



They Made Me Call It Satan
by Sawyer Phillips

It is night and it is cool. And it is summer.
I am dancing. I am wearing a devil mask and I am worshipping Satan. And my mother is also there and she is also Satan.

And when you look everyone is there
Moonlit faces moving in and out of the pines
A great ebb and flow like some cosmic jellyfish.

This is both in and out of my mind
And I am both in and out of my mind.

The faggots jump and sing and spread their light
Sparks are flying
Hellfire delight.

And the great minds feast on this opportunity
Filling their bellies till they are fat and round with goodness.
And they really do believe it.
I am holding hands with everybody
And they are all holding hands with me.

And we scream at the top of our lungs.
They are hitting us with billy clubs. We are bleeding and dying
And the whole world is exploding
And it is the most beautiful thing that has ever happened.



Why is it my bed is soft and warm when the rest of the world is hard and cold?

Could it be that the rest of the world is soft and warm, or is it actually that my bed is just hard and cold...

If my bed is really hard and cold and I perceive it to be soft and warm, then maybe I can start to perceive the soft and cold world as hard and warm.

Maybe I can even eventually exist in a soft and warm world.

Lots of love
By Rheanna Perrin

I hope you find love, true true love.
Stay up high and look down on your haters from above.
I wish you luck, luck for your dreams to come true, without leaving a muck.
I pray that you wear a smile, a smile for the longest while and one that is contagious from a Thousand miles.

I AM MORE THAN
by Malkia blake

I am more than a gender race creed or class
I am a spirit that roams seeking the next best thrill
I am more than religion or a social group
I am a butterfly just waiting to soar in any group that can push me to fly
I am more than pain depression and hardship
I am a beautiful sculpture formed by scars and bruises
I am more than a tick in a box on a survey
I am just another souls searching for purpose
I am more than you think I am

The Omen:

Mostly instrumental. Lots of minor, big strums with space in between. bells. chimes

"The omen!" strum

Distortion

The song IS the omen

.....

It was still light but everything was approaching

Doom king

A Pseudonym for the Lonely

By Anya Mogensen

I gave my loneliness a name,
And spoke to her real kind.
And taught her how to dance and sing,
She's now a friend of mine.

I wandered with my loneliness,
Down many a narrow street,
And read her F. Scott after dark,
And gave her words to eat.

I personified my loneliness,
Though this I'd soon regret,
For after all these many years,
She hasn't left me yet.