerz steigt der Dämon wird wachsen. Er ernährt sich von ihrem Hass und werden nicht zögern, enden alle nehmen ihre Seele.

Aber jetzt, wo ich hier bin fühle ich keine Angst mehr, da ich endlich frei bin. Ich lebe jetzt in einer Ebene, wo ich keine Schmerzen spüren. Willst du nicht kommen mit mir?

Kommen Sie jetzt alle meine Freunde und kommen Sie mit mir in das Ende.  
Nimm meine Hand und folge mir nach einem Ort, wo wir frei sein können.

Vasto Grom

# Free To Be Me

In a land full of crime and corruption  
where sorrow and suffering is common  
I am truly free

In a land made up of death and destruction  
where pain and pleasure are plentiful  
I can be me

In this land devote of happiness and glee  
where monsters roam free  
here I am free to be me

Vasto Grom

# Goddess

(Sing to 'My Jolly Sailor Bold' from Pirates of The Caribbean: On Stranger Tides)

I am in love with a goddess  
By her side I'll always stay  
Because of this burning love  
I will never stray away

My heart burns only for her  
And it gets me through the day  
If only I were able  
To her yes I would pray

I will always stand beside her  
No matter what they say  
And if any try to harm her  
I will stand in their way

My dearly beloved goddess  
I will love for all time  
The one and only dream I have  
Is that I may call you mine

When I hear that you've been crying  
I will come to your aid  
And when I hear nothing from you  
I find myself afraid

Because my love is for you  
For you and you alone  
And over all these many years  
My love for you has grown

For you are my goddess  
And I stand here as your guard  
Always watching over you  
Because I know your life hard

I'm in love my goddess

To protect her I'd gladly die  
I'd do absolutely anything  
To make sure she'd never cry

I would take on the world  
Or even reverse the tide  
I'd do all of this and more  
To know you would always be fine

For I'm in love with my goddess  
A love that will last all of time  
And no matters what happens  
My dream is always that you will be mine

Vasto Grom

# Hate

Just like the sun rises and sets each day.  
So will my hatred continually eat away.  
Until everything is gone.  
And all that is left are the pictures I've drawn.  
It burns so very deep inside of me.  
Slowly consuming my flesh until it can burst free.  
Then it will grow as it burns down all I worked so hard to create.  
Sadly though I know this is just a matter of fate.  
Even during times of peace it burns inside of me with its twisted light.  
And I know that it could finally win even now on this night.  
This hatred burns inside me so.  
A hatred you will never know.  
And everyday this hate will grow.  
This hate that I must never show.

Vasto Grom

# Hated

Some people in life wish to be loved.  
Others wish only to be feared.  
However I simply wish to be despised.  
To be hated by my friends and family.  
So that when I die no tears will be shed on my passing  
And so I can fall into shadow and feel no guilt for leaving them behind.

Vasto Grom

# Her Words

I have found myself to wonder  
Will my dark dreams tear me asunder

What be it that causes this burning in my soul  
And no matter what it be will it take it's toll

Through my madness and pain I hear a call  
The sweet and serene voice that will bring my fall

Once more now I do return  
To a place where my soul has come to burn

In the darkest place I know I'll find  
The secret kept long hidden in my mind

And now she will call to me  
With her sensual evil she longs to see

For she knows I will fall but how long will it take  
Before her words seep into my soul and I finally break

Vasto Grom

# Hunger

I find myself looking at others and wondering how they'd taste.  
I wonder would they be good raw or would I ruin the flavor if I took haste?

Should I slow down and maybe cook them a little?  
Maybe take a nice piece and throw it on the griddle.

You look at me as if I am sick  
Don't worry though, I'll make sure they're dead before they go on the stick.

You tell me that you've never liked the taste of her flesh as you bit your loved one's neck?  
That you would never cut off a piece of a person after they've just gone and fry it up just to check?

You'll eat other animals just because they're dumber than you.  
So, why not have a nibble on someone with a lower iq?

Come now, I invited you here to just have a taste.  
Don't let your so called 'humanity' let this delicious meal go to waste.

Vasto Grom

# I Feel It Rising

Slowly it rises  
It makes my breathing ragged  
My vision narrows  
Even my thoughts slow

My muscles tense  
My blood begins boil  
Only one thing matters  
I must fight  
I must win

I slowly rise from the ground  
Blood drips from my wounds and splashes on to the floor  
But I don't feel it  
There is no pain  
Only hatred

I begin to laugh as they look upon me with shock  
I hands clench into fists  
And my fists rise  
My legs move forward  
Walking turns to running

They move too slow  
Far too slow  
First one doesn't even make a sound  
He simply falls after my fist connects with his skull

Voices begin talking  
But not from the outside  
I feel it rising  
And the world begins to get shut out

The next man tries to fight  
But he is weak  
He is scared  
A shot to the stomach  
Then to his throat  
And finally the back of his skull

The last one is shaking  
She sees what I really am  
And as the lights flicker  
She can see the demons inside me

I charge her  
She fires her gun  
First shot misses  
Second one hits my shoulder  
But I don't stop  
The third scorches through my side  
But I don't stop  
There is no fourth shot

The voices scream go low  
So I go low  
They say use your knee  
So I bring my knee into her gut  
She doubles over and vomits

As she looks up she begins to cry  
She asks for forgiveness  
The voices scream no  
I say no

As the light flickers  
Her body looks so frail  
As her life drains from her  
The voices laugh  
And I laugh

I feel it rising  
I feel it filling me  
Taking over  
The madness has taken hold

Vasto Grom

# I Have

I have seen empires rise and fall.

I have laid witness to the most beautiful and horrific things you could imagine.

I watched helplessly as all I loved was taken from me and all I worked so hard to create was laid to waste.

I saw entire races born in front of me and then wiped from the face of existence.

I watched the world before this one grow and die then give birth to our own planet.

I have fought along side heroes and monsters that lived nearly twelve billion years ago.

I have saved both this world as well as many others when all said it was impossible.

I have traveled this universe for nearly 171,428,571 lifetimes.

I have lived through the past and know our future.

I walked through the fires of hell and the light of heaven.

I have loved many and spent lifetimes with some that I gave my heart to.

I suffered more than any could possibly imagine but have also been blessed more than most.

I have watched my children grow and been forced to watch them pass on in my arms.

I have cried rivers and bled oceans.

I defeated more than ten million foes.

I stormed beaches against impossible odds and taken them.

I have died and then risen more than fifteen thousand times.

I heard the whispers of those you say don't exist.

I have done all these things and so many more.

How you ask is this possible?

How can I tell such lies?

I tell you no lies, but my truth.

I have been able to do all of these things for but one simple reason.

And that reason is that I do not close my mind to my dreams.

I dream when I am sleep.

I dream when I am awake.

And my dreams are just as real if not more than this world you call reality.

Vasto Grom

# I Leave

I  
Swear that I could fly  
That I could touch the sky  
Upon my wings of ash

I  
Know now I can see  
See the real me  
Even though I am blind

They  
Do not understand  
That I'm no longer a man  
That I have become so much more

Now  
I find this place a bore  
No longer am I interested anymore  
And so I leave this place behind

I  
Now go off to find  
A world that I can call mine  
Where the beauty of the moon will shine

And  
I take my leave  
To a place that I believe  
Will be so much more  
A place that I adore  
To there I'll soar  
On my wings of ash

Vasto Grom

# I Wish Upon Insanity

((Warning: this poem is exceding twisted and disturbed))

I stand here and wonder why do I want to be alone but yet I can't stop trying to be normal?

Why is it that all I want is peace but yet I never take death's hand?

We are all monsters trying to hide it with our so called 'Humanity'

But I have no longer have any humanity to speak of

I wish to be free of these chains that bind me

And to use them to strangle those that dared to try and confine me

I dream of killing those I despise

I fantasize of taking by force those who rejected me

I long to feast upon the fear and pain of those that stood against me

I hear my brothers whisper to me and silently I agree

I watch my other self come to life and slaughter while I sit back and enjoy the show

I wish I were more like him

I wish I could kill the being everyone knew

And become the person I always wanted to be

The monster I was intended to be

To become the man I truly am I must die

To find my peace I must die

Vasto Grom

# I Wonder

I sit here now and wonder.  
What I am to do?  
Am I to grow old with her?  
Will I someday find myself a new?  
In the end will I be rich?  
Or live from day to day?  
Will I have a child?  
Right now I can't say.  
So now I shall keep going.  
And do what it takes to get by.  
Cause I might as well get up.  
And live my life til the day I die

Vasto Grom

**I!**

I!

Am a demon none of you can understand!

I!

Will destroy this world because I can!

I!

Can't hear the words you try to say!

I!

Grow even more twisted every day!

And you wanted to know why I do what I do? !

Its because I enjoy watching it torture you!

I!

Shun the world because I hate it all!

I!

Will laugh as I watch you fall!

I!

Shall never tell you what it is i think!

I!

Can never come away from the edge of the brink!

In the end all of you shall see!

All the madness contained inside of me!

I!

Will finally sleep in peace!

I!

Can see the insanity is about to cease!

I!

Will sleep until the end of time!

I!

Will get what's finally mine!

Now all of you shall know my pain!

As the darkness finally engulfs my brain!

Vasto Grom

# If I Set The Demon Free

If I set the demon free  
blood would stain the ground  
he would kill those who get in his way  
to oppose him would mean a painful death  
he won't kill you quickly  
all the bones in your body will be broken  
he won't stop until he has the earth devote of life  
men, women, children they will all be slaughtered  
he takes great pleasure in what he does  
even the creatures that inhabit hell fear him  
he will never stop  
the laws of man mean nothing  
he is fueled by hatred and loathing  
if freed nothing can save you  
he is the demon that lives in side me

Vasto Grom

# I'M Baaaaaaack Hahaha!

Madness! ! !

Take me my sweet!

My beloved madness!

Return me to my feet! !

It's time for the world see the real me! !

Let the blood flow once more from my eyes! !

From the moment on I decree! !

I will destroy those that inhabit this world I despise! ! !

I'm have finally come back! !

And now its time for me to play! !

My heart is once again black! !

So many will die upon this day! !

Dear old Eric is dead! !

Poor damned child shot himself in the head! !

Now let it drain of all the worthless dread! !

And let us begin as I rise from this blood soaked bed! !

Time to play my favorite game! !

Time to show the world all of my hate! !

Time that you all learned my name! !

Why don't you all join in and participate? !

I'm The Real Eric! ! !

And I'm back to play! !

Here in my beloved darkness! !

This is where I'll stay! !

Vasto Grom

# I'M Not Mad

They say that I am insane.  
That there is a problem with my brain.  
But they do not know.  
Cause I'll never show.  
That I'm not mad at all.

When I tell them about the things I have seen.  
They have no idea what I mean.  
And then I get so sad.  
Since they'll never understand what I had.  
Here in my world of dreams.

They sent me away to get well.  
They hoped I'd come out of my shell.  
But for all that they did.  
I just escaped and I hid.  
Deep in the bowels of my mind.

And so there I did stay.  
Each and everyday.  
But never once did I break.  
No matter how pills I was forced to take.  
Because I was not insane.

And finally came the day my to for release.  
Since I made them all believe I was at peace.  
But thanks to that web constructed of lies.  
I left that place that I truly despised.  
And now I can be free.

Vasto Grom

# Is It Wrong?

Is it wrong to be so young and yet be so full of hate?

Is it wrong that I can never stop telling lies so that no one knows how sad and lonely I am?

Is it wrong that all I want to do is cry but can't?

Is it wrong that I will never be like them?

Is it wrong that I don't feel like part of my family?

Is it wrong that I wish my lies were true?

Is it wrong that I feel as if I have not belonged for so many years?

Is it wrong that I fear being happy?

Is it wrong that all I want is to be at peace and to sleep forever?

Is it wrong that no matter how much I try to keep my feelings secret they still get out some how?

But most importantly.....is it wrong that I have wanted to die for so very many years now?

Vasto Grom

# It Begins

I can barely recall their names anymore. It's so hard to see her face. I slowly crouch on the ledge of the 20 story building as I look down on the people below. They have no idea I am there, no idea I exist. guess it doesn't matter. I don't want to be known after all. I prefer to live in the shadows, to only be seen that moment before their life drains from them. To see the darkness claim them as the last bit of light fades from their eyes. That is all that matters now. Ever since they were taken from me.

I gently scratch my head as the rain begins to pour. Who was taken from me again I wonder. I grit my teeth as I focus harder. My head begins to ache as blackness clouds my vision. Suddenly a flash of blood and screams appear, an alley and 3 bodies. I'm holding a young girl, singing her a lullaby as she fades from this world. Then hatred, so much hatred as I now find myself standing in front of a door.

The door is barred by many chains and locks. I put them there so very long ago, to keep it all in. They could never see what was behind the door. I loved my family too much for them to see that. But now they were all gone. Now they had been taken from me. So now, since all I loved was ripped from me I could finally open the door.

I simply raised my hand and touched the lock in the center. The door shuddered and the chains strained. I felt tears burn my eyes as I could still see their faces, hear their cries, and feel my little sister grow cold in my arms. I look up at this door, this prison I built to house it all.

I cock my fist back and with all the power I can summon I drive it into the lock. There is no pain as my fist contacts the barbed metal. No fear as the chains turn to ash and the door shudders once more. The door bursts open and the blackness flows out, like a black and choking fog it slowly surrounds me, testing me.

Suddenly it drowns me. I feel it all come back in a second. The hatred burns away at my flesh while the pain breaks away my mind and the misery strangles the hope out of my soul. All of fills me as the blackness drags me down the very depths of insanity. But I don't care anymore as my body and mind are wracked with incomprehensible pain.

The darkness fades and there I am with my beloved little sister in my arms. But

I'm no longer what I was a moment ago. I am what I never wanted my family to see. The mask I have worn for over a decade lays shattered at my side. And then the laughter starts.

I laugh at how I am now free. I laugh at the horrors I am about to inflict on the ones who released me. But mostly I laugh because this little girl's dead corpse just looks too funny. I can't remember who she is but I don't care either. As I drop her to the dirty ground I look at those trembling in front of me and smile a blood soaked smile.

It is time for me to finally make you feel what I know, I exclaim as I pull out a blade I had strapped to my thigh. And as I drag it vertically across the skin near my eyes I shudder and let the blood flow down into my mouth. I lick the blade clean then giggle softly as I ready myself for the slaughter.

I am free now and now I will finally be able to slaughter, to unleash all that I am on this world. I ready my stance. Are you ready to play with me, I ask the people. After no answer the voice from the shadows tells me to begin.

And so I do.....

Vasto Grom

# Just End It

I hate this place  
I hate this whole race

One person is all it took  
To make me want to end it all before I even finish writing my book

I really do despise this worthless life  
.....I don't even care about making this rhyme anymore

All I want to do is leave this world behind  
I'm so sick of all crap I take everyday

The woman I love wanted me to stop calling her a goddess and be more like  
myself  
Now she won't talk to me for days and never answers my questions

God I hate this damn life  
I wish I would get hit by a car and just die

This life is boring, I'm wracked with pain everyday, and my supposed friends are  
nothing but worthless, damn liars  
Why doesn't god intervene right now and give me another heart attack

I swear I'll take death's hand this time  
I'll go with him and find my damned peace

Let it all just end  
Just let me have my peace

Vasto Grom

# Lay Me Down

And I say lay me down  
Cause I hear what you say about me  
And I know that its not pretty  
So, I say lay me down

Just lay me down  
I'm begging you to just me lay down  
Oh lay  
Just lay  
Oh lay  
Please god just lay me down

Cause this world is unfair  
And I no longer care  
I no longer feel the need to hesitate  
I find there's no more need to wait

So god just lay me down  
I'm begging just lay  
Oh lay  
Just lay  
Oh lay  
I'm begging you to just lay me down

So now I stand here all alone  
Thanks to all the horrors I've been shown  
The things this world has done to me  
Have made me subcumb to a life of apathy

I beg you to lay me down  
Go ahead and put me in the ground  
Oh lay  
Just lay  
Oh lay  
I'm telling you just lay me down

Vasto Grom

# Let Us Play

Come sweet children, let us play.  
Cause soon now any day.  
Death will come our way.

It doesn't matter where you stay.  
In the house or behind the hay.  
Death will come your way.

No matter what you do or say.  
It doesn't matter if you cry or pray.  
Death must sometime come this way.

Death will come.  
Yes Death must come.  
Death will come our way.

Vasto Grom

# Light

As the light shines upon me each day  
I feel my soul burn away  
But when the night finally comes  
I feel my scared soul rise  
As the light dies

Now each and everyday  
I pray that wretched sun goes away  
Because the light hurts more than my eyes  
It burns me deep inside

Vasto Grom

# Lullaby

Hush little one  
Now close your eyes  
Let this world slip away  
And let your dreams rise

Go now my sweet child  
Let your mind run free  
Go to a place  
Where anything can be

Fall asleep oh little one  
Leave this world behind  
Dream now and soon you'll find  
A magical place  
Full of love and peace  
Where you can do as you please

Hush now my little one  
Fall into your dreams  
And know that I will be here you wake

Vasto Grom

# Madame Vanstroviche

She stood in front of me as I sat on my knees covered in their blood.

The ground around us was burned and the tree behind me covered with the hanging corpses of those I took from this world.

She spoke softly to me as if speaking to a small child.

The wind howled around us as she told of what I had done though i do not recall any of it.

I asked for her name but she gave none and simply said that she was the keeper of my sin.

I felt the wind slash at me as if made of steel but it seemed not to affect the woman at all.

She held out her hand and told me that she would make it alright and that if I stayed I would suffer their wrath.

As if to prove her point chains burst from the ground and began to claw at my blood soaked flesh as if they were the hands of those whose blood I wore.

I cried out and reached for her hand but she did not move.

She whispered that if I wanted to escape this nightmare I must work for it.

I struggled and strained as the chains tore into my bare flesh cutting deep into the muscle.

As I cried I felt my right arm almost become severed and I knew what I must do.

I writhed and twisted my right arm having the chains cut deeper.

Even though her face was veiled I am sure the woman was smiling as she spoke words of encouragement.

The pain was unimaginable and I felt myself fading.

With the last bit of strength I could muster I thrust my right shoulder forward

and felt my arm leave me giving me just enough room to take the woman's out stretched hand.

Then all went black and as I felt the life drain from my mutilated frame I heard her speak into my ear.

'Welcome my little one to your new life and as for question you can call me Madame Vanstroviche. Now open your eyes and stare upon this world that you will call home.'

As I opened my eyes the sight that met them was something of true wonderment and awe.

Vasto Grom

# Madman's Blues

They locked me away  
In this padded cell  
They say it's for my own good  
But they condemned me to hell

Their medications simply do nothing to me  
So they up the dose and just wait to see  
They think their pills will set me free  
Little do they know they're damning me

These twisted voices keep on telling me lies  
I can now even see them with my waking eyes  
This cursed madness is taking hold of me  
They tried to make me sane but now I'm just plain crazy

Now I'm sitting here  
In my padded cell  
I feel no fear  
In fact I'm doing well

My dear sweet voices keep singing to me  
I'll be seeing you soon as I get free  
But there's only one way out of this hell  
They should've taken my belt when but me in this cell

Vasto Grom

# Mermaid

What is it that I do see  
Swimming through the darkness now towards me  
A beauty from under the blackened sea  
That is the only thing it could be  
Does it now come to set me free  
Or simply add more to my longing and misery  
Does it come to return my love  
And set me now free so I can return to the light that looms above  
She now is within the sight of my eye  
And she seems so sad as if about to cry  
She then swims close and caresses my cheek as she whisper softly into my ear  
That no longer am I to suffer or remain here  
And she, my beloved, releases my bonds and as she sweetly kisses me  
I feel relief slowly wash over me  
As I hold her, my dearest beloved, close and we set off into the now calm and  
mysterious sea

Vasto Grom

# Mimi

What if I had never told you?  
What if I had lied?  
Would you still be my friend?  
Would you have never cried?

I miss you more each day  
My once dear good friend  
More than words could ever say  
I even dream of you

My dear Mimi  
My sweet little skink  
When you up and left me  
It made me stop and think

If I had never told you  
About the real me  
Could we have grown closer?  
Sadly, we'll never see

I told you so many things  
When I shouldn't have said a word  
And now you won't even talk to me  
This is truly what I deserve

It tears me up inside  
Knowing you've gone away  
Sometimes I even cry  
When I dream of if you had stayed

Honestly I loved you  
With every fiber of my heart  
And when you walked away  
It was torn apart

I held you when you cried  
And would have even stood up for you  
You're the only reason I went to prom  
But sadly now, we're through

You'll always be important to me  
Through the darkness you will always shine  
I hope only the best for you  
Cause you were able to make me say truthfully, I'm fine

Vasto Grom

# Moving On

I am no longer here  
So please don't look for me  
I just realized  
That I needed to go

Because throughout the years  
I felt my sanity fade  
So then I stood up  
And I said no more

Its time for me to be free  
That's right I'm moving on  
So don't come looking for me  
Because I'm already gone

Sorry I disappeared  
But I do hate goodbyes  
You'd try to stop me  
And I couldn't stand if you cried

So now I'm on the road  
No more boring and sad life  
I'm done being that old me  
Maybe someday it'll be the new me you see

So many things to do  
I have to get started  
But the first step I take  
Will be out that door

Don't come looking for me  
The old me is gone  
The only thing that remains  
Is the fact he wrote this song

So now I'm moving on  
Yes, now I moving on  
Aren't you glad I'm moving on  
Now I'm moving on

Moving on.....

Vasto Grom

# Mr. Fluffles

Mr. Fluffles, the pink chinchilla  
No more biting, just stop it will ya?  
I know you hate the fact that you're pink  
But I can not help what it is that I think

I know you're just a vivid hallucination  
And the fact that you're pink doesn't offer a lot of intimidation  
But when your 40 brothers and sisters all sit there staring at me  
I have to admit its kinda creepy

Mr. Fluffles, just so soft and fluffy  
But when you get to biting you're just not cuddly  
Why can't you just let me be  
You're not Kato so why do ambush me

You just look so cute when you go to sleep  
Curled up in a fuzzy ball, counting sheep  
So now we go to sleep and let our problems float away  
But I know you'll get to biting this next up coming day

Cause you're Mr. Fluffles, the pink chinchilla  
You'd probably stop the biting if I colored you vanilla  
But I just can't help it, why can't you see  
Ow! Mr. Fluffles no more biting me

Vasto Grom

# My Beloved Temptress

I awake and you are there  
Lying right beside me  
You stroke my cheek and hold me close  
You glowing red eyes make me hunger  
For the bliss you tease me with  
Your long black hair shines in the dim light like onyx  
And your skin though pale as snow has more color than a rainbow to my eyes  
You slowly climb on top of me and straddle my waist  
You hold down my wrist even though you weigh less than me  
I do not struggle for I can find no strength to resist you  
And secretly I want what you bring  
You smile revealing your delicate but sharp fangs as you lean down and whisper  
sweet nothings in my ear  
As your voice slowly echoes in my head my heart begins to race and you slowly  
raise your head so that our eyes meet  
Your hair gently mingles with mine as you stare down at me with hunger and  
passion in your burning eyes  
'Tell me you love me and that you are mine' You say in a soft and cautious tone  
I reply in solid but longing tone 'I love you with all of my heart and I will be  
your's until the end of all time'  
Your cheeks turn slightly crimson as you realize that I truly mean what I say  
Your wings slowly unfold as you lean down and kiss me gently  
You release my wrists and I wrap my arms around your perfect waist and pull  
you close as I return your kiss with passion  
We spend the night in each other's embrace never wanting this night to end and  
even though no one else will understand our love I will never deny my hearts  
desire for you  
As the moon shines down upon us as we express our feelings through passion for  
the first time you feel something that none of the ones you controlled over your  
lifetime has made you feel  
For the first time you feel loved  
And as the feeling washes over you tears slowly fall from your burning eyes and  
roll down your cheeks  
My beloved demon temptress  
For even though they all say you are controlling my heart I know that my  
burning passion for you is true and my own  
And though they will try to destroy you for being what you are I will smite all  
that dare raise arms against you  
And I shall do so without mercy

For my love for you is beyond what they could understand and i will never let any harm fall upon you

Vasto Grom

# My Goddess

My beloved goddess, I dream of you and your perfection. I met you at high school and from the instant I saw you I knew that you were my one and only. Everyday brought pain and pleasure knowing that you would be near me but never mine. Catherine, my beloved, my everything. I have dreamed of holding you close. All I ever wanted was to please you but you would never have me. You saw my hunger and fed me just enough of your love to keep me hunting you. You would tease me with a touch and a look then smile and hold me away. Still, after 4 years you tease your eternally faithful servant with visions of your beauty and words of kindness. My universe revolves around you and you know how to keep my soul wrapped around your finger. You know you have my heart in your hand and that it always will be. You are my goddess of beauty, perfection, and seduction. Your face is more radiant than a thousand sunsets and sunrises over the glaciers of Alaska. Your body was sculpted by the Aphrodite herself to mirror her image. Your hands are soft and warm when you tease me under your electrifying touch. Your hair flows like the winter breeze as it shies and glimmers in the sun like a jewel. And your eyes....your eyes pierce through me like knives seeing my truest desire as they burn with lust and sparkle with the passion of youth. How I dream of you my beloved, you know I would give up every thing to call you my own. You know I would give my very life to protect you but you still will never be mine. My goddess, my universe, my beloved, my Catherine.

Vasto Grom

# Nightmare's Code

I feel it washing over me once more  
The need and wanting to taste the pain of others  
The deep seeded hunger for the suffering of innocent beings  
My beloved madness, wash over me  
Like a waterfall, wash over me  
Drag me down into the darkest depths of insanity  
And leave me there to change  
To let my hatred fester in me  
And bring about the end of this wretched life as we know it  
I will rise from the blackness  
And bring about a new age of suffering to all those of this world  
I will slaughter and bleed all those that dare cross me  
And feast upon their delicious misery  
So please my beloved madness  
Drag me down  
Drag me down into your crushing embrace  
And birth me a new  
So that I may kill this worthless world

Vasto Grom

# Now You Finally See

It can't rain all the time, but if it did would it be a crime  
Oh let the rain fall down, let it snow  
Soon you will realize just what I know  
This life we lead is all a lie, sadly in the end we all shall cry  
Whether tears of joy or tears of sorrow, in the end it won't matter tomorrow  
My name is Eric, and I know I am sick

So let the blood rain down  
Let it all come out  
Now you have an idea what I'm all about  
Listen to me my friends, this isn't the end  
So don't cry for me because I am finally free

If you were to see into my dreams, you'd find me sitting in some bloody rings  
Every ring represents someone I know, everyday the number of rings continue to grow  
But I pray those rings won't grow no more, and that the blood will come off the floor  
I have seen many things no one should ever see, the saddest part is that those things were done by me  
But soon it will all be over and I will be free, I just hope that you can forgive me

So let the blood rain down  
Let it all come out  
Now you have an idea what I'm all about  
Listen to me my friends, this isn't the end  
So don't cry for me because I am finally free

For years I have lied to hide the truth  
For 13 years I've tried to make myself feel  
Ever since this started I've wanted it all to go  
But over those unlucky years those lies have continued to grow  
I've ended up turning to fantasy to keep myself from going crazy  
My eyes now lie to me  
I can't tell if what I see is real or not  
Was this a plot set up by my mind

So let the blood rain down

Let it all come out  
Now you have an idea what I'm all about  
Listen to me my friends, this isn't the end  
So don't cry for me because I am finally free

These visions of blood are killing me  
If only you could see just what I see  
You would finally understand  
You'd get my point  
You'd finally know what's wrong me  
And why these eyes of mine....are killing me

Vasto Grom

# Ode To The Dreamer

Upon a thousand dreams  
I always wonder why  
That when I come back to reality  
I find I want to die

But why is it that I dream  
If all I ever do is wake  
Why return to this world  
If all it ever does is take

So here now I sit  
Upon this hill of dreams  
Where all I feel is peace  
And where nothing is as it seems

As the sun is setting  
I feel myself drift away  
For soon now I will wake  
And leave the place I long to stay

For I am a dreamer  
I am and always shall be  
I sleep to escape this world  
For in it I'll never be free

Never will I know love  
Or be happy with who I am  
If only you could see through my eyes  
I know you'd understand

Life really is quite boring  
It also is unfair  
But when I close my eyes  
I no longer mind or care

For when I am dreaming  
I can be the real me  
No longer do I have to hide  
Since there's no one who can see

Vasto Grom

# Old Man And The Ocelot Cub (Part 1)

As I stood on the shore of my little island with my spear in hand getting ready to once more watch the rise of the golden sun as I caught my breakfast, such as I have done for the past nearly 20 years, I feel something has changed on my island. For nearly 35 years I have been stranded on this small patch of earth and I had given up any hope of escape long ago. Now I am reaching my 57th birthday and I have grown fond of my little tropical home. However my island is no luxurious and care free place. I must always be wary and alert for I am not the only one living in this place. There are many monsters and demons that also call this place home as do I. But they have always left me alone at sunrise, why I still do not know but I do appreciate it. I begin to sing my mother's sweet lullaby that I can still remember from back when I was but a small child. This little lullaby is all I have left of my old life. As I pull back on my line and retrieve my catch for this morning I can't help but hear the sound of small footsteps on the sand coming towards me. Long ago I obtained the skill to know all that live with me on this island by the sound of their footsteps but this sound was alien to me. I look over my shoulder to see what new creature comes towards me, but I feel no fear or tension for some reason. As the footsteps come to a halt not but 3 feet beside me and I turn to face this new inhabitant of this long forgotten place I find myself for the first time in many years surprised at what I see. Infront of me is a small and fuzzy little ocelot cub. It stares up at me while its tail slowly whips back and forth in the sand. The look in this little ones shiny green eyes makes me can't help but feel ease and I smile as I believe for the first time since I have come to this place that I have finally found a friend. As I reach down and pet my new little friend she purrs loudly and I swear that I can feel the ground shake under us as she does. She then quickly runs up my arm and proceeds to hop up on to my shoulder and then on to my head. I laugh softly as I stand up and pick up my spear and our breakfast. Then as I begin to head towards my hut I find my new little friend happily playing with my long and unkept hair making me laugh harder than I have in years. At that moment I knew that this was going to be the beginning of a new part of my life here on this island.

Vasto Grom

## Old Man And The Ocelot Cub (Part 2)

As I open the make shift gate to my little patch of the island where I call home my new little friend jumps from the top of my head and with a little puff sound lands on the fine sand sending up a small cloud. I chuckle to myself as the sand settles. The little ocelot cub takes off and begins happily bounding around my camp, all the while stopping and sniffing the many nick-nacks I have collected from around the island. My camp is nothing impressive but it is well re-enforced and is rather comfortable, at least to me it is. I watch her contently as I begin to prepare our breakfast for the fire. I slowly gut and scale the fish and my new friend slowly pokes her face up from the log on the other side of the fire. She sniffs the air and then stares at the fish with wide and hungry eyes. I laugh then cut off a good portion of the nearly 20 lb fish and lay it on the log in front of her. 'There you go little one.' I say softly as if she can understand what I say. She sniffs the fish then oddly enough runs off and into my hut. As I ponder why she would do such a thing when she was obviously hungry I hear rustling from the hut. She emerges with a small can of spices I have made from various flours that grow nearby my camp. I find myself intrigued at how she was able to know what was in the can as she drops it in front of the fish and begins trying to open it. I can't help but laugh as I watch her desperately attempts to open the jar by biting, pawing it, and even bunny kicking it. I eventually reach over and pop the top of while she is kicking the lid with her back paws. I smile at her as the spice gently falls out on the log and applaud her. 'Good job little one!' She stops, looks at me confused then at the open jar and purrs loudly. Once again I must admit I felt the ground rumble under me when she did. She then paws the spice all over the fish then starts dragging the piece of fish that was easily three times her size towards me. I pet her softly as she lets go of the fish then looks up at me, then at the fish, then the fire, then once more at me. I smile and scratch her ears. 'You want me to cook your fish little one?' She emits another ground rumbling purr as I take both of our breakfasts and stick them on the spit over the fire. As I sit and stare at the burning embers in the fire I suddenly see my new little friend staring back at me from inside the fire. I let out a cry of shock and fear then with my bare hands I go to pull her out. Though when my hand was a mere instant away from the flames I say she burst out of the flames and stick me in the chest with amazing force and sending me back. I breathed hard for a few moments as I clutched my little friend close then was struck by the realization that she was fine. I lifted up my head and stared up at her and saw that she not only wasn't burned but seemed as if nothing had happened to her. She looked at me and began mewling softly and rubbing against my chest as if she were trying to apologize for making me worry. I slowly lowered my head and laid it down back on the fine sand and slowly began to cry for the first time in many years as I

held my little friend close. I was crying not only because I was relieved that she was ok but also because for that brief moment when I was reaching to pull her out of the flames I felt something I hadn't felt for nearly fifhtteen years. I felt the cold and sharp pain of thinking I would once again be left on this island all alone.

Vasto Grom

# Peaceful Slumber

The hour grows late  
And my mind grows weary  
I lay my body down on my bed once more  
And reach for the controller  
With a touch of a button the music begins  
Soft, like the rain gently falling outside  
It begins to slowly flow through my body and into my mind  
No words  
Just a single chant  
As the music goes on I feel myself drifting away  
From this world  
This life  
Even this reality  
And as the music settles deep inside my mind I feel it  
I feel my body at rest and my mind at peace  
No more worries about my life  
No longer do I care about tomorrow  
Or what the world thinks of me  
I only know peace  
Though only a fleeting peace a peace none the less wonderful  
And as my mind fades from consciousness  
I find myself content  
I'm actually happy

Vasto Grom

# Perfection

I was once asked what I thought of perfection, I replied 'I despise perfection for a truly simple reason. Mankind has always strove to better itself, to be greater than the last generation. But if perfection were to ever be achieved than that would be the end, no more room for improvement or imagination. To be perfect means to have nothing left to strive for or to ever even dream of achieving one day. We all strive for something and even if we are to never obtain it it still gives us the hope we need to move on in life. But perfection is something I will never try to obtain even if offered to me, for then my dreams of being something more would be nothing more than worthless thoughts and once blessed memories.'

Vasto Grom

# Piercing Emerald Eyes

She stares through me as if I were made of glass. Those green eyes pierce through my armor to gaze upon the secrets that I keep deep inside of my heart. She slowly takes my hand and smiles her sweet smile, but those emerald eyes never turn away from me. Those eyes have such power I honestly find myself humbled and frightened by them. I feel as if she could see even the most well hidden secret of the most well trained actor and liar the world has to offer her. And yet she smiles even those she can see what I truly am underneath my masterly well crafted web of lies. Her gaze burns like green flame and turns my web to nothing more than ashes on the floor. I feel safe as long as I stare into those glistening emeralds. I tell her everything because she already can see it all. She is not surprised by what I tell her and I find myself knowing she wouldn't be. With her eyes that could pierce even the thickest of defences how could she not see the demon living inside of the shell of a man?

Vasto Grom

# Randomness

I am creative and philosophical person by nature. I find much in this world simply bores me and most of the people in this world will never be able to see the world as I do. And I'm glad they can't because its a very sad way to see things. But when I find something that truly catches my interest and makes me actually feel something the experience is more precious to me than anything. And now I found someone who makes me feel like this once boring world is now full of oportunites, oportunites that I want to share with her. She makes me want to get up and better myself as well as my life...

Vasto Grom

# Real Me

I am the strongest I can be.  
Cause I except me for me.  
I am different, some say insane.  
But trust that nothing is wrong with my brain.  
And when I decided to be free.  
I released the real inner me.  
So if you can't except who I am.  
I can clearly understand.  
For you can't see things like me.  
Now that my mind is unclouded and free.

Vasto Grom

# Reality

To all I have ever known and wanted, I cast you aside into my void for the reason that it was all but lies. You believe in goodness when all that surrounds you is despair and misery. Why, I ask. Why call out to a person for help who stares at you with hatred and malice? We are darkness deep down and so be it upon all we touch. You know not who I am nor my true reason for being. All but a few know nothing but my shroud of lies that I cover my frail and broken soul with. Never will you know me, the real me, for you couldn't comprehend that which is me. I have always preferred fantasy to reality for one simple reason. In my fantasy I can find my peace that has always eluded me in this that is reality. Reality has broken me time and time again until I have lost more than 90% of what I once was. There is no peace for me in this world, only suffering and chaos for which I have grown sick of to the point of madness. But I will remain strong until my day of reckoning comes forth. Until the day I can look at the world and wave goodbye knowing that the place that has destroyed me; be it from the ones I once called friends or the simple atmosphere of turmoil that surrounds the world; is no more to me. Farewell beloved sleep, I pray to return upon this day. And I hope that I will never awake so that forever in your peace I will stay.

Vasto Grom

# Regret

Once more I stare back upon my life  
And see all that I have lost

Though I now stand tall and am beginning down the road of contentment  
I can not help but look down and see all the things I never achieved

Most of my life was spent surviving  
So there was never any time for dreams or goals

Sadly, through it all I find myself full of regret  
Regret for the friends I've lost and for all the chances I never took

But by far the worst part is that I must forever live with this regret  
And that I will always wonder what could have been

Vasto Grom

# Release

Release me  
Set me free  
Or go away and leave me be  
Leave me nailed to this tree  
Or speak the words that will revive my spree  
And then all the world will come to know what it is I see  
This is my promise and decree

So now that you have stood here  
And after you have listened to what you must hear  
Do you now feel a sense of fear  
Or do my words excite you my dear  
Will you go away or come closer near

Pain will come to those who hurt you I swear  
I will deliver upon you a bliss most rare  
None shall harm you if there are any who would dare  
For all this and more all you must do go over there  
And pull on that lever next to you there  
Then speak to me the oath my petite monfrare

Vasto Grom

# Rise

Another day I must rise.  
Once again I must open my eyes.

Again I must give up my wonderous slumber.  
To return to the world where I feel myslef slowly torn asunder.

Time to get up and face the day.  
So that I can return to my bed once more and dream my troubles away.

Vasto Grom

## Sayings Of A Forgotten Soul

When you live each day hoping that your depression will end and all the pain will go away, you don't want there to be a tomorrow. You just want to sleep, to escape to a place where you can feel accepted and find the peace you always longed for. When you can no longer cry because you feel dead to the world and when you would rather be miserable than happy because you know that once the moment has passed the pain will just come rushing back.....goals begin to seem impossible and all that matters is peace.

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Vasto Grom

# Sayings Of A Twisted Mind

I died fighting a foe none other would dare. But death shall not keep me. For I shall return and be known as Nightmare.

When the statue of the Virgin Mary cries blood and the cross turns black, I will return, I will come back.

When the moon turns the color of blood and the stars refuse to shine, your life will end and your soul will be mine.

In the end we all shall die. The only difference is where, when, how, and why. And now my friends before I die i have one last thing to say, goodbye.

Vasto Grom

## Sayings Of A Twisted Mind (Part 2)

Upon the sound of a thousand screams I now hear what she said. As she cried out with her final breath that I'm the one who's dead.

There is blood all across the walls as the dead now roam these empty halls. All my friends lay dead under foot where these ghouls tread.

Madness...you claim that I am mad. But why is that? Though I see horrific sights daily and live in my own world I find that I am quite sane you see.

Ticking watch in my hand. Tell me the time where I now stand. For I wish to know the time that I die. Oh ticking watch please don't lie.

Blood, blood everywhere! ! ! But none of it is mine.....oops! ! ! I did it again! ! !  
HahahahaHAHAHAHA! ! !

Vasto Grom

# Sorrow

My life has always been shadowed by a veil of pain and misery, even from the first thoughts I can recall. I have wished to be at peace and to feel like I belong. But now I realize that I will never belong and that peace is unattainable for one simple reason; my own nature. I have long since known that I crave attention even when I don't want any. I have always subconsciously wished to be noticed because it seemed to at one point to make sense that if people noticed me they might include me. But that very idea has ruined my life in all its entirety. Along with my horrible habit of unknowingly pushing away all those I love most I have truly single-handedly caused my own world of depression and despair to replace a world of possibilities.

I look into mirrors and all I ever see is a little boy in pain or a beautiful woman I have come to know as Amilia trying to tell me things I can never hear. But sometimes I see things that make me so deathly afraid that I feel as if my legs become stone but all I want to do is run away as fast as I can. Mirrors scare me so much cause in them I do not see a physical reflection but a inner one of my true self and how deep down all I am is a giant concoction of lies that seep from my mouth and skin like a poison, infecting all my relations and even my very being.

Upon this world that I see, I shall let my demons free. To burn and kill all they know, as the winds of sorrow start to blow.

Vasto Grom

# Still Awake

I look at my phone again  
2: 15 am  
I roll over and wonder why?  
Why am I not tired?  
Why can't I sleep?  
I was up all day and even worked out  
So why am I still awake?

The house settles and I swear I hear a voice  
It sounds familiar but I can't place it  
I hear it again  
No words, just a sound  
I grab my axe and roll out of bed

As I leave my room and walk down the hall the voice grows louder  
I can begin to hear the voice more audibly now  
The axe grows heavy and I find myself dragging it on the ground  
It makes a loud whine as it drags across the concrete

My neck becomes tired and my breath more labored as I find my vision  
narrowing  
The voice now has a gender and age  
She sounds young, but a child probably  
And why does my body suddenly ache?  
Why is the axe so heavy?

The concrete has turned to dirt and the hallway to trees  
My feet crunch through twigs and fallen tree branches  
I find that I can see a clearing  
I'm so tired now and my body aches so much  
I can finally see her

She sits in a pool of dark red liquid  
Crying and whimpering  
There are pieces of things all around her  
Pieces of flesh colored statues  
But why do the statues reek of death and decay?

My feet slosh through the liquid and the axe feels slightly lighter

My breathing is more ragged than ever  
My sight has grown now extremely narrow  
As I reach the little girl she simply looks up at me  
And as I look down at her I spy something in the liquids reflection

My heart beats faster as I see a man like figure  
He stands at least ten ft tall with a build of one who knows only fighting  
He wears a massive, barbed & demonic mask  
His body is covered in hideous scars and wrapped in barbed wire  
And he carries an axe that seems as if wielded by a nightmarish executioner

But I am not afraid  
I look away and to the little one  
She smiles and holds out her arms to be picked up  
I gently lean down and hoist her on to my shoulders  
I remember not who I am nor how I got here  
Just that she is happy

And as I slowly trudge through the sea of blood and death I hear her giggle  
'Are we going to punish more bad men tonight Mr. Grom?' she asks happily  
My mouth makes no words simply a loud and ragged breath leaves me  
She bounces softly on my shoulders and giggles in joy

Suddenly my phone goes off  
Not my alarm but a call  
I answer  
The woman's voice is cold and professional  
'Are you asleep?' she asks calmly  
I look down at my hands  
Blood covers them and all around me as well  
The stench of death tickles my nostrils  
My arms are tired from swing the axe in my left hand  
And all around me lay the scattered and shredded remains of men  
I slowly raise the phone back to my ear  
I can't recall who I am  
I don't know how I got here  
All I know is that she'll be pleased  
'No' I mutter softly  
'I'm still awake'

Vasto Grom

# Still Botherin Me

I put a gun to my head  
Which was full of dread  
Knowing that I would rather be dead

Cause the world kept botherin  
Oh the world kept botherin  
Yes, the world kept botherin me

The darkness swept over me  
I could no longer see  
I hoped that this would set me free

Cause the world kept botherin  
Oh the world kept botherin  
Yes, the world kept botherin me

But as I lay dying  
I heard her start crying  
I could feel her tears falling on me

Cause the world's still botherin  
Oh the world's still botherin  
Yes, the world's still botherin me

All I really wanted was to find peace  
To have the pain of this world finally cease  
Sadly, after my death all it did was increase

Cause the world's still botherin  
Oh the world's still botherin  
Yes, the world's still botherin me

Vasto Grom

# Still Love Her

My heart was pierced by cupid.  
I disdained all glistening gold.  
There was nothing that could console me.  
But my goddess I longed to hold.

But now she doesn't need me.  
She's in the arms of another now.  
Sadly though I had foreseen this.  
I'll never know what happened or how.

So now the old Eric is dead.  
This cruel world tore him apart.  
And now that its my turn.  
I don't need this bleeding and broken heart.

Though she has greatly pained me.  
If she calls I'm come to her aid.  
Because I will always love her.  
And because of the promise I made.

So now its finally my turn.  
To go out and have some fun.  
No more do I want to find love.  
I no longer need anyone.

For the first time in my life.  
I am finally free.  
And now the time is upon us.  
For the world to see the real me.

But I'm still in love with that goddess.  
And I will love her for all time.  
My one wish will always be.  
To one day call her mine.

Vasto Grom

# Strength

Every person has a strength hidden away inside them and when they are pushed to a certain point that strength is released. Be that point physical, mental, or emotional. And when that strength is released a question is posed. Do you embrace the strength and wield it to cut through that which caused its release? Or do you let it take control and consume you?

Vasto Grom

# Such A Little Thing

Such a trivial thing  
So small and insignificant  
And yet it means more to me than I believed  
More than I ever intended it to mean  
Never once did I care about it  
And still it slowly grew deep inside  
I tried so hard to tear it out  
To stomp it flat  
And bury it so deep that it died from neglect  
And yet it is still there  
Despite all my attempts to erase it, it still exists  
It still eats away at me and my life  
Ruining the simple and easy existence I had enjoyed  
Such a worthless and cumbersome thing  
Something once so small  
But now has grown quite large and demanding  
Why is it that it continues to chip away at me?  
And destroy the life I actually want  
This need to be with others  
This wanting to be accepted  
To be loved  
To be human

Vasto Grom

# That's Just Who I Am

You sat me down again  
And you asked me why  
Why do I do the things I do  
Do I just do it to despise you

I start to smile and then I laugh  
And you look like your gonna have a heart attack  
And I say that you'll never understand  
I do these things just cause that's who I am

I know I'm weird in your eyes  
And you just might despise me  
But the simple truth is  
I'm just being me

And I find that its odd  
Why can't you see  
That I'm just being  
Ordinary, original, normal me

Sadly I know that you'll never understand  
No matter how hard you look you'll never see  
This is just who I am

You say I'm cold, different, and antisocial  
You say I need to learn to be a little bit more normal  
You try to give me meds that you hope will change me  
And it hurts knowing that you will accept me

Yes my sense of humor is twisted and my mind is broke  
And I know you wish this was all just one big joke  
Saldy for you this is our reality  
And no matter what do this the real me

And deep down it crushes me  
That I'll never be what you want me to be  
I know I'm a failure in your eyes  
And I know that's you despise me

But this who I am  
And you will never understand  
That this is who  
Oh yes, this is who  
Cause this is who I am

Vasto Grom

# The Final Words Of A Life Lived In A Lie

As forever passes me by I find myself do wonder. Why it is I am still here not where I belong.

Their voices turn to song as my ears slowly fade. Softly kissing my mind as the lights go dim.

But no longer can I see the world I once called home. No more do I wish to try and pretend.

This false life I have led has now grown quite stale. Leaving nothing to gain or hold my interest.

So now the time has come for me to leave this place behind. To now say goodbye to all that I once knew.

For in the end I lived nothing more than a lie. Never once letting what my truth be seen by the world around me.

Vasto Grom

# The Keeper Of Suffering And Sorrow

One who always listens to my misery  
One that will always be there when I break  
To help build me back up  
For no reason more than for my own sake

A voice like a whisper  
Caught light in the wind  
The voice of my brother  
And also my friend

But though loving to I  
He always will be  
Towards all others  
He has nothing but malice towards thee

For my the tails I recall  
Paint a picture with a frame of pain  
Causing his conscious to grow black  
Leaking vengeance into a mind once sane

He finds great disgust  
In those of my race  
And believe it he does  
That without humans the earth a peaceful place

He is the keeper of my sorrows  
The collector of my suffering  
And with each tail from me  
The more misery to others he'll bring

Devacko, a being made of anguish  
An entity born of misery  
Wants only to force others  
To suffer all the same as me

Vasto Grom

# The Nightmare Rises

The strongest of my brothers is also the most hateful. He is named after the effect he has on others. They say he can not be real and that he is just a nightmare that stands before their waking eyes. And so we decided that that would be his name, Nightmare. Nightmare is the sole embodiment of all the hatred and loathing I hold for all life. His one purpose is to destroy all that lay before him. He feels nothing but the burning madness that is always growing inside of him. He doesn't care who stands before him, be it a man, woman, or child. He will break them all the same. Despite his appearance Nightmare's sheer and unyielding hatred for all life gives him unimaginable strength and endurance. He will attack with anything in reach and if there are no weapons to be found he will use his bare hands. He will never stop attacking even if his body is broken he will never stop his relentless attack. Nightmare is my ace in the hole, my savage monster that hungers for the pain and blood of all that live.

Vasto Grom

# The Path

As I walk down this path of sorrows I feel the flames of their hate and fear sear my bare flesh again and again as the razor-sharp rocks shred my feet with every step only to heal when I lift my foot and be shredded once more with my next step. I have walked this path since I was but six years old and now twelve years later the pain is still as agonizing as the first day. I see faces contorting with rage and disgust from behind the flames on either side of me. They fear and despise me as they scream at me, forever screaming. They accuse me of ruining their lives or how I am a horrible person and I deserve this. My body is covered in the scars left by the flames of their hatred and I am so very tired of walking this path of misery. Always though beside me is the black goblet that if I drink from it I will find my peace and will feel no more. However, if I were to drink from the goblet I will lose what little I have left in this world. I find my fortitude weakening with each day and the goblet always growing closer. But this path I walk always has a light that I follow. But the light does not signify any material object but instead it is the friendship shown to me by one single person. For she has always shown me kindness and it is because of her I stay my hand from that which offers eternal peace. Thank you my dearest Rebecca for believing in me and being there when I needed you most.

Vasto Grom

# The Psychotic 6

We were born from insanity.  
Our father is hate.  
Our mother is suffering.  
We live to end life.  
We breathe pain.  
We eat souls.  
We are stronger than you.  
We are madness in human form.  
We bathe in our enemy's blood.  
We feast upon their flesh.  
Our minds are broken.  
No human can best us.  
We are cruel.  
We are sadistic.  
We are evil.  
We are judgement.  
We do what we were born to do.  
We have suffered more than all of humanity combined.  
We are brothers.  
We are tools of death itself.  
We are The Psychotic 6.....

Vasto Grom

# The Psychotic Slasher

My brother Psyche is mad. More insane than most of us. He doesn't care about the rules of others and does whatever he pleases. The reason for this is simple, you live only once so why follow the laws others make when you can make your own. He is a junkie for the ultimate thrill which in combination with his complete insanity makes for a very interesting and dangerous individual. He doesn't believe in reason and never does well with others. If you deny him what he wants, he'll simply break you and take what he desires. Try to fight him and he'll not only outright beat you but put on one hell of a show while he does so. Psyche is the epitome of anarchy and the embodiment of never knowing how far to push the envelope. If left to his own devices he'd probably be dead in an hour. He sick sense of humor goes farther than even Tom finds intriguing sometimes. To best put what Psyche is imagine this. Combine a rapist, arsonist, sadist, adrenalin junkie, sociopath, and serial killer all into one and drown him in madness.

Vasto Grom

# Their God

And on this day they all pray. To the cold eyed god and I know what he'll say.  
He'll tell them all that its time to pay. And for their pain they'll be granted great  
gain. As long as they listen to him and see to his every whim. But none of them  
can see. Well, all except me. That he all he does is bring misery and that they  
will never be free. For I have seen their god and know what lies at the end of the  
path they trod. On the faithless all of their troubles they blame. Not knowing that  
this was all just part of a game. Their god, their messiah, their savior; just finds  
it interesting to watch their behavior. I alone have seen their god's true self and  
never once did he care about he's people's health. He will never be there when  
his people cry. Only will he appear to steal your soul when you die. Never will he  
give them the reason why he is not even willing to lift a finger to is their god  
that they follow so blindly and only I know the truth but am thought to have  
insanity.

Vasto Grom

# These Tears I Cry

I have not cried for anything real in over ten years.

I cry when I dream, when I pretend, even when I read.

But not a single tear have I shed for anything real over these many years.

I have not cried as I mourned the loss of old friendships.

I have not wept when I opened both old wounds and created new scars.

But, that day you were no longer there.

That day you no longer existed in this world and left me here alone.

For the first time in so very long I felt myself pained so very much.

Pained over something that actually mattered in life.

I cried for you and for what this world had lost.

You who had always told me to smile.

You who never let the darkness consume me.

I cry for you, my dear Saleana.

You were the only person who believed in me.

The only one who actually meant it when you said you'd always be there.

And yet you are no longer here.

I remember the last thing you said to me as you left this world.

As I held you in my arms you reached up and wiped away the first tears I have shed since we met.

And you said 'Don't cry for me Eric. I have never seen you shed a tear. Please don't start now. Know that I am going to be at peace and be happy for me.'

Then you were gone.

But the tears I shed for you wouldn't stop.

I cried til the ambulance came.

I cried at the hospital.

I cried at your funeral.

And these tears...these tears I cry.

The fall for you my sweet Saleana.

I will always love you my dear friend.

Vasto Grom

# This World

Upon this ground I tavel, lost to all that is your world. Though I hear and see those around me I find myself lost to them. As they call out to me I hear not their voice but instead I hear the sound of a soft whisper on the wind. I am finding myself null to all that is your reality and only able to feel that which is created from the depths of my disturbed mind. As i walk down the blurred road that divides your reality with my dream I find myself leaning more and more to the latter. I remember the word you used to use when I told you of my world, insanity. But if you were to experience my world you might find yourself diving into it head first. There is no pain in my world, only joy and pleasure. There is boredom, only excitement and adventure. I now no longer know how far I have fallen into my world of dreams nor do I find myself caring anymore. now I find this world of 'madness' my reality and your world of 'reality' nothing more than a passing nightmare.

Vasto Grom

# Time To Play

Its time to play, so get out of my way!  
You can't understand, I'm tired of the bland!  
Now that I've set the fire, I know my true desire!  
I never was a good man, but now I got a plan!  
So that she'll never cry, it's time for me to die!  
There's a darkness in me, that you'll never see!  
But when the blood starts to flow, that's when you all will know!  
Of the blackness deep inside, the hatred that I tried to hide!  
As the blood rains down, it will then stain the dry ground!  
And from that moment on, I will no longer be her pawn!  
And then my sweet family, you all will finally see!  
The monster deep with in me, and I can truly be set free!

Vasto Grom

# To Bed

And now I go to bed.  
To my pillow so I can rest my head.  
Now I travel to a world I often tread.  
To a place where the true worth of it's beauty can never be said.  
Off to a world of wonder that is devoid of dread.

Vasto Grom

# To Dream

I have dreamed a dream that was pure bliss  
To live a life of peace and happiness  
But when I awake I find myself here  
In a world full of pain and fear  
I go through my day wishing for it to end  
So that I may put my head down again  
And I will return to my world of serenity  
I pray that I will never wake from it again  
For I would leave all I have in this world behind  
To simply sleep for all the rest of time  
Because to sleep for me is to finally be free  
And that is all I ever truly desired.  
To never worry or fear what is to come  
That is truly a beautiful and perfect world in my mind

Vasto Grom

# To Feel Nothing

I have begun down the path once more of apathy. I have grown tired of this world and how it always seems to let me down. And I find that rather than killing myself I will just kill the thing that makes me human. And before you judge me know that I have already spent several years in a complete state of apathy once before and honestly feeling nothing at all was when I was most content. To not have to worry about what people thought of me or if the woman I loved with all my heart cared for me. To feel nothing at all allowed me to reach my full potential, I was doing work that should've been done by those 2 grades higher than me. And for reaching my true potential what did I have to give up? Nothing that doesn't cause me pain and misery now. Happiness: rarely feel it. Love: no one ever returns my feelings. Wanting: can never get what I really desire. Anger/pain/misery: I feel them 90% of the time each and everyday. So what am I truly missing out on if I don't feel anything? The human experience? The love and warming feelings from close friends and family? I hate being human and I have lost all my friends and haven't felt like part of my family in over a decade. The woman I adore will never return my feelings and life over all just either bores me or is filled with nothing but agonizing misery. Maybe along the way I'll find happiness that isn't fleeting but until then I will continue my training and try with all my might to kill off my emotions and rid myself of this worthless humanity.

Vasto Grom

# To Fly

I wish I could grow wings and fly.  
I would spread them and take off into the sky.  
I would soar through the clouds as told the world goodbye.  
With my wing I would fly away.  
Until I found a place of peace where I would stay.  
If only I could fly.  
And watch all of my troubles and worries go by.  
And as I soar I'd let my fingers trail along the see.  
As I felt in my heart that I was finally free.

Vasto Grom

# To Return From Whence I Came

I hear them again.....  
The voices and the screams.....  
No matter how I try it always comes back to this.  
Always to this.....  
All those that believe me their friend proved wrong.  
The light that gave me hope begins to fade.  
And once again I am returned to darkness which I know as home.

It was all going so well to.  
Old friends returned to my life.  
Hope began to fill me once more as school was getting easier.  
I even began to plan my life after college.

But.....  
I had forgotten what I am at my core.  
What it is that truly lives in my heart.  
But it did not forget.  
And it has returned to remind me of what I am.

I am alone.  
I am cold.  
I am different.  
I am a monster in a glorified people suit.  
And I will never be one of you.

Even if I want to be.....

Vasto Grom

# To The Fallen

Upon this beautiful web of lies  
I sleep and rest my head  
Unbeknownst to all the other  
The me they knew is dead  
He died nearly five years ago  
In the exact spot that I lay  
And the last words he uttered were  
I shall find peace upon this day

Vasto Grom

# To Wander

And slowly  
I wander this world that I know  
I find myself  
Dreaming that one day I'll go  
To a place  
Where I can be free  
And when I'm there  
I'll finally be able to see

I wonder  
What does this life mean to me  
And as I sit here  
I gaze out upon the sea  
As the light glistens  
Across the rolling waves  
I think to myself  
Just of all I have to praise

I have traveled the world  
And seen so many wonders  
I've seen mountains fall  
And heard thunder scream

But now I feel life passing slowly  
And I know what I must do  
I must now leave this world  
And travel  
To the next plain  
Where I will wander again  
And find where I belong  
So leave to you  
These words of a life lived long

Just know that the world is beautiful  
And every day is a precious gift  
So live your life  
And leave fear behind  
For someday you to shall die

And we will meet again  
For I promise my friend  
That death is not the end  
Life is just a passing trend

Vasto Grom

# Upon Darkness

Upon the fall of darkness it shall be well learned that you have gotten what you so rightly deserve. Whether it be praise of the utmost high or you fall into soul crushing blackness and die. For when he comes to rise all the lies we have told will be revealed and no longer will you be able to conceal your true self. For he will see straight through your mask and into your very soul and judge you accordingly. Now this being I speak is not one of kindness or forgiveness but a spirit of vengeance and judgement. If you are truly a good person you shall be spared whilst all others should now learn to be scared. This being doesn't believe that people can change and while strike down all those he deems to be sinners or vile. He will come before you as a figure that much resembles death but flames both black and red burn from his eyes. If you are deemed to fall he will reach for you with his left hand, a claw almost nothing but bone, and with a single touch you will be given such pain that he deems appropriate for your sins then your soul shall be his. Upon the day that he will rise so very many sinners that claim to be saints will die. And the darkness will cover all the land, a shadow cast from Brayock's hand.

Vasto Grom

# Upon Us

As we all stand now here as one though we are many I ponder why is it we gather? Be it for the reason of seeing this, our world, reformed a new so that it may be like the old? I find myself believing so. And now as I find myself in the front lines I shall travel forward so that I may come upon you and take your hand from behind. Fare thee well comrade.

Vasto Grom

# We Are

My brothers, sons of twisted mind. This much I vow, the history of these days will be written in blood. By crushing the forces of our enemies. By siezing the weapons thought to use to imprison us. We were fighting for our right to exist. But if there are those that would lock us away and take from us all that we worked so hard for. Then we will unleash such terrible vengeance that their son's and their daughter's blood will turn the snow that fills and chills our hearts as red as the deepest fires that burn from our hate. Now they come to sieze all that we have gained and destroy all we have built over this life time. But they cannot even begin to fathom what lay in store for them. WE WILL SMITE THE DEMONS FROM OUR LAND! ! ! Though they outnumber us by millions they will fall before us in fear. We will rise up and bring all those who seek to destroy us to their knees and huant their darkest nightmares. The very mention of our names will bring even the strongest soldiers to tears. Our acts against them will cripple their hope and shatter their resolve! ! ! We will band together and we will fight the enemy as one indestructible, merciless, unrelenting, and devastating force. And when rise from the ruins of this shattered and broken body, and even as we lay dying and our last breathe tears at their lungs.....they will know who we are.....they will know our pain....and even after we are long gone they will forever know our name.....they will know THAT WE ARE VASTO GROM! ! !

Vasto Grom

# When A Hero Comes

When a hero comes  
There'll be no more fear  
When our hero comes  
No longer will we shed tears

When that hero comes  
They'll pave the way  
To a brighter and better day  
When a hero comes

When our hero arrives  
Evil better beware  
You better be prepared  
Cause the bullets will rip through the air  
When a hero comes

Now you better get ready  
Cause its starting soon  
And our hero will arrive at high noon

Cause when our hero comes  
You better listen to what I say  
Or you'll forfeit your life today  
And now our hero comes

And now here he comes  
To end all of our pain  
And now that he's come  
He'll clear away the stain  
Cause our hero's come

And as the bullets fly  
We will hear them cry  
And finally the evil will die  
Cause our hero came

Vasto Grom

# Who We Are

We are all as we were made nothing more and nothing less.  
However there are those that have pieces missing, crucial pieces.  
What do you say to a person who is made without hope?  
Or to someone without the drive to live?  
What can you say?  
Would you lie to them and tell them everything will be fine or  
would you tell them the truth?  
Can you be cold when the time comes or  
will you do what you think will make others happy?  
In life there are 3 kinds of people:  
those who are whole, those who are missing something,  
and then there are those who are broken ... which are you?

Vasto Grom

# Why They Chose I?

As I now stand here in fear.  
I see the light is dying.  
I hear the people crying.  
And now wonder why they chose I?

And as the world is burning.  
I can feel the darkness churning.  
But I still don't see why they chose me.  
And now as all the people that chose die.  
I wish they had not chosen I.

And when the darkness starts to grow.  
The reasons finally begin show.  
But now it's too late to change their fate.  
Still now I know in the end why.  
They chose I.

Vasto Grom

# Your King

In the world of the mad I stand as your king.  
For I do see what none other has seen.  
A place where we are not judged by others and can be free.  
For this is the place I know of which all of us dream.  
Now take my hand and join with me.  
For this my dear subjects is what I decree.  
I will stand beside you as firm as a tree.  
And know that I shall protect and watch over thee.

Vasto Grom