

Noble Demon by Clare Lauren Kelly

Used up their luck on the slot machines,
You only live as long as the last person who remembers you,
Nothing in this world happens purely by chance.

The key is communication, but the lock is trust.
It is funny is it not? Comedy for one man, tragedy for another.
Life is pain. Anyone who says differently is selling something.
Ignore, ignore, those pesky feelings are a chore,
It is better to burry my feelings, than feel as awful as this.

But time knows no mercy,
Mercy is for the meek.
So call me villain, call me lost-
But I will finish what your mercy cost.

Safety is an illusion,
Death can't bear to lay claim on me.
Funky little death omen,
Flair for the dramatics—
Welcome to my freak show.

Merchant of Death,
Really dearie?
Every fool gets a lucky chance or two,
Every King on his lonely throne,
Even heroes make mistakes.
Villain's don't get happy endings.

Only death lasts forever.
Long live Death.

While the devil laughed from the mouth of man,
What's a dream if it dies in the dark unseen?
Careful dearie,
Too much hate and evil deeds,
And every kindness roots in greed.

A little devil in disguise
Tired of this life,
An eye for an eye, a wrong, for a wrong.
Wrath wont know peace.

I am in the business of the Human kind,
You have all the freedom you will take.
Why linger in shadows, why settle for less?
Maybe a soul's just an inside joke,
No pain, no gain, no mercy.

They say knowledge is a curse,
I'm the architect of my own undoing,
I'm the monster you made me.
My name, once blank, became a scar,
The hero you chose, the villain I became.

No hymns, no tears, no angel's call,
Just silence crowning the First to Fall.

A snakes serenade,
A puppets dance from stringless lungs.
Charming fools with honeyed lies
Whispers waltz with scents of death,
A choir of fog, my citadel.

A puppet show of endless nights.
They call me mad, yet I am sane,
The time has come to orchestrate.
Forgive me Mother Smoke and Bone,
Your sons are lost, your streets dethroned.

Bleed for me-oh, bleed with style—
Paint me a river, stretch it a mile.
A carnival waltz of your terrible luck,
A crimson aria sung just for you.

Hush now little marionette.
I tip my hat to the void with grace,
I only show your truest face,
I'll be the master of misrule.