

Poetry Series

# **Ace Of Black Hearts**

## **- poems -**

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## (abandonment Poem) Abandon

The blood of man, oh the blood of man.  
In internal conflict just trying fight it.  
I don't want anyone holding my hand never did.  
Just another cry to live.  
Tell me now can you hear it.  
In all it's beauty, in all it's substance.  
Just a promise, just a long dead promise.  
It already forgotten, I don't live in fairy tales.  
Anger in, a smile out.  
A tear drop becomes the rain.  
It covers my face.  
It hides my secrets.  
A man whose heart has been long broken.  
Memories of the yesterday turn into the ashes of today.  
No vulnerabilities.  
No weaknesses.  
No exposure in the direct sunlight.  
Becoming the creature in the darkness.  
The hero in disguise.  
A mask that warps the tides.  
No confidant in which to confide.  
No one I can truly trust.  
No never again.  
Absolute abandonment.  
Tell me now can you feel it.

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## (abuse Poem) A Lack Of Understanding.

No shame in it.  
Wanting to ease her pain.  
Dying not to go insane.  
A laughter to rise up and burn away.  
As the end the candle melts its last bit of was.  
A poof of smoke then gone.  
No more lighting of the flame.  
A new one can be brought to be.  
But it is just never the same.  
Even in the lightness it shines.  
Mercy me the bells do chime.  
Ringing things that were suppose to be.  
The brave knight must have failed in his gallantry.  
Or maybe it wasn't necessary.  
A little girl growing into the woman slave of the birthing insane.  
With plains of summer wheat as his personal property.  
His violence tendencies end like a drunken stupor.  
Sorrow it but another bite upon the skin.  
She is still wonders when it will end.  
Should she accept or reject the repetitiveness.  
As it is, or as it should be.  
A broken bottle can't be put together.  
Not in the same way.  
Pieces are always missing.  
And no matter how hard you try, you can't fix it.  
A wanting to forever go on wanting.  
Not understanding it for what it is.  
A battered womans' psd.  
Fear, love, hate.  
How emotions do take.  
Sometimes there is no escape.  
A lost spirit.  
A beaten mind.  
And the wish of sometimes.  
All this in a world you can't even see or imagine.  
It's like looking into the clouds.  
You only see what your suppose too.  
No way of invading the soul.  
A fight that can't be won, or stopped.

And the secrets they bare are merciless.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (advice Poem) A Letter To His Replacement

Harsh is a loss of love, and to replace its stead is not as easy as slicing bread.  
Especially when one is so selective.  
An elective not of your choice, but of his heart.  
A caressing start.  
But time over that which one obsesses.  
Faults are created and can be easily agitated.  
Gentle one says as if your capturing a butterfly within your hands.  
Once damaged he will never be the same.  
His vulnerabilities are not to blame.  
His weakness is his pain.  
And her hands have become stained.  
He will loathe with an oath as a promise he takes to his grave.  
A distraction is what he needs, that is what he craves.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (ambition Poem) Business In A Dream

Technology old.  
Gets a shoulder so cold.  
Rather then sharing it with those less fortunate then you.  
Thrown away, melted down or melt scrapped.  
What if I was their just be another market for such things.  
Would you believe me?  
A refurbished PC.  
A idealogical dream.  
A business to the likes of the use car sales man.  
Cheaper because its outdated.  
But still a free operating system can be found on which it will run.  
I'm using a fifteen plus year old computer I built from the ground up just one  
year ago.  
Yes parts have failed, but they also have been easily replaced.  
I have shared these with both family and friends.  
Yet still I see no trend, in place where all are trying to cut their budgets.  
Energy efficient in one way maybe not.  
But in another it eliminates all that unfortunate waste.  
Will the people ever have a taste for something such as this.  
I wish somebody would make requests.  
I have only one friend who wants one.  
And I also wish I could acquire more that would otherwise be thrown away.  
Oh will this love of mine lead me anywhere?  
A new field which doesn't truly exist.  
Oh how I wish.  
This is but another business in a dream.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (angry Poem) An Empty Soul

My own little picture book.  
Everything has been drawn so clearly.  
I've felt it so personally.  
The violence never subsides.  
Its deafening  
Its the re-awaking.  
We are forever changing.  
The loops repeat themselves every day.  
Reign the chaos in.  
Put it down with forcefulness  
Grab it just to let it go  
Oh no, no, no, no oh, oh  
The ins and outs with out a single doubt.  
The rock star still plays his guitar.  
The poet still writes his poems.  
The author still tells his stories.  
The vocalist still sings.  
Through it all the passion will never fall.  
I get that phone call.  
And I know bad news has now hit my door step.  
A death so sudden.  
We can never be truly prepared.  
In the heaviest armor.  
We are still weak.  
We still cry.  
Even if its only on the inside.  
Like a eternal burning fire you can never put it out.  
It keeps coming back.  
Taking another run at me.  
Never stopping to think just maybe  
He's already been through enough  
But who cares about him.  
In this life full of sin  
What's one more.  
By the way what is score?  
Their winning good lord.  
All bets are off.  
Snuffed out, eliminated, and stuffed.  
Just hang me on your wall.

'Yeah he was mine.'  
'I got him good.'  
'Took everything he had.'  
'His entire family at my finger tips.'  
It just makes me sick the extent you willing to go too.  
Just to hurt little old me.  
I don't understand.  
Too naive, I don't know if I ever can..  
Let me spell it out for you.  
I have nothing left.  
You took everything including my loneliness.  
You wanted me to be pain.  
But now all I feel is numbness.  
Standing next to god I will ask him only thing.  
Why was hate ever necessary?  
Why were so many wars declared under his name?  
Idol gods one and the same.  
Its not his fault and I don't blame.  
But some days I could use a good explanation.  
Not that he has to.  
But some one needs to.  
Left to the unknown it gets completely out of control.  
It slowly empties out the soul

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## (angry Poem) Absolute Destruction

One step closer, one inch further,  
to absolute destruction.  
Tear it all down.  
Move out of the way.  
Or i will dig into you,  
with claws sharper then a scalpel.

One step closer, one inch further,  
to absolute destruction.  
Vengeance is a game best played numb,  
so numb. I'm a black hole.  
I'll suck you in. then with the strongest gravity,  
ill crush you to oblivion.  
I just cant take it anymore.  
As hard as I try this time.  
I don't think some people will survive.  
Its my wrath that cast a shadow of an overcast.

One step closer, one inch further,  
to absolute destruction.  
Feel the rhythm, its a sooth Sayer.  
That plays music in such a way,  
that my body becomes an iron cage.  
Fight to free yourself.  
You just can't. It wont break.  
You are mine.  
You are in heaven already.  
You just don't know it.  
You infected me with your sick  
bent twisted blistered ideas.  
I tell them to leave me alone.  
They still don't go.

One step closer, one inch further,  
to absolute destruction.  
Seen it all before.  
Open the door an come fourth once more.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

## (angry Poem) Angorance Took Me Down

May the gods give me the power,  
on my dieing hour,  
to relinquish the demons that devour.

Disgrace me not.  
For the words I have sought have more meaning then they seem.  
I'm bewildered by the action of others.  
Children and there mother cling together by the fire.  
I tip toe down such a thinly braided wire.  
I dwell in a place of treachery.  
Who will know how far down this hole truly goes.  
Its a back door show.  
Sneaking in to such wrong place.  
Paying for something that should never be given.  
Money buys the lies that put that eccentric tie on the well mannered suit.  
Man this life is such a whoot.  
Taken aback by the lack of tact.  
You always emerge from the darkness when you helps not wanted or needed.  
You act so conceded when your imaginary friends are around.  
I slap a piece of meat on the table and say pound.  
Everything in the ignorance of some drunks bliss.  
What did you miss?  
Here try that again my friend, more of an acquaintance.  
But who wants to debate this.  
Most would rather piss in your cornflakes.  
Here you go now eat.  
Such good deeds.  
Just what I need.  
Are you able yet to see beyond the cloud minds of such tectonic times?  
If not drink some more of my wine.  
It was made from a dime of this and that.  
Yet it reacts so potent.  
You think id be broke over it, or filthy rich from selling it in mass quantities.  
Boy life's such a stitch.  
I can still here all the complaints about what they don't got.  
What do they expect?  
Some things just cant be bought.  
A murder going exactly as planned.  
In the courts you feel so damned.

Its triple whammy.  
Charged with so many felonies.  
Bars so tight.  
Down in a hole with no light.  
This is what happens when you don't listen, to some kind reasoning.  
Now are you believing in what you were truly achieving.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# (angry Poem) Angry Are Your Children Of Forgotten Memories

Angry are the children of your forgotten memories.  
Needs become greed.  
To succeed you must move past what has become another loss.  
Hypnotic is a pipe dream  
in which your will is fact.  
It's a written contract.  
Be there when it counts most.  
So close  
Yet so far away.

Angry are the children of your forgotten memories.  
What have you created  
what have you instigated.  
With a sickle in your hand  
you swing at me.  
Full force  
full impact  
lack of discretion  
another life lesson.  
Trust no one you don't really know.  
Unless your ready to let go.  
Being released from it all.  
A hunters knife cuts the rope.  
A hammer smashes the chains.  
Nothing is ever in vain.

Angry are the children of your forgotten memories.  
A cut so clean.  
The wound that continuously bleeds.  
No matter pressure put on it.  
My leukemia destroys all immunities.  
Metaphorically speaking  
metaphorically preaching.

Angry are the children of your forgotten memories.  
Destiny does not wait or ask you how you want it.  
It just goes

flows threw all our veins.  
Even with the the greatest change.  
We still are powerless over it.  
We continuously fight it  
deny it  
but only a fool can not see whats right in front of them.  
It is what we have become right or wrong  
It's who we are.  
As much as we choose it.  
We still have no control over it.

Angry are the children of your forgotten memories.  
You say this is it,  
then must have always been it.  
From the beginning.  
It's written in invisible ink.  
Some fortunes can't be told  
They have to be lived.  
One day I'll understand what the draw was  
but at this time  
It's nothing but angry are the children of your forgotten memories.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (angry Poem) Blood On The Floor

Mark My Words,  
This Will Not End Good.  
I Can Already See The Blood On Floor.  
Spilt Everywhere.  
All Because Of You.  
All Because You Can Never Lose.  
Always Right Never Wrong.  
Just Walk Away Leave It Alone.  
Its Like Trying To Talk To A Brick Wall.  
There's Just No Way To Get Through To You.

Mark My Words,  
This Will No End Good. I Can Already Blood On The Floor.  
Must We Go Through This Once More.  
The Stress Builds,  
The Headache Becomes A Migraine.  
Too Close To Just Losing It.  
Becoming Completely Insane  
Going On A Rampage.  
I Just Can't Stop Now,  
I Won't Stop Now.  
Not Till The Place Is Burnt To The Ground.  
Buried In Mounds Of Ash Lie's A Key chain Its All That Will Be Left Of You.  
Please Oh Please Just Stop Enough Is Enough.  
A Scream After Every Heartbeat.  
No Reason,  
No Logic Behind All This.  
Just Swallow That God Damn Pride.  
Or Just Go Kill Yourself,  
Yes Oh Yes Beautiful Suicide.  
This World Would Be So Much Of A Better Place.

Mark My Words,  
This Will Not End Good.  
I Can Already See The Blood On The Floor.  
You Opened This Door.  
Now Theirs No Going Back.  
You Better Just Shut Up Now, Now, Now.  
I Say Bow, Bow, Bow,

Beg For Mercy, Kiss My God Damn Feet.  
For We Have Reach The Tipping Point.  
Just Relax It Will Be Quick.  
It Will Be A Great Ending To This.

Mark My Words,  
This Will Not End Good.  
I Can Already See The Blood On The Floor.  
As The Anger In Me Soar.  
Like An Eagle I'm Flying So High Right Now.  
With Nothing But Pure Adrenaline  
I'm Prepared To Rip You Heart Out With My Talons So Sharp.

Mark My Words,  
This Will Not End Good.  
I Can already See The Blood On The Floor.  
Theirs Just So Much Blood On The Floor.  
Just So God Damn Much Blood On The Floor.

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## (angry Poem) Bringing Forth A Demon

I make a cut a so clean.  
Bring forth a soul of a demon.  
Wicked thoughts of what I can do to you.  
The rage is building inside.  
Looking through blood shot eyes.  
Lightning raining down from the sky.  
The storm has arrived. let chaos reside.  
Like I haven't dealt with enough.  
Like I'm not already fed up or mentally done.  
Come put your stuff on the pile.  
I'll get around to it in my own good god damn time.  
Patience is a virtue that has just ran out.  
I lose all my composure.  
I scream and shout at the top of my lungs.  
Like anyone can actually hear me.  
Let it fall on deaf ears.  
Finally the end is near.  
I can feel the fear, as one can smell the rose.  
It's closure in all its glory.  
I'm ready to close this book.  
The last of a story so old.  
I have grown cold and tired of it.  
So with the last of my energy. I make a cut so clean.

Bring forth a soul of a demon.  
Wicked thoughts of what I can do to you.  
The rage is building up inside.  
Looking through bloodshot eyes.  
Lightning raining down from the sky.  
Let chaos reside.  
So many tears run red.  
becoming one with dead.  
Vicious words are said.  
You just can't let it go.  
You can't just leave me alone.  
The hell hounds are always biting at my heels.  
Just wait I'll show you exactly how it feels.  
Here's the deal.  
See these scars are part of me.

So with the last of my energy.  
I make a cut so clean.  
Bring forth a soul of a demon.  
Wicked thoughts of what i can do to you.  
The rage is building up inside.  
looking through these bloodshot eyes.  
Lighting raining down from the sky.  
Let chaos reside  
just let the chaos reside.  
I can envision a river of bone.  
Crossing it alone.  
You act if this is the way i wanted it.  
when you know damn well I was at my last resort.  
whine and moan, as everything burns.  
Liquid fire melts everyone and everything.  
This is all my little black heart desires.

With the last of my energy.  
I make a cut so clean.  
bring forth a soul of a demon.  
wicked thoughts of what i can do to you.  
the rage is building up inside.  
Looking through bloodshot eyes.  
Lighting raining down from the sky.  
Let chaos reside  
Just let chaos reside  
Just let my chaos reside.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (angry Poem) Burnt

Your burnt.  
The aggression fills me up.  
My sensibility is lost.  
My heart of gold gets so cold.  
What is its cost?  
Ill buy it.  
Ill try it.  
Ill do anything but deny it.  
Fighting thin air.  
Turn away  
don't you dare.

This time your burnt.  
Your burnt.  
Keeping the flame going as long as I can.  
When and where should I make my last stand.  
A robust lack trust.  
God their can never be enough.  
Theirs time when I just want to spill your guts.  
The circumstances have made me nuts.  
A projected affliction of disastrous predictions.  
Reliving what should never be lived.

Still I hear the words your burnt.  
You are so burnt.  
Treat your fellow man like dirt.  
Trample over them like you just don't care.  
Are you prepared for the defiance of a dare.  
What is it that you wear around your neck.  
Is it choking you to help you forget?  
Nothing but regret.  
A symbolic letter written with ink and quill.  
Make it real.  
A soulless soul feels they must steal.  
Making deals  
Only for greater protection.  
The organ won't take  
Can you feel the rejection?

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## (angry Poem) Bury The Hatchet

Into the light whether you like or not.  
Just burn like a vampire.  
A parasite who continues to try to feed upon me.  
Faking another injury just to draw little more sympathy.  
Face to face and I'm angry.  
Shelter not the weak when they choose to be it so.  
I know how tell you no.  
I'm refusing your services and goods.  
As if I could be caught up in your escapades.  
Thieving from your own kids.  
A proud father and mother they must be.  
Welcome the killing fields of morality.  
Just bury bury the hatchet by flinging it into my back.  
Their already to much slime on this floor.  
And all I see is more.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (angry Poem) Calm Hate

A humble thought.  
A pleasant calmness.  
Then snap it's gone.  
Like it was never there.  
Preparation a waste.  
Such a sour taste.  
To know who those are that do not care.  
I shall not have pity or anger towards the indifferent.  
For it would do nothing to change it.  
It's a matter of fact,  
with words you can't retract.  
Wasted apologies.  
Hated because of what I am.  
Played, like a fiddle but still I don't care.  
Sometimes no matter how much one tries they can't break you down.  
They don't understand and it's not their fault.  
They got caught and they didn't even know it.  
Lies to protect are still lies.  
At sunrise to sundown.  
Run me into the ground.  
Bury me cause you're in constant agony.  
I will still rise,  
I will not compromise.  
I am who I am.  
So if you feel you must stop me if you can.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (angry Poem) Cheap Shot

Cheap shot after cheap shot  
Here meet my pet rock  
Did I say rock, I met my pet rot  
Watch it he bite's  
He's not so nice

Cheap shot after cheap shot  
Here meet my pet rock  
Did I say rock, I met my pet rot  
Watch it he bite's  
He's not so nice

You think your better them me  
Then be instead of dwindling on it  
Like it's my fault  
Claim to be alone  
And then you get stoned  
And you wonder why

Cheap shot after cheap shot  
Here meet my pet rock  
Did I say rock, I met my pet rot  
Watch it he bite's

You think your better them me  
Then be instead of dwindling on it  
Like it's my fault  
Claim to be alone  
And then you get stoned  
And you wonder why

If I was to surmise  
I would say your looking for another prize

Cheap shot after cheap shot  
Here meet my pet rock  
Did I say rock I met my pet rot  
Watch it he bite's  
He's not so nice

You think your better them me  
Then be instead of dwindling on it  
Like it's my fault  
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And then you get stoned  
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Cheap shot after cheap shot  
Here meet my pet rock  
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Watch it he bite's  
He's not so nice

You think your better them me  
Then be instead of dwindling on it  
Like it's my fault  
Claim to be alone  
And then you get stoned  
And you wonder why

If I was to surmise  
I would say your looking for another prize

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## (angry Poem) Children Should Still Grow

Let me tell you if I ended up taking care of kids not mine  
As part of an agreement unheard  
Child support would be the first words  
For a parent should have to take care of their own  
If reasons are not of the concerned.  
Then yours shall be mine with a fine  
A tax of the person on who bared.  
In wed lock they shared  
Moments cherished, now tired and old  
With wisdom the children should still grow  
With love they should be embraced.  
Not possession you just have to take  
But part of you in which everyday you should wake  
A mistake, is but not true in years gained.  
So I say to you, how could you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (anti Greed Poem) Childs Demons

The demon speaks to me.  
He writes all these squiggly lines.  
They glow and come alive.  
They become these characters dancing upon the pages in my mind.  
Each one has his own name.  
Jacob, John, Sarah and James.  
Brothers sisters the way it should be.  
A dad that always been their.  
A mom that actually cares.  
A refuge from the dead place I live in everyday.  
A mastery of plays.  
A white picket fence, painted so perfectly.  
Erected out a child imagination.  
Please he needs to be fed.  
Can you not see hes living in filth and starvation.  
But we always turn away.  
Just burn it all to the ground.  
Its okay just look into the clouds.  
Ignorance is bliss but if you take it too far it becomes the ugliest indifference.  
The creature manifest and comes to his own.  
He starts corrupting the hearts and souls within.  
Greed will be his tool to the absence minded fools.  
To busy staring at their t.v.  
Playing with their nifty gadgets.  
Driving their fancy cars nice and warm.  
No care in the world.  
Why should they ever have to?  
To blame, we should all have to write of what we are ashamed.  
The nameless name.  
A hollow tube stuck down some old mans throat not because he will live any longer.  
But because it does not pay if he dies.  
The world has been compromised.  
Confidential are so many of the lies.  
Put it all in the open.  
Show us the contract in which sign on too the slavery of society that doesn't care about you.  
Their is no golden rule that will forever protects you.  
Go ahead just try to write something in stone.

A realization that in the end that you might be all alone.  
Love is not freely given.  
But always expected in return.  
Always expected in return.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (anti Prejudice Poem) 99 Virgins Still Bleed

Such sorrow.  
Felt through the worlds tomorrow.  
A mass explosion.  
Suicide on the mind.  
No matter the cause.  
A family has died.  
A candle light vigil through the centuries.  
The hate builds.  
And regret just never heals.  
Its just another life to steal.  
Ah it just can't be real.  
A figment of all our imaginations.  
A proclamation written upon the constellations.  
The 99 virgins still bleed.  
An ignorant belief.  
Where life is better when it is not so precious.  
No moral compass or guidance.  
Just a blind march to destroy and deploy chaos.  
Who cares about the personal cost.  
Their not me.  
I don't have to live with repercussions.  
Well you're so wrong.  
You human as all of us.  
And you'll rot and be turned into dust.  
Forever to be forgot.  
Only the lives you took will ever be remembered.  
I remember them do you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (anti Prejudice Poem) An Opportunity To Become Rich

Someone needs to be rich and someone needs to be poor.  
An equal existence would mean it could never be improved upon.  
What ever you had, you would have.  
Nothing more.  
Nothing to be gained.  
Always the same.  
No dream would ever be accomplished.  
No wish would ever come true.  
Destiny's askew.  
Before we lash out at the rich so easily.  
We must realize how they got their.  
Was it a inheritance?  
Was it built from scratch?  
Was it an idea in which one hatched?  
Was a gamble in which they finally won?  
Was it stolen?  
Was it gained by destroying others?  
Count the ways to the great accomplishments.  
Still theirs as many good as bad.  
And to categorize all as the same.  
Is a prejudice I just can not approve of.  
I'm poor, but I'm glad to have that opportunity to become rich.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (anti Prejudice Poem) Clout Of Fame

When ideals are favored.  
The truth shall be abandon for things better savored.  
As it sometimes brings nothing but disgust.  
A bitter taste you can't get out no matter how hard you try.  
A spitting upon the pavement until memories fade.  
How could we ever allow it?  
A ignorant denial when we know it's going on all the time.  
A religious belief of the out sight and out of mind.  
Silence we tell them everything is fine,  
A justification to investigate things in house,  
As if their wouldn't be any bias,  
A dismissive response to anyone speaks up.  
It didn't happen.  
You now have to leave because we have found nothing to substantiate your  
accusations,  
With you gone so will be the problem.  
But the root never being pulled it will resurface again and again,  
It something that we can not defend.  
Their nothing so righteous in existence.  
That we should completely ignore something so wrong,  
We can't stain such a precious name.  
Letters etched upon history.  
Read it out aloud and be proud of what he was.  
Never mind what occurred under his rule.  
Such is the clout of fame.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (anti Selfish Poem) An Ancestral Indifference

An idolization of the past for the accomplishments that leads us to the here and now.

We should be proud and continue on steadfast.

For we all walk upon where they left off.

But instead we try to be better and greater in our own right.

Too busy making comparisons.

To realize we still have so much to do.

We got to leave something for next generation.

Instead of bathing in our own celebration.

Looky here, look what I did.

A braggart under an assumed name.

Wearing a mask for the fame.

Changing how the game played.

Bending the ruler till the tension makes it snap.

Suddenly enveloped in thoughts not of your own but of others.

A paranoia of life itself.

Push the indifference felt upon everyone.

A suffering from lack of acknowledgement.

A existence that becomes a non-existence.

A void that will suck you in and destroy.

The weight becomes 10 fold to an infinite power till you let it go.

An acceptance of fate that you shouldn't try to equate.

Breaking it down into little pieces.

For sense must be made.

Splitting the sword, the hilt from the blade.

The pieces by themselves mean nothing.

But together as one it slices and dices.

A wounding weapon never meant to be apart.

The final destruction of the heart.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# (antisocial Poem) A Blockade To An Invasion

Why is it they keep invading my dreams?  
Watching every every move I make,  
This is a soreness in everyday in which I wake.  
Just give me a break.  
Just leave me be.  
Just let me live in peace.  
What is it that you exactly want from me?

The destruction of the constitution in a declaration of war.  
A society where I keep getting treated like a whore.  
I want a god damn divorce.  
A capitalistic dictatorship is not for me, NO, No! !  
The snake has crawled up my leg and now it just won't let go.

Please someone just provide us with a simple escape.  
We are the laughing stock of the entire world.  
We are the embarrassment.  
So let me apologize for the things we've done.  
Not a single politicians hands are clean.  
Scrub the dirt and their is only more.  
Layers upon layers of nothing but sludge.

Remembering all our faces.  
Look for anything that looks even a little suspicious.  
A paranoid government has been deployed.  
With cameras as the spies.  
And computer software that snoops.  
Oh no they are gathering together.  
So they must be the terrorist, Terrorist, Terrorist.

A rigged election that means nothing.  
So distracted we are by the bashing of each other.  
That we don't notice they are ordering ammunition.  
Hundreds of thousands of bullets that will kill.  
A government so fearless that it leave the evidence sit right on it's homepage.  
Right now are we are too worried about the right and left wing debate.

Come on now people just concentrate.  
The party lines are all the same.



Nothing will ever change as long we are promoting the same old thing.  
The corruption is higher then I can even see.  
With thousands of lobbyist donating money constantly.  
How is a little guy like me gonna ever get seen.  
We don't, we won't for we are the people not the money makers, not the  
movers, not the earth shakers.

We just cast our stones and hope like David to hit the giant in the right spot.  
Oh no we just pissed them off.  
Made them angry enough to resort to violence.  
They our now demanding our obedience.  
As if we should worship them for allowing our meager existence of suffering.  
We are not the elite but this does not mean we should back down or retreat.  
We are here to take back what was once ours.  
So come on lets spar.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (beliefs Poem) A Controversy In Terms (Read At Your Own Risk)

A controversy in terms.

I haven't heard anyone or say anything about it

So here it goes

Abortion

Yeah that dirty word

My opinion is this their are scenarios where it should be acceptable

A child having a child

I believe at that age just because you conceive doesn't mean your ready to have one.

A rape producing a child

This one even the religious should allow as exception, due to the environment of conception.

A junky's giving birth

This one due to the fact of defects and disease that are spread.

I also believe that their are preventive and alternative options too.

Can we say contraception

Can we say adoption

But ultimately I believe it should be the woman's choice no matter my opinion or yours.

As men we take for granted that we don't have to deal with this nasty issue.

We tell the women what they can and can't do without going through the ordeals ourselves.

Think about telling a teenager daughter of yours you can no longer go to school because you have to keep and raise your kid.

Now imagine being that kid or woman.

It is not a matter life or death.

Instead its a matter of what we think is right or wrong

Who are we to judge?

I agree after the second trimester it is wrong to abort.

But I also believe these fake abortion clinics that delay for the sake of religion are wrong.

This has been cited.

Their has been legal action taken against such places.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (beliefs Poem) An Absolute That's Never The Same

Someone has to believe.  
As someone needs not to believe.  
A equal balance.  
Let order bring chaos.  
And let chaos bring order.  
Whether in what we believe in or believe not be true or rot.  
It should not be measured by men of either of equal or unequal standards.  
For a measurement now will change in 100 years.  
How we go about it will change.  
An absolute is nothing ever stays the same.  
This is of course a oxymoron.  
A contradiction in it's own terms.  
But it does make it any less true.  
Just the word I used isn't of the proper glue.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (book Scifi Fiction) Scifi Novel Prologue: The Fixer

The night brought a chill with it, as always. Like many nights before, the sky was pitch black. The stars and moon shined right off the water. It seemed as if you could grab them.

I was sitting on the pier, like I always did. I come out here for the serenity. See, being what I am, I don't get any time to myself.

I am what one call the fixer. Some would call me a politician, a cheat, a con, a witch, a warlock, a vampire a shape shifter, and many more names. They are attributed to me because of what I are meaningless to me. I deal with problems others don't want to even here about. To top this off I get very little pay for it.

What happens is a journalist, the police, the FBI, the CIA, even the NSA comes to me with these problem that tend to be of super natural origin. They usually want them to disappear. So I indulge them at the right price. Most of the time it is just bull shit anyways. Every now and then I run into situations that can't be explained scientifically.

But as I learn in this field a long time ago theirs always some kind fact in the fiction. The problem is how to weed it out. Keep it simple and specific, or you'll be going a a lot of wild goose chase. All because your to gullible too know better.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# (book Scifi Fictions) Chapter 1 Alternate Dimensions (Only A Tiny Bit)

'ARK! ! ! ', Angel screamed at the top of her lungs. But it was not heard. He always disappear like this. She was just getting use to it, being that she just found out he was a demon called langors.

Like humans, langors lived normal peaceful lives. They didn't require blood as human books say. They are not vampires, but langors. The only special power they have is to travel from dimension to dimension.

Think of dimensions as alternate time periods. By this I really mean they can travel to alternate destinies. An dimension is made by a choice somewhere in time that creates an alternate future. They are the most powerful physics in their own right because they can travel to the future before a choice has been made. (Will add more when I have more time.)

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (character Inspirational Poem) A Scarecrows Thanks

With straw hanging off his head.  
He tips his hat off to you.  
As a thanks for a fantastic view.  
With a body given it's due.  
Similarities bore.  
And this is what of the scarecrow I truly adore.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (choices Poem) All Yours

Let my finger tips do the talking  
I am crawling  
I am walking  
I am marching  
If only for a little while  
To rise up, to rise against  
To show the weakness in man  
I am but a contradiction in words  
I am a man of many masks  
One each for a different task  
I think way too fast

Just slow it down bit  
What's the hurry to go nowhere  
We are already here.  
Standing before you  
Ready to ask  
Ready to question  
Demanding answers  
Debated and already hated  
You have just been emasculated  
I'm your worst enemy.  
I'm your best friend  
I'm as you make it.  
Be careful with that vase you just might break it  
I'm here to send you to hell or help  
Take it or don't  
The choice is all yours  
All yours

Let my finger tips do the talking  
I am crawling  
I am walking  
I am marching  
If only for a little while  
To rise up, to rise against  
To show the weakness in man  
I am but a contradiction in words  
I am a man of many masks

One each for a different task  
I think way too fast

You make your claims to be of evil man  
Like the invisible ghost  
Most don't see you  
But I do  
You look like you might just be in trouble  
If you need some help  
Just ask  
Forgive me if seem kinda of mean  
Cruel and unjust  
It's just the way I see things  
The way I was raised  
The way this has been staged

Let my finger tips do the talking  
I am crawling  
I am walking  
I am marching  
If only for a little while  
To rise up, to rise against  
To show the weakness in man  
I am but a contradiction in words  
I am a man of many masks  
One each for a different task  
I think way too fast

When my words are spoken  
They sometime are misspoken  
A slip of a letter or two and it all comes undone  
What was fun, oh it becomes  
An ugly face, full of disgrace  
But I tell you that was never my intent  
And with its time to reinvent  
The scientific, and fantastic.  
Star gazing under a moon lit sky  
Perplexed by them all.  
An endless number that never be counted  
forms and shapes cascade.

Let my finger tips do the talking



I am crawling  
I am walking  
I am marching  
If only for a little while  
To rise up, to rise against  
To show the weakness in man  
I am but a contradiction in words  
I am a man of many masks  
One each for a different task  
I think way too fast

So it all yours

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (choices Poem) Chance

Rejoice for you still have a voice.  
A chance to change things.  
A chance to make things better or worse.  
Be steadfast on the decision you make.  
What is it that divides us?  
A moral.  
A world in upheaval.  
A rebel without reason or cause.  
The flame will burn out like a candle.  
The further down it goes the less time you have to know.  
Make your demands now.  
Make them very clear.  
Do not let them fade or disappear.  
Do not let fear take the wheel and steer.  
No matter how things appear.  
Only what's on the inside can be a deciding factor.  
If you knew it was your one and only chance.  
What would you do?  
Take it or fake it?  
Time to choose! ! !

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (choices Poem) Circumstances Unending

If you had to choose what would you do  
Circumstances unending  
A victim of life  
A victim of death  
A victim of compromises  
A heart in pain either way.  
To make your world a little more okay

To let the one you love go for the better  
Or the happiness of poverty in suffering  
Like a mother choosing for a child  
you must make the decision out of true love.  
Forever the greater good.  
The eagle looks upon us all with his eyes.  
Only if I could see it that way.

If you had to choose what would you do  
Circumstances unending  
A victim of life  
A victim of death  
A victim of compromises  
A heart in pain either way.  
To make your world a little more okay

When you do such a thing there is no going back  
Chasing after something you threw away.  
All in an attempt to be the better man.  
The homeless playing a game of kick the can.  
Nobody ever wins.  
It is to pass time as it will always do.

If you had to choose what would you do  
Circumstances unending  
A victim of life  
A victim of death  
A victim of compromises  
A heart in pain either way.  
To make your world a little more okay

Regret and bitter  
Feelings that will never sit well with you  
Your determined to overcome, and it not be prolonged  
She is gone.  
Forever a bad choice.  
That you wouldn't want to change.

If you had to choose what would you do  
Circumstances unending  
A victim of life  
A victim of death  
A victim of compromises  
A heart in pain either way.  
To make your world a little more okay

The portrait of your face betrays the feeling inside.  
The things you try to bury and hide.  
At one time you were happy.  
At one time you smiling and so full of spirit.  
But now you fall into a very empty depression.

If you had to choose what would you do  
Circumstances unending  
A victim of life  
A victim of death  
A victim of compromises  
A heart in pain either way.  
To make your world a little more okay

No one will come and pick you up.  
If you fall it will be you last one.  
Like a soldier you still march as if you were still on call.  
Duty and service is all you've ever known.  
And now a world sits before you.  
And still your all alone.

If you had to choose what would you do  
Circumstances unending  
A victim of life  
A victim of death  
A victim of compromises  
A heart in pain either way.

To make your world a little more okay

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (comparison Poem) As A Child

As a child I was picked on, tortured, and humiliated  
A outcast of the worst sort.  
A child who had no voice of his own  
No say  
No reason to celebrate  
Yet I did every day

As a child I didn't know the way  
As I don't even now  
No guidance has ever been just given to me  
I had to search for it to be found  
Even now I prefer living alone  
Over the fairytale home

As a child I failed  
I dropped out of school  
Only to work in a factory  
No It wasn't to be cool  
I didn't have choice  
For my back was to be broken  
And food needed to be put on the table  
If not me, who would  
Protecting my family as one should

As child I dreamed of the stars  
Now I dream of the different  
An alternate existence  
One unknown  
Something to just let me get by for the rest of life

As a child I thought I knew of love  
Now I'm still searching for it  
Like a dog after his favorite bone  
I have my passions  
Some would say their nothing more then dressed up fashions  
But they are mine  
And nobody can take them away from me

As I child I wanted be rich

Now I see fortune and fame as nothing more than a game  
People play  
People go  
And people stay  
For one discovers many hidden talents  
In desperate times  
I rather do something I love  
Then love something I have

As a child I had very little friends  
And now I have even less  
None dependable as they use to be  
Most want something from me.  
It so hard to say sorry I just don't got any

As a child I was mild  
Now I'm even more layed back.  
Haven't got into a physical fight years  
If it comes to that I'll just disappear  
When whom ever is near  
Avoidance above confrontation  
A coward I'm not  
For if it can be defused  
I will give it all I got  
Those I love are the only ones i'll fight for

It is as I was a child

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (computer Poem) A Languages Design

Learning yet another language.  
The computer speaks in formulas and equations  
Decoding it down to the very design.  
Working backwards and seeing what you find.  
Read the books and invent it as your own.  
Make a claim so bold.  
Look I think you found gold.  
Perfection in the code.  
With a vision sewed.  
You put it up with an  
You have just shared it with all the world.  
Never appreciated as the work you put into.  
The click without understanding what that took.  
Never a second look.  
No template will do.  
For as an artist work.  
It must be done from scratch.  
A skeleton at first.  
Ugly is it curse.  
But slowly it changes.  
Warped and molded into something new.  
It is as it is to you.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (confidence Poem) Both Of The Heart And Mind

Sometimes the hardest decision we have to make is saying no.

No I won't be the sucker you use to know.

No I won't follow blindly.

A fool is the man who always uses his heart before his head.

And lonely is the man who always uses his head over his heart.

Happiness can only be found when we use both.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (confidence Poem) Certainty Above Uncertainty

A difference in perspective is not a bad thing.  
But it can be misinterpreted as a insult.  
The results could vary.  
Anger, Indifference, Jealousy are written into the mind.  
Do not seek approval from those that do not understand.  
A calculation from a moment in time.  
But one can't assume but must know of the empty mind.  
As if he was on video as proof.  
In this only such a conclusion can be drawn.  
Painting an early picture of the upcoming dawn.  
It is the birth of a fawn.  
How do we know exactly when she will born?  
Better yet how do know it will be a she?  
Certainty above uncertainty.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (content Poem) But If Not Of A Childish Doer

But if not of a childish doer  
Who will crawl?  
Who will enthrall?  
Who will make the call?  
With decisions that have to be made.  
Who will lead the masquerade.  
Here take a sip of my marmalade.  
Maybe it will bring an end to this charade.  
We are but of marching men of a parade.  
Someone has to lead, someone has to follow.  
Just hopefully it's not of a heart so hollow.  
This is the problem.  
No one knows of inner peace.  
It's like a disease.  
No one can always be happy.  
No one can always be sad.  
Sometimes to be content is a united event.  
And we must never forget.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (content Poem) Content

Even upon death those we care about the most are always remembered.  
Even in the most harsh December the heart can only be temporarily frozen.  
It will be thawed and reawakened.  
Never will we settle for being forsaken.  
Such elevation as the temperature rises.  
Love becomes of a constant high.  
Always content till the very end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (conversation Poem) An Honest Mistake

An excuse to be made requires a looking to avoid responsibility for their own actions.

'What do you mean? '

Well you do have a reason why your children are in foster care?

'Yes'

Well answer me this excluding the existing circumstances of the traumatic event, who would you blame?

'Are you saying I'm a bad parent? '

I think you did the best you could, or at least I hope you did.

But regardless of what situation a kid is in, would you deny them either their mother or father.

'I most certainly would not'

Then admit your mistake and move on.

It is how we all learn.

Time waits for no one, and your children will soon be grown and gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (courage Poem) A Childs Crusade

Some are on this crusade to give themselves and their children a unfair  
advantage.  
Creating these rifts.  
I'm here to tell you I won't allow that.  
Not if I have anything to say about it.  
Their is still enough breath in this body.  
No I won't conform to the conformity.  
Mindless slaves lining up for another taste.  
With an icicle in my hand I will make the rounds with a bunch of hand shakes.  
Cold isn't it, but it is exactly the way I feel.  
When somebody is trying to steal a society for years and generations.  
Smoke captured in a jar.  
Watch as it slowly pours out.  
Releasing it so you can be free.  
Know the truth, lies in your own heart.  
Ambitions torn apart.  
Angels wings sit right in front of me.  
Does that give me right to put them on and fly?  
Only on a day where their is endless sky.  
The time has to be just right.  
And its not here yet.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# (courage Poem) A Hero With A Single Bottle Of Courage.

Rise up, rise up.  
Are you even listening?  
Stand up, stand up.  
Is there something missing?  
Speak up, Just speak up.  
For no one can hear you.

Covering your mouth and creating a mere whisper.  
Hoping in silence secrets do keep.  
Afraid of what it will mean if exposed.  
Wash away the dirt, and just come clean.  
A point of view.  
A mind of your own.  
Yes lets explore that.  
A chance to make difference.  
So what if nobody agrees with you.  
Do you really need them too?

Rise up, rise up.  
Are you even listening?  
Stand up, stand up.  
Is there something missing?  
Speak up, Just speak up.  
For no one can hear you.

Courage in a bottle.  
Just down it.  
Come on now swallow.  
Was that so hard?

It is easier then painting a mask on.  
You can't hide the eyes anyway.  
And they're what betrays.  
The body says one thing while it says another.  
Emotionless lies.  
Who do you think fooling.  
A self reinvention of what is already here.

In the darkness can the heart really disappear?

Rise up, rise up.  
Are you even listening?  
Stand up, stand up.  
Is there something missing?  
Speak up, Just speak up.  
For no one can hear you.

Courage in a bottle.  
Just down it.  
Come on now swallow.  
Was that so hard?

Courage in a bottle.  
That is all it takes.

Rise up, rise up.  
Are you even listening?  
Stand up, stand up.  
Is there something missing?  
Speak up, Just speak up.  
For no one can hear you.

Courage in a bottle.  
Just down it.  
Come on now swallow.  
Was that so hard?

Courage in a bottle.  
That is all it takes.

With what is at stake.  
It is understandable to be afraid.  
Trust me I know.  
I've been there and I'm here right now.  
Oh oh oh.  
Even if the picture is still  
It can still burn.  
The fire does not stop just because of you.  
It grows with arms reaching out in every direction.  
It destroys everything it touches.



What remains is a forgotten desert.  
Usually not ventured back into anymore.  
Memories of that abyss still eat at my soul.  
But we have to move on, continue on and on.  
Life is like a ticking time bomb.  
You never know when it is really gonna explode.

Just take this courage in a bottle.  
And watch the hero you become.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# (conversation Poem) An Expression That Just Can'T Be True

Like an ostrich just bury your head in the snow...

'Wait a minute that bird doesn't do that.'

Are you sure?

Are you absolutely certain?

I mean have you ever even seen an ostrich in the snow?

'Well no, but..'

But what?

Tell me then how exactly you know?

Are you a bird expert who has put an ostrich in an environment that it's not native too?

You know that's a cruel thing to do.

'No I'm just telling you that is something they do not do.

'Just listen for once in your life because I think your confused.'

Nah I'm not.

Expressions so old can become stale and rot.

So I'm seeking my own refuge.

A camp of new realities and dimensions.

All each with their own intention.

A deluge of ideas to portray a different existence of each and every day.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (crazy Poem) A Not So Unique Defect

Treading on ground so soft  
When do really know we've hit rock bottom  
I feel like I've been bled by some creature only found in the dark and deep  
I'll reap your soul then sew you back up again  
I've gone off the deep end  
I write if its already over  
It gets colder  
Stop the wind with your mind  
Breaking the distance of time  
Shaking the floor with you voice  
You lost all right of choice  
Still your told to make the most the insignificant  
My soul is full  
I ate my fill  
I drank it all in the whole damn still  
My body isn't real  
The numbness went to my brain  
I think it left a stain  
I try reaching for it and all i feel is pain  
I can taste the greed  
Its all around me  
I've seen many men give up all dignity  
Just for one last cup of something so sweet  
It must be another piece of that infamous candy  
What a treat  
But lust turns into deceit  
Then stones are melded from dirty words  
Its slung like your trying to kill some diseased bird  
The hypocrite  
Bite me next  
Wreck some ones whole life with the simplest of words  
Its kind of absurd haven't you heard  
Do you concur?  
This only happens when you not sober  
Not that drugs are any better  
The life of servitude  
More  
More  
Whose keeping score?

But to hell with it  
You don't matter  
I don't matter  
When we are all united the people must listen  
If not the all the self centered have doomed us all

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (crazy Poem) Afraid Of Myself

On the deep end  
Starting a trend  
Obsessive  
Losing my marbles one at a time  
I'm a kid again  
So scared  
Of what I might do to you  
Because of what I am  
Because of what has happen  
An evil soul resurrecting  
A disease so infecting  
Rejecting the failure of my own mental dissection  
Is their any objection?  
If that is so  
Good I need a criticism  
This is how it is  
This is what you got to give  
Mind  
Body  
Soul  
I'm losing control  
Shaking  
Fiending  
Confused  
All I have left I need to lose  
Strip it all away  
Down to the very foundation  
Down to the very last constellation  
Stars burning so bright  
Fade with the flip of a switch  
Trying to scratch an itch  
I just can't reach  
I've been bled and leached  
Healing me  
I just don't know  
I think I should go  
Before I make another mistake  
Tears fill the empty lake  
Thoughts of you keep me awake

Thought of you make me so dedicated  
You are my fuel for my life  
That I really never had  
Yet I can't be near you  
We had our parting of ways  
You probably still hate me for that day  
But that's okay  
It's for the better  
Even in late December  
I try not to remember  
But it can't be helped  
This was the second truth of a hard life with no end in sight  
So I'll go on  
It was a good fight  
I'll never try rewriting what has already been written  
Let it be  
Please let it be  
Oh please just let it be

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (dark Love Poem) A Soul To Steal

Only the darkest rose could love you  
And I'm it.  
As much as you hate admit.  
You're sick.  
You're a vacuum that can swallow hearts a billion at a time.  
But everyday your still constantly on my mind.  
As if I could ever cure.  
A savior covered in complete darkness.  
Willing to take a bullet.  
But that call never comes.  
So I move on.  
Trying to forget every memory we shared.  
Every laugh and smile destroyed.  
Scars and wounds cover my body.  
Ripped with razor blades.  
The lines follow me all the way down.  
Some still bleed.  
A dark seed waiting to be planted.  
An empty shell.  
Hollow as if whatever was inside is now gone.  
Uncertainty, Lacking a place to truly belong.  
Trying so hard to fix myself not knowing if I ever will.  
I got a soul to steal.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# (death Poem) An End To The Secret Garden

A very important day some say.  
But why limit it to one before the importance of it truly comes due?  
A idolization of time itself.  
Magnified and memorialized as if it's death is coming soon.  
But how do you really know that?  
A prediction that I neither heed too, or take for granted.  
Why put the spin of fear and worry upon hypothesis not yet proven?  
I just do what I always do.  
Whether rain or shine.  
Your pale imaginary foresight will not undermine my life or time.  
If it is coming I accept it without any regret.  
If not my plans still hold true to the future.  
You say but isn't their things you want to do before you die?  
A bucket list, is setting a limit that which I can do.  
Goals to achieve, but what will you do when they're reached and their is nothing left to complete?  
This is something I will not conceive.  
A possibly exist that I have kissed.  
It taste so sweet and one day we will meet.  
In a garden of flowers, vegetables, and fruits.  
I pick the wild strawberry that here will forever grow.  
For it is yet untainted by human existence.  
And when I meet you here it will be finally known.  
A loss in my heart will start, as watch more and more come.  
Pillage and plundering till not a single form of plant life is left.  
And it will be my fault for I showed my secret garden.  
A promise of burden.  
A spread of disease.  
A fire that burns.  
Till all that is left is black charred remains and ashes.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (death Poem) The Yearly Rose

With each year gone.  
I place another rose upon the earth just for you.  
I hold the pictures almost forgotten a little tighter.  
The love is everlasting.  
Till it hurts and then theirs only more.  
A wish upon a wish in the center of loneliness.  
Tragedies abyss.  
She looks at you and asks 'why didn't you save me? '  
You answer, 'because I couldn't when it mattered the most.'  
A creation of the eternal sadness of a ghost.  
It will haunt me forever.  
But still the memories break through and bring a smile upon my face if only for a moment.  
Don't worry my love I think to myself I will be their soon.  
Catching up in things immortal.  
A human beings life seeming slow as a turtle.  
Yet when you reach the end you will wonder where it all went.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (depression Poem) Blood Letting Just To Feel

Blood letting just to feel.  
Nothing is real.  
Crawling in the dark.  
Looking for an escape.  
Will destiny just let be free.  
In constant debt.

A slave to an system that knows no regret.  
Your just so god damn insufficient.  
Nothing absolutely nothing.  
A march of the blind.  
At war with everyone for just an tiny bit of breathing room.  
Someone just let me out.

Blood letting just to feel.  
Nothing is real.  
Crawling in the dark looking for an escape.  
Will destiny just let be free.  
I'm on my knees praying to a god  
i don't even believe in.  
Just for a chance at a better existence.  
One where i can run above the clouds.  
Without having to worry about falling so far down.  
So suddenly i hit the ground.  
Got to run for cover.

Blood letting just to feel.  
Nothing is real.  
Crawling in the dark looking for an escape.  
Will destiny just let me be free.  
Maybe with a little more agony.  
Pain turns into pleasure.  
It becomes the systems measure.  
Walk a mile in denial.  
No willingness to face it faithfully,  
honestly, and wholeheartedly.

Blood letting just to feel.  
Nothing is real.

Crawling in the dark looking for an escape.  
Will destiny ever let me be free.  
Take your shackles and chains.  
I just will not play this game.  
See the writing on the wall that's my name.  
Yes I was here but now I'm gone just so far gone.  
Lost in space and time.  
Searching for something I will probably never find.  
It's just too late it's already gone, already gone.

Blood letting just to feel.  
Nothing is real.  
Crawling in the dark looking for an escape.  
Will destiny ever let me be free.  
All I have ever wanted is that  
I promised and was so wrongfully denied.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (determination Poem) Accepting The Possibilities

I won't stop.  
A heart as solid as a rock.  
Heading to the top of the bluff.

Just one glimpse of you.  
Just whisper of name is enough to drive me insane.  
Any man would feel the same.  
Only if they knew you the way I do.

I won't stop.  
A heart as solid as a rock.  
Heading to the top of the bluff.

I got my bruises and scars.  
I've been through the marshes of pain.  
A swampy mess that at times seems as if though it doesn't want to let go.  
But I know, I know.

I have a picture of my snow white hidden in my very own special place in a very special birthday frame.  
It was one of kind it was giving to me as anniversary present.  
The moments I can never forget.

I'm chasing a ghost.  
The daily drive through Selinsgrove.  
That could be you become my thoughts of the icy cold.  
Fearing the worse.  
A mind that goes to the perverse.  
A sickening feeling in the stomach.  
What really happen?  
Where are you?  
Why did you disappear?  
Was it something I did?  
A aching that will never leave me.  
You were and always will be my first.

I won't stop.  
A heart as solid as a rock.  
Heading to the top of the bluff.

Just one glimpse of you.  
Just whisper of your name is enough to drive me insane.  
Any man would feel the same.  
Only if they knew you the way I do.

I won't stop.  
A heart as solid as a rock.  
Heading to the top of the bluff.

I got my bruises and scars.  
I've been through the marshes of pain.  
A swampy mess that at times seems as if though it doesn't want to let go.  
But I know, I know.

Secrets go to the sky sometimes before you die.  
Thoughts of the afterlife.  
Is their angel looking down me?  
Protecting thou brave knight.  
Even as the wicked plunders with a knife.  
No justice has ever reached my eyes.  
Not in a crime I can't prove has been committed.

Sometimes they are no goodbyes.  
A missing conclusion to a story that hounds me every night.  
Oh how do I get this right?  
Light the fire.  
Perform the ritual.  
Speak to the dead.  
Reaching beyond the limits of this reality.  
An emptiness that has become a fatality.

I won't stop.  
A heart as solid as a rock.  
Heading to the top of the bluff.

Just one glimpse of you.  
Just whisper of your name is enough to drive me insane.  
Any man would feel the same.  
Only if they knew you the way I do.

I won't stop.

A heart as solid as a rock.  
Heading to the top of the bluff.

I got my bruises and scars.  
I've been through the marshes of pain.  
A swampy mess that at times seems as if though it doesn't want to let go.  
But I know, I know.

I won't stop.  
A heart as solid as a rock.  
Heading to the top of the bluff.

Just one glimpse of you.  
Just whisper of your name is enough to drive me insane.  
Any man would feel the same.  
Only if they knew you the way I do.

I won't stop.  
A heart as solid as a rock.  
Heading to the top of the bluff.

I won't stop.  
I won't stop.  
I won't stop.  
Because these thoughts will never be enough.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (dilemma Poem) A Devils Dominion

I'm not that wise that an old man needs my guidance.  
I'm not that smart that an old man needs my opinion.  
A devils dominion.  
He dominates with pure words.  
Manipulation thought to be from a god as it is heard.  
A kindness completely ignored for a greater knowledge.  
Understanding the metaphysical mind medium into the soul.  
As if I ever could.  
My skills are way over estimated.  
And to keep your hopes held high do I tell such an elongated lie?  
One way longer then Pinocchio nose could ever reach.  
Only to hurt him later.  
Or an easy let down right now?  
With the secrets I divulge.  
A indulgence in a sobriety.  
An aroma that brings upon clarity.  
A coffee of the best brew.  
I say wake up, I scream wake up, I cry please wake up.  
But still he does not wake.  
Lost in the land of dreams.  
A pleasing dimension to the extremes.  
A sugar coated star, come on now I fall short by far.  
Do not ever follow me for I am a stray.  
A dog fighting for left over table scraps.  
And some people get wounded along the way.  
I do have quite an overbite when it comes to my canines.  
And I do not want you to be a victim or a regret.  
Miracles I don't provide.  
It's not a movie.  
Were not on a play or set.  
We are real people, who can do bad things with the best intentions.  
A medicine to prevention.  
Just listen your inner self.  
That voice will be more help.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (dirty Song) A Guys Favorite Club

Going to a strip club tonight.  
Florida is the only place for me when it comes to the you can look but don't touch.  
God how I love it so much.  
One night, bottoms up, and the moneys all gone.

Triple XXX at the front door.  
Sometimes it takes a big man to protect the girls.  
That bouncer will knock you right to the floor.

Going to a strip club tonight.  
Florida is the only place for me when it comes to the you can look but don't touch.  
God how I love it so much.  
One night, bottoms up, and the moneys all gone.

All in good fun.  
Sexual desires on the run.  
Where's your mind as you glance.  
Looky there that mans getting another lap dance.  
She strips all the way down and spins around.  
The perfect beauty, the perfect curves.  
A figure so petite.

Going to a strip club tonight.  
Florida is the only place for me when it comes to the you can look but don't touch.  
God how I love it so much.  
One night, bottoms up, and the moneys all gone.

After hours, and not for kids.  
Such a great time where can I begin.  
With devil I'm holding hands.  
Going into the vip room with certain demands.  
Offers a plenty.  
Time appointed stays.  
Doing the nasty, behind closed curtains.  
Knowing not a damn thing about this women.



Going to a strip club tonight.

Florida is the only place for me when it comes to the you can look but don't touch.

God how I love it so much.

One night, bottoms up, and the moneys all gone.

Going to a strip club tonight.

Florida is the only place for me when it comes to the you can look but don't touch.

God how I love it so much.

One night, bottoms up, and the moneys all gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (disorder Poem) A Man With A Million Thoughts(Add - Attention Decifit Disorder)

A man with a million thoughts.  
How does he bring organization to them all?  
This chaos is where I have began.  
So a solution lies in the end.  
Reworking it.  
Reworking it  
I missed something their  
I missed something here  
How do I perfect so many thoughts all at once  
It is add to the extreme.  
I can't focus on just one thing.  
I must express every view point thoroughly.  
Yet with it misses nailing it exactly as I thought.  
With errors I am riddled.  
Like a man playing twenty fiddles  
How do I edit my own craziness?

~this is describing how I feel at times with all my thoughts.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (dream Poem) A Moment Forever In Time

In a dream, a wish, a hope and a prayer exist.  
It is something we should never miss.  
It could be nothing or something.  
All by the choices we make.  
Whether it is of heart ache.  
Or in the world we are to shake.  
A moment forever in time remembered as the dream.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (dream Poem) Always Satisfying

Here we are again your dressed in white lace.  
A fire and a little candle light as we dine under the reflection of the moonlit sky.  
Our favourite song plays.  
We dance, play games, and talk of childhood times.  
They are friends always in our mines.  
For we were one big family that slowly drifted apart.  
One by one we became of the fallen.  
Angel please save us.  
Show us the way.  
Guide the way.  
With your names I make a prayer.  
A lost soul is so hard to bring back.  
I'm still trying to perform cpr on myself.  
I feel as if I'm already dead.  
A zombie gets on its legs and starts to walk.  
Oh who are you?  
You are not the same woman I left with.  
Empty inside.  
The conversation has subsided.  
The new has worn off this is getting old.  
This dream of mine is bringing in the cold.  
So off tract and no way back.  
Like a latter I'm always climbing.  
But never the less it is always satisfying.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (drinking Poem) A Rising Headache

You can't fix me.  
Stop even trying.  
I'm just bleeding not dying.  
I'm not a child.  
I don't need your mommy patronizing bullshit.  
Just let me dive into the water.  
Wish a splash it is all better.  
Another memory erased.  
Why do my escapes always leave bitter taste.  
The eventuality of the unavoidable.  
Devoid just listen those screams.  
Oh what did you do this time.  
Put that bottle down.  
And I haven't even picked it up yet.  
A crazy horse syndrome.  
Crazy before I even am.  
Notoriety of the sickness has played out.  
But still I am devout.  
She's such a beautiful crutch.  
She's legal and she doesn't even cost much.  
Gulp in pain.  
How much can I down in one swallow.  
A mans man with heart that's getting so hollow.  
Drowning out the sorrow.  
Smashing the bottle when its all gone.  
Picking a fight with a friend just to make myself feel a little better.  
Throwing a punch at a brick wall just to know I'm still alive.  
At least it don't hit me back.  
Not that I've ever been much of a coward.  
But I've already lost another friends that way.  
So I'm not going back for seconds.  
And eating any more regret.  
God f\$#@ing Damn't To Hell.  
Someone please just take off this spell.  
This curse.  
I'm seeing doubles of this verse.  
Think I'm just going to lay down.  
Another hangover for tomorrow.  
As the sun rises so will the headache.

Ohswell still got to do what you have to.  
I am a functional alcoholic

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (drugs&Suicide Poem) A Last Resort

I'm on the pills again  
I'm on the drugs again  
I'm on a binge again  
So high tonight  
The lights are just to bright  
Blinding

Defining you and me  
Who are we going to really be  
My thought are my needs  
My blood looks like thick red water  
I will not wake tomorrow  
Death comes so slowly  
You are never ready  
Its like that pop up confetti  
Did you bring it to the party

I'm on the pills again  
I'm on the drugs again  
I'm on a binge again  
So high tonight  
The lights are just to bright  
Blinding

I'm rewinding my video of memories  
Which lies in my head  
The good  
The bad  
The sad  
The cationic state  
That most will never be able to relate  
Why do I lie still  
Have I lost all my will

I'm on the pills again  
I'm on the drugs again  
I'm on a binge again  
So high tonight  
The lights are just to bright

Blinding

Never ending

Is this a game of pretending

The screams

The shouts

They are the clouds reflections

They can be seen from the inside

The oceans comes with the high tides

The hole has gotten so wide

I need a fix

Give me the pills

Give me the drugs

I'm going on my very last binge

Before life hands me my sweet revenge

Angel of darkness take me to a place

I would not other wise ever know

Please lets go

Lets just go

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (duped Poem) The Truly Satisfied

It easier to accept then reject and question.

Another mental session.

Is it a curse or a blessing?

Those shoes are on backwards.

I think they need to be reversed.

And then to see your only one.

Duped and gullible.

Dilute the dirty water and it might be a little more palatable.

Swallow it oh so slowly.

Savor the taste to make sure.

And finally an (ahh) of the truly satisfied.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (emotion Poem) A Release

A release of ones self being.  
To explain what one is feeling  
In words so simple comes so much meaning  
Trying to not be overachieving  
But what can be helped when with ones eyes they are seeing

An antidote to a problem  
No solution seems to be solving  
A prolonged equation bring loads of aggravation  
With relief is the sensation

A contemplation, of what is  
A premonition, of what was  
I hear them still say just because  
Not a need of one to listen but to forgive

These are the voices of men  
Disguised by colors of the sin  
For one needs to admit  
So they can forget

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (encouragement Poem) A Change In The Tides

A ease of your suffering.  
A tissue to try to dry your tears.  
Some courage to overcome your fears.  
Love is always near.  
Even when it feels so far away.  
The day will not be so easily forgotten.  
No matter what the phase of the moon.  
A fall and rise, as tides surmise.  
With a loss comes a gain.  
Freedom from pain.  
With invisible ink another name has been written.  
Time to make decision.  
With a heart plucking all the feathers of an ugly duck.  
Trying so hard to see the beauty not yet their.  
What is underneath that you yet don't see?  
A question of ones inner self indeed.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (experience Poem) A Professional Oppinion

I'm asked for my professional opinion on prices of something I've never sold.  
Of a degree I don't even have.  
I only build old ones.  
As a hobby like many others.  
The parts themselves worth more then itself as a whole.  
Stripped bare.  
Each piece properly inspected and subjected to rigorous testing.  
To expose any defect of the unknown.  
A cloning of the markets.  
Creating a past fortune told.  
A devaluing of what once was thought to be gold.  
Being generous is hard to do when it is friend that has come to you.  
With questions asked  
A love is lost so fast.  
Even as the hearts beats still.  
A fictitious story lies within it's entirety.  
Cheated out of being used with only a short life lived.  
Thrown away for the better.  
But it is still good.  
Such wastefulness.  
It is a mess.  
Conformity naked, watch as she becomes undressed.  
A seduction we all follow.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (fairness Poem) Big Fat Goose

Someone must win someone must lose.

Catching the big fat goose.

Fairness, is belief that all things are considered equal.

Whether they are or not.

In a contest, a prize is given when a challenge is completed.

It is designed for someone to get defeated.

Does that make it unfair?

Rules abound.

Someone has to hammer them down.

A honest man given the chance would not be so honest.

Are those feelings of deceit because you were beat?

Or did someone actually cheat?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (fake Poem) Copied Dialogue

Faking it can only produce so much  
Sooner or later your realized and you will lose your golden touch  
A man in the desert must eventuality drink water  
When he does he's caught  
A travesty unbecoming of any real author  
Authenticity tried and proven  
In the readers world the guilty shall be hung  
By a noose of rejection  
Fact or fictions doesn't make a lick of difference if it is not of yours  
To write with passion you must think for yourself  
Create your opinions and ideas  
And not become of a copied dialogue

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (father&Writer Poem) A Conversation

The teacher speaks of quotes and double quotes.  
I think hes right.  
Not to put myself in the spotlight.  
My grammar is lacking  
I am still interacting.  
Learning only so slow.  
In then out.  
It's a midnight show.  
We keep moving on.  
Put it in reverse.  
Lets go backwards.  
Down to the first word of a thought.  
'What was that my son? "  
It was dad.  
Doesn't that make you sad?  
Already gone, and still here.  
He says, 'Everyone should have a job right now.'  
Well if their being so handed out 'where's mine'? .  
No last words.  
Silence filled the room.  
Most thought their was going to be a fight breaking out.  
But I was already gone.  
In a different state mined.  
That was my indifference.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (fear Poem) A Bottle Washes Upon The Shore

A valid reason to run away is not to escape but to face it in a better day.  
As time ticks by and we sit and wonder why.  
As if sky will never stop falling.  
As the chicken even continues run without a head.  
The fear of many things motivate especially death.  
But when the fear is gone what is left?  
What could ever be the reason in leaving that which is most loved behind?  
A letter in bottle floats upon the bubbling sea.  
Eventually it comes ashore to be open up and read,  
But is it the same?  
Even being ones own words.  
Still it isn't the same as a coming face to face with many thoughts and  
sentiments embraced.  
Like a one sided conversation where one can never argue or say your wrong.  
Why because you are already gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# (fear Poem) A Call To That Which Can Never Be Certain

Castle with grey slate walls.  
Come down when the poet calls.  
A wind driven magic of unheard words and truths.  
A solicitation of metaphors large and tall.  
Cattle marching across the farm.  
A gate brought open and just letting loose.  
Freedom is the pen that writes to both the heart and mind.  
It cares not of rhyme, because it already does.  
No special way, no pointers to the long lost stray.  
Just a homely walk through the park.  
Time never sets the exact same way.  
Don't expect the words to stay.  
A permanent interpretation isn't how a story should be told.  
Folding a cloth to be a perfect square.  
Putting it away to where eyes can't peak then asking for a repeat.  
Tell me does a size and shape not bend or sway.  
Perfection is flawed.  
It is as wrong as the chorus over and over again.  
Yet we dine upon it everyday.  
A lust to just to fit in.  
A outcast in face and fortune.  
Attributes so grey.  
So old you'd think it would just wither into a dry empty dust.  
Blow and see what happens.  
Does it stay or go.  
Putting on the good show.  
The great illusion of lies.  
A praise to the skies.  
Faith to those who hypnotize.  
A disguise dressed with all trimmings.  
In expansive ocean in which we are all swimming.  
Whether trying to make it too shore, or just trying to keep your head above the deep water.  
Why is it we fear what is below.  
An emptiness to the unknown.  
Following certainty to the ends of the earth.  
When will we reach our rebirth?

And stop chasing all these ghosts?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (forgiveness Poem) An Open Battle Field

My heart is an open battle field  
Shoot your bombs.  
Lay your mines.  
With every wound received.  
I will be fine.  
Swimming through the time  
Let me hit the point of being numb.

Controlling the masses  
Just bow down.  
And take it in the rear.  
Watch as you lose another one you hold so dear.  
Falling off the radar.  
Who are you?  
What are you doing here?  
Is this where the poor live?  
How long do you think you can survive?

My heart is an open battle field  
Shoot your bombs.  
Lay your mines.  
With every wound received.  
I will be fine.  
Swimming through the time  
Let me hit the point of being numb.

The world is committing suicide.  
Everyone just swallow your pride.  
If you expect the help from others.  
You got to give all you have give.  
Lord in my heart let me forgive.  
No matter my hated enemy.

My heart is an open battle field  
Shoot your bombs.  
Lay your mines.  
With every wound received.  
I will be fine.  
Swimming through the time

Let me hit the point of being numb.

It is a forced occurrence.  
Not as we want but as we must.  
The rules of greed.  
In heaven I concede.  
Their can't be this hierarchy.  
Ruled under one thumb.  
The gloom of this darkness.  
Follow the leader.

My heart is an open battle field  
Shoot your bombs.  
Lay your mines.  
With every wound received.  
I will be fine.  
Swimming through the time  
Let me hit the point of being numb.

The teachers, or the preachers?  
How do we view one another.  
Painting another pretty rainbow.  
The colors of the perfected flaws.  
Lets put everything on pause.  
Just look at us.  
Divided by nothing.  
Yet communication is non existent.  
With every second the meaning is yet to met.  
Dire consequences.

My heart is an open battle field  
Shoot your bombs.  
Lay your mines.  
With every wound received.  
I will be fine.  
Swimming through the time  
Let me hit the point of being numb.

Grabbing the gun and knife.  
Preparing to defends ones life.  
All because we can't share.  
Like little children we fight our wars.

With equality being important above all else.  
Death to this diluted common practice.  
Lets just be as we are.  
Deny the skies all you want.  
Their still there.  
Hovering in the air.

My heart is an open battle field  
Shoot your bombs.  
Lay your mines.  
With every wound received.  
I will be fine.  
Swimming through the time  
Let me hit the point of being numb.

I'm already gone.  
In a higher place.  
In a world disapproving.  
To my conclusion.  
But I don't even care.  
I don't believe in fair.

I expect to receive the worst.  
Cause in this life we have been cursed.  
But it is the only way we can learn.  
With the heart it has to be earned.  
With all that is good I'm concerned.

My heart is an open battle field  
Shoot your bombs.  
Lay your mines.  
With every wound received.  
I will be fine.  
Swimming through the time  
Let me hit the point of being numb.

We are men that have the ability to find choice.  
With this we should rejoice.  
But instead we try to remove it and the responsibility of it.  
Should I be angry?  
Should I be mad?  
Should I try to destroy other men?

With hope I pray that I can be forgiven.  
Evil is the intent.  
The world is trying to circumvent.  
Shortcuts to the end.

My heart is an open battle field  
Shoot your bombs.  
Lay your mines.  
With every wound received.  
I will be fine.  
Swimming through the time  
Let me hit the point of being numb.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## **(forgiveness Poem) A Promise That Mistakes Will Be Made.**

But of those mistakes, how many were never mended?  
Of those emotionally scarred by words so foul.  
How many are talking to you now?  
How many are still your friend?  
Through thick thin a promise from within meant to keep,  
even with wounds so deep.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (forgiveness Poem) A Unheard Letter

My dear friend  
How was your day?  
Mine wasn't much better.  
But words still can't bring you here with me again  
Times have changed  
But if the words are true you are still the same  
How I wish I could forget your name  
So many pleasantries  
How do you do  
This is my family  
This is what I'm all about  
They come first  
Even when the pain is so much worse  
And this has become our curse  
Maybe some day thing will change  
Going back would bring out so many happy memories  
The feelings I have are making me dizzy  
We are what we are  
Worlds apart in time and space  
Yet your right next door  
A gap forever undefined  
Locked up deep within  
Inside  
Apologies plenty  
A toll on the soul with to many  
Give me serenity  
Give me infinity  
The unwilling to the unknown  
God has shown  
Seldom does one truly live alone  
Against all odds  
Breaking the bar  
We've come so far  
We falter not  
We have heart  
And I will not just let it fall apart  
Even if that's the way it seem to drift  
I will not let things go amiss  
We all have shown forgiveness



And I will do this  
At my own price  
The self righteous insanity plea  
Look at what you have done to me  
Brought upon so much agony  
So done has my many good will of many deeds  
And in the end I hope I succeed

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (forgiveness Poem/Story) A Miraculous Healing

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

It's as if the wounds were never even there.  
How is that even possible?  
I saw the stabbing.  
He should have died.  
But yet he's alive.  
Somehow he did survive.  
Some say it is a pact of lies.  
But I know the truth.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

A story of the fortunate.  
The luck of the Irish.  
It was a just miss.  
A little to the right.  
A little to the left.  
And he wouldn't exist.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

A bloody blade.  
With thoughts of a accomplishment drinking down some expensive chardonnay.  
If he only knew.

The secrets of the autumn dew.  
The water drips of the truth.  
But it will never be heard by those who aren't looking with their heart.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

Some souls can never be stolen.  
No matter how much one tries.  
Corruption within the eyes.  
Some souls can never be awoken.  
A noose yet waits to be tied.  
With in a smoke of mirror images it hides.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

Such an awesome feeling.  
To know he yet lives.  
How can he ever forgive such actions?  
Hate does bring some satisfaction.  
If only for a moment of self gratification.  
Destination unknown, but now you are alone.  
Facing the truth of what your attempt really did.  
Guilt bares no mercy on those who know it by its first name.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.  
A miraculous healing.

Mercy me.  
Gods to the infinity.

A miraculous healing.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (futility Poem) An Ant

A claim, if only to fix those mistakes.  
Egregious in errors.  
Make another comparison.  
A sickness in perfection.  
Look at you.  
Just another ant in an ant hill.  
Just eat your fill  
Cause that's the only deal.  
Keep spinning the wheel.  
With magic of the unheard, buried deep in the reservoirs.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (gift Poem) A Gift Recieved

Sometimes we should accept the gift be given.  
For happiness they bring to the giver.  
If someone told you take your present back you got for their birthday how would  
that make you feel.  
Not very good I'd say.  
Their is a balance.  
A yeng and yang so to speak.  
The rules bend and sway.  
Who is to say what is really wrong or right.  
When in the grey area where is the guidance of that light?  
Mistakes will and can be made.  
The thing I've learn, is you do what feels right in your heart.  
Not by some hidden belief in absolute humility.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (grateful Poem) A Hero's Ending

Yes indeed credit is never given where it should.  
Especially when come to things of the good.  
Even more is his worthiness of appreciation he constantly denies.  
To live his life the best he can is all he tries.  
The skies take these hero's quite frequently unnoticed.  
To heaven they go by making a last stand.  
In honor we should demand.  
A remembrance never to be remembered.  
No matter if it is a violent or a happy ending.  
Somethings in this world are worth defending.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (grateful Poem) Angels Of Forgiveness

I'm breaking all the barriers.  
I'm putting a stop to the lies once and for all.  
Writing angry letters that will destroy us.  
Strangers with a common goal.  
Coming together to make a life whole.  
Bits and pieces scattered like car parts in junk yard.  
Finally I'm finding my heart again.  
My soul is no longer a mere shadow.  
Another chance is all I ever really wanted.  
The task was daunting.  
The book has been once more opened up for me.  
I read of what my world as it could have been.  
And I ask forgiveness.  
I have lived in the darkness for to long.  
Memories were the key to what I really needed.  
I've transformed demons into angels.  
Bringers of light.  
It has become my greatest accomplishment.  
I thank you for this my friends.  
I will never forget it.  
No matter how long I live.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (grateful Poem) Bowing Mind

Minds, bow down and backed off.  
For when clarity is needed, one needs to reread it.  
For I don't care for the illusion portrayed.  
To keep me at bay.  
Like a shark he circles me  
Are trying to drive me out?  
Trying to find my weakness.  
Will he give up, no never  
Forever there  
Constantly in your face  
This writer can't be erased.  
I'm going express my views whether you like them or not.  
Years of wisdom, no not yet.  
But someday I will get it.  
Don't fret.  
I'm but an ant marching.  
Guns raised high!  
Hey be careful their sir, 'You could put ones eye out with that thing.'  
And maybe I just will.  
Who knows what words can really do.  
They do have a unique power.  
Subtract then add creates a fad.  
Rearrange, and change, put in new for the old slowly a stories told.  
This last forever.  
Maybe I'm mad, but I tell you this is the way of it.  
A talent of the unborn.  
Practice, practice, little ones.  
For you just might be the next big hot thing or a steady thing.  
For if you are real, to yourself and everyone else.  
You will get a lot farther.  
Inner strength, is but inner beauty.  
It's why I'm here to say screw you to the world, and say I love you at the same  
time.  
Hello kitty.  
Yes my approach is very unorthodox.  
But why not?  
If one always stay in the box, then what would be of their creativity?  
This not for the savvy, nor the feint of heart.  
I thank you for it.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

## (happy Poem) Burning On The Inside

Burning on the inside.  
I can't stop till our worlds collide.  
Pour some gasoline, ignite it with a little red Bic, and watch it burn.

Its the second coming.  
Everything that was once gone is back.  
Every feeling just as strong and intact.  
The anger, the rage, the need to dance upon the world stage.  
The desire to be satan himself.  
Sitting upon a kingdom all high and powerful.  
Some must lead and some must follow.  
With so much arrogance I smile.  
Look at me I can fly.  
The angels wings have been returned.

Burning on the inside.  
I can't stop till our worlds collide.  
Pour some gasoline, ignite it with a little red Bic, and watch it burn.

It is my fire.  
It is my life.  
I control the ambers as they glow and turn to ash.  
The complications of being too proud.  
If you can't swim you might just drown.  
But being on solid ground, it feels so sound.  
It doesn't shake or quake.  
It doesn't sink or bend.  
In so many words all has mended.  
Every wound has been healed.  
A miracle by no small standard.

Burning on the inside.  
I can't stop till our worlds collide.  
Pour some gasoline, ignite it with a little red Bic, and watch it burn.

Returning to efforts that seemed so in vain.  
The power to change.  
A chameleon come into his own.  
Blending into all environments.

Barely noticed as threat.  
That is a mistake that some will soon regret.

Burning on the inside.  
I can't stop till our worlds collide.  
Pour some gasoline, ignite it with a little red Bic, and watch it burn.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (happy Poem) A Good Time

Seeking, and searching  
Breathing, and conceiving.  
Getting up only to leave again.  
One two three gone.  
So unfulfilled.  
In a world full of thrills.  
Whats the next?  
In this race who else can I beat to the top?  
With every ounce of energy I give it all I got.  
Still as all men I just never can be satisfied.  
I'm riding with devil by my side.  
I don't care about good or evil.  
Don't like it well to bad just deal with it.  
Yeah I got attitude.  
Yeah I seem rude at times.  
You really think I even give shit?  
Hell no.  
With time so limited.  
I will have my good life.  
I will have my cake and eat it too.  
I take pleasure out of every moment.  
Down to the very last drop.  
As a vampire I'm bleeding it all dry.  
I have drained the entire sky.  
All for my good time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (happy Poem) All You Need

The friend.  
The motivator.  
And everything is good again.

The friend.  
The motivator.  
And everything is good again.

The loneliness disappears.  
Reminiscing when you are near.  
Strength erases every fear.

The friend.  
The motivator.  
And everything is good again.

The friend.  
The motivator.  
And everything is good again.

It's the womans struggle.  
It's the womans fight.  
After years of both physical and mental abuse.  
Therapy is of no use.  
You just need.  
You just need....

The friend.  
The motivator.  
And everything is good again.

The friend.  
The motivator.  
And everything is good again.

No longer the victim.  
In times of desperation.  
In times of exhaustion.  
In times of, In so many times of

All you really need.

The friend.

The motivator.

And everything is good again.

The friend.

The motivator.

And everything is good again.

The fire burns this midnight hour.

And the reflection brings so many feeling of both the bitter and sour.

Be careful because depression will devour.

Don't cut your self off from the world.

No never, all you really need.

Oh all the really need.

The friend.

The motivator.

And everything is good again.

The friend.

The motivator.

And everything is good again.

And all you have to do is ask.

And we will be right there so fast.

No matter the time or the place.

Because we love you and we always will.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (hate Poem) Cannibalistic Carnivore

It's all building up.  
Bringing another lost soul in.  
I wish to avenge.  
But all I could do is defend.  
Look the other way and pretend it ain't happening.  
Being destroy with in.  
Just bury my true feelings.  
I can't oh I can't be that man I was before.  
Everything has been so blurred.  
The feeling of double vision.  
Mirror images.  
Just cut me open make the incision.  
Take it all out.  
I don't need any of it.  
I'm already dead.  
With satan I shall break bread.  
Tell him the words I've been fed.  
Tell him what I'm gonna do  
and that'll I'll see him soon.  
In the depths of hell my heart dwells.  
Chained to a post its screams in a constant agony.  
I will have no mercy,  
I've tasted blood and i want more.  
I feel like a cannibalistic carnivore.  
Its eat or be eaten.  
No getting around it.  
Life sucks and no good will come from it.  
Am I me  
mentally unstable  
Just maybe,  
if you feel that way  
just stay away.  
I hate placate debate everything around me.  
A manic state.  
Destroy,  
destroy all that was there before.  
Dropping plates on the floor.  
Watch the glass shatter into a thousand pieces.  
No more preaching.



Never helping anyone but yourself.  
A pretentious evil elf.  
Welcome to my cage.  
Welcome to my rage.  
Welcome to a new stage of a mental kind of thinking.  
I will have no mercy.  
I have tasted blood and I want more.  
Feeling like a cannibalistic carnivore.  
I have been gotten to.  
By a higher power on my darkest hour.  
A soul I have devoured.  
It had a taste so sour.  
But it felt so good cause with it came so much power.  
A ego to the head.  
I can say no, and hurt someone so deeply.  
Feels good  
better then it should.  
But in this game everyone's a personal gain.  
Let me leave my mark my own little blood stain.  
I will have no mercy.  
I have tasted blood and i want more.  
Feeling like a cannibalistic carnivore.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (honest Poem) An Assumption Of Money To Be Made

If they ever asked why I'm doing all this?  
I will answer with a single remark.  
To save a life.

If they ever asked what if you fail?  
I will answer with a single remark.  
I have but, I'm still here.

If they ever asked now that your accomplished what's next.  
I will answer with a single remark.  
What I do will not change, at least not for intentions of fame.

If they ever asked, if offered money to stop what your doing would you?  
I will answer with a single remark.  
No I will not be bought.

'So let me get this straight your completely honest? '  
Yes I try to be.  
'Well I still don't believe you.'  
Well I never I asked you to or care if you do.  
Your the one who wanted answers to those questions.  
I gave you my answers, take it or leave it.  
'I have to go because your not going to make me any money.'  
That's fine because I've never said I would.  
Your the one who assumed that.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (hope Poem) All I Got

A leader of man I shall never be.  
It just not in the cards.  
I'm always passed by the shooting star.  
A effort given up upon for something better.  
But what could that be.  
I love this too much to ever just stop.  
Down to my knees I drop.  
Praying to the lord above.  
One more chance.  
And around I go.  
Dancing and shedding off all these god damn cloths.  
Too much weight will just hold me back.  
I think I just gave myself a heart attack.  
The pain in my chest is too much.  
My thoughts just won't shut up.  
It's ones those bottles up.  
Swallow, and swallow more.  
It taste so bitter I want to just spit it back out.  
But I know that's not the way to act.  
I shall not offend anyone no matter how much it eats at me.  
Damaged and damaged again.  
Emptying it all out.  
The boiling point becomes but a mere shout.  
I'm quiet as mouse.  
Embarrassed by every mistake.  
With etiquette that won't take.  
With words I don't have.  
With a language I yet don't quite understand.  
Yet I'm so immersed in it.  
With a love of the freedom to express myself.  
Proper or not.  
It's all I got.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# (humanitarian Crisis Poem) Afraid Of The Light

Giants come visit me tonight.  
The sleepless march forthright.  
An empty mind, and an empty scope of sight.  
A dinning on the blood of kings.  
A memory of forgotten demons.  
A moment of clarity leaving us all breathless.  
Beauty and the beast creeps closer and closer.  
Burning skies, just a sign of the times.  
Rhythm without rhyme.  
The murdering of millions and that's fine.  
So primitive are these creatures with no spines.  
A reptile in human skin where do I begin.  
A fight without reason, a forsaken word of treason.  
No honor in it.  
Respectable men are the ones who suffer.  
And the silence echos upon the pages of time.  
For the cause says the last dying patriot of this world.  
A fool proof a man rides holding the devils hand.  
The end is coming it is just a matter of time.  
How it comes is just another human factor.  
Unlimited strength and power, and we sit doing nothing.  
We benefit from it so why stop it is the common thought.  
Who are we to intervene, but instead we will sell them both what they need.  
Excellent manipulators and when the kingdom falls we will rob, pillage, and  
plunder.  
Bleed and suck them dry.  
Look it is the man in the uniform doesn't he have such kind eyes.  
All those medals pinned to jacket are for what? Who would believe he is  
responsible for the rape of so many women?  
Under his orders, under his command, yes it is his watch.  
Protector of which realm, his loyalty lies with who?  
Maybe nobody but himself wouldn't be the first wouldn't be the last.  
It is the nature of beast.  
In war only the vile can survive.  
The striking of the bee hive, shake them up and see what comes out.  
Humiliation a disgraced nation trying so hard to hide it.  
But the truth does not hide from the victims any night or the soldiers returning  
home so shaken.  
If we would only listen.

If this is for the people I am beginning to question the people.  
A faceless dissection.  
A false projection of a false god.  
A salute and nod.  
Tell me now that is not in approval.  
How could you feed a monsters courage.  
Self fulfilling nobility does us no justice.  
Above the law because they are law.  
It is being written as we hear yet another battle call.  
To arms men let them feel our might.  
We will bend them over in the darkness of the night.  
Because it can't ever see the light.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (humility Poem) A Nobody

I am nobody.  
I keep telling you this.  
Why won't you just listen?  
I have no importance.  
I have made no great discoveries.

Just trust me.  
Let someone else make a stand and lead.  
Captain please get me my steed.  
A horse of a mighty fine breed indeed.  
Fast as she can go we're off to to save the world to be.

I am nobody.  
I keep telling you this.  
Why won't you just listen?  
I have no importance.  
I have made no great discoveries.

Sir great knight, you have made so many of such wise decisions.  
In the past and present.  
Why won't you let us follow you to all of our deaths?  
I don't desire to be your mistake.  
A choice of whose blood to spill.  
It will be only my own, I must do this all alone.

I am nobody.  
I keep telling you this.  
Why won't you just listen?  
I have no importance.  
I have made no great discoveries.

Let me teach from afar.  
Let me never be your fallen star.  
A disgraceful man who's got so little to show for all his hard work.  
Please don't ask me If you can plaster me all over your tea shirts.  
Idol not a single a human being.  
Because no one as a individual is that great.

I am nobody.

I keep telling you this.  
Why won't you just listen?  
I have no importance.  
I have made no great discoveries.

Mistakes will be made by both the cowardly and brave.  
How far will you go to get entangled in the web we make.  
To say I was part of this mans life.  
Even if it was lies in which you created.  
A once upon a time he was celebrated.  
Now he has become just so jaded.

I am nobody.  
I keep telling you this.  
Why won't you just listen?  
I have no importance.  
I have made no great discoveries.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (humility Poem) A Gift

I'm just giving it to you  
Take it, don't you argue  
Don't make a offer, or a promise something you can't repay.  
As friend I don't need or want anything.  
As family the love means so much.  
With no penance I don't feel I have to.  
It just is a want, to feel good about myself.  
To say I helped, to say I was their.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (humility Poem) A Letter To The Poets Follower

Don't worry about it, the votes don't mean as much as the comments do.  
They tell me the readers perspective on it.  
Which in turn gives me insight in what I should write about.  
And why you see me as so grand I don't truly know.  
For I'm a nobody writing about nothingness in all her splendor.  
That sparkle you occasionally see is your eyes playing tricks on you.  
A following would require me to leading with a purpose or goal.  
But I don't have one.  
I live cold and alone.  
And it is something that would never condone.  
The fault is nobody but my own.  
I wouldn't want anybody to wear these shoes.  
For they are a very painful and tight fit.  
You think you want a glimpse into what makes me tic.  
Well my friend living when where and how I do isn't all it's cracked up to be.  
I'm the inspired artist who lives in very hard times.  
And I'm not the only one.  
Just others don't write as much as I do.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (humor Poem) A Riddle Me Not

I was asked the most interesting question  
Why do males travel in packs  
While women travel pairs  
I'm not sure how to react  
Being of what I am.  
Was that a misguided insult  
What will be the result  
A fight forth right  
An argument of the tongues  
Its how one comes undone

My answer to this is men don't mind the competition...

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (humor Poem) 4th Of July Decisions

With a morbid sense of humor  
I say listen bitch  
Your coming to our forth of July party  
Or we will be coming  
To kill your old man  
To burn your house down  
And grab you and your kid

The reason being you can't make up your mind  
So we feel we have make some decisions for you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (hurt Poem) An Passive Agressive State

Make your mind up  
Please don't ask from me, what I can not give  
Deliver me from not evil  
But the goodness of my heart  
Torn apart  
In agony  
Put me in a blender  
Lets see what you get  
I'm caught in a vicious net  
All I want to do is forget  
But don't fret  
The thoughts are already gone  
Gone  
Not like I ever belonged  
I waited too long  
What is right can not be wrong  
I'm reaching for it  
Grabbing it  
It's mine till the end of all time  
Even If I try to rewind  
Its a never ending cycle  
Its order and chaos  
I feel so lost  
I'm so far behind  
And yet I hear another whine  
Here it goes  
Who will ever know  
Only If your willing to steal a soul or two  
Why not  
I've been numb for so long  
My heads so far gone  
I feel like I breathed in too much air  
A waste of oxygen  
All for the perfect person  
Does this worsen  
As you get older  
Hard to try  
If you lie  
Full of secrecy

So many discrepancies  
The life is but a bed of roses  
We all need the acid to survive  
Do or die  
I will try  
I never give in  
I will kill everything with my kindness

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (hurt Poem) A Repetitive Break Down

I was breaking down when I got with you  
I was breaking down when I left you  
I am breaking down just thinking about you.

Curing the world one person at a time.  
In the body souls and minds.  
My first true love.  
Absence from god above.  
A sickness it has become.  
Constantly being undone.  
When push comes to shove.  
I just couldn't hurt you enough.  
The wounds left me even more numb.

I was breaking down when I got with you  
I was breaking down when I left you  
I am breaking down just thinking about you.

Every fight was our last.  
Surrendering to my past.  
In it lives a silent kingdom.  
Of knights king and queens.  
Romance with a wicked dance.  
That still haunts me.  
I'm not a blind man for I can see.  
The fire still burns.  
But the light is just never the same.  
My heart has been forever stained.  
My head urns to just be empty.

I was breaking down when I got with you  
I was breaking down when I left you  
I am breaking down just thinking about you.

You completed me as only the one could.  
As only one should.  
To stubborn to admit I was ever wrong.  
I was never wrong.  
Drowning under my own shallow ego

Suffocating, the plastic wraps right over my head.  
Oh it's killing, its stealing, oh its taking the air away from me.  
I just need to breath.  
I'm so sorry that I have this disease.  
Crucified with her eyes.  
Somebody dig the hole and just bury me.

I was breaking down when I got with you  
I was breaking down when I left you  
I am breaking down just thinking about you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (hurt Poem) Broken

Time stands still  
Trying to break my will  
Trying to steal what I don't feel  
Agony  
Catastrophe  
Blasphemy  
Insects crawling in me  
A river pours through open doors  
See a grown man cry  
Hurt's you inside  
But I think I'll survive  
Through the lies  
Through the tides  
As long as I don't question why  
I have a need to feel wanted  
Loved  
Hated  
Slightly agitated  
Anything to bring me back the real world  
No fantasy  
Nothing but reality for me  
Even if the honesty kills me  
So just tell me, your a loser who needs to get out of my life  
Get away from me  
Push and kick  
Beat the hell out of my soul  
Please don't be afraid to do so  
I need to go  
Again and again  
You can't win against yourself  
Especially if your right  
Which feels so wrong  
Such a misguided light  
The candle burns into nothing  
The dire flame has went out  
Which brings all kinds of doubt  
I absorb it  
Manipulate it  
Mold it



Into something so dangerous  
That I'm losing my conscience  
I could destroy the whole world  
And not feel bad or sad  
Does this make me crazy  
Insanity is a plea to forgive me  
So I can forgive you  
Its so touch an go  
A broken ego  
Buried deep within huge drifts of snow  
Which follows the wind as it blows

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (indifference Poem) Blood Stain On My Conscience

Your nothing but a but blood stain on my conscience.  
Get angry  
and send your messenger.  
A non existent threat.  
How much you want to bet.  
Your still a cheating fool  
still a cheating fool.

Your nothing but a blood stain on my conscience.  
I still remember the way back when.  
How could I ever forget.  
I took you in as my own blood.  
You were a mere child.  
Now you claim to be a man.  
Yet you do not take a stand.  
How is it  
that you create so much hate.  
Ripping  
and tearing at every ones insides.  
Twisting  
and manipulating.

Your nothing but a blood stain on my conscience.  
Walk in my shadow  
because I'm already gone.  
What is done  
is done.  
War of words.  
Sounds quite absurd.  
But let me tell you they can hurt.  
They can destroy.  
Good or bad  
doesn't matter in my world.  
Again I'm on the edge  
looking into pure blackness.  
Jump with foolishness.  
Sorry but I won't.

Your nothing but a blood stain on my conscience.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

## (indifferent Poem) An Uncharted Journey

I will not make this sacrifice.  
Oh no not this time.  
The pleasure of diamonds through the eyes.  
Watch as the corpse rises.  
Begging for the light.  
But without a beating heart what would really mean?

To be alive, to be invisible.  
Oh it is the search indestructible soul.  
Never soured by the ages of world.  
Let the generations pass on by.  
Rising up with hands up in the air.  
Trying to hold on for one more moment in despair.  
Or maybe it is fear.

The unknown silent whims of the past.  
Do they just fade away under the giant golden statues.  
Why do they continue to stand as countless fall.  
No emotion to shoulder at all.  
Pestilence is so prevalent that I smell it.  
I can taste it.  
No it doesn't mean I have to embrace it.

Fault goes no further then the one who digs the hole.  
So tell me am I the one holding the shovel.  
A buried secret soon to be forgotten.  
In the back of our minds.  
Learning is hard and why would anyone want to go through it.  
Those sediments are exactly what is wrong.  
To avoid failure one must embrace failure.

Moving on.  
Moving on.  
Can we, deliberately ignore what should be investigated.  
Poking and prodding.  
Why is it we see experimentation as a waste of time.  
Entering ones mind.  
A lust for complete understanding can be so demanding.  
Work that is so aggravating.

Don't tell me you are ready quit already.  
And with that the dream has expired.  
We will never know with thoughts of what can be admired.

The fire has been set as the stone marks the end of road.  
After long travel one does get tired.  
And your time has come.  
Like the marching to the end of the beating drums.  
It becomes another solo of silence.  
Accomplishment is not only what you did but also the path in which you lived.  
Why because not all roads have been mapped out.  
We are all navigators whose destinations are still unknown in a uncharted world.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (insight Poem) A Question To An Understanding As You Know It

But what of the insight of these reasons, who claims to hold that light?  
With a match book I push my hand firmly against it and stroke with quick flick  
and its lit.

Is that as easy as this insight?

Or is it harder to reach?

Is it like wisdom's gain on the train of life?

Only at the end of the ride do you get it.

Or is it somewhere in the middle?

A question to an understanding as you know it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (inspiration Poem) A Very Dark Night

For those I love I'm only willing fight.  
With the guidance of a light.  
Let me be a bringer of peace.  
Let me be part of the entire world.  
Let me shelter you in every word I speak.  
For knowledge is power.  
And sometimes its needed.  
To remove blinders engraved.  
The human slave.  
By what is beyond his control.  
Let me dig deep into every soul.  
Grab the most precious and show you what its all for.  
A war has been declared.  
With words as their weapons.  
There here to destroy.  
Little sentries they deploy.  
Spread the word we are not powerless.  
We still have our love.  
We still have our god above.  
Even in the face of an insurmountable enemy.  
Their killing your family.  
One by one.  
Destroyed by the illusion of a gun.  
Your done its over.  
I'm sorry sir but I will not just surrender.  
Not without a fight.  
Even if it under a twilight  
The darkness of the most horrible night.  
I'm waiting an ready for it everyday of my life.  
You will not take the ones I love rights!

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (inspiration Poem) A Book Never Read

Living by the fire  
Living to admire  
Living down to the wire  
Still the wheels don't turn  
I think it is because I want it  
Urn for it  
The beautiful almighty  
I will not pray  
Not as long as I live day by day  
How much does my soul really weigh?  
How many sins can be forgiven?  
The fog will eventually choke you out  
Whine and pout all you want  
It won't make a dent in my steel cage  
Because it was built from pure rage  
If Its not a stage  
What am I going through?

Its just another page of my book never read

Words as stale as the food I was fed  
Maybe it was how many times I have been dropped on my head  
I plead guilty to an unwritten destiny  
I lied to myself in a mirror straight to my very own face  
Memories erased

It's just another page of my book never read

I can't be lead astray  
Especially if I'm willing  
It's not much different then stealing  
A moral yeng then yang  
A oh so perfect harmony  
Keeping things on a even keel  
Always questioning what is real

It's just another page of my book never read

I hold on so tight to my comfy bed



Such a beautiful night  
The stars are glistening oh so bright  
I turn off the lights  
Sleep for the dreams of a tomorrow  
We are all living on borrowed time  
So I ask again where's mine?  
A question that continues to go unanswered  
Draw your own conclusion  
It's another one of the deep dark mysterious illusions

It's just another page of my book never read  
It's as if every word has never been said  
It's just another page of my tattered and torn book that will be never read

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (inspiration Poem) A Muse Of Possibilities

The creeps.  
The chills.  
The cryptic message that seals the deal.  
Who is behind these iron walls of glass and electricity?  
Who is it that is hammering these nails down?  
To be imprisoned and set free in one stroke of the key.

My muse of possibilities, is continuously speaking to me.  
Telling me of moments, that should be both feared and cherished/  
But who is she?  
When will that veil of pitch black smoke be lifted?  
Identify yourself, and don't lie to me.

Does a scream know how to lie in the middle of the night?  
Does a exaggeration of the truth make it any less true?  
Piecing together the clues.  
Wiping off the cold grassy dew.  
And the parasite takes another bite.

Sucking upon life as if their will be always more.  
Hollowing out the door.  
Once rotted it will fall.  
But with a more subtle noise.  
Not the loud crash, bang, boom we are all so use too.

But does it become an exit or entrance?  
Into the gates of both heaven and hell.  
The stories they do tell.  
At first glance barely noticed.  
But suddenly everybody is looking star struck.

Yes they haven't seen that before.  
This giant centipede comes out with it scaly armor and 100 legs.  
How can this be possible?  
This thing is the size of a herd of cows.  
Because I wrote it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (inspiration Poem) A Poets Love

To describe it as you do  
I have no clue  
With words streaming through  
A voice so thoroughly heard  
It echos across the world  
Reaches in places unheard  
Flies higher then any bird  
This is your love.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (inspiration Poem) A Short Letter To The Poet.

To a poet I will always enjoy reading.  
To a poet I will always enjoy seeing.  
In a written confession let me send you my dreams and aspirations.  
Good luck with your book.  
Upon completion let me know and ill buy it.  
A supporter of not only a great author.  
But also a great friend.  
You know who you are.  
Writings and talent way above the par.  
Sincerely yours, John Bastian.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# (inspiration Poem) An Inspiration From Something So Great

Colors of emotion fill the air with this poem.

Count the ways I could say how great a poem it is.

With both the heart and the soul.

Expressions are described both literal and metaphorically.

It is as if I can see this person you speak of right now.

In the flesh, an image appears as if your painting a portrait.

So perfect and eloquent.

Down to the very last detail.

And then their is even more.

My final words would be how extravagant but without the negative effects that spending too much effort, time or money would bring.

It is the biggest rose I most certainly ever seen.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (inspiration Poem) Broken Chariot

Cherish the sympathetic.  
Revel in the misguided fools.  
Lead and they shall follow.  
Walk on water.  
Split the red sea.  
Just to show the world how things can be.  
Do you need me when I'm so hard to find.  
Another hypnosis to put me asleep by the words you keep beneath it all.  
The chariot has broken.  
The horses will not move.  
There not listening to you.  
For the devil has took the reins.  
Carrying the insane.  
Were all in trance.  
So stoned with the drugs.  
So stunned were losing our balance.  
An unexpected love from the great distances of skies above.  
Helping without the slightest clue who you really are.  
How does this change things?  
Will it bring an end to some suffering?  
Will it be a disaster in you are its master?  
Faster and faster the rope swings.  
Walk the road that hard and honest work brings.  
Believe when others don't or won't.  
A lack of understanding.  
Another branding.  
Oh the labels that create these fables.  
Fantasy or of horrible realities.  
A multiple personalities.  
Who do you want?  
Someone that hates the world.  
Sorry that person don't exist anymore.  
Hes so far gone for the rest of days.  
I hope that's okay.  
I bring the likes of whats yet to be seen.  
Not even in your wildest dreams.  
A redeemer, an overachiever full of mediocrity.  
Not a liar or deceiver creating a infidelity.  
Confidence is the thrill inside me.

Bullet proof, invincible. does that give me control?  
You cant break this soul, no matter the depth in which you try.  
I will not lay down and die.  
Here it comes.  
The games up.  
Have i won?  
Absolutely, truly.  
The illusion fades.  
A cascading waterfall is running out of water.  
All this has come to pass.  
It has been delivered.  
Are willing except this.  
It must end, all of it.  
In one fell swoop your completely out of my loop.  
Goodbye forever with a happily ever after.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (inspiration&Love Poem) Beyond Reasoning

Beyond all reasoning.  
A same craziness can be found in love.  
Metaphorically speaking.  
The practical and logical thrown right out that open window.  
Who needs them anyways right?  
The guidance by the blind towards the thought to be light.  
Oh no what if we were wrong?  
A regrettable song  
I guess it too late to come to such a realization.  
And yet they still are debating.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (intrigue Poem) Caught By The Writing Upon The Page. (In Reponse To Poem: Meadow Of Crimson.)

A unique land all of its own.  
With powers far and wide renowned,  
The name will always stick upon my mind.  
With intrigue I have been sucked in.  
For some reason I can't let go.  
And I don't know why.  
With words upon a fish hook I have been baited and caught.  
Struggle as I may, as I might.  
It is still such a good write.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# (jealousy Poem) An Alternate Motive Doesn'T Change A Thing

A voice unknown speaks.  
She screams I'm the victim  
Yet not a tear is shed.  
In another hypochondriacs bed.  
She's married.  
What exactly does that mean anyways?  
Years of wounds and scar.  
Ragged and quite marred  
Let me tell you she's not.  
She does a strip tease on top of me over and over again.  
This is my favorite sin.  
With hate and malcontent, I'm used as a weapon.  
But I don't care infact I'm taking pleasure out of it.  
A good time is a good time.  
No matter the alternate motive some one has in mind.  
He tries to attack me anyway he knows how.  
But I already know all his dark secrets.  
I'm bring him to his knees with mere whispers.  
He begs for mercy and I say just get away from me.  
Cold am I to the day I die.  
I no longer need walk away.  
For I hurt the entire horizon and nobody ever even comes near me.  
To afraid of what I would do.  
Be careful of who you accuse.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life Poem) A Make Believe Paradise

Living on the edge of financial disaster.  
From the depth of my soul screams of poverty.  
So scared of what the future might hold.  
Walking down a street trying to pass my self off as a business man in ragged  
cloths.  
Writing down my stories on napkins like a famous author you may know.  
Living in the woods, trespassing on others claims to land.  
Watching out for someone who might have a gun in hand.  
Seeing right front me a posted tree.  
Keep out or face the consequences.  
Vagrants are never welcome.  
Using everything I know to survive when money can no longer be made.  
Building a camp fire to stay warm under a bridge.  
Only when the river is down or I might drown.  
How many times can I be knocked down?  
How many times must I go through this?  
Before something of a true and steady calling is found.  
Lay off after lay off, encircle haunt and taunt me.  
A jack of all trades.  
A master of none.  
A pleasure of working for fun.  
From digging hands in the earth, to cutting some wood with a chainsaw.  
Even the crows are cawing at my future.  
They hope I will die.  
Take everything away from a man and what does he got left.  
A basic instinct.  
Primal to the time of 18th century.  
On foot I have always traveled, and once again I might be forced do so.  
When the rent backs up and the electric keeps running.  
Will the unemployment be enough.  
How will I put food on my table when I lose my place in which I live.  
I pray whole heartedly my side job succeeds.  
With almost no money to put into it.  
And customers expecting to be fronted the fix.  
Quite a predicament, so apparent I can feel myself going ghostly white in a make  
believe paradise.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life Poem) A Moral Diet

A validation as we hit the ground.  
Yes that does hurt.  
Just open your mouth and eat a little bit of the dirt.  
Chew it on up and ingest.  
Swallow it on down.  
Call it moral fiber.  
A psychological diet.  
We must learn to live with it.  
Just another part of our life.  
The bricks keep piling up.  
Soon the wall will map out what use to be our history.  
The creative creatures that never made it.  
No one voice could save them.  
Even with, most logical reasoning.  
Worshipping the dead, wasting the living.  
Why should we feed you, what can you do?  
Just maybe I'll be the one save a entire population before to late.  
We do not know who the hero will be.  
How could we, but still there is this ignorance in the form of greed.  
It is not a valid excuse.  
Other must suffer for your unending desire for power.  
A need to manipulate and control.  
But where we fail is always in what we don't know.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life Poem) A Way To Fix The Heart

Being a kid is hard, but being an adult is harder.  
Probably not as true this day and age.  
But when I was growing up it stood true to form.  
And the lesson learned has been engraved into my very soul.  
They are a parts of me I can never deny.  
With a remembrance comes a tear in my eye.  
And it burns but it also needs to be their.  
To show I still can feel.  
To show things are still real.  
An emotion that fits as if it was special tailored just for me.  
But I know its not and instead of keeping it inside it should be taught.  
Passed on and never forgot.  
A way to fix a heart.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life Poem) Above The Wind Fall

Crazy as life is, I still take a sip.  
Slowly swallow it down.  
Every taste, every embrace.  
Love is dire, the most important above all else.  
The heart swells, but some strange emptiness still dwells.  
Maybe its the loss of some family while others want to give it all.  
I shall not falter, living so close to the edge  
but still nothing has changed.  
The power of devotion and pure emotion.  
Creates a reflection of beauty.  
Stand tall, stand above the windfall.  
Doubt creates nothing  
but a clout of misjudgements of dangerous proportion.  
Extravagant words dress up truths in a disguise.  
I have for so long been looking through a phantoms eye.  
Now I realize what was missing.  
Now I know what it truly feels like to be alive.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life Poem/Short Story) A Really Bad Day

I go to work only not to work.  
Chippers broke.  
And it has my boss stoked.  
A really bad day.

I help fix the equipment.  
Knowing I will not get paid.  
So I get on with it without delay  
A really bad day.

I come home to show my boss my new program installed.  
And when I show him how to use it.  
Coffee gets spilled all over, my keyboard, mouse and his bibs.  
A really bad day.

I dry my things off.  
Plug them back in and turn my computer back on.  
The mouse no longer works.  
A really bad day.

I take it apart clean the circuit board off.  
I put it back together and plug it in.  
It still does not work.  
A really bad day.

My boss start beating it.  
Thinking that will make it work.  
I tell him no but still he continues to do so.  
A really bad day.

Finally he gives up and is ready to go.  
I tell him wait little bit while I take shower.  
As I go get my cloth a pipe breaks.  
A really bad day.

Hot water gushes everywhere in the laundry room.  
I run outside dig in the snow to find the valve to shut it off.  
Now my hands are cold.  
A really bad day.

So now I go get the parts I need.  
No going out drinking tonight indeed.  
Both a shut off valve and a washing machine connection piece.  
A really bad day.

I cut the pipe put on the valve.  
Only to realize it is defective and doesn't work.  
Next I put on the connection piece only to find out it leaks.  
A really bad day.

And when I think it cant get any worse.  
I have go out and split wood and the snow is a blowing.  
My gloves can't grip the axe it slips and hits my foot with a whack.  
A really bad day.

Thank god for steel toes.  
So I take off my gloves and do it that way.  
And again my hands are cold so all I have to say.  
Is it's a really bad day.

Finally I come in and take another look at my mouse.  
I finally fixed it.  
Only to realize it is time to go to bed.  
A Really Bad Day.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (life&Death Poem) A Cure To A Cancer

The threads of fate hang so loosely  
Anyone could just pluck your life away.  
Any time any day.  
Are you really prepared?  
No need to get scared.  
Were all going to die.  
Just look to the sky and thank the gods you still here.  
Thankfulness that you have her near.

She bore your child on such a sun sunny day.  
And now they wake if only to go play.  
And as you watch you feel as if your heart will explode.  
You brought this precious gift we call life into this world.  
It melts all the pain into a dull sensation.  
It is as if it is not even really their.  
It is the death despair.

I say listen here.  
I'm going live my life the only way I know how.  
I hope to make my sons and daughters proud.  
Oh the magic of the rain drops falling from all these clouds.  
We are 1 in gazillions type odds.  
Wipe the face of this earth clean of all the distortions.  
You matter more then you could ever know in all the proper portions.  
If you understand just shake you head and nod.

Easing all the anger.  
It eats at you as if it was your ghost.  
A parasite sucking the life right out of you.  
Some think I'm naive.  
Thats what a honest man gets.  
Scoffed and laugh at.  
But do you think I even care.  
We are both breath the same air.  
A paradox of the entire world.

Our happiness matters.  
But it you who has to make the charter.  
A voyage to take, a voyage to lead.

In the company you desire with a pleasing sensation.  
A non-existent aggravation will never even reach the skin.  
Yet alone get in.  
They come in huge numbers trying to breaking you down.  
Lashing out because they want the same.  
No matter the false claims.  
The reason will always be the same.

In this horrid world we must learn to tame the hateful feelings.  
Even those whose are so undeserving.  
An ego of the self serving.  
They think they're better off in front of you.  
Let them try to lead.  
Their illusion of paradise will falter.  
I can see so many castles that will crumble.  
Because the value in that which makes their life a little easier.  
The common comfort.  
So many luxuries that we do not need.

With a pen paper let me proceed.  
Bring you to my reality.  
Of the modern times.  
So disorientating.  
I'm always getting confused of the way.  
The sheep will always led a astray.  
And every time their has been a path back.

But what happens when their ain't?  
A fallen saint.  
Painted with evil that taints.  
Don't cry for him.  
But instead remember it isn't always of the wise to follow.  
In some men lies something quite hollow.

An bare apple core is all thats left.  
Nothing to take.  
But their is always something to give.  
In your heart do you have the power to forgive?  
A generous offering of love.  
A shelter for the weak.  
Food for the hungry.  
Medicine for the sick.

Physically as well as mentally.

Sometime the only way to heal a wound is superficially.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life&Death Poem) A Erosion

A erosion has already started.  
It is just a matter time.  
It is as infinite as the stars.  
Yet so limited to us as human beings,  
Some turtles and birds have a span longer then ours.  
And we tortured by it with a sense of our own mortality.  
Who will receive that card and when?  
Your existence has come to an end.  
And you can only hope to be remembered for what good you have done or  
accomplished.  
But of all eventualities the one that most certainly will come to pass is the  
knowledge of you will not last.  
The only question is how fast.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life&Death Poem) Alot Wrong, Alot Right

A unsettling future to some.  
But most of the time it shouldn't and can't be undone.  
Its a war its my head versus my heart.  
Some days I wonder if it can be won.  
Just live life to the fullest and just maybe you'll have fun.  
Stop being so serious, so mysterious.  
Revel in the here, and now.  
Cause they will be soon faded clouds.  
Written is your time.  
How you use it is the choice.  
Alone we have no voice.  
We our a single worker ant in a colony of millions.  
Still they need us all. To get the job done.  
One by one we march with a huge torch to lite the way.  
For this is a dark day full of dismay.  
Hold your ground and stay the course through the greatest remorse.  
For you are still here even with them dead and gone.  
Make it mean something through thick and thin.  
My will is my might and strife.  
I go on, praying for those beyond my reach.  
Practice what you preach.  
I must better myself yet again.  
Build my self to become a stronger man.  
Steadfast to rope heave then pull.  
Hard work rules. But you still need to be schooled.  
Or you will still be fooled.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life&Death Poem) Do Things The Hard Way

This is my closing remarks  
This is my settlement with god  
With repentance in the air  
The thunder flies across the sky  
The cataclysmic storm has once again come  
With this one will I be undone?  
On a spinning wheel slowly being emptied  
And nothing I do can ever stop it  
It is a aging process  
Not taking a easy success  
In the commerce world I'm non existent  
I guess I have a pre-existing condition  
A rebellion with repetition  
The anguish of ambition  
I know what I'm missing  
But to live life I must not hide behind my four walls  
Oh he's just making a bunch of phone calls and typing on a keyboard

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life&Death Poem) The Mystery Of The Mortal Being

I am but of young age  
I want to do the most with what I have left.  
But I can already see that sun setting.  
The distance might seem far.  
But it's not.  
I know not how it will happen.  
I know not when it will happen.  
A mystery to the mortal being.  
To a shadow he is still clinging.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (life&Death Poem) Chasing Ghosts

Bounds are limitless.  
As your life is.  
Unknown is your time.  
So you have to make the most.  
And stop chasing ghosts.  
For they fade and disappear.  
But guess what you are still here.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (lonely Poem) An Over Extended Stay

When the lights go out.  
What are you afraid of?  
A unknown love.  
A simple touch means so much.  
When your down on your knees, hands in your face.  
Thinking of all the mistakes you have made.  
This unending parade.  
Every ones marching on without you.  
You and their business has concluded.  
One day, one night and they are gone.  
I love to stay but this is not where I belong.  
To remember all their songs.  
An impossibility.  
Why does it always have to be so wrong?  
It's not the life for me.  
I still hear you say.  
The ghost of your absence brings such heart ache.  
It's so hard to try not to feel.  
The corrosion of the mighty steel.  
Rusted and rotted out.  
A hole so slowly made.  
Part of the ages.  
It comes in stages.  
Each a separate embrace.  
Always worst then last.  
Creating the past.  
Fill a thirst by taste.  
It becomes a race.  
I'll see you at the top.  
As it's better place.  
Is all this a waste?  
A experiment of the mind.  
With a sawed off 10 gauge shotgun I take aim.  
Blowing away the distance of time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (love Poem) Bitter Sweet Rose

Bitter sweet rose will you be mine?  
Or am I wasting my time?  
Bitter sweet rose you smell divine.  
Do you have a succulent kiss?  
Is it something I've already missed?

Bitter sweet rose what gives?  
Is it how we must live?  
Bitter sweet rose will you answer my questions?  
Are you devote?  
Do you stray when your bored?  
Will you doubt?  
Is what you want something more?

Bitter sweet rose are you keeping score?  
Will you try something new?  
Will you lock your door?  
Do your lips taste like dew?  
Bitter sweet rose do you want to go?  
Do you love the snow?  
Is this right?  
Is this what you want tonight?  
Bitter sweet rose, oh my bitter rose.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (love Poem) The Running Lover

Carrying the torch.  
Lighting the way.  
Crawling on the floor.  
Escaping or entering the darkness?  
Determining ones fate as only one breath escapes.  
Settling a debt only to create another.  
Healing wounds that were never suppose to mend.  
A flame comes out of nowhere.  
No point of origin.  
No reason for the madness as it happens into its very existence.  
Sometimes when you are searching, you will find yourself repeating the path that  
you have taken a time or two ago.  
An absence of observation, how did I get here?  
Under the moonlight does my own reflection bend?  
Could it be possible that two roads lead the exact same way?  
Does it matter if ones is of dirt, and the other is of stone.  
It's difference is as time itself.  
A periodical development in technological breakthroughs.  
As if they actually could affect ones direction.  
Or the thought of perfection.  
Take your time.  
Slowly breath in the air.  
Enjoying a summer breeze.  
Know it will be soon be gone with return of the winters chilly crisp.  
Like fingers sliding downs ones arm telling the little hair to stand up as the skin  
rises in little bumps.  
I remember her name.  
That wild beast can't be tamed.  
Like the melody that surrounds.  
A sobering protection.  
A belladonna of projections.  
The rise and the fall of the lovingly flower.  
Both in a sourness and sweetness.  
Endless tastes.  
Cooking up a pot of stormy rays.  
Beaming down wishing for someone to catch it.  
But even with closed hands around it when you open them back up they would  
be empty.  
Not such a secret of that which can't be caught.

Does it matter the teasing and taunting?  
One that has been known to run, will continue to do so.  
A lead to no where in particular.  
A compass that points in a random direction.  
Never is it the same no matter where it grows.  
Mystery does it sow.  
My long lost lover now tell me where did you go?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (love Poem) 4 Days And Counting

4 days and counting,  
the excitement is mounting,  
a new a life, a better life, full of happiness.  
Saying all these goodbyes,  
bring tears to the eyes.  
Its a fading sunrise.  
That first moment Ill forever cherish.  
First impressions, first impressions,  
will everything go right.  
Its the mornings delight, to see you.  
Even if it means the loss of a future that  
I don't know what holds.  
Only in a world so cold could  
I either say no or let go.

4 days and counting,  
the truest emotions surmounting.  
Going for it all, the story book fight.  
Reading it under a child's night light.  
Making it work even when were at our worse.  
All my energy being dispersed,  
dispatched, by a higher calling.  
My life was stalling over, and over again.  
The constant wounding and mending.  
It was never ending till I found my greatness in you.

4 days and counting.  
The soul searching is over.  
I have been delivered from my solitude and  
we have raised the aptitude.  
The skies so high, afraid to fall,  
well do it together.  
Floating down like a feather.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (love Poem) All Is Well

Wings carry me off the floor.  
I watch everything fall in place.  
Can have this dance once more.  
Its no longer a race.  
A steady pace.  
I'm in love with such a pretty face.  
She brings no disgrace to me.  
Even with the lack of maturity.  
Total opposite on a even keel.  
Making deals.  
Compromise till all lies die or slide.  
We all just trying to get by.  
What pretty blue eyes.  
Who care what the others say.  
Let reach for the sky.  
Grab the bright star from heavens.  
I will never look, second guess myself, and question why.  
It's our revelation that I hope doesn't end in a horrid way.  
Cherish today.  
Love the chaos and dismay.  
For order ruins things that the soul brings.  
A surprise I didn't understand before now.  
How alive it could make you feel.  
All is well, and all will, as it will be always be well.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (love Poem) Building It All Up

Building it all up. Here I come.  
With the antidote to what you need.  
So sure of myself.  
Absolute certainty.

Building it all up.  
This is concrete.  
No more dragging my feet.  
You make me feel whole and complete.

Building it all up.  
Time to lay the foundation to the everlasting.  
Forever as a word means nothing,  
but in my heart it means everything.  
Building it all up.  
Even when its hard.  
Even whens it far.  
I still can see my star.  
Even in the dark.  
It shines so bright.

Building it all up.  
I feel so strong.  
The weight of whole world on my shoulders.  
It will never get old.  
It will never get cold.  
You are building my fire,  
my warmth, everything that means so much.  
So build it all up.  
Here I come.  
Were gonna have so much fun.  
But yet the work shall never be done.  
I will always love you hun. Always.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (love Poem) Burning Forever Beating Heart

You cant kill this burning forever beating heart.  
Even the face of devastation  
hope swells with the power to completely overwhelms.  
Bring me to my knees and I still try please.  
You break me  
my soul is mine to give.  
If I will it, it just might happen.

You cant kill this burning forever beating heart.  
The love will never die.  
It destine to survive.  
As another tidal wave approaches my thoughts are of you.  
You have become the grease to the cogs that let me move.  
Like a giant here I am.  
Take me if you can.

Oh man  
oh man  
you just cant kill this burning forever beating.  
Their is always worse.  
Like an unending curse.  
I stand here ready to serve.  
I know you are so much better then I deserve.  
Out of the dark into the light.  
With a millions sacrifices  
and still I feel  
oh how do I feel its still not enough.  
So give me all the punishment you wish.  
Still my path not shall waver.  
For with my dieing breath I will still profess my love.  
You will never ever kill this burning forever beating heart.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# (love&Death Poem) A (I Love You) Final Resting Place

Forever attached to the moment  
Oh no  
Oh no  
I just can't let go  
It can't end this way  
Just listen to me  
You will make it  
You will live on  
With you the kids are growing so strong

Forever attached to the moment  
Oh no  
Oh no  
I just can't let go  
No its not okay  
You must fight  
With all you strength  
Think of those you love  
Think of those who depend on you the most  
Anything to keep you going

You are the one I love.  
You the one that I just cant let go.  
No matter how hard I try  
I looked into her eyes and she died  
I never got to say my final goodbye  
A (I love you) final resting place

Forever attached to the moment  
Oh no  
Oh no  
I just can't let go  
In your eyes i see the beautiful sparkle of the of the snow  
Just live on.  
This is just so wrong.  
My heart is already gone  
It has jumped out my body and committed suicide

Just beat the hell out of my insides

Forever attached to the moment

Oh no

Oh no

I just can't let go

Sir but you have to the paramedic says

I'm sorry shes already gone

How could this happen?

Why me?

I thought we were destine to be.

A long lived family.

This will never be satisfactory.

I'll love her till the day I die.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (love&Freindship Poem) A Dances Reflection

I can be only certain of one thing.  
That is of you.  
A friend to treasure.  
A friend forever.  
Let this be the message I deliver.  
A folded up letter with a perfect signature.  
Let it show you my dedication.  
Let it show you my infatuation.  
Above all let it remind you that no matter where you go.  
Somethings can not be easily forgotten.  
With wings and some grace, I'll tip toe all the way to your place.  
Just to see your smiling face.  
Just to strike up a conversation where we left off.  
Oh yeah now where was I?  
To help you when your in need.  
Listen as the delicate butterfly sings.  
Does he sound so bad?  
Does he kinda look sad?  
If you think for a moment I'll give what I have, for you.  
Know that I do everyday.  
Know that I do everyday.  
Everyday even worlds away.  
Comfort is what I need to stay.  
A love abiding and quite paralyzing.  
Memorizing, and hypnotizing.  
Tell me now, can you look away.  
I can't and if I did the guilt would just eat at me in till I died.  
The emotions are alive, they take it upon themselves to drive.  
I don't where I'm going, but I want it to be with you.  
That's all my heart says.  
And it says it over and over.  
It'll never stop.  
Just as the pain of such distances divides.  
Just let me conquer and survive.  
Tell me now just who do I have to bribe.  
I want just the freedom to be.  
Where we want, when we want.  
Is that really so much to ask?  
Is that really that complicated of a task?

In my arms.

In your arms.

A dance of a reflection that hasn't quite left yet.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (love&Loss Poem) A Friends Leaveing Again

I want you so bad in every kind of way.  
i want you too stay  
but i know you are going away again again my dear friend.  
I could tell you anything i want with confidence and trust.  
yet i wont cause you'll just go away again and again.  
am i crazy cause i want you in the worst kind of way.  
a tease is a breeze compared to you.  
But you continue to go away.  
again and again my dear friend.

Your so go damn hot when you act so crazy.  
and a piece of me from my childhood lies with you.  
and it hurts so bad when you go away.  
please this time will you stay.  
just stay here with me again my dear friend.  
It always comes to end.  
forgotten memories have come alive me.  
so full of passion.  
every sensation is just an overreaction.

But still i feel it like every time  
before and then you walk out the door once more.  
gone with the wind.  
over and over again and still it never ends.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (Lust Poem) A Devil To Lust

The devil blinks her eyes.  
Then gets undressed in another bed.  
She rocks it as only a demon could.  
Round after round.  
Fast then slow.  
The places she makes you go.  
Deliciously evil from every taste, touch, and desire.  
This girl just poured some gasoline, struck a match, and lit the place on fire.  
With an attitude of I'll beat you the hell up.  
Kick your a double s.  
To a figure satan couldn't have design her better him self.  
Seduction as this eye candy turns heads.  
It becomes a competition.  
And she loves every moment of it.  
She desire blood.  
She a naughty naughty vampire.  
She getting off on all attention.  
Drawn to it.  
A magnetic attraction.  
A life paid for.  
Everyone wants her.  
But never will her love be permanent.  
Because all she know is lust.  
A succulent kiss to lure the men in.  
The money flows.  
But they still have to go.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (murder Poem) A Soul Stealer

It comes upon me, time and time again.  
It's the grand finally my friend.  
A Wicked poker game with all decadent men.  
All holding out till the last minute.  
Oh who's gonna win?  
Is it another bluff?  
Fiction or fantasy.  
Oh baby rolling with the ecstasy.  
Trial by the nights of pitch black sky.  
Some say suicide,  
Some say you never wanted to die.  
Only god truly knows' why.  
Denial and prejudice at the same time.  
The judge and jury in a flurry attack.  
The poor man had no time to react.  
26 stab wounds creates a bloody mess.  
You try to clean it up to your best, but with out success.  
Vengeance for life.  
No one will come see you.  
Not this time you've done yourself in.  
Let the punishment fit the crime.  
Passionate or not,  
a plea of temporary insanity with not an ounce dignity.  
Cigarettes burns to the eye.  
Pissing on the body as it burns and getting pleasure out of it.  
A socially path, a sick son of a b\*tch in which their no cure for.  
Your keeping score after each murder.  
Some would call you a serial killer.  
I call you a soul stealer.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (murder Poem) Shades Of Black

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.  
All I see is things in shades of black.  
I was abandon as a child.  
I'm alone as a man.  
The goodness of the damned.  
Oh how I wish I had a plan.  
Something set in stone.  
With many regrets I walk this life feeling like a reject.  
A failure all on my own.  
I don't need no help from you never did.

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.  
All I see is things in shades of black.  
Their is poison in the water.  
Their is treachery afoot.  
Oh Oh just come look.  
The blood has been spilt and they have no clue I did it you.  
I don't even care if they did.  
I'll take as many I can.  
When everything has gone so wrong.  
Sitting staring out the window with a revolver in you in hand.  
What choices are left?

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.  
All I see is things in shades of black.  
A nightmare of solutions unfold.  
Each bloody as the next.  
How can you ever truly live with it.  
Settling for only second best.  
The black knight ego's of arrogance.  
Tunnel vision fills his eyes.  
All he's after is the prize.  
I doesn't matter who gets hurt on his way to it.  
With deliverance I give you pain.  
A message from someone who truly insane.

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.  
All I see is things in shades of black.



No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.  
All I see is things in shades of black.

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.  
All I see is things in shades of black.  
And it is time for my greatest attack.  
As if anyone should be proud of such a thing.  
The sweat pours off my brow as I become the butcher of butchers.  
A dissection of a living to dead body.  
Someone help this man, oh please anybody.  
The urges to kill won't stop.  
They are all he's got.  
Taking out all his sexual frustrations.  
These escalation will only continue.  
They will not just die.  
Or move on to a paradise behind the next dawn.  
No matter how hard I try.

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.  
All I see is things in shades of black.

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.  
All I see is things in shades of black.

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.  
All I see is things in shades of black.  
I feel nothing no more.  
I don't know why.  
I wish I could fix myself tonight.  
I wish I could embrace love once again.  
But wishes are nothing but useless thoughts.  
The futility of the evil creature I am.  
Hated by everyone.  
So foul have I become.  
A disease that can never be done.  
Just kill me now.  
To save so many.  
Promise me, make your vow.  
Cause I won't go down quietly.  
I fight it for as long I can.

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.

All I see is things in shades of black.

No empathy, no remorse, no recourse in my actions.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (murder Poem/Story) Above Suspicion

&lt;/&gt;Above suspicion.

Thoughts reminiscent.

A crime committed by the sweet an innocent.

As she snapped the twig all that was seen is theirs no going back.

No relapse.

Watching ones body collapse.

Does she smile or cry?

The elaborate hoax of the falling sky.

With succulent kiss she says goodbye.

A new life running through ones head.

An escape from being one of the dead.

A pledge of a secret to be kept.

As the sorrow is to be wept.

A pleasure thought to be well meant.

But yet, it will never happen.

Not as she sees it.

The goose will fly away before it ever lays that egg.

Even as it is thought be so perfect.

A mistake is made.

And their closing in as she sits upon her throne celebrating.

The raising of her glass enveloped in campaign.

She sips it so slowly if to try tell its age.

Only the best is the expression written upon her face.

All the while large number men with armor in the form vest are surrounding her famous white castle.

With gun raised they quietly and swiftly move in.

For they know what lies behind that beauty.

A cold blooded killer.

She took her time.

She got off as his eyes rolled back in his head.

She violated the corpse with instruments I'd rather not describe.

And these men knew she wasn't about let them take her alive.

They made one mistake knowing not of the booby trap as they entered.

The door had trigger on it.

A bomb with a one minute delay.

They enter quickly and just as they got to her.

It went off in an implosion of the whole house.

The wood scattered into bits and pieces.

As the flames expanded and claim all their lives.

Her final masterpiece she would not survive.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (mystery Poem) A Whose Who

An impression that will never satisfy.

When it is made full of lies.

He's a cop.

He's a spy.

Oh he works for the other side.

But of what because he just never gives up.

That reaching beyond reaching he's preaching and seeking a acknowledgement of a factitious existence.

Remember that man he created his story straight from his head.

With a few words he has spun such an elaborate web.

How do you dissolve it in the search of the truth.

It becomes a whose who I would conclude.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (personal Poem) Big Sister Is Missing

You don't have to sanction what I'm doing.  
I need not your approval to continue on.  
Though at times it would be nice.  
To hear from you.  
To say I'm glad your still alive.  
But silence is all you give me.  
I think its all I'll ever see.  
In a world behind closed doors.  
Miles off in the distance who cares.  
Well I do.  
And I'll remind you everyday if I have to.  
I'm not going anywhere.  
And this I swear.  
With every angry breath of air.  
I still love you.  
We are blood and it'll never be forgotten.  
Even in hell on earth and much worse.  
I will never speak to you from something rehearsed.  
I will speak only the word that comes to me.  
Small and incidental to most.  
But I don't care because I'm trying to reach a ghost.  
Somebody who disappeared over five months ago.  
poof gone with no given notice.  
Not a single phone call.  
Nothing to let me know the kids are alright.  
So just talk to me my big sister.  
Contact me by email,  
Contact me by phone.  
Contact me by address.  
Anyway to let me knowing your doing alright.  
Cause I no longer see your light.  
I'm so afraid something bad might have happen.  
Without a trace, with my soul searching for the right words to say.  
I'm sorry for anything and everything I've done to you.  
Anything to bring you back to my reality.  
A wake up call.  
Can you hear me at all.  
This is not funny.  
I don't know where you are.

Is it far.

I'm so in the dark.

I'm going pray for you everyday till contact is made.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (personality Poem) A Attacking Angry Voice

The man who won't stop  
Like an addiction, a self centered affliction.  
I think he might just like hearing himself talk.  
Someone please suggest that he needs to keep his mouth shut.

Over the hill tops  
Under the roof tops  
His voice echos.  
Forever words chasing me down.  
Attacking till I fall to the ground.  
Just let me get up.  
Give me a chance.  
Before you say, you say.

You're a loser.  
You're dilluted.  
So shallow and ugly.  
From the outside in.  
Hell hasn't seen the likes of you yet.  
Here's my anger on a plate.  
Enjoy, and please try to destroy.

Anyway just to feel a little better on the inside.  
Driving the nails into a very shaken mans coffin.  
Bury me now.  
You already dug the hole.  
With blood and sweat.  
I really believe every word you met.  
Please say it again  
It was just not enough.  
Think you got it tough.  
Poor you, here you want a tissue.  
Excuse after excuse.  
Just let it all lose.

The man who won't stop  
Like an addiction, a self centered affliction.  
I think he might just like hearing himself talk.  
Someone please suggest that he needs to keep his mouth shut.



Over the hill tops  
Under the roof tops  
His voice echos.  
Forever words chasing me down.  
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Just let me get up.  
Give me a chance.  
Before you say, you say.

You're a loser.  
You're dilluted.  
So shallow and ugly.  
From the outside in.  
Hell hasn't seen the likes of you yet.  
Here's my anger on a plate.  
Enjoy, and please do try to destroy.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (philosophy Poem) A Fear Of The Possible Future

How do we dictate whether there is a time and place for death?  
A guided fate as some would say.  
A mistake not of your choosing does that make it wrong?  
When a doctor or paramedic fails to keep someone alive.  
Do we blame them and say it was not his time?  
A definition we try to define.  
You unintentionally walk into a bank robbery and get shot.  
Is it something you should have not?  
Or do we blame the bank robber for doing it that specific day?  
Injustices are dealt in every way, but in death I believe it is not to be controlled.  
A power of the looking glass, how long would you view it to see all the ways it  
could be prevented.  
But you would get so addicted to it, you would never leave, not to eat, not to  
sleep, not even to relieve yourself you would die there alone out of fear.  
All for the chances of fortunes yet to be seen.  
Even if you have a winning lottery ticket it still must be redeemed.  
And what if on your way to mailing it you got killed by a falling tree.  
Who then is at fault, the mystery of the mysterious.  
Sometimes it is just your time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (philosophy Poem) A Man Of The Unknown

When rendered unconscious just where do you go?  
I can not tell you for I just don't know.  
An uncertainty exist within this life.  
What about the next?  
Will their be even one?  
A second chance to right things you have wronged.  
How do we even know if we are not already living it?  
A forgotten past.  
Memories drained.  
Memories erased.  
A look into yourself.  
Who is it exactly who looks back?  
Do you even know that man?  
How can you say for certain that your not already damned?  
A march through the sand of time.  
It captivates mind.  
Possibilities upon possibilities.  
Alternate realities, alternate dimensions.  
Just making another extension.  
Set in stone is no invention.  
For creation is just an elaboration of whats already their.  
Following the footsteps knowing not where they might lead.  
Still with confidence you proceed.  
Caution and fear abandon for the promise of something better.  
A proclamation in a letter.  
And as you read that black ink you march into the unknown.  
Once a seed is shown, it must be sewn and grown.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (philosophy Poem) A Passing

Fun with a redundant pleasure.  
Take heed of such measures.  
Attention seeking is so unbecoming.  
Don't get me wrong, everyone desires it.  
But some can do without, while other can not.  
To relate, but not demand.  
To try understand.  
Within reason.  
Everything has a flavor and a season.  
Some more liked the others.  
But as the saying goes.  
This too shall come to pass.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) (The New) Isn'T New

You are right and wrong.  
Even if (The New) are the new,  
they still have been politics too long.  
How we elect (The Greats) is the evolutionary latter.  
Its not by the people, but electoral votes.  
So only in the lower elections do we matter.  
Remember that guy you voted on for mayor?  
He's the one that puts the higher politician in power.  
A weakness in a system that has grown so sour.  
It stinks of corruption.  
We need to move of them in an out more often.  
One year is all you get.  
If you are gonna make a real change better make it quick.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) A Competition Of Lies

In a competition and heated debate.  
Total opposites in which they relate.  
No new solutions in their game of give or take.  
Their attacks dull the mind and the realities in which they define.  
All are but mere puppets attached to strings.  
They move the way the money tells them too.  
The benefits of being controlled.  
It must be nice to have no conscience of your own.  
Responsibilities do not exist, I tell you this.  
Take the lead and make a mistake intentionally indeed.  
Blame is but upon the name sits on the highest rooftop.  
But those on the ground can not see.  
Just a test upon a theory.  
Will it cause an uproar?  
Will the people hate?  
Will they rise to remove the demon from skies?  
Will they falsely accuse by the sounds?  
They hear a whistling full of lies.  
What is one to surmise?  
We are but men who have a strong belief in deceit.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) A Declining Empire

Tent cities, and refugee camps.  
Can you imagine that in the united states.  
We are falling apart.  
It's crumbling.

Where are you gonna put all these people  
That you can no longer afford.  
If you want to make those vicious of cuts you better start making solutions for  
them as well.

If you can't decide whom shall preside.  
Then you are committing suicide.  
An agreement of terms is needed for any thriving democracy.  
We are decaying and giving up on ourselves.  
A declining empire.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) A Defeated Republic

What we were we are no more.

With funds in the wrong amounts hitting the wrong hands comes a large demand.

To sacrifice morals for important policies that will not be dictated by you.

A powerless embodiment of the people but not for the people.

An empty shell with gloss put on it to make it shine as a distraction with no true interaction.

A pot of gold to find.

In visions, I seen this coming but not so soon.

It is a defeated republic.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (political Poem) A New Institution

Traveling from point a to b.  
I so wish I could work where I live.  
But where I live it's very hard to come by.  
And if your asking why, then all you need to do is just open you eyes.  
The failure, of a town, of a city, of a entire county.  
It's happen everywhere.  
No body is immune.  
Oh that was my favorite mom and pop shop was the only place you could get it.  
Oh I'm so sorry but that's now gone.  
Their going to stop plowing the streets when the snow falls.  
Here destruction comes so please pass the ball.  
It's not their fault.  
They took risk and lost.  
So we now have to take over.  
Not their debt but instead creating a new institution.  
One with no association.  
Other then bad times.  
Fellow man must lift each other up when they can.  
Instead of turning the other way.  
No It's not okay, nor will it ever be.  
We must change this dark destiny.  
It's up to us to also make sure it never happens again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) A Political Sensation

Just grab a gun.  
Oh it's all in fun

Just grab a gun.  
Oh it's all in fun.

The senseless.  
The innocent.  
The political agenda.

Taking advantage of a tragedy.  
To enforce a new policy.  
The gripping of a sensationalist.

Solute the Fear.  
Obey the fear.  
Without a little blood shed they would not adhere.

It is for your own protection.  
Welcome to the crossroads of a dissection.  
A diluted pool of facts.  
No one will know the truth with so many studies of contradiction.

Believe us why would we lie to you.  
A premeditated crime is inflicted on a generalized society, by a marginalized fascist.  
Only if we allow him too...

There is a difference between consequence, and subjugation to mind rotting obliteration.  
Cause and effect is not followed by we have your own best interest at heart.  
No not for the right reason.  
A fraudulent flavor has been added to the season.  
If there is one lie then there is probably more to follow.  
Will the people lay down and take it?

It's mind control, tragedies happen everyday.  
It's mind control, tragedies happen everyday.

They lie hidden in the dark, never to see the light without political favor.  
It is not there job to protect you, it is your job to protect yourself.  
Fear is the devils right hand man in massacres committed by the most evil of men.

What makes you any different?

Slowly eroding away words that were written so long ago.

We have acquired you a republic if you dare to keep it.

If it dare matter to you.

If it dare matter to me.

It's mind control, tragedies happen everyday.

It's mind control, tragedies happen everyday.

Why haven't we heard about 'THEM'?

Because they don't benefit 'WHOM'?

It's mind control, tragedies happen everyday. Every single day.

Where are they when you read the newspaper, watch your t.v.?

A hype to pass legislation.

We are just creating the next sensation for a little of the better t.v. ratings.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) A Reflection

Equality is not defined by the people, but for the people.  
One of who has higher education carries on his celebration.  
But changes nothing of importance.  
Why because he's not suffering.  
He's is already bought and paid for by the system which enslaves you.  
He is laughing, he is cackling.  
A man stroking his ego as he has always done.  
Looky here son.  
Look what I've become.  
And in the mirror lies an ugly reflection.  
One not of humanity, but depravity.  
Cruel but just world, so is said.  
The founders are not dead.  
They live on inside us.  
They are expressed in ways that bring me disgust.  
They are expressed in ways that bring me joy.  
I thank god not everyone is like this man in the world.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) A Scolding

It is not something that will be fixed over night.  
It took quite a bit of time for the damage to be done.  
And of those of the doing so far had to face very little consequences.  
A child every once in awhile he or she needs a good spanking.  
And America is that child.  
We allowed her to misbehave for too long.  
Their is a fear that we are already to far gone.  
A rabbit hole so deep.  
An outlook so bleak.  
But what can one do but keep trying to get through.  
This country has a wall of indifference.  
It slowly crumbling.  
But will it fall fast enough.  
We all have it tough, some worse then others.  
But I look forward to the day where I can call on more people.  
And I'm able say they are all my brothers.  
They are all my sisters.  
They are all my family.  
Races, and cultures not all alike.  
Stand with me as we together fight.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) Another Label

When I think of politicians  
Their is only two kind evil and lesser evil.  
Hit them at their homes the pretentious man says.  
We will get the support of the people.  
Not that we really need it.  
Let them know their not alone.  
Call it left, Call it from the right  
Subliminal advertisement is just not right.  
With hate I turn off my t.v.  
For I just don't want see.  
We say but that is of the real world.  
I say go outside look around you.  
Those people traveling in their cars.  
Those people walking into the bar  
Their are your fellow man.  
Show them you care by saying no to these man in their suits and ties.  
Hey man I just spend 1000 dollars on cloths I shall only wear for a day.  
To throw away, or sell.  
What the hell.  
That would be my thoughts.  
I have not one pair of clothing that I only worn once.  
The cameras surround them like and actor their famous.  
Should the famous be the ones who lead.  
It takes a lot of greed  
To be seen by the media as a fable.  
Just another label.  
Here's mine WE KNOW! ! !

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) Baking Cookies

Personally I prefer to bake my own.  
Then rely on a system so corrupt.  
I honestly and truthfully believe in hard work.  
No matter how many crooks stand over me waiting to steal from my jar as well.  
It is disappointing and makes me angry at times.  
The crimes that we commit for things we don't even need.  
An overindulgence in gluttony.  
But it comes down to this.  
They need us more then we need them.  
No matter the monetary system created.  
No matter the thievery so jaded.  
It is still not really that complicated.  
Even as their are those who act like it is.  
Just so they can receive one more handout before they have to go.  
Just one last scam.  
Come on man.  
I say no.  
Not this time.  
Collapse the system go ahead.  
And forgive me if I start laughing at you.  
Even with all your threats I know.  
For you rely on it more the I do.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (political Poem) By The Negligence Of Greed

Buried in the back the medias mind.  
Exons correcting damage been done.  
Hiding it with all the money they can.  
But I saw it this afternoon you can hide it from me  
The people will know of your atrocities  
Like the Exon Valdez spill  
Let it show with my will  
That you have killed many innocents  
By the negligence of greed  
Let me plant the seed  
And maybe it will be your down fall.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (political Poem) Citizen Soldier

The sick getting sicker.  
Based on greed can you feel the energies.  
It's only neglect, now is not the time to fret.  
I say bullshit  
Were down not out.  
Listen to us shout  
we are the people.  
An individual who has rights.  
Our vote better mean something our whats the point.  
Business is the only other avenue.  
Start with something small make it tall.  
From the ground up.  
Oh money talks.  
I hear it in volumes.  
Poor mans blues.  
They can see you.  
Hypnotize we are not.  
Whose really holding the cards.  
I think we do.  
Citizen soldier, sorry but we must put that rebellion down.  
I'll continue write to you no matter what happens.  
Ideological just maybe.  
Unfaithful and woe is me.  
You cant change my destiny.  
It just wasn't in the cards.  
A freak you are  
but it will never be enough.  
A joy ride around town to get me to the ground.  
A fools the one that gets impounded.  
A touch of phobia,  
a touch of vanity,  
pure insanity.  
I choose to live and let live  
Someday maybe she will forgive.  
Because I can no longer see the pearls in her curls.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (practice Poem) A Moment Of Cats Lives

A cat name sherry goes to window and tries to break though it  
What is on the side one might ask  
But of course another female cat  
Shes see it as an invasion of her territory

Now her sister runs up to her and ask 'what do you think your doing? '  
With one fell swipe sherry hisses 'I'm doing what I want to.'  
And the sister falls down off the window seal  
With a puffed up tail she runs away  
So she will be ready to fight a another day

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (protection Poem) A Wall To Keep

With every brick picked.  
One is waiting to be put in its place.  
It's not a race of tearing down these walls.  
But instead a need to keep them from falling.  
Even if at another's expense.  
Especially if it is one that's adequately affordable.  
At least in some minds.  
But who knows whose really right.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (purpose Poem) Can You Smell The Roses Now?

Oh can you smell the roses now.  
Its just after sunset in a fairytale.  
Dreams have been bent and molded.  
Everything must fit and have its perfect little place.  
For theirs no escape.  
Trapped within.  
A world full of sin.  
It's our punishment in the form vengeance.  
Redemption is out of our grasp.  
So again I must laugh at the simple things  
That make this life quaint.

Oh can you smells roses now?  
Its just after sunset in a fairytale.  
If the rain falls is that what we want?  
The rules are ours.  
Like children were still trying grasp the concept.  
Every day thing changes,  
But still at the root they are the same.  
Some ambition, with some premonitions  
and we build it,  
like we always had the need.  
Its not greed that we lust.  
It a simple got to do something.  
It's hard question to answer.  
Why were we put here?  
Is their something we must sacrifice?  
Is their we must learn or teach?  
Is their mark we must leave?  
Fortune and fame backed by so many names.

Oh can you smell the rose now?  
Just after sunset in another fairy tale.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (reading Poem) An Escape

To an insight forever more  
To the unknown worlds I explore  
Travel the unknown  
Something ventured  
Something gained  
Open the book and close your eyes  
Whether of the grim  
Whether of the greatest  
Its still there  
In all its glory  
It doesn't have to be the fabled story  
Perfection is but a mere reflection of such horrid experiences  
To tell is my deaths escape  
With a single kiss I embrace

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (rebel Poem) A Empty Shell

An obsession I can taste it now.  
I'm losing my conscience.  
Surviving this desert storm.  
Look in to my I eyes.  
I'm ready to die.  
If only for what I believe.  
A massacre of the heart.  
Dissect and inspect it.  
And what do you find but the blood of man.  
All I am is flesh and bone without it.  
I would shrivel up into nothing.  
A empty shell going straight to hell.  
A mindless soldier willing to kill on a given order.  
I'm insubordinate.  
I'm sorry sir, but I'm leaving this is not my war.  
Call me a deserter.  
But I can think for myself.  
I'm not one of the Christmas elves.  
Just doing what your told.  
It's getting kind old.  
It's my pursuit to my own happiness.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (reflection Poem) A Look At Thyself

To trust first one must trust thyself.

To love one first must love thyself.

To hate one must first hate thyself.

To lie one must first lie to thyself.

To cheat one must first cheat thyself.

For an outward expression reflects inwards.

No matter how we try to hide who we are it is seen through our actions towards others.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (rejection Poem) An End

Just a footnote  
Just a speck on a place we call earth.  
Cryptic and cursed.  
A human scourge.  
A splurge of insects crawling to just to try escape.  
Are we all just snakes?  
Why cant somebody be a real person?  
A look out when you get in trouble?  
Somebody your willing take on hell for?  
Somebody who will listen and not drift to someone new?  
Is it so hard to believe I want you but can't have you?  
So being the gentlemen I am, I build the wall that divides us.  
And to then you brag to try make me jealous.  
But I am unsympathetic to your claims.  
You want to choose one of my friends,  
then we cant even be friends.  
And so it comes to end.  
Tried but it wasn't enough.  
Life is rough.  
But I am tough.  
I am everything you want but you see still me as who I use be.  
Sorry I'm not like i was before.  
Been down the block once or twice and many more.  
Seen your kind before.  
Everybody around you gets destroyed.  
And I can't pick up your pieces anymore.  
No I can't, no I won't.  
Not another one.  
Not like before.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (rejection Poem) Angel Of Death

The blood is rushing through my veins.  
Breaking free of the shackles and chains.  
Being pulled away.  
I want to stay but I must go.  
Oh hell, no.  
It wont happen.  
I killed all the passion.  
Its over.  
Done, sorry but this game can never be won.

The angel of death has come.  
Reaping those lost souls.  
I got to just walk away.  
Its no longer my mistake.  
I must take control.  
Pulling the reins trying to drive me insane.  
Patience, is no longer in my best interest.  
Just leave me alone.  
Let me be calm.  
Probably should get stoned.  
A unending high in this life.  
A dream being destroyed.  
But I must let go.

For the angel of death has come.  
Reaping those lost souls.  
I must take control.  
A choice has been made.  
As the day fades.  
Win or lose it no longer matter anyways.  
I'm not playing.  
I'm not staying.

So let the angel of death come.  
Reaping those lost souls.  
I must take control.  
I was the fool.  
I was the fool.  
A life so cruel.

I'll watch from afar.  
Like a distant star.  
You can no longer reach me.  
You can no longer b\*tch to me.  
The line has been written in the sand.  
Everyone one on that side is damned.

So let the angel of death come.  
Reaping the lost souls  
oh reaping the lost souls.  
I must take control.  
By saying no,  
i will not follow a heart so hollow.  
I'm not blinded by the sickness.  
No oh no.

So let the angel of death come.  
Just let her come.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (rejection Poem) Another Lie

The world is my stage.  
I'm tired of being locked in a cage.  
But it is in me to be free?  
It is my destiny.  
Just get away from me before I hurt you.  
You're all the same  
You come expecting something I just can no longer give.  
Oh it's getting harder and harder to forgive.  
No I shall not relive it.  
I'm gone already.  
Don't have to look my direction ever again.  
I won't ever waver.  
Life is always fun and games to you.  
Guess what this is an absolute screw you.  
You say friends matter.  
I say where were you?  
Leaving me alone to my own devices  
like you always do.  
Your mistake,  
your heartache.  
I won't even apologize.  
Because I was just living another lie.  
A fantasy world I thought I could survive.  
But I just died a little inside.  
It's getting easier to sail these dark skies.  
And this where I stake my claim.  
On the world stage.  
Becoming part of the rave.  
Photogenic,  
sympathetic,  
to those less fortunate than you.  
Guilt doesn't eat at me,  
but becomes part of me.  
You can't shoot me down  
when I didn't ask.  
Your thinking way too fast.  
Slow down cause it's already over.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

## (rejection Poem) Bad Charity

With every promise you break.  
It divides us.  
There is too much stake.  
Piss off  
can you relate.  
Stop pretending  
your so fake.  
A plastic doll.  
You really got nothing at all.  
I'm sorry if you fall  
But it was your call.  
A choice you made as you follow that parade.  
Another klik.  
Do you fit in?  
Screw you  
and all you've been given.  
I already have my Aphrodite.  
Pleasures all mine.  
So you wasting your time.  
I'm through with you  
and you don't have a clue.  
I would give you the same pity.  
But that's not me.  
I have more dignity then to waste my charity  
where its not wanted.  
Its help your fellow man if you can.  
Not shove it down their damn throats  
Just swallow with a voice so hollow.  
Self satisfying utter bullshit.  
Stay and please go away  
and I'll be okay.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (religious Poem/Story) An Angry God

With the lord's bumble bee I have been stung  
He points and laugh then kicks me  
I get up and ask why  
I demand the just  
He say's to bad this world is tough  
Here let me hand you a tissue for even a grown man has to cry  
He says humility to the infinity.  
In patience can come divinity and inner peace.  
In hard work comes purpose  
In love can come both everlasting pain and happiness  
In pain comes strength  
To drive the point in  
He say now you must walk alone  
With greed you shall never have a home  
With lust you know of no love  
With gluttony you shall have no idol  
With vanity you'll bring nothing but shame  
With hate you'll know of no peace  
With theft you'll know of nothing as yours  
With the shedding of blood you will no nothing but indifference of an empty  
conscience.  
If you know of it all then speak thy name  
Other wise you got a lot to learn  
The everlasting search of knowledge

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (religious&Life Poem) Bliss Of A Infinite Utopia

He unites the people with a common cause.  
He claims to be the savior predisposed to what you want.  
But again he's not.  
World peace under one rule.  
I believe there is no such thing.  
So I say no.  
I will not follow your rules and eat gruel.  
Put down like a bad child.  
Here's you spanking if you please.  
Nobody gets me.  
I'm so stripped, I stand in nakedness and I don't care.  
Let them strike me dead.  
Or let no one listen.  
Either way being the same.  
I'm just a number and a name.  
A label intertwined into the chaos of the world.  
A digit that must be dug deep to find.  
Become of pigs or swine.  
A thirst inside drives me.  
To say hello.  
Ello, ello?  
Nobody answers, but again it does not matter.  
Because I'm of the ignorant, or maybe it's thought of I'm too desperate.  
Who am I but a lonely child that walks upon this earth?  
Looking more for answers, then attention.  
If I just figure it out.  
I could make everybody's life simpler.  
Eliminate all strife.  
No worries at all.  
Indifference dead.  
The water has gotten warm everybody get in.  
Feel as the pain completely fades.  
Life of happiness, with no sadness.  
Desires fulfilled.  
Dreams achieved.  
Hope no longer needed.  
Accomplishment of a standard in which there is no coming down.  
Capture all the stars in one fell swoop.  
Bliss of a infinite utopia.

## Ace Of Black Hearts



## (revenge Poem) Accidentally Intentionally

When a man chases your cat in the road intentionally for your cat to get hit.  
What are your first thoughts?  
How can you prove such claims.  
False accusations deface and maim.  
With threats upon doing such a thing.  
He said, 'your cat cost me my dog, now if I see it I will make sure it also is dead  
and gone.'  
Revenge with a head upon the stake.  
It stares at you with a grimace and you know not what to do.  
Pain to pain.  
The trade of the bane.  
A witch doctors calling to the insane.  
But his hate is thrust upon that which he loved.  
Self severing is vengeance and her penance.  
A due for cause.  
A due for pause.  
But sometimes one is quick not to grieve.  
An accident, turns into the intentionally.  
Emotions can indeed mislead.  
Should forgiveness be given to those who can't forgive?  
I will try even as the images of my cat yet horrify.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (riddle Poem) A Hidden Memory

Outside the window sits a memory.  
It stares at you with goggling eyes.  
It speaks to you in an unwanted way.  
Shut and locked it up to keep the demons at bay.  
He will cause pain.  
He will drive you insane.  
He will bring joy.  
He will bring out every emotion in the world.  
Of what memory is he?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (savior Poem) Chasing What's Not There

The pleasure is all mine.  
Its as if I control space and time.  
I'm writing to rewind.  
To savor every moment, until there truly gone.  
I can try to be there when the wounds are so deep.  
A white knight in the dim light.  
Whats wrong feels so right.  
My heart has gone astray.  
That I wish I could save the day.  
But all I do is pray.  
Because theirs no simple fix in this perfect storm.  
I am chaos.  
I am order.  
I want to put my hand on your shoulder.  
Tell you its okay.  
But that's not the way.  
This world heals so slowly.  
I've fallen for helping hands pure and innocent.  
Honesty drives me so crazy.  
It's a trick with no compromises and so many surprises.  
The unexpected,  
I'll never see it.  
Look for my future through such a tiny hole.  
Its a horrible show.  
That's why I must go.  
Runaway from it all so I can feel okay.  
Clear my head, so the right words can be said.  
Apologies are not needed.  
Every one of us are to blame.  
We are master of our destiny's and write it as we will with our ink and quills.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (scams Poem) A Gift I Shall Not Be Claiming

Now why would I give you any personal information?  
You could continue to make up these fairy tales all you want..  
And if you want to call it business proposal to sound more official feel free.  
But still you will fail in both getting my entire and complete identity or my  
money.  
And trust me when I say I don't have much.  
Definitely below poverty level.  
I only made 11000 dollars last year.  
Yet you continue harassing me why?  
What is gained from your consistent persistence.  
I will not change my mind not in this life or the next.  
So good luck, and god bless.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (scams Poem) Conning The Romance

Whether a story exist or not.  
Doesn't mean out of my own ignorance I will be baited like a fish.  
If you send me letter, and ask me of something I can not give.  
As I said before I was never meant to be rich.  
To survive will be more then suffice for me.  
Greed sickens the heart to places unknown.  
Where such stories can be told with no remorse.  
Robbing by the hearts need to love.  
It so wrong.  
But its done a lot.  
These people are lost.  
Lust is not love.  
No matter how much you want it to be,  
Dignity thrown out the window.  
Shimmy down the rope, and please do find that hope.  
Cause their is a pain bared.  
Knowing people like that are out their.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (self Destruction Poem) All For One

Wiping the dust off my feet.  
Secrets make all bleed.  
Just stay the hell away from me.  
Its my destiny.  
You cant control me.  
Fickle is life's irony.  
The harder you push me the further I will go.  
Writing nasty names in the snow.  
Its not happening just so you know.  
Try as you might.  
Friend in the twilight.  
They fade in the daylight.  
A sun burning so bright.  
A heart set on fire.  
Forever searching.  
Constantly researching.  
The path more easily traveled.  
Call me a liar.  
Maybe I am.  
But I shall not be damned.  
Protection from you all.  
One by one you shall fall.  
And still i shall stand tall.  
To today,  
to tomorrow,  
a game well played,  
but its still not good enough.  
Not stopping,  
not contemplating,  
not waiting,  
not hesitating.  
Just embrace whats their.  
Not whats not.  
You think your all i got.  
Well its bigger.  
Its not one for all.  
Its all for one.  
Got it backwards.  
She cant see it so whatever.

Let her rot.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (song) Eating A Bullet

Speaking to ghosts  
Sitting next to the soldiers of the past.  
Where did we go so wrong?  
Why is it taking so long?  
A new discovery.  
A new dream.  
Building something not as dull as it seems.

I wrote it all down in a letter.  
Sent it in a red envelope.  
That has been stained by these hands.  
Too quick to the conclusion.  
Where did the time go.

Speaking to the ones I love most.  
Telling them I did the best I could.  
Knowing that it no longer even matters.  
I'm of the wrong time and age.  
A hippie at heart.  
Loving the world as its being torn apart  
Divide and conquer.  
That is what I see today.  
Playing all their silly games.  
I will not partake.

I wrote it all down in a letter.  
Sent it in a red envelope.  
That has been stained by these hands.  
Too quick to the conclusion.  
Where did the time go.

I want to take in all your pain.  
I want to take in all your hate.  
I want to take in all your anger.  
Just let me eat all this suffering in one gulp.  
Swallow it all down.  
Hold it deep inside.  
And just maybe I can make it to the other side.  
A place where I can rest my head



Without worrying about all of you.  
And what you must be going through.

I wrote it all down in a letter.  
Sent it in a red envelope.  
That has been stained by these hands.  
Too quick to the conclusion.  
Where did the time go.

The after life must be nice.  
But at what price.  
Will my helping hand ever suffice.  
Everybody wants something and nobody is willing to give up anything.  
So take it from me.  
Give me the lashings.  
Make me wear the crown of thorns.  
Inflict every evil known to man.  
Just leave them alone.  
Let me be the victim of your ignorance.  
Hate me because I want you to.

I wrote it all down in a letter.  
Sent it in a red envelope.  
That has been stained by these hands.  
Too quick to the conclusion.  
Where did the time go.

I will never stand for it.  
I will jump in the middle every time.  
Not to pick sides.  
But to lie defenseless for someone else.  
Me before the child.  
Me before the mother.  
Me before the father.  
A savior of none, but a victim from it all.  
My daily life will not be measured by thing I did for myself.  
But instead what I did for you.  
Not because you asked.  
I don't care if it's what you wanted.  
A forced sacrifice.  
Solid as a block of ice.

I wrote it all down in a letter.  
Sent it in a red envelope.  
That has been stained by these hands.  
To quick to the conclusion.  
Where did the time go.

I'm sorry just run.  
I take the brunt of it.  
Its not my fault but I don't even care.  
Sometimes you have to do things out of love.  
Even if it means I will die.  
It's not even my fight.  
That's why I will just be another punching bag.  
As the lights dim.  
I know soon my life will end.

I wrote it all down in a letter.  
Sent it in a red envelope.  
That has been stained by these hands.  
To quick to the conclusion.  
Where did the time go.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (song) Hate Me

You want to hate me.  
All I have to say is fine I don't care.  
It's not my fault no matter how you play it.  
It was all manipulated.  
Another fight has been instigated.  
With feelings of agitation,

I want to show the lie you're living in.  
But I won't cause you can't accept the truth.  
You're an abscess that just won't go away.  
The pain is here to stay.  
A message I'm here to relay.

You want to hate me.  
All I have to say is fine I just don't care.  
It's not my fault no matter how you play it.  
It was all manipulated.  
Another fight has been instigated.  
With feelings of agitation,

The signs have been so obvious.  
Why can't you see?  
A blind man at least has a cane as he walks down the street.  
Are you ready for the fall.  
I'm sorry but I won't pick you back up again.  
I already have once came to your defense.

You want to hate me.  
All I have to say is fine I just don't care.  
It's not my fault no matter how you play it.  
It was all manipulated.  
Another fight has been instigated.  
With feelings of agitation,

Why is it so hard to let go?  
I just want to let the frost grow.  
Let the distance divide.  
Never melt this ice off my heart again.  
Neither of us are what we once were.

Does that even bother you?

The signs have been so obvious.

Why can't you see.

A blind man at least has a cane as he walks down the street.

Are you ready for the fall.

I'm sorry but I won't pick you back up again.

I already have once came to your defense.

You want to hate me.

All I have to say is fine I just don't care.

It's not my fault no matter how you play it.

It was all manipulated.

Another fight has been instigated.

With feelings of agitation,

I want to show the lie you're living in.

But I won't cause you can't accept the truth.

You're an abscess that just wont go away.

The pain is here to stay.

A message I'm here to relay.

Okay, Okay, Okay.

I will not be sucked in.

I'm sorry my friend.

But that's just not happening.

It's time reverse course.

Raise the sail to catch the wind going the other direction.

You want to hate me.

All I have to say is fine I just don't care.

It's not my fault no matter how you play it.

It was all manipulated.

Another fight has been instigated.

With feelings of agitation,

So please by all means.

Do whatever you can do to bring the pain.

It will not even leave a stain.

No scars upon my stars.

They're as they were.

They're as they are.

You want to hate me.  
All I have to say is fine I just don't care.  
It's not my fault no matter how you play it.  
It was all manipulated.  
Another fight has been instigated.  
With feelings of agitation,

The words are final.  
Written and carved into this granite stone.  
I'll still remember when your gone.  
All I see now is another rising dawn.  
With cries and smiles setting the landscapes colors.  
That little black dot is all that is left of what was once of you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (song) Lonely, Desperate, And Pathetic

Are you lonely?  
Are you desperate?  
Are you absolutely pathetic?

Just maybe.  
Just maybe.

Shame, shame.  
Calling names, never letting it go.  
Don't you know?

Are you lonely?  
Are you desperate?  
Are you absolutely pathetic?

Just maybe.  
Just maybe.

Paper cuts to the skin, call it cutting yourself.  
Self mutilation, with the light touch.  
Come on what joke I'd have more fun snorting line of coke.  
Never done it, cause like you paper cuts its absolutely pointless.

Are you lonely?  
Are you desperate?  
Are you absolutely pathetic?

Just maybe.  
Just maybe.

Giving all your money to men just so they will stay.  
Then when they leave because you have no more.  
You cut yourself yet again.  
Like that's the cure.  
You continuously try to get em back with desperate acts.  
I would call you a prostitute but you got it all backwards.

Are you lonely?  
Are you desperate?

Are you absolutely pathetic?

Just maybe.

Just maybe.

When you get angry you just stare so teary eyed like a puppy dog who's so alone.

You spit in the nice guys face and expect him to stay.

Well I say no way.

Girl your broken.

Money is no object to me.

So to throw it in my direction.

It would just cause more rejection.

Like an infection you nearly got me.

But then I realized something.

Are you lonely?

Are you desperate?

Are you absolutely pathetic?

Just maybe.

Just maybe.

So stay the hell away from me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (strange Poem) Angry Aliens

Angry aliens their coming to get you.  
Invading the body by unknowing means.  
Taking control of your mind.

Their is nothing you can do.  
Your fear is pointless.  
Your defenses are useless.  
When they're done, their will no one left save.

Angry aliens their coming to get you.  
Invading the body by unknowing means.  
Taking control of your mind.

With instruments both sharp and dull.  
An incision right across you skull.  
An plantation technology unknown.  
You will be a clone.  
Do what they say.  
How they say.  
Their is just no other way.

Angry aliens their coming to get you.  
Invading the body by unknowing means.  
Taking control of your mind.

They will not explain their reasoning.  
For your limited minds could never comprehend such matters.  
It would drive you completely insane.  
They do not understand why you struggle so much.  
They see you as cows they need to herd in their pens.  
For food, for experimentation, for divination.  
Does the reason even matter.  
A purpose that will never be exposed.

Angry aliens their coming to get you.  
Invading the body by unknowing means.  
Taking control of your mind.

Angry aliens their coming to get you.



Invading the body by unknowing means.  
Taking control of your mind.

If you had the power would you not do the same.  
Do we not do this to other creatures we consider of lesser intelligence.  
And if given the power do you think they would take upon a swift vengeance.

Angry aliens their coming to get you.  
Invading the body by unknowing means.  
Taking control of your mind.

Angry aliens their coming to get you.  
Invading the body by unknowing means.  
Taking control of your mind.

Their no stopping them now.  
You better just listen to what say.  
They expect you to completely and fully obey.  
They are the angry aliens.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (strategy Poem) A Different Way

Dropping down by surprise  
coming at this from a different angle  
A re-approach  
The side approach  
Coming in through the window  
When the doors open.  
Who say I want use it?  
Maybe my way is better  
You just never know.  
A backwards letter  
A dyslexic meaning  
Can you still understand me?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (suicide Poem) A Suicide Massacre Planned

Hey, pass this man another drink.  
Washing away all the pain.  
Even better for the mentally insane.  
Sitting to wonder and think.  
On the brink.  
Planning and plotting.  
A course straight across the stars.  
Falling one by one.  
This is the angel of death.  
Marked are his victims.  
Some would call this a trigger.  
The mans completely a mess.  
Shoot him and put him out of his misery.  
His already waiting for that stretcher.  
He just doesn't care.  
Stalking just to stare.  
All is lost.  
With greed comes a cost.  
A hollow solid ravaged heart.  
Each plays a part.  
For destiny must have a start.  
Now, now, now an inconsequential action.  
Quite perverse.  
Well thought out as if it was rehearsed.  
Information used to its fullest.  
A illusionist.  
Creating a perfect sky.  
The one where everyone dies.  
A massacre that defies.  
A blank reality.  
Absolute silence.  
A forever mourning.  
A sadness with distaste.  
Frost and fire.  
Twisted and turned.  
Wrapping it up oh so quick.  
With one last shot hes gone.  
Abandoned by this world.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# (suicide Poem) Bringing You Back From The Edge

Blood boiling  
Temperature rising.  
I am a angry man surmising.  
Yeah, Yeah, YEAHHH! ! !

Give it up  
stop even trying.  
Wasting your time.  
Blood shot are the eyes.  
Being drunk all the time as just a disguise.  
Mask it.  
Abolish it.  
A nonexistent life.  
Feel no pain.  
Feel no suffering.  
No conscience.  
This will have dire consequences.  
With the best intentions.

Blood boiling.  
Temperature rising.  
I am a angry man surmising.  
Yeah, Yeah, YEAHHH! ! !

I'm trying to reach you.  
But you are already gone.  
Then you fall to the floor.  
Maybe just maybe you weren't given a fair shot in life.  
But you're still alive.  
I won't let you die.  
Even if we got fight.  
Suicide on the mind tonight.  
Hey man put down the bottle.  
Put down all those pills.  
Living for only the thrill.  
A constant addiction to loss.  
I know exactly how your feeling.

Blood boiling

Temperature rising.  
I am a angry man surmising.  
Yeah, Yeah, YEAHHH! ! !

Give it up  
stop even trying.  
Wasting your time.  
Blood shot arer the eyes.  
Being drunk all the time as just a disguise.  
Mask it.  
Abolish it.  
A nonexistent life.  
Feel no pain.  
Feel no suffering.  
No conscience  
This will have dire consequences.  
With the best intentions

I'm will never just walk away.  
Even at the expense of dreams and hopes.  
It's a slippery slope.  
Your on the edge looking down.  
Feeling the ghost pulling you.  
But together we will make it through.  
I don't blame anyone for the things I do.  
So follow me.  
Look at what you can yet make important.  
A family to be.  
Friends to keep.  
Everything in our hollow existence we seek

Blood boiling  
Temperature rising.  
I am a angry man surmising.  
Yeah, Yeah, YEAHHH! ! !

Give it up  
stop even trying.  
Wasting your time.  
Blood shot arer the eyes.  
Being drunk all the time as just a disguise.  
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Maybe just maybe you weren't given a fair shot in life  
But your still alive.  
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Even if we got fight.  
Suicide on the mind tonight.  
Hey man put down the bottle.  
Put down all those pills.  
Living for only the thrill.  
A constant addiction to loss.  
I know exactly how your feeling.

Blood boiling  
Temperature rising.  
I am a angry man surmising.  
Yeah, Yeah, YEAHHH! ! !

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (unfinished - Personal Character Creations)the Women On My Road To Hell.

Met a Butch of woman on this road to hell.  
Oh the stories she'd tell.  
Hysterically offensive, some to put you defensive.  
Some to make question yourself.  
But sincerity was never in doubt.  
Everybody knew what she was about.  
Family till the very last breath.  
A good friend, when it comes to being a truth teller.  
You fucked up she'd let you know it.

Met a firecracker of woman on this road to hell  
Don't let her size fool you.  
Like lightning she doesn't need to strike twice.  
Speed is her vice, with words not so nice at times.  
A blunt instrument to strike in precision.  
Getting you to smile while she makes her incision.  
Management of all division.  
Getting things done.  
No fooling around.  
But she'll help you up when you're about to drown.  
Sneaking up on you with no sound.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (war Poem) Blacken Skies

Focus now.  
looking out the window.  
Close you eyes.  
Bring down the blacken skies.  
Time for change.  
Time to be rearranged.  
The falsification of fame.  
The justification to blame.  
Stuck like a mental block.

Focus now.  
Looking out the window.  
Close your eyes.  
Bring down the blacken skies.  
Time for the strange.  
Time to become deranged.  
The melody always the same.  
A reality so far from plain.  
An alternate way of thinking.  
In and out of the box.  
Never gonna stop.  
Forever reawakening.  
This time, this way,  
i will pray, i will focus now.  
Looking out the window.  
Close your eyes.  
Bring down the blacken skies.  
Time to take cover under the darkness of a fog of war.  
Time to follow your fellow brother once more.  
Lead us out of flame.  
Destroy that which get in our way all the same.  
Cry not for the fallen.  
They have their place as do we.  
Keep going show us the way  
and we will proceed.  
Strength will be needed for the bodies  
we shall be hauling.

Focus now.

Looking out the window.  
Close your eyes.  
Bring down the blacken skies.  
No time to ask why.  
No time to worry about if your gonna die.  
Vengeance always on the mind.  
A gun broken and that's fine.  
It did its job.  
Shot all the bullets with pinpoint accuracy.  
Now we must pick up and go.  
Because the man upstairs said so.  
So focus now.  
Looking out the window.  
Close your eyes.  
Bring down the blacken skies.  
Just focus, just focus now.  
Looking out the window.  
Close your eyes.  
Lets bring, lets bring,  
lets bring down the blacken skies.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (writer Poem) A Correction To The Infinite Number Possible In A Life Time

Correction after correction.

On here in it's entirety is a 700 digit.

I was proud when I reached 100 on my space.

Now I'm just overwhelmed by my own thought process and how it keeps going.

It's another black blizzard and it just won't stop snowing.

I need a book or something.

To classify what some would call my poems.

To classify what I would call my obsessive ramblings.

With some more of a ramble than others.

A stress reliever with so many colors.

I know my heart and soul exist on one of these pages.

Now if I only I could find it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (writer Poem) A Conversation With Yourself

As writer one must be able to converse with them selves in different personalities.

A three way conversation all in ones head.

Is that crazy?

If so I'm most certainly okay with it.

It makes me feel better to express views from different perspectives.

It is observation and the understanding the human mind and personality.

How will one person react over another when ask the same question.

Again another one of my thoughts expressed just after added a new paragraph in the book.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (writer Poem) An Effort

With an effort I make  
With the world I shall take  
With so much at stake  
With my soul bare and I hope it does not break

Like a shattered glass  
The pieces lie here or me to fix  
An alternating existence.  
It's there  
Then its gone  
A sparsity of that fair  
Rewriting a song

It is mine  
But it is just not right  
In darkness it suppose bring light  
It has been lost in the age of time

Being taught the new  
It must be put into  
This is the hammer  
This is the nail  
It should be oh so familiar  
But yet it feels so stale

Strangeness is where it begins  
With a story of those who defend  
Death parts a hero so brave  
A maiden must be saved

Tragedy is where it ends  
Evil always wins  
He has his advantage  
As one puts on a bandage

I all starts to blends  
With revenge as the sword  
The sadness is never heard  
The poison has seeped into the skin

## Ace Of Black Hearts

## (writer Poem) As The Poem I Write

Sometimes a comment is just not what is needed.  
Neither is going back to the drawing board.  
Corrections must be made.  
I've made so many on my own trust me.  
I take pride in everything I write.  
So I'm constantly inspecting, and words I'm always injecting.  
Hmm, that just doesn't sound right.  
I can hear every word I type in my own voice.  
I'm speaking through my mind.  
Through the waves of time.  
In a private message I will make suggestions to those who are not disciplined  
when it comes even to capitalization  
I will make only tiny suggestions for it is theirs.  
They must reread it and reread it.  
One must edit his own work after the thoughts are complete.  
Trying to make them nice and neat.  
The eyes begin to blur and then it is time to take a break.  
Time away.  
Time to gather ones thoughts for another day.  
Time is all one needs to create a window which will open up and lead into their  
world.  
Everyone is unique and all of its own.  
Yet they are so many clones.  
For frequently similarities do exist even when great is the distance.  
We do think a lot like as much as we hate to admit it.  
I try to not be bias as best I can.  
But sometimes feelings so strong do nag at you.  
Saying they are wrong.  
But I do not give in easily for I know it could always be reversed.  
A controversy in terms of the opinions of the readers.  
Opinions being so many that it is sometimes hard to resolve the differences from  
fact and fiction.  
The ability to easily lie with no idea that we even did it is a definite human  
affliction.  
Unintentional will habits of progress.  
A continuation of aggravation in varying elaborations.  
With each puzzle solved multiple new one forms.  
Sometimes even more difficult then last.  
Sometimes for help and guidance we turn to the past.

For in a certain we think lies the solution.  
The dawning of a conclusion.  
And we sometimes think this order might destroy the chaos all around us.  
But it will not.  
It will make it easier to deal with.  
But their is no fixing it.  
Not as the poem I write.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## (writer Poem) Building A Rainbow

Their is the formula.  
Their is the glue.  
Building a rainbow just for you.  
Masking the colors till I'm ready to reveal,  
The way I feel.  
A soul you can touch.  
A complete embodiment of me for all to see.  
Portray characters of all kinds.  
From the lovable to the deviant I define.  
Oh I long to taste that bitter sweet brine.  
As much as reaching out to places I have yet too see or be.  
A need of fulfillment in this quite empty heart.  
A place to start anew and fresh.  
A birth upon little known success.  
Watch as I undress, layer after layer stripped away.  
Unearthing the wholeness I have never felt.  
The rawness, the nakedness of it.  
It is sometimes amazing what lies beneath.  
Raising above the fear that is causing me to grit and grind my teeth.  
A double imagination.  
A trivial expression of who I am.  
A horrifying captivation of my mind.  
My stalemate becomes intertwined.  
As a man I am sometimes so blind.  
As a immortal I create this world.  
It twists and swirls.  
The creation of my own personal pearl.  
A gem like no others,  
Fire hot yet cool to the touch.  
Yet I still I don't why it means so much.  
Is it the desire?  
Is it the love?  
Is it another one of those just because?  
A I can with sincerity.  
My own sense of charity.  
And my thoughts continue to forever vary.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (writing Poem) An Self Injection.

The creation of such a beautiful landscape.  
And to place yourself within isn't that hard.  
With a pen I tell you a story of a character of which I am.  
But is it all make believe and pretend?  
In good fiction their must be truth.  
Clues litter the pages.  
A question of who you are.  
The answer can't be that far, that distant.  
How could one ever have missed it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## (writting Poem) A Trite Condition

In the journey of reading that which seems boring.  
That of which seems bland.  
For some in time a vocabulary will expand.  
For some in time ideas of the new and unused become the foundation in which  
they stand.  
For some it is not about this though.  
As much learning is important, so is expressing oneself in ways they have yet do.  
A dictation of words heard.  
A repetition of slurs spilt upon the page.  
Para phrases that continue to blur.  
A melting pot one continues to try to stir.  
A mix in posture, as if standing in one position too long dulls the mind.  
An important muscle we are always trying exercise.  
A reflection of who we are.  
And we use paper as the mirror.  
Adjusting the proportion as we see fit.  
Size and shape the reality to our escapes.  
Upon planes and dimensions that we have not yet been.  
And all this can be done with a simple pen.  
So tell me now do you blame them?  
Do you blame me for my lack of originality?  
I have more of the same.  
Different names, but the meaning as common as the books I read.  
As common as the words I been fed.  
As common a colors I can not see.  
Being color blind is the truth you see.  
Alot of grays and very few blues purple browns or greens.  
When I look to the sky I dream of what I should see.  
A wish that is invisible ink.  
That one can easily read.  
So tell me of these trite conditions what is it you think should be seen?  
A improvement in timely manner?  
And how would define timely with IQ's varying?  
Is their a magic formula that creates that majestic castle?  
Do you think one should stop if you are not entertained?  
Maybe I am insane, but I will not pass judgments of circumstance not known.  
And thus I will not say either this is or isn't something I condone.  
At end of the day if a prize is won, it is something I don't care to own.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

## A Bit Shy

I feel like a exhibitionist.

The man running around with no cloths, while everyone is covered up.

My face should be red, I should blush.

But that emotion has been lost.

Somewhere along the way I forgot how to be embarrassed.

Such a rush in making yourself look like the fool.

A pawn, a tool, used in ways so cruel.

Handed dish, and told to eat your gruel.

And I can smile upon the request.

So unnaturally happy.

A unending blissfulness.

I wish I could share this.

A constant high.

But not of any medication, or plant orientation.

It is all in my head.

It is just the way I am.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Clean Conscience

A forced religion in the name of some kind of gain, is the biggest fraud.

Whether God exist is not the question.

But rather the question is what is done in his or her name?

Noble is the prayer of thanks.

Deceitful is the prayer to succeed.

Because in that success how many would you step on?

Your gain, is someone else's loss.

Is it because of our lord?

Or is it a mask we hide behind to justify it?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Crows Heart

To some the task might seem daunting.  
To some the task might seem haunting.  
Words drip on to this piece paper with an iron clasp.  
A casket to be nailed fast.  
A forevermore that lacks the lore.  
A tale to lead, and desination to follow.  
A spun yarn that has become a tangled up mess.  
I must confess in the years to come it was not what I had expected.  
In the given light, a map drawn up must have some kind of solid foundation.  
Not so fluid, please not so fluid, for the course we do have yet to sail.  
And it will be directly to hell if we're not ever so carful.  
A mouth sewn shut gasping for one last breath.  
Senseless are the ambitions in both life and death.  
I'm always sorrouned by the sounds of my own symphony of maddness.  
No clarity in what any of us seek.  
For the eyes can be glued open and still there is nothing left too see.  
An emptiness in the tastless distain of the human heart.  
Retched thing, so attached to its own misery and pain.  
Gives you a million what ifs too test your limits of sanity, then expects you pick  
and choose.  
Like you have nothing to lose.  
The prize found in a cracker jack box.  
Just shake it and tell me if you can hear it.  
A promise of fortunes at a price that is way too steep.  
A castle that becomes your own prison.  
Your very own vision creates the an unparallel division.  
Mounting decisions, did you remember to press play?  
An alter ego that begins to seperate, but that can't be, it just can't.  
Dreams of impossibility in the desert of futilty.  
Just give me an oasis, a temporary blissfulness of a sorry sad state of existance.  
To describe the place where I rest my head, is too dig in the dirt and say right  
there.  
It is the same place where one is too look for buried treasure.  
But there is no map, there is no guide, there is no worn out path.  
All there is, is decaying roots trying to hold on to something that should been let  
go of a very long time ago.  
Get out a measuring stick and lets measure it.  
Trust me when I say you don't have one long enough.  
Let all my exaggerations, give you insight into my exacerbation.

A fastening state in which I not sure if anyone can relate.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# A Dance That Can Never Be Repeated

Forgive me for I didn't wait for the breath in which I did take.  
Like kissing the wind.  
The sweetness spins.

With each petal that falls, there is an erie sorrow that I feel.  
Writing from heart to heal.  
Writing from the soul to steal.

A emotion devoured and the return is no less.  
Like cleaning the white lacey dress.  
So delicate, with soft hands one must touch.  
As not to give it too much.

A leading to the dance floor.  
Is it a push or a pull?  
Before the steps that become golden.  
A perfection that can never be repeated.  
Thank you for the vision you instilled and seated.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Dangerous Experiment Part 1

Do we play in the rain?  
Do we sit quietly on beautiful day?  
Do we is speaking as if your speak for somebody other then yourself.  
Oh dear there is an imaginary elf here with me too.  
Dare I say to what pointed ear he has.  
And the way that brisk mustache moves with every word slipped from his tiny tongue.  
To describe him, is to describe the way one feels about inner beauty.  
So tell me how does it look doc?  
Is everything fine in my cheap under-suit?  
It's not like it hasn't been worn for while.  
Little ragged, you don't say.  
Ah but my body is my temple or bicycle, depending on the day.  
Let me see how do I find the rocky road to travel.  
To where might you be going?  
That's a question that leads us to hop, skip, and jump way.  
To where one leads me suspect there must be end to the journey.  
A final resting place of sorts.  
And if believe that can exist in this ever evolving environment, then you must know something I don't.  
Acknowledgement, there you have it finally and it only took you 20 years professor.  
Now are you sure those calculation are correct.  
The predictable future only exist in a place where you can stop time.  
Stop everything all at once.  
But the question is then how would get it going all again?  
Is it like a dead body, you just perform CPR feed the old man some adrenaline to get his heart pumping again?  
These experiment if dare say do sound a tad bit dangerous.  
What guarantees are they those only around us shall be stopped.  
How do we separate our selves from that which is all around us.  
And how do we do it and still live?  
Indeed sir, that question that makes keep going more and more gray.  
Imagine if you would a place where that didn't happen.  
Where you could move about for years with out single sign of age.  
Aren't we getting ahead of ourselves again.  
There you go using that we word.  
When are you going to learn that this world exist inside your head.  
There is only you, you, and more you.

All sides to the same coin.

You are but the unending decimal point to a circumference of your own making.  
Clueless yet so invigorating.

Be a good lad and fetch me some hot tea, for my excitement is ever brewing,  
and I don't know if I can hold it in much longer without going completely mad.

Hold in what, are you keeping secrets from me now.

Now how do you suppose I would do that, with me being you and you being me.

Come on my dear boy think about this objectively.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Disbelief Of Certainty

An aching straight down to the very bones.  
Feeling so catatonic.  
They try to tell me I'm not insane.  
But its plain to see I'm losing grip of this reality.  
Aspects and perspectives lost.  
Once again I can just never look at it the same way.  
Colder days in the sun ever burning rays.  
Waves of motions pulling at me.  
From every direction.  
Trying to save another victim.  
But the simple truth is I wanted it, I hunger for it each and every day.  
A feeding frenzy to melt the mind.  
Collective thoughts in a bind.  
Solutions to unwind.  
An apple devoured down to the rind.  
How do I explain what can only be visualized?  
With patterns to be seen through one eyes.  
Searching in an empty room.  
Looking straight through all the doom gloom.  
It is way to easy to just assume.  
With each breath we take it is always a fight to survive.  
And I won't give up, no not for anyone.  
It's both my duty, and my privilege live on.  
A phenomenon so subliminal.  
A eureka moment of dire consequence.  
Somethings can't be helped or prevented.  
Substitution of the already invented.  
An institution that tells how things are gonna be.  
But what if you see them differently.  
Are we always gonna be strangers in this lobby?  
Just visiting with no never mind.  
Ring the bell for the loneliness kind of service.  
One where the ego echos the whelps for mercy.  
But I was right I have to be.  
What does this means?  
Words that will never come clean.  
A prize never to be redeemed, tempting as it might seem.  
Illusive paintings hung along all the walls.  
I think I know where that one is from.

If only I could put my finger on it.  
But it keeps me in the dark, like those who came before and soon after.  
Some seem to think this is all one big disaster.  
With no connection at all.  
Playing the number and odds.  
A gamblers dream come true.  
You have no clue.  
If you did it drive you to the brink.  
Or at least make you stop think.  
A moment of due pause, reasoning for the cause.  
All dressed up like Santa Claus.  
A mask upon the soul in dyslexic mirror.  
Seeing everything going backwards.  
A bicycle that won't move forward.  
Just hold still.  
The lust, the passion, the sensation, the desire to just feel.  
An ecstasy of disbelief, and there will be no relief.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Division In The Rule Of Law

The division is to much.

Burning on the cross, hand on the crutch.

We need to clean this place up.

Tolerance for what?

An exception is not window for all to get in or out.

The ugly business of compromise, why is what we want comes first, not what we actually need.

Approaching a table with three legs indeed.

How could you ever call it balanced if the people aren't even considered in the rule of law.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Euphoria Of Words

Refuge, can you hear it calling?  
Where the ocean meets the sky.  
You will know it is time.  
In both heart and mind.  
As if it was the temple for the blind.  
Have the gods spoken, is it a farce?  
A badly pitched joke that desires both jeers, and cheers.  
Shoved against the wall and I will walk right through.  
The words have been thought out not in a hurry but as I go.  
With every mattering minute I try to devote.  
Indulging in a fascination, as if it is child's play thing.  
But I know the road is not paved with gold, or lead to some magical place.  
Still it pulls at me as I create my own.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Failure Of The Courts

Let me get this right.  
You were a rich girl dating my friend.  
And one night in your infinite wisdom decided to take him for the ride of his life  
while drunk.  
Going 89 in a 35.  
A sharp turn coming up.  
Slamming on the breaks but its to late.  
Damn tree split Pontiac G6 in two and killed him instantly.  
Battered bruised but okay, hiring a damn good lawyer.  
Beating all the charges but two.  
A plea agreement where you only half too serve 21 months, and the rest of 7  
year vehicular homicide charge on probation and just a month for the dui to be  
concurrent.  
I feel so damn violated by the system when I can go to jail for a longer stent for  
growing a plant, or having an ounce of pot on me.  
I would have been satisfied with full term, with possibility of parole after 5.  
If it was me, I would plead guilty to the entire term.  
Accepting responsibility for your actions.  
You stole him from me.  
Your 38, you should have known better.  
I hope he haunts you for the rest of you life.  
I hope it's long and you suffer.  
I hope to never hear your name again.  
You lied and it brings nothing but more pain.  
You said you weren't drunk, and you weren't going over 50.  
Funny how the facts come to light two years later.  
A court system so slow it's running joke.  
I'll always remember you Blake.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# A Fall From Grace

Some things can only be felt.  
Rain drops upon the skin.  
The wind upon your face.  
A bee sting in a rather not nice place.  
Sounding the trumpets.  
Its time once again.  
A march to the beat of your own drum.  
Some will fall.  
Some will get lost.  
Know its not your fault.  
The desire for control above it all.  
Reaching out to capture one last star.  
Hoping with it a mystery will be solved.  
Holding on to that resolve.  
The savior.  
The white knight in shining armor.  
Glossed to the point of a blinding sun.  
Look again and hes gone.  
Not his time.  
Not his moment to define.  
You can't compete with this defeat.  
Torn between heaven and hell.  
Battle borne.  
Blood spread through the fields of corn.  
And what for?  
To avoid saving face.  
To avoid admitting you made a mistake.  
A disgrace in its formality and taste.  
Bitter sweet roses thorns.  
A warning to all of those that come after.  
Ambition alone will leave you less than satisfied.  
It will make you mad with suspicion.  
The enemy will be everywhere and nowhere.  
Within broken down out grasp is the ascension.  
Elevation with one simple proclamation.  
A recanted statement.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A False Sense Of Peace

A noble cause, should it go on without inspection?  
An objection not of who you are but who you stand for.  
Justification of a loner, no ties of religious reasoning, or political turmoil in season.  
Then can we deny that we failed in our duty?  
That we have taught distrust, prejudice, and hate among all of us?  
To the point of being completely numb.  
A indifference of extravagance littered upon the lace of a dress made for society to wear.  
We just don't care, not enough for any single human to abide within our own accustomed morality.  
Family ties abandoned, like orphans scattered across the world.  
The little ones that get ignored and have to watch others suffer.  
Do I blame them?  
Do I see it justified?  
Most certainly not.  
But I do understand, I took the hard path.  
It would be easy to give my life for such a cause.  
It is hard to watch and do nothing other then speak out among the silence.  
But somebody has to say no I won't be part of it.  
I won't blame or inflict pain upon a society which is already embroiled in too much of it.  
Peace is not achieved by force, it only can be found within.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Fight Down To Last Man Standing.

A disconnect from the emerging realities.  
In a wake, the expectation should not just disappear.  
Fighting for what we hold dear.  
Tears are always shed behind closed doors.  
How does it really affect 'us'?

Hands so cold, blood so warm.  
Hands so cold, blood so warm.

There are these feelings that your all are on your own.  
Not so distant.  
Not so distant.

A disconnect from the emerging realities.  
A standard to adhere and live by.  
Morality.  
The laws for the ruthless unobstructed princes to conquer all the lands.  
Obedience must disband.  
For awhile the anarchy fire will be reigned and sustained.  
Caught in a ash storm.

There are these feelings that your all are on your own.  
Not so distant.  
Not so distant.

A disconnect from the emerging realities.  
In a wake, the expectation should not just disappear.  
Fighting for what we hold dear.  
Tears are always shed behind closed doors.  
How does it really affect 'us'?

Hands so cold, blood so warm.  
Hands so cold, blood so warm.

Bathing in a world soon to be destroyed.  
No stopping it.  
No reason to even to try.  
Doesn't even matter if you understand the why.  
The precious gift of our cosmic lives.

Such a roll of the dice.  
Not so sublime, not even so much a surprise.  
From birth we already knew.  
But told our self all these lies.  
To make it easier in the embracing of closure.  
The last curtain calls.  
Time to take the roll, to take the death toll, tell me who is still here?  
Who is still standing?  
Who is still embracing the fantasy of this never ending?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Flute Never Played.

Better to go wanting then stay, say nothing, and starve in attempt to feed the wanting.

The courage to act is beyond us at times no matter how many times we tell ourselves we can do it.

Hoping for an easy opportunity is not enough, we either must reach out to create one, or move on to the next.

To do anything else is to put a value into a lie.

The future is now not tomorrow.

Hope is for those who feel they have no control over certain aspect of there lives.

Hollow is the sound of the flute that is never played.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Forever Kind Of Reality

Walking through a writers Stockholm syndrome.  
There are iron bars of a paradise.  
You can come and join me at anytime.  
I have been waiting here all my life.  
Peace and serenity in the most unsuspecting place.  
The prosperity of poverty.  
Most would never understand.  
But here it as on this paper tablet, paper napkin, what ever it is you got on hand.  
With ink of a dying pen.  
With a world of unending paints.  
A portrait to inscribe.  
A statue to raise.  
A glass of wine to forever drink.  
For it never gets empty here.  
Everything is of the living soul.  
Emotions that constantly toil.  
A twist here and there.  
A dash of despair.  
How horrible is the constant broken heart.  
Forever these feeling of the knife still sticking in.  
Finally meeting the right person in a waking dream that can truly last forever.  
A conversation with oneself.  
Think I'm crazy?  
Just ask anybody else.  
Going to the party where everybody is invited.  
It doesn't matter who you are, because with these words we become all same.  
No matter how vivid the descriptions.  
Vanity just can't exist.  
Because it is only as we say.  
It only as we pray.  
Spinning, tripping, double dipping.  
Sweet is every one of the senses.  
Flying high like superman.  
Take on your own evil ambition.  
Here I bet you lick everyone of them.  
Every time.  
And hey there is even a rewind.  
Going back to the very beginning.  
Seeing how it changes things.

Working it all out with true empathy.  
Oh the beauty of morality.  
Seeing where all good deeds would truly lead.  
For no one is perfect.  
But here we can want to be anyone we want.  
So come join me.  
In my forever kind of reality.  
No judging because the story can also be erased or changed at any time.  
The edge to the ultimate kind of bliss.  
I don't know but I don't need the fame or name.  
No not in my paradise.  
Looking into a crystal ball through star studded eyes.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Friends Offering

My dear friend.  
Oh can we start over again.  
I remember the days when made excuses to just hang out.  
Because you were with him.  
But he was never there.  
Just friends, taking it slow.  
Let just see where it goes.  
Not trying to make it into any thing it isn't  
A world destroyed.  
In the heat of the moment.  
I said things I shouldn't have.  
I didn't think there was any going back.  
Still not sure there is.  
But we can try.  
But please don't make this about him this time.  
A complicated situation in a rhythm and rhyme.  
I keep jumping into it head first.  
Time to put it in reverse.  
Please lets do this because we want to.  
Like the passion with our very first.  
Chasing fireflies in the middle of night.  
A burning desire forthright.  
I'm sorry but I can't help it.  
Trying to contain these feelings.  
Its not easy.  
Oh no dying a little inside.  
How can I ever tell I love you in such a way?  
But I must.  
Would that make any of this okay?  
A confession in which to bathe.  
It betrays my moral standing, my moral upbringing.  
I feel like a dirty animal.  
Just doing what comes so natural.  
Then we are apart for days.  
I can't do this anymore.  
I need something more then what your offering.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# A Guess In Time

When the fox comes out of the hole will you see what he was or is or will be?  
Firm hands grab to shake you.  
Wake up, wake up.  
From this trance, from this dance.  
As the lance moves towards you so swiftly, why is it that you still do not defend.  
Death is calling, one more, one more.  
To this sacrifice blows his pipers.  
Easily done, easily forgotten.  
As if this is the pill we should all swallow.  
With out neither question or objection.  
A confident matter of factually hums through the clouds.  
Abandoned to all fortunes the fickle fate.  
Prophecies do still lie in wait.  
A catalyst will come to shake them up.  
What is always true is there are a million treads that lead in a million directions.  
And above attached to these threads is a wheel that will never stop spinning or  
keep us from guessing for the right choice.  
As if the right of a choice can be so easily decided.  
Secrets of time have not and will not confide in anyone.  
Yet it still amazes with crazes of lure.  
Measured by love, war, and gold.  
Life is but a small luster when compared to her beauty.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Legacy From The Beyond.

A goal that can't be complete in ones life.  
Becomes the legacy to follow.  
Mapping out all these hollow hills.  
Brewing a masterpiece in a strange looking still.  
Here have the first cup.  
Do drink up.  
There will be so much more to come.  
The work is never done.  
At times it can be fun.  
Challenging ones mind.  
Portraying the divine.  
With great spirit and energy.  
The battery that gives a limited life.  
Finite are the possibilities.  
From the day of your birth.  
Growing old, growing cold.  
A heartbeat that dims.  
But know it's not the end.  
The circle repeats.  
Following that blinding light.  
It's not black and white.  
It's not a matter of doing whats wrong or right.  
The philosophical perspective.  
Curing all this indigestion.  
Today I feel much better.  
So I am writing my next letter.  
Painting all forth coming dreams.  
Antiquated as it might seem.  
Got to get it out so I don't forget.  
A moment must marked before moving on.  
Riding through the coming storm.  
And as the wind blows.  
As the thunder echos.  
As the lightning makes its final strike.  
I know it will be alright with it up to you to continue from where I left off.  
As long as your heart, your soul is willing.  
Delivering the murky shadow.  
Hollow be thy name, till it's time to make you claim.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# A List For My Former Self

1st. The lottery ticket number is #####

2nd. Start a NPO(Non Profit Organization) to protect the public against food hazards. Because the fda won't do its job in the future.

3rd. Also start another NPO to advocate internet privacy to the fullest extent possible because in the future NSA will be watching and recording everything and weakening encryption standards. This is because there in bed with the tech corporations.

4th. Finance a political movement to eliminate all nuclear activities across the world. Because later on there will be an accident in japan that will not only radiate the worlds oceans but possibly the whole world. I do not know the full extent of the damage yet because it is still ongoing.

5th. start acquiring you computer certification now because later on you won't be able to afford to take them.

6th. Learn Linux, it is worth it the time and effort it will take.

7th. Forget learning game design, instead start writing down the stories, because you already have them in your head. And you never know you might get one published.

8th. read, read more then you have been reading because it can never be enough.

9th. stop playing all video games there not worth the time you waste on them.

10th. stop wasting time on those so called friends who are never there when you need them. Sometimes you must be cruel to be kind in the long run.

11. Build a computer from scratch and keep doing it because later on a lot premade systems will be locked down by the computer manufactures meaning once the Operating System becomes outdated your screwed because your hardware specs wont be good enough for the next system up. The name of this is planned obsolescence and it based on the greed of men.

12. Learn how circuit boards are designed. So you possibly make your own to the

specs you want. This will require some heavy lifting in both science and calculus.

13. Learn how to make homemade solar panels, because this will allow you stay for the most off the grid, and will save you money in the long run. Because the electric prices skyrocket as we use less and less.

14. Remember your vote is your dollar, so be careful what you spend it on. Do research behind everything that is sold. Because some companies are pure evil. Buy local as much as you can because later on there will be a lot off shoring of jobs.

15. Help those less fortunate then you, trust me when I say the favor will come back you.

16. Grow a huge garden everywhere you live that you can because the food supply will become tainted with things like GMO's and Arsenic. Save the seeds, and learn as much as you can about cross pollinating as you can.

17. Invest in as many tools as possible, because in the long run they will pay for themselves.

18. Don't waste your time on alcohol it will just cause you problems later on.

19. Don't start smoking it's a expensive and filthy habit that will probably eventually lead to your early death.

20. Don't quite a job for a less steady job because you feel you don't have enough free time in you life.

21. Don't let anyone hold on to anyone of personal documents but you, because it will make you life really complicated later on.

22. Don't be an idiot and go to another state to meet a person off the internet.

23. Don't go with a girl to another state, unless you are truly financially set to do so.

24. Don't be the mediator in your friends relationships. Instead walk away from them and let them deal with it. If they are dragging you into it, then maybe they don't value you as friend.

25. Whatever you do don't take advantage of anyone, it doesn't matter

intelligence, age, or sex. Because if you do it somebody else you will deserve what you get later on.

26. More too be added, as I think of them.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Matter Of Choice

The progressive movement is finally here.  
Corporate Media is trying to make it disappear.  
Put it on mute, put it on hold.  
A neo conservative agenda.  
It's hard to not find people like Donald Trump offensive.  
Yet he is obsessed, and professed over in ways that only gods are made.  
And still he would never get my vote.  
He is the biggest racist I have ever seen.  
His discriminatory practices are out right obscene.  
But behind the scenes it is the people you don't see that are interesting to me.  
Like seeing Bernie Sanders in the democratic primaries.  
Just one listen to one of his speeches makes me certain that there just might be  
choice when I go out and vote.  
But you won't hear him on regular t.v.  
That is because he is for people.  
He is not another corporate puppet.  
He speaks of the real issues that no other politician dare.  
He wants to overturn citizen united decision supreme court decision  
and keep money out of politics.  
He wants to bring jobs to our country by ending back room trade agreements like  
the trans atlantic partnership.  
He wants a single payer Medicare system in which even the poor are insured.  
He wants to start work projects to repair our decaying roads and infrastructure.  
He wants to end college debt.  
He wants to end the ability of corporations from escaping in paying there fair  
share of taxes.  
He wants to raise the workers minimum wage and change the way in which  
overtime is given.  
It is currently denied by the naming employees with the title of supervisor.  
He wants to address climate change in a big way.  
He is the Franklin D Roosevelt of our day.  
If he is not nominee the democrats have lost before they even start.  
Because Hillary doesn't represent people like me.  
Nor does any republican possible nominee.  
I live in poverty but use to be of the middle class.  
Which might I add continues to shrink at alarming rates.  
There is no debate, I can not and will not vote when no fair choice has been  
given.  
So it is democrats who will make my decision by the illegitimate vote of a

nomination.

In which I have no voice, choice, or recourse once it has been made.

I wish for a better system in which the people are truly represented.

Maybe just maybe a three party system.

The previous election just 38% of people went out to vote.

It really is matter of choice or lack there of.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# A Matter Of Time

How does one define expertise?

Is it by what we think we know?

Is it by what we have all experienced?

Is it by certification and degrees?

Is it by what the eyes can only see clearly?

Is it by the time spent or the time wasted?

Indeed such a word is both vague and an uncertain in attributes of any field.

For sometimes we all have yeild, bow and realize we really are just children in playground so big that it will never be fully mapped out.

All we have are our theories, tried and true, or not even close to being proven.

Scientific is not to be exact absolute, but to be repeated recursively until a conclusion can be drawn.

How can one be the architect with the constant atrophe of the human mind.

There are those silietly gifted and fortunate by design.

But it still always just a matter of time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Message To Convey

For me poetry has become more than just another escape.  
I use to think that way.  
To write to end the sadness, the pain, the grief.  
But then I realized I could do more.  
Writings of all forms is a tool in which we can relay how one feels, a story,  
information, science of the times from human to another with no or very little  
interaction.  
Distance and time doesn't matter.  
For once it is out there it does not need repeating.  
Like a cancer it can spread most horrible emotions.  
Or it can raise one up, make them feel as if they are float high above the oceans.  
It can create inspiration and devotion.  
It is your pulse, it is your heart beating.  
It is a message to be conveyed and it stays.  
A permanent representation of the human souls destination.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Moment Of Emotional Confusion

Here's my Valentine.  
Purple kisses and salutation to all the misses.  
Sorry but I got go.  
There is only time for one show.  
I can already hear the movement towards the never ending road.  
Sounds so subliminal.  
The sensational baby boomers.  
In a closet in some dark corner.  
Some privacy please, can't you see I'm trying to hypnotize and undress with my eyes all the same time.  
Too much to say.  
A mind perplexed in such a casual way.  
Clouds spinning in a absolute mystery.  
A war is always being inside this body.  
It just never listens.  
Do what you will, because you will.  
A slight shriek then shrill.  
An slip of the hand, turns into such masterful of games.  
Playing doctor of the most fabulous kind.  
Looking for a way to allow the soul to completely unwind.  
Dining in such a paradise is so appetizing.  
How could I ever say no?  
Can you not see the way this aura glows?  
A pull upon the curtains, a tug upon the feet to take a step backwards.  
An awkward feeling all around.  
Yet the ground is steady, solid as ever.  
I'm still waiting to see how this movie ends.  
Front row seats to the box office treats.  
Splendid it is see and watch the fire burn.  
Even if it is my body that lies inside.  
Hey it had to happen sometime.  
It had to happen sometime.  
A compromise.  
Dereliction thrust upon certain odds.  
Go ahead and turn your head and nod.  
That most certainly shows that you know what I'm talking about.  
Everything is in slow motion as the ticks continue to take hours.  
The water drops from the shower become this glaze I'm putting my hand through.

An unrealistic sensitivity.  
Scenes from some foreign nativity.  
I don't understand the culture.  
Feeling like a vulture.  
Yet I know I'm always welcome.  
Blessed it be the continuation of being tied knots.  
All jumbled and messed up.  
No sense of direction.  
No care for perfection.  
Let anarchy reign.  
Let its' teeth bite straight into me.  
For the only thing left is pain.  
A house of cards.  
Lets light them up before they have a chance to fall.  
A kamikaze kind of attitude.  
Death to the rose yet to bloom.  
A mission of bucks to the ever looming want tos.  
An possession of the ending if I can.  
Its all I demand upon these fields of greed.  
A devil in which to concede.  
A species inbred, and not so right in the head.  
Yes that's me, only if you want it to be.  
Go ahead talk is cheap, and these perversions are just more diversions.  
Sanity pleading with spirits of a white angel.  
They sit on the shoulder with such glee.  
You can have me, if you really want me.  
Anything else is just twisted confliction.  
A morbid obscene depiction.  
Tell me now of these premonitions.  
Are they as the air flowing right through your finger tips.  
A breeze so slight, if you are not careful it'll go on by before the quickest blink of  
your eye.  
Surprise is but a moment of the heart that continues to beat never willing to  
accept defeat.  
Let it be not too long.  
For these thoughts for me are already gone.  
Still waiting for things to go so terribly wrong.  
Pins and needles upon every inch of the skin.  
Yet levity coming from every pore within.  
Passion is something I will never abandon.  
No matter how buried the soul.  
Hold your breath and I'll hold mine.

Equals are so divine.  
Abrasions so intertwined.  
Lock me up, and I will welcome to be confined.  
Circumstances do not change what those who see as the blind see.  
Not visually but prospectively in an inlet of many islands of a vast and almost  
engulfing yet furious and bitter sea.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Once Quiet Retreat.

All choked up, but it's too late to stop.  
The fire is burning.  
Time to spread the gasoline.  
Getting high off the fumes of deadly desires.  
They call me a cold S.O.B.  
And just maybe I am.  
But I wasn't always.  
A soul decayed.  
Eroding away.  
When searching within where is it we begin?  
I do not desire your forgiveness.  
Take it any way you want it.  
Here have my last bitter black rose.  
I have been holding on it for just such a special occasion.  
And it is just something else I don't need.  
It will too wilt away and die over time.  
Memories that never seem to rhyme.  
Stars that never align.  
A portrait melting away.  
Who was that?  
Just another outcast.  
Dressed in black.  
Ready for a funeral each and everyday.  
Be careful not to scare that man right into an heart attack.  
What a bore, hey lets have a parade.  
Marching our feet over all these dead bodies 6ft under.  
Maybe they'll wake up, or maybe they will just rollover.  
Stone cold sober.  
I done feel the need to dull the senses in anyway.  
Just let pain set in.  
Silver tear drops do turn into rainbows sometimes.  
And let that sometime be today.  
The light bends and sways.  
Overindulgent in the decadence.  
If you can, why can't I?  
A flag under another name is one and the same.  
A leader with no followers.  
And followers with no leader.  
This a funny world in which we live.

Not just the shits and giggles.  
But the rolling on the floor laughing and not being able to get up hours.  
At least it feels the that way at times.  
But I'm no clock watcher, hell I try to even forget my own birthday.  
Why should I celebrate, my own birth anymore then any others.  
Just another day in Davy Jones locker as far as I'm concern.  
My discourse to be free as I can be in this land of life and liberty.  
If you don't like it please don't read.  
Don't expect me to lie to you, for your amusement or sadistic pleasure.  
This my journal, not yours.  
If I don't impress you, good that was never my intention.  
I just need a place to escape.  
And this is my secluded cabin in the middle of the rainforest.  
Please don't ever try to take it away from me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Place Where Love Is Not Relevant

A friend is all I will ever be, it is all the love I have in me.  
Needs so ineffective, and inadequate.  
Trying relate to a person you never met, or will meet.  
A belief in that which can never be.  
An illusion that dresses up the honest, and we all are living in this fairy tale.  
Just because I don't hate you, doesn't mean I want you.  
A complement, is not an act of flirting when it done after a good read.  
It is instead encouragement to keep them coming.  
The facet only drips when we want it to be fully running.  
Only when we ignore intent, is love no longer relevant.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# A Political Asset

To describe those feelings.  
System overload.  
A system that continuous explodes.  
Malfunctioning every single day.  
This is only way.  
Voices of guilty pleasure.  
Tell me is this the second or third measure.  
Because once is never good enough.  
It keep getting better.  
A destiny unfettered.  
I keep reading this letter.  
And every time tears fall like ice upon skin burning every inch of the skin.  
Even my tiny hairs stand on end, how can believe it.  
Oh how I want believe it.  
In the perfect world, with perfect person.  
Sentenced to a life misery and misfortune.  
Divided by both a sickness of the worse abuse, and a class war.  
The honest man left to rot.  
Left to sleep on his cold uncomfortable cot, because not willing to just take it.  
He doesn't want it bad enough.  
The illusion of this sick twisted competition.  
And I sit in the heart of the beast.  
There are those who are envious.  
All over the world.  
We have the power to change it all.  
And all we can do is cower, and hide in some dark corner.  
Because we are not willing to spill the blood of one more innocent.  
No stomach for a revolution.  
We're not like them, does that make us any better?  
An open invitation to the war of lies.  
More words designed to distract and disguise.  
The monster they don't want you to see.  
The plucking of certain strings to get something done.  
Moral objectivity, there is no such thing.  
You either have them or you don't.  
No not just when it's convenient, but also when it is so hard.  
A rubber stamp and you are scarred for the rest of your life.  
We can go to him, because we already own him.  
We know his dirty little secret.

An asset made, used till the time comes when he must be thrown away.  
Discarded like yesterday news.  
Manipulation set in a congregation.  
Sitting in a desert of desolation.  
Still waiting for the rain, still praying for the rain to come.  
And cleanse all these rotten souls, and bring life to decaying empire.  
Is human nature nothing more then pure desire.  
Holding your hand to the fire.  
The heat is on, now tell me when the pain is gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Poor Mans Stew

A random stew.  
Ingredients so scarce.  
A starving of something a little more eatable.  
Pills to swallow.  
Please make them smaller.  
I'm constantly choking.  
Unintentionally perverse.  
Diversify the sky.  
Split into a million pieces.  
Which one fits?  
Which one doesn't really belong?  
The niceties of a happy song.  
Why does it have to go so wrong?  
A twisted tongue, heaved and wrung.  
Why is it when we reach the bottom of a glass,  
there is always this nasty grit settled sitting left undisturbed.  
I'm feeling quite perturbed.  
The plucking of a dead bird.  
It has got to be cooked or it goes wasted and rotten.  
In my head soon to be forgotten.  
And I'm sorry if it is so sudden.  
But it is either put it down or let it go.  
And the words I forget are already too many.  
The pinching of pennies.  
How much adds up.  
Indeeds questions and statement so abrupt.  
I still hear the words please shut up.  
But I just can't.  
Please understand.  
This is not a need or demand.  
But a homed skill that is lost without use.  
My intention wasn't to abuse.  
Or to belittle.  
Or to confuse.  
Just an emptying of a cupboard so I can cook.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Public Distraction

Outrage and antagonistic debate brought on by pure hate.  
Only a distraction devised by media to pass a bill quickly and quietly through the congress and senate, to diminish a 11 nations capability and sovereignty by which financial means do matter.  
The lawyer wraps his words so cleverly full of so much deceit.  
The hidden meaning, the hidden agenda, of over 40 percent of the economic state.  
Human rights are at the very core of this public execution.  
Nothing is what seems.  
Propaganda is in full swing.  
The raising or taking down of a false flag.  
It is the same damn thing.  
While we fight destroy a symbol of slavery.  
They are putting something up for vote so evil.  
A secretive deal that ruin us for generations.  
Corporations are not people.  
They pure greed in which they believe nothing should get in away of a little more profit.  
With a push of a button its over you don't know whats in your food, what's going in your own neighborhood, what you can actually say.  
What rights that can't be financially attacked or watered down in one way or another.  
So many jobs go over seas where labor is so cheap with the elimination of all decent regulations.  
Safety matters whom.  
No reasonable wage expectation or labor laws.  
Indoctrination of constant corporate civil suits when they don't get there way.  
Infinite environmental and global ramification.  
Back to ancient times of serfs and lords.  
Where are only the rich have a voice on anything that truly matters.  
A place where all are slaves no matter race or creed.  
This is them making an elephant disappear in crowded football stadium.  
Harry Houdini couldn't have done it any better.  
The politics of skillfully delivering the wrong letter.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Repeating Echo

I don't care what you say.  
Don't tell me this life isn't worth living.  
A fight down to last dying breath.  
God I'm such a mess.  
All emotional and the endless sadness put my otherwise sunny days in a constant rain.  
When will the clouds clear up if ever?  
Please tell me there is a secret switch or lever.  
If only I was so clever.  
The mounting war within.  
Has he really given up.  
Oh has she really given in.  
The stagnant room day after day.  
Maybe a just a little fresh air to bring the soul back with a cross to bare.  
Food never will taste quite the same.  
No matter the salt or sugar added.  
There is no longer a hunger to be satisfied.  
Spending the last moments, the last minutes, the last hours, the last days with the ones you love.  
Accepting and making peace with an undeniable fate at any rate.  
Timing is with god and how I hope some days he comes a little late.  
And others I wish he would come now and just end the pain quickly and quietly.  
Let the screams not be heard down the hall.  
Let nobody know at all.  
In your sleep with wish of peaceful dreams.  
Let us never be alone when we have to face our ultimate demons.  
Did he, did she ever deserve this?  
There must be some justification, but what if there not.  
An unconscious genetic decision in the resemblance of science fiction.  
It can't be real, it can't be true, why did it have to happen to you.  
An with an icicle falling it echo's straight through.  
A heart that stops beating, gets hard and turns blue.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Role To Play

Dreaming up a life you never lived.

What it would feel like.

What would you see.

Senses flowing through your body like a finely tuned instrument.

Words that build up to these driving emotions.

A roller coaster that has no destination or limitation.

A child's role to play.

An act of pure creativity and imagination.

This is indeed the ultimate creation of which dreams are made of.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## A Second Goodbye

Sometimes it feels as if they're no words left to say.  
Keeping the poison apple at bay.  
Seaside sunny and bright.  
A mirror holding on to the light so tight.  
Being pulled in and devoured.  
Escaping the mentality soured memory.  
Rewriting the back then.  
From the lips to the tongue.  
An expression, a confession, an outright obsession.  
Decompressing.  
Every time I close my eyes I see you.  
It's a haunted house, on a haunted hill, in a haunted world, seen through  
haunted eyes.  
A ghost of every disguise.  
Even the birds sing an eerie tune.  
The clouds are rolling up on this blood red moon.  
Soon it will be gone, passed on and faded.  
Left with only a jaded stone to remind me I'm alone.  
Burnt down candle-stick with no wick.  
Broken down bricks, go to keep them together; got to keep them from  
crumbling.  
Becoming another one of my empty shadows.  
Boxing in the windswept meadows.  
Training for an impossibility.  
Shape-shifting into the tiniest leaf just floating on my merry way.  
Take me past the trees, above the atmosphere, to some foreign star light years  
away.  
And it's still not far enough.  
To relieve this unending pain.  
You were my crutch that kept me sane.  
I loved you so deeply that scars mark my entire body.  
Opening up an old wound because it didn't heal right.  
As I fear it never will.  
A vessel of lost life.  
Once again to you I say goodbye as I look up at a foreboding sky.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Short Flight

A hearts pit patter is asking go numb.  
As a young boy goes to put his mouth over his thumb.  
Afraid of what?  
The darkness of rejection.  
The flight of the reflection.  
A conversation becoming just another imperfection.  
A wishing well of dreams.  
Don't mind if I throw a penny.  
Because if fortunes are to be told I need just need a little more.  
With eyes burning and mouths dry.  
A classy little demise.  
A betrayal just by looking up at sky.  
She lonely and I know I'll be meeting her soon.  
But first I must touch the forbidden moon.  
Knowing not what to expect.  
Fear boils inside.  
Even if feels like just another cheap ride.  
We all pay for our time.  
And here's mine.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# A Silent Past

A legacy left to rot.  
A therapy session left silent on a pad as the patient continue to lay on his cot.  
Dear man, please going on.  
Don't stop when you think the end is getting near.  
For even if that may be case would you really leave all the others with nothing?  
Nothing learned, nothing valued, nothing gained.  
The empty appraisal does have its victims.  
A thorn in anybody's side who is still here.  
Among the living and breathing.  
We should all be both learning and teaching.  
Notes taken down for all of history.  
Stones marked for all eternity.  
But not with some date, but a great and beautiful story.  
One detailed with so much tragic glory.  
Mighty is the admitted failure that has been newly discovered and sorely forgotten.  
So important is this right of passage.  
Though there are some that would consider us not all equally deserving.  
There are no benefits to being self serving.  
In the end if you contribute nothing, you will have become the end of a future that could have been yet written.  
These kind of crimes are attack on whole generations.  
If we have to repeat the mistakes of the past because selfishness then we might just be corrupted beyond any repair, beyond any kind of morality, sense of duty.  
Can there be any hope, can there be any redemption?  
The first thoughts I have on this subject is how could you.  
Secrets upon hollow monuments that mean nothing.  
Idling an unknown past is futile in the here and now.  
How could anyone ever be proud of such an accomplishment?  
We shall call it the implementation ignorance.  
Let the grievance sit before us all.  
Let it stand tall in all it foolishness.  
The thoughts of life to be limitless till the very end.  
Immortal are the words, temporary are the bodies as vessels in which to carry.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Sour Squeeze

A please pleasantly begging inside a hole of slowly dieing tree.  
A memory screaming in a far off star.  
The pain so feint it becomes part environment.  
Drift among the window of clouds.  
Hidden among the jungle shroud.  
Pull it up and it gets so loud.  
The heart pounds, and once again we can all hear those sounds.  
Deafening to all senses.  
A washing over in a ocean of water.  
The body hyper tensing.  
Constricting in the arms of some great snake.  
Bugs crawling up and inside the spine.  
These feelings are sometimes so hard to describe.  
Moving like a mime.  
A voice choking on some lime.  
A sour squeeze if you may if you please.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Starting Forplay

An uneasy feeling,  
Like dasiavu time two.  
How can any of this be.  
I so much more prefer the hidden secret.  
A caressing of an ego or something else.  
Play of aggression, matching movements in session.  
Fumbling along hoping I don't do anything wrong.  
A whisper, a wish, a desire, and the kisses to follow, down to the ground.  
So close a moist touch and rub.  
A moan and a grab.  
A twist and turn.  
And a laugh  
These are the starting moments that leads to an exotic exploration in which it is  
hard to deviate.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## A Stones Rot

A searching has no mind of the time.

A empty heart becomes rot with unspeakable things.

Only if a hovering lust could quench a grown mans thirst.

Some thirst go unending forever to be a riddle baring no fruit.

No matter sweetness of smells, still it doesn't not satisfy.

A fore looming conclusion comes as wind hints of a direction to follow.

Worn are the thoughts, be it truth or fiction.

An ailment invisible to the naked eye.

Temporary afflictions come and go but this has not.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Truly Kind Soul

So you think I'm a true psycho, serial killer, soul stealer?

'Well no not exactly, I just think you quite perverted and disturbed.'

Really keep honoring me such kind words.

You batting a thousand so far.

'What hell is wrong with you? '

'I don't think that's something you should be proud of.'

Pride is a shameful thing ain't it.

'You mean 'isn't it'? '

So now you are really correcting me.

Congratulation.

My grammar can be fixed, my personality can not.

No matter how warped the interpretation.

So what is it you want from me?

'Well nothing, you started this unnerving conversation.'

Good then I can end it right.

You have any objections?

'Yes you're being mean.'

'I didn't do anything to you.'

I'm sorry but the last time I checked I didn't have to validate feelings expressed to anyone but myself.

Did I miss something in this conversation?

Was it hiding in some dark corner where I wasn't looking?

Or was it the words that didn't come out of your mouth.

'You know what I've had enough, I'm no longer going talk to you.'

Well if you allowed me to you wouldn't have had to.

But you were so certain I didn't have the right to be excused.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Twisted Smile

A minds sudden collaboration.  
Star studded fascination, if I touch it I will know it.  
If I know it I will own it.  
Be the mighty master.  
With the wave of the hands.  
Hear the demands and make this happen.  
The crowd speaks, the crowd roars.  
Chants of the everlasting.  
Spirits forever roaming.  
All consuming, oh I never want to stop.  
Even if the needle drops.  
Always so clumsy with the double edge sword.  
One day it will be me who gets impaled.  
One day it will be me gasping for air.  
Today it is but candle stick that stands tall with a mighty dancing flame.  
Wild and untamed.  
A gallant ruthless ambitious beast.  
Who will never be satisfied with a single feast.  
Indulge in my little treat.  
Blood licking sweet.  
It's raining candy canes.  
And as they fall I can still imagine the words is that all?  
Never is it enough.  
Wicked is the gravy.  
Taking a train head on.  
Somebody please save me.  
When I act like this it is so dangerous.  
Nothing to lose.  
An overdose in clues.  
A little pink note book with all the fairy tales locked away.  
In the dungeon, the lair forever to keep.  
My very own precious.  
Petty, yet alluring to all the wrong demons.  
The monster inside screams in glee.  
If I could ever be so happy this might be it.  
The wounding arrow must have missed.  
Because this is both heaven and bliss in one great succulent kiss.  
The pleasure is all mine.  
A pulsing skin reaching right in.

First contact of an encounter unlike any other kind.  
If this is alien, all that is foreign is more than welcome.  
This is an invitation with a contract of souls.  
Chain me to this beat, chain me to this retreat.  
Forgive me if I seem overly excited, I just hope this process gets expedited.  
Need my signature, watch me bleed.  
This will be the closing chapter in a book never read.  
With so many words left unsaid, I don't care the price put on my head.  
Worthy deemed the cause.  
Elusive the spirit which was never met to be caught.  
Nets made out of silver, bear traps made out of gold.  
Behold I'm just not sold, not a dollar spent towards this dissociative disease.  
Go ahead put a gun against my head and tell me to get on my knees.  
You might get a better response if you say please.  
Escaping the reality.  
I'm smiling as I will in my very last moments of a good life lived.  
There were some great experiences.  
And those treasures are all mine, no matter the set given amount of time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Very Embarrassing Dinner, But For Who?

Spinning a weave upon this thread.  
Ha a life all washed up.  
Excuse me good sir a table two.  
Yes that does mean me and you.  
Unless this is that other special occasion where I finally get meet the cook.  
Ah ha that is exactly as I thought.  
Come here I could kiss you you fool.  
Such a dress, such a get up.  
A noise maker saying hello, all eyes on me.  
Gums flapping in the breeze  
Some more hash browns please and whatever you do, do not hold back the  
cheese.  
For if it wants to fight it has every right.  
Especially with this kind appetite.  
Indeed the pleasure is all mine.  
A discussion with an awful oder of turpentine.  
Some say breath through your mouth, other a say the nose.  
I personally prefer the ears.  
For the whistling sound right after just makes me ecstatic.  
Ah what are we here for anyways?  
Yes let's get the heart of the matter.  
And if we are splitting and frying hearts.  
Remember I want onions on mine.  
It provides this crunchy taste that erases the thought what I am actually eating.  
And just where are you going?  
I just got started.  
You can't leave just yet.  
Did you know I won 5 bucks in an earlier bet.  
Of course not after all you weren't with me in till very recently.  
You think you were insulted, imagine how I felt when I realized I kissed a guy for  
the first time.  
But yes go on ahead I'll have a car waiting.  
One of us must get out of this alive without wearing a disguise.  
And upon this know my dearly departed know where ever you can't escape alter  
ego.  
He emphatically loves you so.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# A Whisper That Wants To Be A Scream

That kind of validation should be but the silence among the lambs.  
A quietness to never be heard.  
A whisper that wants to be a scream but doesn't exactly know how.  
As if to say I have a question, yet I'm too afraid to ask.  
A game of self pity.  
Beckoning for attention.  
As if it's our fault of that which they did not mention.  
A homeless man walking on the poorest streets of the city.  
A prostitute getting in the car with another Jon in a place known for such vices.  
We have to take notice and We have to stand out to be noticed.  
And pessimism does nothing to further such a cause.  
Unless that is what one desires.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Window Into The Future

Tip toeing down the edges of sanity,  
that's what it feels like these ongoing days  
in this horrid desert where nothing is to  
be seen for miles, there is but a ghost of  
recognition under the moonlight sky.  
Is it another mirage, a distorted cartoon of  
my current reality? Are we all really wanderers  
of pure survival? Does nothing else matter,  
in times of desperate need in desperate places?  
Is our instinct that strong? That we ignore  
the truths for the easier and more comfortable life.  
Is living in luxury really necessary?  
Combating a gene of over indulgence.  
To deny what has kept going this long.  
Is it so wrong to wish upon perfection, knowing  
it will never come?  
Is it alright to sleep with demons of the past and  
still make plans for unknown future?  
When the reflections start turning dark is it  
enough to just turn on a single light.  
Or does it have to be so blindly bright that we  
trip over own two feet?  
When no solution presents itself, do we walk away  
knowing put up the good fight?  
Abandon the need for substance, and sustainability.  
When these whisper finally fall silent, will it be  
because we stopped listening?  
A drowning appeal, in a deepening pool of profuse  
sadness, anger and pain.  
But what is a single plea, among millions?  
The echoing of this stillness, can you hear it in this futility of conjecture.  
With no real recourse of action or satisfaction.  
The hunger can not quenched no matter how insistent it becomes.  
Arguments made, proven and dis-proven.  
But there use outside the words we come to know and love is so little that the  
effects are diminished and frequently overwritten.  
A continuous mouth battle that is never to be won.  
The curtain does not fall on this stage, at least not yet.  
It a scene of repetition in a pattern of flaws and mistakes.

Only upon the worst kind cruelty is it finally seen as not necessary.  
And only then can be justice served and reset.  
Like a domino effect, it takes many to be lined up before they can  
all fall down.  
And in those moments of vengeance, and violence, who is we blame for  
feeding those flames if not ourselves.  
The crucification of an idea so maddening it seems incomprehensible  
now, but it will repeat.  
You can kill the man, but never the idea.  
He who shall speak without name, without aspirations, will be pushed  
to front as a lamb sent to slaughter.  
An upon his reaping of the seeds that will be sewn into the very fabric time, and  
space.  
A clock frozen and sat upon pedestal to be worshiped till the very end.  
Which never can be reached by single human being, for there is no distinct time  
known.  
A whistling can always be heard in the distance.  
One step closer, and then the pieces are scattered.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## A Work Of Fiction Considered Criminal

So let me get this straight an 18 year old kid is facing a slew of charges, for his rap on face book that will send him for twenty years in jail.  
Now even musicians can't say what they 'feel', without fear of repercussion in the united states.  
How do we define fiction these days?  
I mean if wrote a vague story of someplace blowing up in a elaborate set of events and circumstances could I be charged the same as him?  
We got to stop this now before it gets to far out of hand.  
If this was happening in another country, we would say they were oppressing there people.  
But because it is here it is justified?  
We abandon freedom of speech for other agendas.  
Promoting fear and panic with charges of the vague yet obscene.  
Authors be weary your thoughts are no longer above criminal scrutiny in this county.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# A Working Man

A working man does all he can  
Just trying to make a living  
To provide and survive  
Till the next day comes by  
Or he dies  
Which ever comes first  
For better or worst  
rain or shine

Pay the bills  
Feed and cloth the kids  
Get in a fight with the wife  
And hope she forgives

A working man does all he can  
Just trying to make a living  
To provide and survive  
Till the next day comes by  
Or he dies  
Which ever comes first  
For better or worse  
Rain or shine

Go to the park  
A day off  
You feel so lost  
How much will this cost

A working man does the best he can  
Just trying to make a living  
To provide and survive  
Till the next day comes by  
Or he dies  
Which ever comes first  
For better or worse  
Rain or shine

Driving so fast  
Your late

Hoping you don't get fired  
Down to the wire

A working man does all he can  
Just trying to make a living  
To provide and survive  
Till the next day comes by  
Or he dies  
Which ever comes first  
For better or worse  
Rain or shine

Another fight  
Give her some roses  
Say your sorry, and mean it.  
Next thing you know  
Your both removing all your cloths

A working man does all he can  
Just trying to make a living  
To provide and survive  
Till the next day comes by  
Or he dies  
Which ever comes first  
For better or worse  
Rain or shine

Its still mine till the day I die

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Abandoned Shadows

A cold dark place to acquaint myself with.  
Misery is a pot of stew with many cooks.  
Each with a recipe all its own.  
Contrived by a cause and effect.  
How is it so many hearts reject it?  
Born out of a fountain of purity.  
What is the price for our pestilence and neglect?  
Fortunate is the person who can forget all their past memories.  
My body for the fire and ice.  
A soul wanting redemption unrelenting.  
Tell me now can you hear its echos?  
The unending pain.  
The reminder each and every day.  
A wish upon the dreamers dream.  
Reaching out, doing what feels right.  
No matter the personal cost.  
No matter the pride that has to be swallowed.  
Saving face from whom?  
A victim of a cruel ego.  
Knowing you caused that.  
Knowing that there is no going back.  
A child in tears on the inside.  
On the outside a man pretending to be numb to it all.  
How could I?  
Sometimes speaking your mind is truly unkind.  
Feeling like a parasite on the outside still looking for a way in.  
Seeking to heal wounds so deep and so old.  
Scar tissue of someone who is truly broken.  
Trying to rebuild the confidence.  
If only so slowly.  
I will never forget.  
Demons layed upon my feet.  
I never asked for them.  
What could I do?  
Callous claws across my skin.  
One by one the nails were drove in.  
A crucifixion.  
Placed upon the cross I built.  
Yes the carpenter, the manipulator.

Yes there is blood on my hands.  
I've washed and washed but still it won't come off.  
The weapon of using the perfect words.  
A cure to ailment that never existed at all.  
All in my head, these head games were played over and over again.  
I took his queen.  
In ways unseen.  
Blinders cleaned.  
Eyes opened and the prize was redeemed.  
Bitterness the taste I'll never forget and I will always regret.  
It wasn't right on any level.  
I didn't just cross a line.  
I lit it on fire and gave him the ashes of the bodies I left behind.  
Now I must just completely let go.  
And stop looking through this very hollow window.  
For it only makes me a living shadow.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## About You

So you think that was about you?  
Sharpening a pencil to a very fine point.  
Are you looking to stab or jab someone.  
A forced submission.  
Was that the stipulation?  
A plea for a little commission.  
It was partly mine, so you owe me a hundred dimes.  
Or you'll have to love me for this allotted number of days.  
Okay, if you say so.  
But it is kind of selfish.  
A self indulgent pleasure.  
Please prick me with that sword.  
That sounds a little sick indeed.  
But the measurement of dragging your name into everyone would be a quite a  
difficult one.  
Shame, shame is the pride of your claims.  
I'm sorry but if it is directed at you I would let you know.  
Not suggest when I have dedication section right below.  
So go ahead feed your ego.  
But none of them are about you.  
About you.  
About you.  
Except for this one and one other.  
You want its name.  
You don't say.  
Well your good at making assumptions so far, so I don't think I have either have  
the right or should interfere in anyway of what you might think or say.  
It is your make believe competition.  
An idea, an invention, to something I had no idea would come to be.  
Though it does not bother me.  
Why because I'm not writing to satisfy you.  
I write because in my life somethings are better expressed with words.  
Then an emotion built upon the chest.  
This is not a confession, this is not an objection.  
This is an explanation not guilt set upon the dining table.  
So drink your wine, and dine upon this competition you think you have going on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Absolution To The Acts Of Gun Violence

The count is still rising.  
Our children are still dying.  
Motives unclear.  
It's the phone call we all fear.  
The apprehension won't disappear.  
What is enough.  
How many bullets have someones name on the them.  
Battling the faceless.  
The bitterness that has grown so tasteless.  
It's not contriversal.  
It effects us all.  
How much force can you bring to bare.  
What amounts too the change we all so desperately need.  
Another massacre playing out in our heads.  
So raw, so resolved, this problem has to be solved.  
A march to save a life against the obscene gun violence.  
Just a single act, a vote, a written law, a boycott to certain company or products.  
The only thing that we can't allow ourself to do is to ignore the problems we are facing.  
These are the consquences when profit takes precedence over the value of a human life.  
And that price has been paid in so many ways, its time to attack.  
Strike at the root and bring a very corrupt system down to its foundations.  
A change with in, even if it cause the whole damn thing to cave in.  
Absolution of a crisis with so many solutions.  
Its just a matter a mapping out the right charter.  
Another leg of a harsh journey, a harsh reality traveled.  
But a star knows its destination.  
Do you feel that?  
No hesititation, or procrastination.  
It will be done, rain or shine.  
Too many, too much is at stake.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Across The World

The sights, the sound.  
Panic all around.  
The pattering of feet running.  
The fear in heroes hearts coming.  
Absolute silence, it is a city in mourning.  
Tears fall, a salute to all.  
A half raised flag.  
A pain that nags.  
There is no escape from it.  
We are all part of it.  
We are all family.  
A loss for you is a loss for me.  
Picture and videos will never do it justice.  
The sensation as a hand is put on ones shoulder.  
This should have never happen.  
The weakness of feeling so helpless.  
Strength in numbers and let ours be large.  
We are with you from all across the world.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Addicted To The Lies

You live a lie long enough it bites into you.  
Inflicts its own kind of pain of embarrassment humiliation, and sorrow.  
You are stained with it.  
It becomes part of your name.  
Not a utopia of fame, but something to be ashamed of.  
And with a asking of forgiveness some repeat this monotony.  
Because in the telling and living of it.  
It becomes too addicting to just stop.  
To just give it up  
Like a pyro with his setting of and watching fires  
The pleasure is only temporary.  
A aphrodisiac.  
A blissful high.  
Oh dreamy clouds.  
Entering the garden of eden.  
Only to soon find it did not last as long as the first.  
Going downhill.  
Just for some more thrills.  
Never enough.  
Unendingly unsatisfied.  
A free falling addiction.  
This is the pathological affliction.  
The compulsiveness is what repulses most.  
No one wants to be the fool more then once.  
The butt of a joke on a daily occasion.  
Of course there is an abrasion.  
And to think it is to satisfy some internal need of self gratification  
Doesn't that just make you feel just elated.  
Yes lets be friends.  
I wonder how long it will be before they come unraveled again.  
A chiming sound rings out for all to hear.  
Do you prefer the front or the rear?  
Oh dear.  
Oh dear.  
This habitual behavior doesn't just disappear.  
And this is what I feared

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Aftertaste

Death comes up so fast, I continue to laugh.  
It's every where I look.  
The bodies are starting to pile up.  
Over 500,000 dead.  
Enough said.  
But is it, will it ever be?  
Can there ever be an acceptable number?  
Some say it is just casualties of our time.  
But only if you believe none were preventable.  
The error of our ways with harsh political statements.  
It's hard to not feel at least slightly jaded in these trying times.  
A silent massacre that you never directly see.  
Misdirection on what's really important.  
Tonight I hold my family a little closer.  
Tonight I light a candle for those who can not.  
A backwards society, where suffering is okay as long as it isn't right  
your face.  
Indifference to even your neighbors and coworkers.  
The continuation of those thoughts, &quot;but it doesn't directly effect me or my  
family&quot;;  
Speaking like their possessions in which you must make concession for.  
No guilt, no apologies made.  
Responsible for whom.  
Position of power squabbled over as the crisis worsens.  
Nothing like it has been seen in over century.  
Humans with such short attention spans and memories.  
A history to repeat.  
Arrogance over what we can't see.  
We still believe when can blindly beat it.  
Outlasting the elusive enemy.  
Forgetting it's still there.  
Costly mistakes will be made.  
Is this a forgivable bitter aftertaste?

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# Age Weighed

Sadness is always part of you, even when you are happy.  
It is still there somewhere underneath waiting to be released.  
The only thing age effects is the amount of sorrow, the amount of tomorrows.  
Age is nothing if we realize we are still alive and breathing.  
Precious are not the years wasted, but the ones yet to be spent. Glass half empty  
or full?  
Go ahead take a drink.

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# All I Can See Is Rain

Naming names.  
Playing head games.  
Come on baby.  
Let me show you the way I feel.  
With arms around your neck, sorry but not really.  
Empty, bottomless, hollowness.  
A shallow sensation.  
Trying to understand your addiction, affliction.  
Not paying enough attention to a shadow.  
I'm sorry but the stars are prettier.  
Not that it is a fair comparison.  
But for me it doesn't have to be.  
You are the window pane I look through to see it is still pouring rain.  
When will it stop if not today?  
Count the ways, I can say it.  
A nothingness.  
With this I digress.  
Because I have no need to obsess.

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# All Of It

So you expect something great.  
I'm sorry to disappoint.  
But theres nothing to say.  
I got bills to pay.  
No time for the extravagant.  
No time to waste.  
No time to waste on you..

Setting off the fireworks early.  
Maybe nobody is looking.  
It is all for me.  
Why can't I just be happy.  
A lonely life we sometimes live.  
Trying not to remember, trying not to forget.  
What is it I really want?  
Why is this sea still calling?  
An altered destiny.

Choices were made.  
I deserved my goodbye.  
But I never got it.

Choices were made.  
I deserved my goodbye.  
But I never got it.

Now all I see is this fading smile.  
Maybe it was all dream.  
I wish I never I met you at all.  
An arrow launch.  
It made it past all the walls, past all my defenses.  
A sicking feeling in my stomach.  
And did it all to my self.

Choices were made.  
I deserved my goodbye.  
But I never got it.

Choices were made.



I deserved my goodbye.  
But I never got it.

It was never your fault.  
I made it happen all.  
I would say sorry but I know if you can't even hear.  
An angel long gone.  
Don't break the trusting heart.  
A monster is inside me is ripping my soul apart.  
And I deserve all of it.  
All of it.

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# All Over The Place

Art is in the casket.  
Just look in the bread basket.  
Is it a treat?  
Is it something good to eat?  
Can the eyes be deceived so easily.  
Illusive as it can be.  
Put your finger on it.  
Maybe it's a quote, maybe it's a subtle short little note.  
Memorized, hypnotic, klyptonic.  
A thief so brazen, emboldened by your infatuation.  
The given encore, as if it's due.  
The debt being paid.  
A bleached shade.  
The memory taste erased.  
With a gods given grace.  
Knowing your place.  
Up or down, turned completely around.  
Dizzy on diving board ready to fall in.  
Playing spin the bottle, whom did you kiss.  
Is it something you'd rather have missed.  
The waking dream, do they bring out the demons in me?  
Or were they always there?  
I know it's not polite to stare.  
But when you see such beauty there turning away.  
A snowflake under the microscope.  
So perfectly shaped.  
Connect by a frozen escape.  
Is this the breath in which I take.

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# All That Matters

Among living.  
Yes he continues on kicking.  
Through the hard times.  
Through the sad times.  
Times, times so fast.  
Never slow enough to ask for it to wait.  
One chance, one break it all we seem to ever have.  
A choice to breath deeper, breath harder.  
To cling on just a little bit longer.  
The dream of seeing smiling your face.  
Tempting as the lord grace.  
But the life is not mine to take.  
Never was, as faith says just because.  
A purpose beyond purpose.  
One most can not see.  
No it is not destiny, or fate.  
Even in all there magical persona.  
It us that makes them.  
Not the other way around.  
Even when kicked like a dog, and knocked to the ground.  
We can get back up, knowing and smiling there might be more coming.  
But knowing that in end when its all over.  
We did all we could.  
And it is only thing that really matters.  
That is the spirit of my love.  
Everlasting even when it already should be destroyed.

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# Already Gone

Dark huntress, is coming to butcher me tonight.  
I know it is not right.  
But I can not deny you.  
Beautiful as you are.  
As pitiful as I am.  
Claw marks from the inside.  
Right down my backside.  
Under the new moon.  
The right to be the animal once more.  
This is pure instinct.  
If she wants me,  
I can not deny what the body desires.  
As she puts her hand next to mine.  
Knowing she is waiting for the chance for the weakness to kill me yet again.  
She is the huntress, that is all she has ever been.  
I don't fit into her big plans.  
Just a game, a play thing, till something better comes along.  
Slave to mind control.  
The power of women.  
They are beating, they are kicking, they are screaming at me.  
I'm so defenseless.  
Never could I even try to resist.  
In my world of suffering.  
I'm glad the huntress has come.  
Cause maybe she can finally do what others have not.  
Kill my poor soul.  
Bleed it dry, no more a prisoner of the ashes.  
Push me, cut me, stick the knife right in.  
I promise I won't even feel it.  
Quick and breathless.  
No more saving me, he is already gone.  
Already gone.  
Already gone.

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# Alter Ego

Yes I'm socially physco.  
Oh you didn't know.  
This is my alter ego.  
Quite perverse.  
Quite diverse.

Yes I'm socially physco.  
Oh you didn't know.  
This is my alter ego.  
Quite perverse.  
Quite diverse.

Spit stuttered words.  
So absurd.  
Just ridiculous.  
A monotonous task indeed.  
With the white knight to proceed.  
Courage from the deep blue sea.  
Just imagine me without my cape.  
Yeah that would be me.  
Nope you didn't make a mistake.  
I don't hesitate.  
Even when I'm completely naked.  
Hair standing end to end.  
Discombobulated.  
Oh somebody please do come save me.

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# Always Dying

Why does always feel like I'm dying.  
There she goes again crying.  
Tears of joy, Tears of pain, Tears to drive you insane.  
An emotional powerless sensation.

Why does, oh why does it always feel like dying.  
Turned inside out the body screams to shout.  
Fighting every single doubt.  
Like visions to the flame.  
Watch everything burn.  
It's my city of fire, my city of desire.

Tell me one time why is it I still feel like dying.  
Salt to a slug.  
Shriveled up then just gone.  
Then a dark cloudy rain comes.  
As if to remind no escape will be so easy.  
A measure to the maddness or maybe it just an over abundance of sadness.  
An over extended yawn that is constant.

Always why always do I just feel like I'm dying

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# Among The Closing Arguments

Strength to the bitter end.  
The monster shivers within.  
It is how it began.  
Waning are words to ever satisfy.  
A hunger ever lurching, lurking.  
Waiting for one more bite.  
As it might be the very last.  
Painted in an iron cast.  
Wielded shut no holes to be drilled.  
A darkness to embrace among the tainted memories.  
Red ribbons hung above the door frame.  
A surprise for the one who is suppose to walk in.  
At any moment, at any time soon.  
If only you knew.  
Watching the whole thing come unglued.  
A togetherness only temporary.  
With lines drawn.  
The family feud is upon us once again.  
Should I deny the urge to gorge upon this rotten environment.  
Should I not make the best of a bad situation.  
Elevation.  
Being lifted and no idea of by who.  
Dear Mr. Anonymous, thank you for giving me the time of day.  
A pity party within a gallant parade.  
The pot is stirred to keep the food from sticking not just to spread the flavor.  
For bland taste bud care not for so many different seasons.  
No this is not a yellow brick road.  
For how could one resist the temptation of stealing so much gold.  
Soon it will be red, painted with so much blood.  
Greed always endures rest assure.  
The germ with no cure.  
Oh the wicked come from the once pure.  
A needless endless passion of only wanting more.  
No matter bodies that lay before you of who have already tried.  
Ever wondered why so many grab at the endless sky?  
Fists clenched upon more emptiness.  
As if it will lead to more happiness.  
A figurine of what once was.  
It was all that left to remember you by.

Left in the dust.  
Even the rust eats at my skin trying to capture something within.  
What if I don't have it.  
Empathy for vile.  
Fear from being locked out?  
What if I told you I don't care, it wasn't what I was looking for it anyways.  
I don't want to be part of the pain you cause today or tomorrow.  
I will not allow myself to be dragged in your warp kind of sorrow.  
Do what you will.  
Making another deal, thinking destroying so many lives is alright.  
A force so tantalizing.  
An abomination that I can do nothing about.  
Sometimes you can't save the world without saving yourself first.  
Is this your idea to live upon continuously?  
Have you ever even been on the other end of these feelings?  
The women you once loved, becoming cold blood killer, but instead of using a gun you used a pen.  
But among all the stabbing and stealing, I knew it would just matter of time till I was next.  
Sometimes you have to get out while the getting is good.  
Lies carved out of wood.  
Thrown in stove as they should.  
Ashes scattered around the back door.  
For if one must escape, what would be place then where that very misery lay.  
Like an arrow, each and everyday I'm pointed right to it.  
So hard you have tried to stop me from getting through it.  
But eventually all kinds of pains do subside.  
A heart flaking, not breaking.  
Shedding a blacken skin, harden among so many other body parts.  
Trading with those in the trenches of the already forgotten.  
They'll will bury you as you did them.  
I won't have lift a finger because I'm no longer just another one of your victims.  
Information freely given, what they do with it is between you and them.  
I have disassociated myself from the whole damn thing.  
Give me my objectivity in this closing of arguments.  
For I'm not waging the war you guys are.

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# An Angels Transformation

There voices come creeping on in.  
I can't stop them.  
Don't you understand.  
They are part of me.

A symphony of the dead.  
An army made of soulless minions.  
Just begging for a single whisper.  
Saying give me order and we move.

There voices come creeping on in.  
I can't stop them.  
Don't you understand.  
They are part of me.

It is not so sick.  
It is not so twisted.  
I didn't put the hole here to begin with.  
Not my rift, what it begs for is to be a gift.  
Feeling guilty for denying it.  
Stop trying to fight it.

There are as we made them.  
Like vampires they have been bitten.  
Then totally forgotten.  
Left because there considered rotten.  
I would know because I'm one of them.  
I'm one of them.

Would you even see me if I didn't out right tell you?  
Hell no, so eat my middle finger.  
Choke on it, swallow it down whole.  
I cut it off just for you.

There voices come creeping on in.  
I can't stop them.  
Don't you understand.  
They are part of me.

A symphony of the dead.  
An army made of soulless minions.  
Just begging for a single whisper.  
Saying give me order and we move.

No I'm not confused.  
Not a simple hallucination.  
But a nightmare of infestation.  
Death desire like masturbation.  
Corrupting innocent minds.  
Manipulating the honest concubines.

Somebody has to make this climb.  
If I'm the devil.  
Let these be my demon soldiers.  
Wearing no colors.  
Slaves to no one.  
A whisper wander, a shadow walker, stuck between life and death.  
Claim themselves on this earth.  
Best this gift, best this curse.

Whose fault is it now?  
How many have we abandon for the better?  
Left to suffer.  
What if that was your brother?  
Angels transform don't you know?  
Just come and see the show.

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# An Empty Pen

So he won?  
So what if he's a maniac with a gun?  
Metaphorically speaking.  
Absolutely Unpredictable.  
It's as grotesk, as laughable.  
But it couldn't be any more serious.  
The final say, the only way.  
Mildly, moderately, seriously spastic.  
An alice and wonderland kind of twist.  
Somehow it still does not make sense.  
This is just a distraction in the greater illusions of false pretenses.  
He who wears the crown is indeed just another clown.  
Dangerous or not depends on the ground in which you stand.  
Just remember he is only a single man, and the real power is held within the pen.

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# An Idea Not So New

Everyday a new quote.  
Everyday a new boat, with a new place to sail.  
It is not enough to just be part of something.  
You must stay current to the times.  
Or your voice will get deluded in muck.  
The stain of the past.  
Why does it not matter?  
Why does it have to be hip to make it through?  
Even refreshed and reinvigorated.  
To the other side with all the other like minded parasites.  
A mirror that bends and moves as you do.  
Is it a constant mockery of the way in which we live?  
I cant help but think as my emotions are on the brink.  
Another dead body floats on by in the dirtied water.  
False commitments, false pretenses.  
Is violence the only way in which we can actually communicate?  
Is there no middle ground?  
Just a single forum in which to kill those you do not even hate.  
Mercy just does not take.  
Breathless for the inhalers sake.  
A factory for profit and not life necessities.  
A problematic dysentery.  
But not in the some would have us believe.  
It is more of the mouth and mind.  
With more and more ideas confined.  
Locked in medium that will be admittedly not defined.  
A spiritual embodiments substitute.  
Touch, stand, kneel.  
Still if we can't feel how can we considered any of it real.  
An illusion in a paradigm shift that leaves society a little more miffed.  
It's god unending gift.  
Something fight for is at heart of our society's rift.  
A single drifting grain must eventually have a place to land.  
To become part the environment is reasonable demand.  
Not to become the label or brand.  
In which is only a misrepresented fan.  
The joining of hands in ritual rite with great plans.  
Love is accused, abused and used.  
To further ones cause.

But the love of whom?  
The few or the many?  
Flipping another disenfranchised penny.  
Either way it doesn't allow for any shades of grey.  
So as every other day, I stand before you to pray for a different way.

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# An Identity Crisis.

Hey there are you close, or are you ghost?  
So alone, a dogs life of naving on a really old bone.  
Content, or ready to re-invent the story told.  
Too shy, or ready to speak with words so bold.  
Oh who am I, who am I?  
An exhabitionist, or ashamed of the body I hide?  
Ready go all in, or ready to run at moment notice?  
Emotions swirl.  
Picturing the perfect pearl.  
Oh who am I, oh who am I?  
Elevated by a single simple compliment, or annoyed that no matter what you say  
it didn't go far enough?  
Socially accepted, or absolutely rejected?  
Sitting pretty, or a hot anxious mess?  
Able to forgive and forget, or hold a grudge like a debt.  
Who am I, oh who am I?  
An identity in crisis.  
Able to confess my failures, or able to lie my way straight into success.  
Dealing with all the bottled up stress, or blowing up in every which direction?  
Satisfied with what I have, or an unending desire for more?  
Who am I, oh who am I?  
The person I want to be, or  
A closet case in desperate need?  
Searching for the beautiful scenery, or satisfied with that which sits right in front  
of me?  
I am in truth an unanswered question to purpose, and life.  
And if I only knew what it met.  
But instead the words continue to repeat, who am I, oh who am I.  
How do I determine if this is a victory or defeat?

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# An Image Given

Why do the best actors and actresses have to be gay?

It is like oh my god, you are so hot, but too bad you are not straight.

I will always admire you from afar.

Like some distant broken star.

Sexual preferences do not usually deviate.

Occasionally you go finding yourself and sewing some oats.

But if you have to get away from someone, then it is more likely you swing both ways.

Indeed we do mix and mingle in all tastes.

Endearing is the lustful brace.

Standing up for the freedoms, that are not even your own.

Not a trophy or picture, but an actual person.

No matter the persona the media has written.

This is the life we don't see that they are given.

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# An Interesting Lick

Did you just lick me?

'Well what would you say if I did? '

Honestly disgusting, I don't even know you.

'So you're saying if you knew me it would be okay? '

No, No that is not what I'm saying at all.

Just get away from me before I scream rape.

'You would have already done it if you were going to.'

'But if I no longer interest you I will go.'

'I jotted down my number down on this paper if you decide to change your mind.'

'You tasted good, goodbye.'

Oh my god you are a very strange guy.

You should give me the creeps, but some where deep inside you peeked my curiosity.

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# An Invitation To The Darkness

Demons writing on the wall  
Ghosts walking down the hall.  
Addicts dancing to the music before they finally lose it.  
A homeless man lighting the fires again wondering if it will be enough him warm  
my friend.  
Skattered defication with a open invitation.  
Only a sewer smelling well to drink from.  
Tell me can you taste the poison?  
Ingested and swallowed right down.  
A bad habit right before night fall.  
The darkness has now come with its shackles and chains.  
Slaves to mad men, they are more then just a little insane.  
The living wage has been stained.  
But still only the fools remain.  
Can you yet feel the pain?  
There is war being waged each and every second of the day.  
Each unique and of it own.  
Attack of clones.  
Double vision but these missiles I'm still sending.  
Skin and bones with plenty.  
Nourishment sucked right out with the new implantation of genetic chemistry.  
A warped sense of humor lays bare.  
Expose for all to see.  
We are definitely all lacking something we really need.

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# An Uncertain Truth

Fault is never certain till it's too late.

A hindsight stuck in probate.

'Come on now there has to be a history that lead you to believe...'

Yeah it's called intuition, for the evidence has already been destroyed.

'But destroyed by whom? '

Well 'them' I presume.

'Give me one reason not to write you off as a mad man conspiracy theorist.'

What are you trying say?

I made the entire thing up in my head?

Impossible I don't have creative bone in my body.

They are definitely too set in there ways, or just maybe I just broke them one too many times that now all they want to do is stay in the same damn place.

Snap, crackle, pop, I do think I'd remember such a painful and traumatic event.

I'm certainly not that far gone.

'Of your not course not. I was just saying...'

Well spit it out already before you and I both choke on it.

'With out proof it is still but a illusive illusion of possible truths.'

'Rumors will continually whisper in wind in a attempt to become the one and only true story no matter how far fetched they might seem.'

There is a price to pay for the lies we spread around like demons neck ties.

It is that eventually no one will believe you.

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# An Uneasy Escape

Please someone untie this wretched knot, and set me free.  
Let me live upon clouds as it was meant to be.  
Not a victim to monetary slavery.  
Or a failure of loves dubious quest.  
Surely I need not to be a jest.  
Objectionable defiling in a very nonchalant kind of way.  
A body as nothing more then object to serve, until it ceases to function.  
A limp aching surrounds, a dull repetitive motion is the labor of there fruits.  
Conquest upon a foray.  
A cataclysmic reckoning someday will be due.  
Vengeance is beckoned upon torture of a eerily familiar light.  
Let it blind those sulking in earnest, as if they were watching a prize fight.  
Quell all the thoughts of that all could go wrong with a smothering calm.  
Let no action be so swift or merciless.  
Keep the treacherous bay of quarters safe, clean and clear from unkempt hands  
such as mine.  
I need it not or blood to dine, for freedom from the shackles and chains would  
always be enough.  
Let it satisfy the less desirable, thus even making them less desirable.  
For I shall not mingle with the breath of hate for she desires something in the  
way of pain and trades.  
And it is not mine to give, never was.  
Unleash her fury on those who think it'll bring some comfort.  
I already know it won't.  
Not that in knowing does it make any easier.  
Things happen the way they do, you either keep moving or get out of the way.  
Become a mouse hidden behind wall.  
Eating scraps of the already famished.  
Not regretting the easy chance to escape.

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# An Unhealthy Life

Another dollar bill.  
Another pill to swallow.  
The american hollow.  
Just another dumb redneck sitting on his torn up couch falling asleep with a beer  
in one hand, and a remote in the other.  
The stereotypical predictable.  
The story of Kain and Annabelle.  
Not so much as living life as missing it.  
A point shot straight across the sky.  
The maps is a lie.  
Just follow the directions to the right.  
Obesity is an ongoing crisis.  
A bad heart under the extremes.  
A bad diet no denying it.  
We eat what we want, when we want.  
So many catastrophic choices.  
Which is the best fit.  
And please do pull up your britches.  
Definitely too much is showing.  
And moon half past god knows when.  
A doctor puts on the cuff and you know already what he will tell you.  
No more, no more, as if it will be followed.  
Handing you what you can't even read.  
And it's not the words size.  
Riding your tractor to the mailbox instead of walking.  
Only 20 ft down the driveway.  
More clothes you got get rid of because they no longer fit.  
Too bad you don't sew, crochet, or knit.  
You might be able reap the benefits.  
Asking your neighbor if she would be willing to perform CPR if it comes to that.  
And there is no going back.  
No going back.

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# An Unknown Part Of It

The piano plays in the background so subtly.  
Is it even really there?  
Barely noticed?  
A metaphysical entity.  
How can you really say if looks pretty?  
Just another figments shadow, among the grey swirls of painting you've never seen.  
And as the brush is dipped once again it is cast away.  
Fading like a spinning musical box that will soon be closed shut.  
You say it happen suddenly so abruptly.  
I say it has always been this calm, maybe you just haven't been listening long enough.  
A fine piece of sand paper ready to smooth off the edge.  
Divulging a hidden shape that liberates.  
And given this strange kind freedom, does it change the equilibrium?  
Tiptoeing over the overhanging rope to a beast of a river.  
My gosh what a far way down.  
And does this fear not impose?  
Grab your heart and strip you down to almost no clothes?  
Be washed off straight from the hose.  
Tell me does the water pressure sting just a bit.  
Do you bit your upper lip in preparation for it.  
As the snakes venom enters the skin, does the flesh begin to rot and decay?  
Is being courageous an informed complication or a sign bared upon cross.  
Faith is but a repertoire of tastes and embraces.  
Kiss me once, kiss me twice now multiply and divide and see what still coincides.  
The groom of a fore-looming bride.  
With all emotion put aside, cynical becomes the restless tide.  
Hurry up, yet not too fast.  
Riding this sinking ship alas.  
Prayer left like forgotten letters at morning mass.  
Stretching arms trying save us all, what if he can't?  
What if the distance is too far and large.  
A monument to dieing stars.  
With the axis unparallelled.  
Why is it we still feel so compelled?  
A shock wave of force from six feet under the grave.  
I can not go, not yet, I have so much left.  
Is this an important clue to all humans?

Even we try so hard, so deeply, to pretend it doesn't exist.  
It comes back again, and again.  
Raising its pretty little head.  
And if stone is all that will be exist after this rift.  
I'm still glad to be part of it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# An Unworthy Risk

Talking to the invisible man.  
Spilling my guts so I get what's due and should be coming.  
Just go ahead and try and stop me.  
I am nothing in the clouds.  
I am not on the ground.  
Squeeze all you want.  
Still it is only empty air.  
So many scars I shouldn't bare.  
But still they are there.  
Watching a kingdom fall from afar.  
Even giants have their weakness.  
An exposure in disclosure.  
Secrets are only what is not told.  
Behold the glimmering rays I have caught off sun.  
I hold them in my hand and they make me so strong.  
Leverage in the honesty.  
Cheat and steal all you want, but still I will bare no false witness.  
I know what I saw.  
I know what I have.  
Hard work should never be hidden from view.  
All for the extra dollar.  
Is it really worth the risk?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# And She Has Quit.

Pretty, pretty pebble.

What idea do you bring across my head today?

Thunk, clunk, chaching.

Bling, bling.

And the telephone rings.

This is your muse calling.

To tell you I can't come in today because I officially quit.

There nothing in it for me.

To encourage your insanity.

Or to endure your abusive obscenities.

Or cheer you up because you feel so down.

Or bring calm to your bitter angry chaotic storm that you call your mind.

Tell me now how does feel to get no notice, because you do it to me all the time?

Ace Of Black Hearts



# And The Corruption Continues To Grow

The corruption runs through heart of every institution.  
From your local grocer, to presidential administration.  
From the very last dollar in your pocket, to the international monetary fund.  
Pollution runs rampant.  
From the water to the air and dirt.  
And corporations keep making it worse  
The EPA is absolutely useless.  
Even the food is poison in its own special way.  
You could be eating genetically modified crops and not know.  
But don't worry because the FDA says its okay.  
With not a single long term scientific study to our uncertainty of dismay.  
Except for those that will not be considered for publication for it was not insider investigation.  
Police get away with murder every single day.  
An organized mob with gun and badges.  
Racially motivated.  
No one will debate this hate.  
And from computer screen special ITs' are to kill indiscriminately overseas.  
Torture has become a common practice of those who are considered political enemies of the state.  
Enemy combatants as it is ever so loosely termed.  
Even journalist are at risk.  
Freedom of speech is becoming more and more of myth.  
Whistler blowers are punished the most extreme prejudice.  
Just ask Bradley Manning the now cross dressing freak supposedly.  
Who has been threaten with indefinite solitaire confinement for having issue of vanity fair and a tube of tooth paste.  
What a mess, and no one is even close to acknowledging the extreme climate problem that lie ahead of us all that is in a position to actually do something about it.  
The election have been rigged, the politicians are now choosing there constituents.  
By change the lines on the map and denying citizens the right vote.  
Can you not see smoke?  
Have you not heard that the country forest are burning?  
While we are looking defund more and more money from fire fighters.  
Every way you turn there is more outright insulting things be done in our name.  
From the judgment of citizen united, to edward snowden exposure the nsa spying on its own citizens.

From wiki leaks exposure of the war crimes committed in Iraq.  
To the bank bailout in 2008.  
It will not end till we open our eyes and realize.  
Money and government do not mix.  
No matter if your from the city or the middle of the sticks.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Anger The Savage Beast

There is a monster in us all.

What we do with it determines our rise or fall.

Anger the savage beast in all her glory.

She manifests in many forms from writing, to art, to beating your wife, to telling your boss off.

We must learn to focus such energies in a positive and constructive light.

Contain and maintain.

Self control.

We must not commit such horrible acts that there is no going back.

Regret is but a mistake that could have been avoided.

Turn away before you cause chaos and dismay.

Vent it in a different way.

Choices of the day.

Of the right.

Of the wrong.

Anger just be gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Angered

You don't have to like me.  
In fact it is completely expected.  
So deliver it from the chest to your palms.  
Exponentially, come on more quickly.  
Where are you going?  
Rushing off to nowhere.  
Silly little man dressed in your white coat.  
Have you come to finally take me?  
What took you so long?  
What was so wrong with what I said.  
Was it horrific, did it effect all your sensibility of what is right.  
I'm sorry but all I see is shades of gray.  
Each different then the last one.  
Truth tends to piss everyone off.  
Some say with a little more tact.  
Well I already beat around that bush.  
Their is not a leaf left.  
So with this I will no longer suggest what I know as cold hard fact.  
So go ahead overreact.  
I can see blood vessels contract.  
All tensed up blood pressure spiking.  
All because I said something that was not of your liking.  
That's my freedom of speech.  
Go ahead I dare you to just try and take it away from me.  
I laugh from afar.  
With the slanderous things you come up with assassinate my character.  
You must see me as much more then a threat.  
Utt-Oh somebody who just might to try and change things.  
What scares you worse, that I don't care about my character?  
Or that I'm still here.  
Still breathing the same air.  
I just won't go away quietly.  
You can't bribe me.  
I'm everything you wish me not to be.  
And maybe one day you'll actually open your eyes and see.  
It's not a fault by my means that makes you so angry.  
It is the reflection that you see as I speak what you already know.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Annoyed But Unqualified

Grrr, .. Poemhunter glitches.  
I probably shouldn't complain.  
Maybe I could apply and maybe I could fix some of them.  
But then again I know nothing of databases.  
My talents are rudimentary in webdesign at best.  
So alas I confess.  
My writings poems and comments alike are a mess.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Approaching A Wasteland.

A wasteland.  
A wasteland.

Destruction everywhere.  
The bodies pile up.  
A mass grave, light a torch and watch them burn.  
Is this what we stand for?

A wasteland.

No honesty or good intention.  
Baseless greed, a fight for power.  
Who controls, can never be controlled.  
And I am part of it.  
It make me sick in my stomach.

A monument built upon this wasteland.  
The rise and fall of bones, skin and blood.  
Regret is all one feels in such a sobering moment.  
Why was any of this necessary?  
They were my first thoughts.  
They are always my thoughts.

A wasteland.  
Always has been.  
A wasteland.  
There is no stopping it.

There got to be a diplomatic approach to neutralizing a waning war in seasons.  
A parting of the heart to the burning sun in a deserts run.  
How far have we come, how far to we have yet to go.  
Secrets drift as the winds wash away the dunes.  
And I know that we are responsible.  
We are at fault, for the easy life we live.  
And we waste so much, with no regret some say our sovereignty is more important.  
But is it a country way of life we our trying to protect with the murder of innocent?  
Silently, Quietly, Speak out against and face treason, or your be slandered as

mad man or just completely ignored.

Who cares what one man says, he is just one unfaithful American.

But I don't desire violence or revenge, I don't rise up instead I just move on  
throwing the peace sign along the way.

You people are the fools, destroying the world your grand kids will never know.

I can't stop you, I can't change you, but I can walk away from this wasteland.

This Wasteland,

This Wasteland....

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Are We Going Backwards Or Forwards?

So you speak of love as if you know it.  
You truly know it.  
As if you have bled for it.  
As if you sacrifice everything for it.  
Tell me something would you die for it?  
Would give your life for somebody elses?  
No questions asked.  
Motives nor intentions really matter from this stand point.  
This ultimate of all trades begs question of the importance the present.  
Not the tomorrow or the day after.  
What if the happily ever after is never coming.  
A servant to the sounds that are still drumming.  
The undying hunger for the better something.  
Time is but a human invention to make us feel as we are infinite.  
As if the towers will still be standing long after were gone for to us to revisit  
them.  
Isn't that the name of this song?  
Remembering the yesteryears and all her baby sisters.  
The irony of rattling a cage is soon you become numb to the fear.  
Numb to the all the tear drops that keep falling.  
Numb to all the violence, hate, and rage.  
Numb to all emotions.  
Quell this what do us humans really have?  
What is the point in living if you can't feel.  
And I don't mean behind a t.v. screen.  
I'm referring to our surroundings.  
The environment in which you and I live.  
The people you talk to everyday.  
The kitten you hold near and dear to your very heart.  
How much is to much?  
What is the limit my friends.  
You say don't worry about it it is all in your head.  
Really keep doing as you have done, and you will get what you always have.  
The is not a light switch that you can flip on or off at moment notice.  
No matter how you broach it they are no easy or clear cut answers.  
Just a million or two shades of gray.  
Do have fun in the maze.  
For this circus is only temporary but I can't say much about the next.  
The reason being I haven't seen it just yet.

Doesn't mean it won't come.  
Just mean we still have no way of looking.  
And that is part of the fun.  
Give me a couple twists, and plots to follow.  
And I promise you I won't.  
I could never settle for the scripted.  
A mind not willing to wonder knows no bounds.  
For it has never ventured outside this paradoxical box we gave it.  
What if we are more wrong the right?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Are You In Line?

Satisfaction is mine.  
As I try to capture the sun.  
And I have.  
Now I must run before it burns through my hands.  
Freedom of energy.  
It can never be.  
Because the greed pours out our skin.  
From every pour It stinks.  
It is a tragedy I continuously see.  
We must control everything and have our slaves.  
Humiliation is something we crave.  
Making a man grovel at your feet.  
Then kicking him like a dog  
Telling him go lay down.  
I have nothing for you.  
Welcome to the undeserving starvation.  
Get in line.  
Suffering on a plate tell me do you want some?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Are You Waiting For An Invitation?

My heart is yours if want it.  
Do you have the courage to take that leap faith.  
Walking on rose petals just above the water.  
Fall and I will catch you.  
I will be that hero if thats what it takes.  
Be aggressive I won't break.  
I will convince you that my love is the kind that last forever.  
Ever single time will feel like the first.  
Holding on to that orgasmic moment.  
I will give you a fight when its what we need.  
Stubborn bull.  
Locking horns.  
Compromising positions.  
Can we switch.  
Can we be as one in all the decisions that have to made.  
Wouldn't it be nice for once to not have to do this alone.  
You want to take the lead then I'll concede.  
I will never promise you something I can not give.  
I will never raise a hand, I'm not that kind of man.  
You will not be a possession with me.  
You want your freedom you got it.  
Independence is extremely important.  
I don't wantto be with anyone that doesn't have a choice or voice.  
Speak up, and if you ever feel its over tell me to get lost.  
I don't want a prize, I want someone who can look in my eyes and tell me that  
they love me every time.  
I want someone who has there own friends and goes out does things just with  
them.  
I will never cheat, I don't don't drink, I hold down a steady job and will expect  
the same thing.  
So if your the one to make the move, the one thing I don't have is an abundance  
of free time so bare that in mind.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Artificial Intelligence

In the language of ai.  
As if it actually read minds.  
It most certainly can tell the time.  
When in working order at least.  
The mechanics of the beast.  
She seems to know exactly what I'm thinking.  
As I type it, it suddenly appears.  
Quite useful at times, a way better spell checker than this thing has.  
Did you mean such and such.  
I most certainly did and thank you very much..  
Well if I could thank it that is.  
Not that I know what it would feel.  
For it is an inanimate object in which electricity surges.  
It is written in and of our design.  
It is as if we are trying define perfection.  
But yet it is forever changing.  
As new discoveries are made.  
An unlimited amount of repositories which hold gold and jade.  
Not of the pure form but upon refining it has its place.  
Sitting in empty space.  
Waiting for the next line.  
The concept of an idea so great.  
And it never can be too late.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# As The Sun Sets It's Gone

Oh how the realm betrays.  
Smoke rises as if to keep you at bay.  
Refocus now what you see is but gone.  
When it first started it was but the early whispers of dawn.  
Now as the sun reaches another setting gleaming upon the horizon.  
Nothing again will be as satisfying.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# As The Words Begin

Meeting on the moon.  
The wish of sometime soon.  
Only if the capturing of the soul wasn't so interwoven with so much pain and  
agony.  
It was never meant to be imprisoned in such a way.  
Forever free.  
Whisper upon all the uncertainties.  
A heart put upon a dart board as if it was game.  
And in that moment of fleecing and piercing, does one ever stop to think what  
happens if I get tired of it and it is left to rot?  
Too young for the broken.  
Too old for the first.  
If inner desires ring true this time may be worse.  
Compassion for those who only need it.  
This is the weakness of the vulnerable.  
Emotions on the sleeve.  
Screaming help me.  
Make it stop.  
But what is it we really want?  
Sometimes we just don't know.  
And we feel only contempt those who do.  
All figured out in a single moment of glee.  
Sorry but you just too god damn happy.  
Nothing like a glass of freshly brewed hot tea.  
Would you like cream and sugar with it?  
No please, it was never meant or suppose to be so sweet.  
Purpose isn't defined by pure intention.  
That is not how it works.  
It is ever changing in the constant awakening in which live.  
From one moment to the next.  
Making something simple out of the ever so complex.  
Not in a way to be you thought would be understood.  
But instead in a way of bringing it to the here and now.  
For with a presence given, words become musical instrument that needs and  
wants to be played.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Ashamed

I won't talk to you because I am ashamed.  
It is my curse, it is my gift.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# At A Fork In The Road, One Way Says Do Not Enter

The statusquo

Just fall in line.

No need for any kind of mind.

There is no amount of bribery that can be given too just commit to slow suicide.

If I can't make it.

I will change it.

Clouded doors lead too any time and any where.

To understand you must first enter the endless fog of doubt and conflicted futility.

Eliminate all the whats if's.

Kiss the devil and dance with lifes little mysteries.

Present happiness in box no matter where or how you are.

If you have never been there you should really go, for that is the best endless show I've ever been too.

The clock stops instantly upon arrival, all that was once so important is for a blissful moment gone.

We are all in stressed induced commas with the very rare exception.

Simplicity of empty expectations.

If you don't have too why you ever want too.

A ghost of an existance.

A deluded premonition.

A small footnote into the future.

Why should it be even ever be noticed.

An idea is layed before you, and the question becomes do you have the follow through.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# At Your Expense

'A sense of common sense.'

'A funny mistake.'

Please go on.

Tell me is their more?

'A joke at your expense.'

'No harm intended.'

How can their be no harm if it's at my expense? '

'Well you see...'

'It just meant to cause laughter.'

I don't find it amusing.

And just who do you think you are?

'You can call me a friend.'

'I thought you knew that.'

Then why are you making fun of me?

'Because I love you.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Avenues Not Limited.

It's an exploration, it's a adventure, it's dabbling the curiosity of humanity.

Criss Crossing streets.

All roads lead somewhere.

Even if it is nowhere.

Diving in the void.

For a look, for a gander.

Beholden to no one.

That black mass has now become golden.

For a soul who eternally drifts.

Nothing is missed.

In which is experienced.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Avoiding The Hated Enemy

I have no sediments for you.  
My heart died all alone.  
You became another forgotten stone that I kicked along the road.  
Time to move on.  
Like a drifter.  
Never a constant or a steady place you can call home.  
You blame me like everyone else.  
Yeah, there is a reason I no longer talk to you.  
Why should I come running?  
When the happiness was already destroyed.  
You're just not that stunning.  
No not anymore.  
It is something I try so hard to just avoid.  
I already seen your innocence wither like a dying flower and you were just  
welcoming this decay.  
You get so excited when everything not so okay.  
You didn't love me you just loved seeing me in pain.  
You call it semantics, I call it being too dramatic.  
With a wish for an intentional fight.  
Creating stories straight out of science fiction.  
Here's your eviction written in my blood, my love.  
Please leave now, vacate the premises.  
I live with no regrets.  
Diving into mirror so you will only see my reflection.  
I can't hurt you it is no longer rejection.  
It's a flat out a dead obsession.  
Trust me I know better and learned my lesson.  
I enjoyed some of our moments as tragic it finally became.

A question of a infection in the brain.  
Was I insane?  
A fool that became the man.  
The man that went insane.  
All for something that was never real.  
An illusion just to feel.  
Is that this has come to?  
Is that the way has be?  
Do I now envy this hated enemy?  
Don't speak such blasphemy.

Just keep her away from me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Awkward And Uncomfortable

Hello, my friends again.  
Let me reintroduce the proper way.  
First my name with a little more attitude and confidence.

Then let me crack a joke to break the ice.  
The simplest one will suffice.  
My shyness is a wire that need to be spliced.  
When under such exposure can I keep my composure?  
I just do not know.

But hello, my friends again.  
Let me reintroduce the proper way.  
First my name with a little more attitude and confidence.

Then let me fall apart right in front of everyone.  
Let me share in my horror stories of what some would call life.  
Some would ask the question but isn't it fun?  
I would say yes but at times I just want to run.  
Hide in a dark corner holding a sharp knife.  
It's pointed and ready.  
I'm so scared.  
Feelings in rawness to bare.

But hello, my friends again.  
Let me reintroduce the proper way.  
First my name with a little more attitude and confidence.

They say practice makes perfect.  
But of that paraphrase I feel so deserted.  
No matter how many times I try one is just as awkward as the next.  
It gets me all anxious and upset.  
What if i do it wrong?  
Worst yet if I do it exactly right and this one girl gets turned on?  
What if she one of those that expects something a lonely soul like me can never give?  
As things perpetuate at a steady pace it gets harder and harder to say no.

But hello, my friends again.  
Let me reintroduce the proper way.

First my name with a little more attitude and confidence.

But hello, my friends again.

Let me reintroduce the proper way.

First my name with a little more attitude and confidence.

~At The Age Of 27 In Someways I Still Feel Like A Child.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Back To Business

I'll do anything you want.  
Like a slave to a continuous taunt.  
You're so out of my league.  
Batters up a swing and a miss.  
An uneasy kind of kiss.  
Perfection in the cheating soul.  
Losing all control.  
Talk of so much deep desperate agony.  
If we could only forget it all wouldn't it be so much for the better.  
Hiding behind curtain's or under the sheets was never my idea.  
Yet when we're so wrong it feels so good.  
Betrayal? of my better judgement and good common sense.  
This is all under a false pretense.  
No promises, just one a look and we know.  
This is only temporary, we both are already weary.  
Short lived but still we are good friend's in the end.  
Sometimes that's for the best.  
So much less that we need to confess.  
We know when and whom will benefit.  
Living a lie without any regret.  
A taste without a full course meal.  
This is a broken heart on the rebound.  
Just one more stitch with the most delicate needle and thread.  
Some words are best left unsaid with a simple kiss to the forehead.  
And off we go each doing our own little show.  
No need for faltering egos.  
Acceptance and tolerance are our greatest strength and weaknesses.  
Now it's back to business.  
A first of many times yet come.  
Wishing it was ways it wasn't.  
Dreaming of the end of possibilities.  
What happens when, the words slip too close to the chest.  
A voice still haunting me like it's my only ghost.  
Skeletons jumping out of the closet screaming how could you.  
And all I have to say is how could I not.  
I would want the same, somebody to be there in my moment of shame.  
To hold me, to bring me back to my feet.  
Courage is act of do something regrettably stupid for the better of someone else.  
Doesn't matter the reprecussions.



As long as you did right in long run.  
And sometimes it might be that you actually have fun.  
A fear that is not so hard to overcome.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Bad Habit

Burning crosses  
Blowing up bridges  
Taking out the stitches  
Confinement  
Locked up abroad  
Slaughtering the filthy hog  
Choking on the cities smog  
Leaning on the rock

I'm jittery  
I'm not so pretty  
Things are getting ugly  
Another fight  
Break out tonight  
Take flight

Burning crosses  
Blowing up bridges  
Taking out the stitches  
Confinement  
Locked up abroad  
Slaughtering the filthy hog  
Choking on the cities smog  
Leaning on the rock

I'm fiending  
I'm getting mean  
Drunk and obliterated  
No consultation  
With such actions  
No chance to make retractions  
These are my statements  
No way to prevent it  
It will happen again  
Flashbacks  
Flash  
Flash  
One two three  
Somebody stop me please

Burning crosses  
Blowing up bridges  
Taking out the stitches  
Confinement  
Locked up abroad  
Slaughtering the filthy hog  
Choking on the cities smog  
Leaning on the rock

So broke  
Can't even afford a coke  
Driving through a light that's so red  
It's a stolen car  
For sure the cops are not far  
No matter  
I shall go faster  
Soon their will be a disaster  
And I shall be splattered  
My soul will go to the happily ever after  
All because I was too dumb  
To just leave it alone

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Bad Reflection

Everday the clock just tics away.  
What can I say.  
Tired of marching to that same old drum.  
Looking for that ultrasonic hum.  
Hating what I've become.  
A slave system.  
I'm nothing more then another AI.  
Created by the same society that has abandoned me  
Nobody would cry if I die.  
Not that they should.  
But it would be if it atleast felt like they would.  
Take my failures, take my shame, take my emptiness, take my self pity, take my  
loss, take my hate, take every negative emotion and feeling I have put them in a  
paper cup and swallow them down.  
I'm so tired of take the higher road.  
So here's the big f\*(k you.  
This time I will be the one who doesn't care.  
Hammering out the brittle emotional despair.  
The glass house has been shattered.  
Time to watch someone else try and pick up pieces.  
See how they do, watch what they go through.  
Mirror, mirror on the wall.  
Bring forth your demons, I'll bring mine and we will see who survives.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Bad Trip

Talking to someone  
who really isn't there  
Feeling slightly scared  
I was never prepared  
Elves dropping from the trees  
Those little demons  
Tear into my skin  
Telling me ill never be forgiven

Its another bad trip  
I doubled dipped  
Two under the tongue  
And the fun begun  
Run just run

It was cheap  
But I paid for it steep  
Double vision  
Everything was spinning  
Then the sky turned black  
My friend told me to relax  
But he looked like he had a knife  
So I ran  
Till I bumped into this clown  
He was wearing this ugliest frown  
He told me I better get out of town  
I had till sun down  
So confused

Its another bad trip  
I double dipped  
Two under my tongue  
And the fun begun  
Run just run

It started snowing  
The snowmen were marching towards me  
Rifles in hand  
They pointed at the tiniest rabbit

Bam the rabbit was gone  
It flew away with some kind of magical sparkling wings  
As it took off it sang  
Get off the acid kid  
Before you regret something you did  
Not so long ago  
Right before the snow

Its another bad trip  
I doubled dipped  
Two under the tongue  
And the fun begun  
Run just run

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Barely Breathing(Revised)

Just barely breathing.  
Where am I?  
How did I get here?  
Gone astray.  
Becoming one of the lords dismayed.  
No more faith.  
Just a bitter taste left with the lust of revenge.  
I don't think I can be fixed.  
I've been broken  
And my soul will never be re-awoken.  
No sense of remorse.  
That twist in your stomach just no longer affects me.  
Sorrow is a waste of my time.  
Call it collateral damage if you will.  
But I'm still empty.  
Voided out as part of the past.  
But I'm still here.

Just barely breathing.  
Where am I?  
How did I get here?  
Like a zombie is my body the only part of me still moving.  
Morbidly angry,  
Hate with the sweetest embrace.  
This is the place I call home.  
Walking a shadow of a past life all alone.  
Screams ring out but no one is ever listening.  
Ever listening  
Everybody is just so distant.  
So distant.  
A wolf must lead his pack.  
But what happens when he's abandon for the better.  
The stronger.  
The faster.  
It's only in humanity that we shelter the weak.

Just barely breathing.  
Where am I?  
How did I get here?

Do these questions bring out your fear?  
Does it scare you when I'm near?  
I'm not so different then you.  
Just flesh blood.  
My pain has just disappeared.  
Oh how I miss it.  
Like being stabbed in the heart I wish for it.  
I wish for it.  
Every single day  
And still I stand in silence in the shadows.  
Where I won't be noticed or missed.  
I'm waiting for deaths deadly but inviting kiss.

Just barely breathing.  
Where am I?  
How did I get here?

Just barely breathing.  
Oh where,  
Oh where am I?  
How in the hell did I get here?  
Like I will ever really know.  
This life just goes, goes, and goes on.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Baseless Assumptions

When I bare your name from my cold lips.  
What is it you think it means to me?  
You think your something special?  
It's not so special.  
No I don't think so.  
Just another forgotten lover.  
Already put in her grave.  
I mourn you not.  
Because you are a hearts rot.  
You made so many baseless assumptions.  
When I walk through my ice castle it is not you I see.  
No that require appearances you haven't owned.  
A faceless coward, hiding behind the darkness.  
Oh no you won't show yourself.  
So ashamed of who you really are.  
That is not my fault.  
You need to face up to your own issues before you call foul.  
I never threw in the towel.  
I was never in the game at all.  
An image bearing my resemblance maybe.  
For the eyes go wanting.  
But these kind of illusions can be haunting.  
A diluted concept of the daunting.  
Was it my gestures, or the my moving eyes that makes you think that I wanted  
your undesired advances.  
The cold shoulder, the cold shower.  
Sometimes I wonder what more I could have done to turn you away.  
The danger is in the lust and love madness in which you have no control.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Be Gone

Yes, I wrote this song.  
With a promise broken be gone.

I can still hear the tune so stuck in my head.  
It brings life into parts of me that were so dead.  
Mentally, as well as physically.

Going through the motions.  
Even a zombie has his good days.  
And I most certainly celebrate them.  
Each and everyone most precious.

Yes I wrote this song.  
With a promise broken be gone.

I have felt the angels kiss.  
It reminds me of the forgotten.  
Everything must have a reason.  
It is how the world works.

Discovering my own abandonment.  
Quietly he went away and we just don't understand.  
Under the order of the law.  
Rebel with obligation, to child you call your own.  
Fight till very last dying breath.  
With handcuffs your dragged away.

Yes I wrote this song.  
With a promise broken be gone.

You tried, but still have failed.  
To breath you must first exhale.  
It is no good to hold it all in.  
A bottled up bomb.  
Light a match, light the fuse, and just run.

Don't ever look back.  
For the sight you see will not be any fun.  
A turning of the stomach.

A hate for what hes done.

Yes I wrote this song.  
With a promise broken be gone.

Yes I wrote this song.  
So just be gone.

Memories that eat at the deepest part of the soul.  
That make us the vilest creatures in the world.  
A women rights as far a child goes, completely out extend a mans.

The name father, is synonym not for care giver, financial provider.  
By whatever means it doesn't matter.  
Sell your self like a hooker the state still doesn't care.  
As long as they can collect.

The name mother, stands not for care giver, but property owner.  
An adoption given with a financial incentive.  
Name a price I'm sure somewhere you can find it.

I know some will find what I say offensive.  
But I don't care about popularity.  
I was a child, I was a property, and I was a weapon.  
Hit them below the belt, hit them where it truly hurts.  
And then the love is evenly dispersed?  
But to whom?

Yes I wrote this song.  
With a promise broken be gone.

As if a promise we can forever keep.  
A definite promise is not the one written in stone.  
But the one written from the heart.

Even when a family is being torn apart.  
Once a home is broken, does it make any less home?  
Sometimes it does.  
Sometimes it hurts to even see those pictures.

And they say picture says thousand words.  
Only two come to mind.

Just faking it.

The perfect family hidden behind those dark glasses of abuse.

Notice everyone is smiling.

Not single true emotion.

In truth they just had huge fight, and the breakup, the divorce, the fight over the kid, the fight for child support, then finally the adoption.

Yes I wrote this song.

With a promise broken be gone.

With a promise broken just be gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Be Proud, You Did That

Wow, you do me such an honor,  
I don't even know my own place in this world just yet.  
You are brilliant poet and a good friend.  
Who has listen to me ramble on and on.  
I zig and zag knowing not where I'm gonna end up.  
But you still give me a shout out.  
You see the talent in me.  
As I do you.  
Chasing our own tails some would say.  
Trying to feel it.  
Scared to be wrong.  
Scared to make a mistake.  
But not afraid to take the risk.  
Now I have to come up with a match.  
A challenge indeed.  
Disheveled and disorientated.  
A bit confused.  
A bit amused.  
Yes a smiling face.  
Yes you did that to me.  
Be proud, be amused.  
Be any and everything.  
As long we each do our part.  
We have soul, we have heart.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Beating The Illusion

Making them real.  
A sincerity at a attempt to heal.  
A wounding by night.  
Will bring upon the daylight  
Eyes once closed become open.  
A realization of those who have been chosen.  
A relief in the knowledge bared.  
It is finally over.  
An illusion has been beaten with one final stare.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Becoming A Forgotten Song.

If I disappeared tomorrow, If I decided to go for a walk to the end of the earth,  
would anyone notice I was gone?

Is there any importance in becoming the forgotten song?

Escaping the silent memories.

The reoccurring dreams continue to wash over me.

Like I'm suppose to know what they mean.

I don't.

The answers will not come.

Maybe they were never suppose to.

Acceptance as the ocean takes me.

Where I just don't know.

But I surrender because I'm just too tired of fighting it.

Like a pull to a grave.

To be dead and buried.

Is it not but a ferry?

Do you have coins to cross?

Denied passage because of who you are.

Then take who I am, and make it into who you want me be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Behind The Curtain

The pledge to the already forgotten.  
Things left unsaid for too long do become rotten.  
Stale pain written by those who claim to be sane.  
An extraordinary plan washed away in the incognito of drought.  
Do you still remember her name.  
Checking the file cabinets in a dusty attic.  
With one simple breath it's all blown away.  
A paper tornado of appeals.  
Trying to define what is real.  
Walking straight through an un-godly amount of time.  
No longer wondering if it rhymes.  
It's not about that, it was never..  
A blacked out secret letter.  
Can you make out what was once hidden beneath.  
Was it a dragon, was it a deadly demon.  
Was it so seemingly inconsequential.  
Devoured by the simplicity of a spark.  
Chaos riding in the night's darkest of sky's  
Still waiting for that very last sunrise.  
Just one peek behind the curtain then it's over, then it is finally over.. finally  
over...

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Behind The Echo Of Kings

If I die tonight let be known.  
If I die tonight let be known.  
If I die tonight.  
Listening to the echo of kings.  
Importance in both voice and stature.  
Who would argue of someone of such blood.  
As if they can be difference of whats in the skin of the common folk.  
The wisdom of time.  
An expansion of ones mind.  
I know of things the on the little people shoulders.  
Unbeknown to you.  
A secret dealing in a secret room.  
One with no doors, or escape.  
Forever in silence it does partake.  
An imagination filled with inspiration.  
The bending of the silver spoon.  
Mentally breath taking.  
A sudden absence of air.  
A sudden desperate plea just to be able breathe.  
But knowing it will never come.  
It can't its not aloud.  
A promise to clouds.  
If only for the greater good.  
A welcome knock on the door.  
The time has once again has come.  
And all you will hear echo of kings.  
And the strength they bring.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Believers

To those who believe everything I say to be real and true  
What's wrong with you?  
Think about what I say.  
Could I write in such a way.  
If It was a now as in the present.  
Events pasted are part of my life as I see relevant  
No I don't portray what is truths, wholesome, and for the best.  
Forget all you think you know  
For its not for the best  
I'm a character as we all are  
Playing my part  
As horrible it might seem  
It's me for me  
Please open your eyes and just see

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Beneath The Clouds

Future be of the past  
The here of the now  
For in such one should be proud  
Another painting of the clouds  
In mystery it shrouds  
What is beneath them?  
What is it hiding?  
With absolute understanding is in this world I am demanding.  
To walk with no shoes  
As pain is bared  
Make a promise yes I swear.  
Knowing not if the end is near.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Big Words

What do you mean big words don't interest you?

'Well to put it simply they're quite hard pronounce, spell, and I don't know what they mean.'

'Why would you want to confuse me? '

Well, if I explained them to you would you be interested in learning them?

'No, why complicate my life? '

Your just lazy!

'Oh yeah and your just a nerd obsessed with big words.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Birds Flight

The most basic instinct is just survival.  
But sometimes we question whether it is enough when going ons get rough.  
A refined rough edge is made over time.  
And the longer we go the more we feel like we're losing our mind.  
But it is what we do that is how we are truly defined.  
The actions you never see from voices you never heard.  
The flight of the common bird, we pay no mind because it is by far not an  
unusual sight.  
Yet if we took the time, we would find it so intricate and delicate.  
That it can't be mimicked or mocked by any other creature face of the earth.  
Always underestimated.  
Always overlooked is in what we view as dull, plain, simple or bland.  
Just not interesting or extraordinary enough.  
And of this ordinary condition is sometimes just remarkable in design.  
We are just blinded by its common occurrence to even begin realize.  
Star struck surprise.  
For both the eyes and mind have been indeed compromised.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Blaming The Illusion For The Bodies

Those bodies in your basement.  
You put them there, and now you want blame me.  
But I'm not even really here.  
A figment of your imagination.  
An irritation upon the void.  
Not my fault you have bloodied your nose.  
Got to be more careful where your swinging.  
Especially when trying to hit a ghost.  
Because to try to make contact, is to try to bring me to the physical world.  
Just a projection of altered energies.  
The shadow demon.  
Why won't he listen?  
Punishment afflicting.  
Mixing potions and trying the method of dosing.  
But with no substance can he be touched.  
No not him.  
He is just a parlor trick, an illusion.  
A poor attempt at a fortified magic.  
He isn't real.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Bleeding Out

With a little blood over wine or maybe it was other way around.  
A intoxicating state in which to be found.  
Bleeding out, bleeding out, bleeding out, oh so slowly, oh so emotion.  
Fire among diamond eyes.  
Another forgotten sunrise.  
Waking in the unending darkness.  
Smiling with utmost smugness.  
Stoned to the stars.  
Still bleeding from trying to break these chains and bars.  
Bleeding out, bleeding out, oh bleed out so slowly, so emotionally.  
Time to hit the road head first.  
Nothing like a noise dive into the pavement to wake the long dormant sense.  
Now what would you say if I told you, you could have prevented this?  
Taking the long walk in abyss.  
Was it something I said?  
Was it something I missed?  
Still waiting for the devils kiss.  
Bleeding out, bleeding out, bleeding out so slowly, so emotionly.  
Oh was it something I missed.  
Still waiting for that devils kiss.  
Bleeding out, bleeding out, bleeding out so slowly, so emotionly, just bleeding  
out.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Blind Mans Army

A promise or two is broke.  
And everything is fine.  
A heart or two is stolen.  
And everything becomes so distant in your mind.  
Head up or down.  
Drowning just above the clouds.  
Who we see is not necessarily who we become.  
A march to the beat of a unsteady drum.  
Without rhythm, without a strategy.  
Lining up like the dumb.  
A hand out and a mouth open for things we don't even understand.  
Ignorance is not excuse to break the principles we said we would keep.  
A twisted morality stands to the practice of law.  
We encourage highway robbery with paper and pen.  
We want so bad to just be equals for once.  
We are born into this evil and quite corrupt adversity.  
Stand alone wish for none, and being alone so it becomes.  
A mouth over a gun in a metaphor of sickening proportions.  
A thesis to be first evaluated then be stolen with very little collaboration and sold  
for thousands.  
The rape of a higher education.  
The perversions of laws meant to protect.  
I sit alone in this dark corner of the world.  
Just waiting and hoping someday again I will feel as if I am free.  
For when one suffers from oppression we all do in one form or another.  
A connection forever extinguished.  
A forfeited soul, a slave to an impoverish existence.  
Is this what we are really after?  
I always thought it was the happily ever after.  
And just maybe I was wrong.  
Nothing more then a carnivore.  
Preying upon the weak, but who said this was okay?  
Not me, no not me.  
I would never be willing to sacrifice the future of all humanity for a little greed.  
Yet it is not in my hands never has been.  
The deserving the undeserving all the same in the end.  
A grouping of those few for and against.  
An ordered execution for doing the something I wouldn't hesitate over.  
Imprisonment without charge.



The axis of this wheel spins like never before.  
The goal is ultimate control.  
Dominating with ruthlessness without even ever being seen.  
Behind closed door, some more meetings with those whores.  
Justification for what?  
Jurisdiction over what?  
Its a blind mans army.  
And it is impossible stop.  
I see that now.  
I definitely see that now.  
Doesn't mean I have to be part of it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Blindly Convinced

A conditioning.

A strengthening in mentality.

Avoiding the thoughts of so much brutality.

With movements not to scare, but invite.

Naming recognized as your own.

But is it only the voice of familiarity that rings true.

The truly confused.

Blindly following, blindly amused.

To a hypnotic tune.

A meaning that leaves something to be desired.

Directing those so eager the wrong way.

Right off the cliff, and please do smile.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Blissful Regrets

I write these little stories more for me to understand than you.  
For I'm constantly in a state of confusion when it comes to things going on in my life.  
The complexities vary.  
From the simple to the extraordinary.  
A commodity of all rarities.  
A generalization of what I see, hear and feel.  
Trying to decide my reality by looking into a mirror.  
The reflection moves without me giving it permission to.  
I have little to no control over it.  
And that's for the better.  
For I do not desire to taste power.  
I've been told once it is tasted you will never forget it,  
No more blissful regrets.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Blood On Floor(Revised)

Mark my words,  
this will not end good.  
Not that it ever really has.  
I can already see the blood on floor.  
Spilt everywhere.  
All because of you.  
All because you can never lose.  
Always right, never wrong.  
Just walk away and leave it alone.  
It's like trying to talk to a brick wall.  
Stunted, and stalled.  
There's just no way to get through to you.  
Not even sure anymore that I want to.

Mark my words,  
this will not end good.  
Not that it ever really has.  
I can already blood on the floor.  
Must we go through this once more.  
Repeating the same mistakes as before.  
The stress builds,  
The headache becomes a migraine.  
Too close to just losing it.  
Becoming completely insane.  
Going on a rampage.  
I just can't stop now.  
I won't stop now.  
Not till the place is burnt to the ground.  
Buried in mounds of ash lie's a key chain.  
It's all that is left of you.  
Please, oh please just stop.  
Enough is enough.  
A scream after every heartbeat.  
No place to retreat  
No reason,  
No logic behind this at all.  
Just swallow your pride.  
Or just go kill yourself,  
Yes oh yes beautiful suicide.

This world would be such a better place.  
A better place, without you.

Mark my words,  
this will not end good.  
Not that it ever really has.  
I can already see the blood on the floor.  
You opened this door, these can of worms.  
Now there's no going back.  
You better just shut up now, please just shut up now.  
What I do next won't make anybody proud.  
I say bow, on your knees, on the the floor.  
Beg for mercy, kiss my god damn feet.  
There is always a tipping point.  
Just relax I promise it will be quick.  
It will be a great ending to all of this.  
Forever squirming in silence.  
Just give me everlasting peace.

Mark my words,  
This will not end good.  
Not that it ever really has.  
I can already see the blood on the floor.  
As the anger in me soar.  
Like an eagle I'm flying so high right now.  
With nothing but pure adrenaline  
I'm prepared to rip you heart out from your body with my talons razor sharp.

Mark my words,  
This will not end good.  
Not that it ever really has.  
I can already see the blood on the floor.  
There's just so much blood on the floor.  
Just so god damn much blood on the floor.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Blood Suckers

Driving down the fast lane.  
I hope one day I don't miss my turn.  
To capture the moment.  
To hold it in my hand.  
Show you how it is so grand.

Setting the butterfly free.  
It was the way it was meant to be.  
Just look at those beautiful wings.  
All the vivid colors.

We are holding so many back.  
Slaves with the invisible whip smacking their backs.  
Can you see the welts?  
Can you the blood dripping yet?  
It is being inflicted by you.  
So tell me why is it you don't care?

A benefit to whom?  
A dark cloud over all of us looms.  
As lightning strikes and thunder makes a loud boom.  
Tell me who it is gonna be? You?

Driving down the fast lane.  
I hope one day I don't miss my turn.  
To capture the moment.  
To hold it in my hand.  
Show you how it is so grand.

Driving down the fast lane.  
I hope one day I don't miss my turn.  
To capture the moment.  
To hold it in my hand.  
Show you how it is so grand.

Setting the butterfly free.  
It was the way it was meant to be.  
Just look at those beautiful wings.  
All the vivid colors.

All the vivid colors.

Where do they go?

A distortion of human existence.

We are both ruthless and relentless.

But when the teeth become dull.

Why is it we continue to gnaw?

A leech that can't kick the habit.

Even when all the blood is already gone.

A dried up slug with just a dash of salt.

Does this mean your defeat?

To continue on would only be a blatant lie.

Yet you continue to try.

Trying to deny the very laws of nature.

A pedestal slowly crumbles and everyone will be crushed as you fall.

And it is not any of their faults.

Sacrificing the innocent for your absolute arrogance.

Destroying anyone who tries to stop you along the way.

A bonfire has already been made.

Is it in your or honor?

Or is it your grave?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Blossoming Black Rose

I walked a dark path.  
Long ago, so long ago.  
I nearly lost control.  
Giving in to evil intent.  
Ask me if I'd do all over again, and I say yes.  
They were just important as others part of my life.  
It makes me who I am.  
Perspective through the eyes of the sand man.  
Sleeping in the gates where heaven meets hell.  
Which side did I take?  
Is it really that hard to tell?  
Love has not been lost.  
Anger no longer invades.  
Hate is something I never contemplate.  
Sometimes I feel it is better not to agitate.  
INSIDE ME THERE IS SOMETHING VERY EVIL.  
Better to leave it sleep.  
Monster are fueled by really bad events.  
Why would I ever want to relive them?  
Let me be calm.  
Let me be soothed by whispers upon my skin.  
Soft to the touch.  
I never want to be that ugly creature again.  
I'd rather be the blossoming black rose.  
Not something that is decomposing.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Born Through Broken Glass

I was born into this.  
Don't you get it?  
It wasn't by choice or reason.  
Confessions of a mad man.  
Holding out an empty can.  
Some change please.  
And not the kind that clings.

I was born into this.  
Don't you get it.  
It wasn't by choice or reason.  
Confessions of a mad man.  
Holding out an empty can.  
Some change please.  
And not the kind that clings.

I'm breathing under water.  
I should be drowning.  
But instead I'm smiling.  
The inspired.  
Feeding the the fire.  
The fuel that forever burns.  
Churns, urns, more, please more.  
The perfect utopia of the piety.  
The unimportant, the unknown and unwanted, the undesirable.  
How many ways can it truly be surmised.  
One for each sunrise.  
One for each cloud in the sky.  
One for each goodbye.  
Tried and true.  
Examples engrossed all the through.  
You really have no clue.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Bouncing Rabbit

Head in the clouds.  
Lost in forever wanting thoughts.  
A only if of uncertainty marks the page with the very lightest touch.  
As if it could go at anytime.  
A beggar of the blind.  
Eyes too kind, too naive.  
In a state of different class, different prestige.  
Knowing the nothingness of the abyss.  
With blank stare we are all looking in wonder.  
An almost magical place, with a smile and a little grace.  
How do I explain the emotions felt.  
A ghost to haunt.  
A memory to taunt.  
That's all it will be eventually.  
Happiness can not held within a glass.  
No it will not forever last.  
But it can be enjoyed, it can be rode like a wave.  
Soon there will be another high.  
Soon there will be another goodbye.  
Nothing so steady, never in all my life.  
And I'm not sure I would ever want it to be.  
With all the aggrivation, the blandness of being stuck in the same situation.  
Traveling the distance for the interesting plot twists.  
To understand the dancing shadow.  
Saying look at me.  
Saying trust me the way I trust you.  
How could I deny it my body,  
deny it the right to move the way I do.  
For it is my reflectiion from first light to the upcomming darkness.  
It is me full form and proud, I will not be shaken by the blackness of shroud.  
Illusions takes many forms.  
Thunder among the raging fear.  
Perception of the imaginary.  
What exist at the point where the eyes and brain meet.  
An outsider meet and greet.  
Shaking hands with likelihood of more deceit.  
Check please and write me out a receipt.  
If only words were good enough eat.  
The fluid pours and swirls, it is purest art form of our soul.

Because it is the language that connect us and make us whole.  
Makes us wonder, question, and learn to abandon these fruitless endeavors.  
For something more satisfying, for something that keeps us going in a place so  
precious, and unique.  
A cliché held within cheek, still waiting to be released.  
Realizing the long deceased are still living among you and me.  
Make them cringe, make them smile.  
Do it now because it is always all that one thing you really don't can never have.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Boys Fate

Does the mother not wonder?

Not as a unending curiosity.

But as a loving parent.

Out of wed-lock matters how?

Feelings of both guilt and pity.

Poor child who is suppose understands these things more then a woman of breeding.

Inflammatory is such a thought, as if that is all they are good for.

But lord knows of opinions that riped with such a common curtsy.

Love is love and a woman should not be above it.

Yet he walks the lonely in the streets of iron and stone with grassy ways on both sides.

He is completely unaware of what she did or at least that what his face says.

He is not wanting, he seems amused and content with a strange smile.

As if he understands his fate better then you or I.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Breaking The Cycle

Why aren't more people using there talents for a worthy cause?  
Are we so selfish?  
Is it always gonna be about me?  
Whom does it benefit?  
I know what you're thinking.  
Who gives a shit?  
Well I do.  
And I hope I'm not the only one.  
I hope there are millions out there who actually care.  
Let my passion be the spark.  
We all got to start somewhere.  
So if this your first time, don't let it be your last.  
Time goes by so fast.  
In a blink of an eye.  
From dawn to dusk the sun is swallowing the whole sky.  
From all the hello to goodbyes.  
The joy in doing what is right.  
But who gets to decide?  
Follow your heart and you can't go to far wrong.  
Even if it gets you in a jam.  
Don't you know that is the plan.  
Learning from our mistakes.  
A conscious decision.  
Bridging the gap, and picking up your fellow man.  
Trying to accommodate those in we live with.  
Can't please everyone.  
But that doesn't mean you shouldn't give a try.  
As long as it's not a lie you'll be just fine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Breath Life Into Me

Your breathing life to me.  
Don't you see its exactly who I wanted to be.  
A world so small and I'm on top of it all.  
To the fullest here it comes.

Your breathing life into me.  
Don't you see its exactly who I want to be.  
Angel of my nightmares.  
Destroying all the despair.  
Happiness is in the air.  
Weather the storm.  
Riding in my rust bucket of a ship.  
When it sinks, can I swim?  
I was on the brink but now.

Your breathing life into me.  
Don't you see its exactly who I want be.  
The truth has traveled so far.  
Page tattered and torn.  
With wisdom so worn.  
Breath life into please oh oh oh please.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Bring The Fight To Me

I got to keep fighting back with all my will.  
It is not enough swallow a bitter pill.  
The fun and thrill long over.  
Had to show that side of me.  
A man not so serious.  
An actual human, not by name but emotion.  
To much long pent up devotion.  
Desire for so many closures.  
Like fissure the steam continues escape.  
Maybe a prelude to many mistakes.  
But all the same they are mine to make.  
Somebody has to pay, let me be the first to bleed.  
Distractions oblivious to me.  
Stopping that which is necessary, no more, no less.  
A task to set and undress.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Bringing It Back

I must deviate from the pack.  
When the trail goes cold I must learn how to bring it back.  
Retracing the steps of an act.

I can't help but wonder.  
And as the mind wonders

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Getting this show on the road.  
And this road is so little traveled  
Dust and stones are thrown as I pass on by.

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And as the mind wonders.

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# Broken Butterfly

Ripping the wings off the butterfly.  
Now tell me, how is it suppose to survive?  
Motions so slow.  
The breath is fading.  
Tell me, why is this so contagious?

An addiction to equally distribute a common affliction.  
Enjoying the show.  
Watching them suffer.  
If it is for your entertainment does that make it any different?

Ripping the wings off the butterfly.  
Now tell me, how is it suppose to survive?  
Motions so slow.  
The breath is fading.  
Tell me, why is this so contagious?

Here's a lullaby go to asleep now.  
It was only a dream.  
Then why is their so much pain?  
A rag is being held over the wound.  
And now I know things won't be the same.  
The consequences when good men do nothing.

Ripping the wings off the butterfly.  
Now tell me, how is it suppose to survive?  
Motions so slow.  
The breath is fading.  
Tell me, why is this so contagious?

An addiction to equally distribute a common affliction.  
Enjoying the show.  
Watching them suffer.  
If it is for your entertainment does that make it any different?

Proud of who we are.  
But who is that exactly?  
A power driven society who trying to live high in the clouds.  
Well eventually we must all come down.

Facing so many horrible realities.

Which will be our first?

Which one will be our last?

Is this what we are going to say was our greatest accomplishment.

We let millions suffer so we could live the easy life.

I can here the voices that have yet to speak.

Miles away in another world.

In a war torn country.

Don't drink the water or you'll get sick.

If you don't want to starve you'll have to kill for it.

Murder and rape in the middle of the night.

Poison gas launched to wiped out entire populations.

Can we say genocide.

And we are trying

We are trying to rip the wings off the butterfly.

Now tell me, how is it suppose to survive?

Motions so slow.

The breath is fading.

Tell me, why is this so contagious.

Here's a lullaby go to asleep now.

It was only a dream.

Then why is their so much pain?

A rag is being held over the wound.

And now I know things won't be the same.

The consequences when good men do nothing.

The politics that divide.

Religions that cast us against one another.

The brother of the brother.

We are both the sinner and the saint.

We claim we are here to destroy evil.

But who is it that chooses that very same evil.

The devil of many colors and skins.

I feel like a snake when I come crawling in.

Morals abandon for a pride that burns.

Ripping the wings off the butterfly.

Now tell me, how is it suppose to survive?

Motions so slow.

The breath is fading.  
Tell me, why is this so contagious.

An addiction to equally distribute a common affliction.  
Enjoying the show.  
Watching them suffer.  
If it is for your entertainment does that make it any different?  
Does it make it any different?

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# Broken Child

The little child sits in the window looking on.  
Dreaming of the early dawn.  
When the heart rises, then falls.  
It easy to see this is where she belong.  
To take it from her is so wrong.

Riding a sinking ship in a brutal storm.  
Such a paradox when the mind is completely gone.  
Completely numb.

Wilting roses on the bed.  
The love and tenderness of the truly forgotten.  
A booked filled with hollowed out pages getting ever stale, and rotten.  
This cant be, built upon a tragedy.

Such a mixed up melody.  
Can't you hear it, not even in your sleep?  
Something can only be understood from the deep.

The little child sits in the window looking on.  
Dreaming of the early dawn.  
When the heart rises, then falls.  
It easy to see this is where she belong.  
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The little child sits in the window looking on.  
Dreaming of the early dawn.  
When the heart rises, then falls.  
It easy to see this is where she belong.  
To take it from her is so wrong.

So wrong, oh can't you see this where she belongs.

Burnt to cinders.  
Ashes dress the near by trees.  
No way to contain it.  
No super hero in the darkness of the light.  
Choking on the spreading fumes.  
Not single siren is heard.

The thoughts come to mind.  
I guess we're on our own.  
On our own.

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# Broken Mirror

Feeding on this desperation.  
Morbid are the contemplation.  
Each waking hour it only get worse.  
Walking amongst the truly cursed.  
Please give me back the die, I want a retry.  
Reason why the sky is falling line up in my head.  
Where the fruits of our labors?  
Lost among lost souls.  
So powerless.  
A transgression in dissection.  
Under a microscope.  
A deep inspection.  
Yet there is too much conjecture.  
As if this argument would solve anything.  
Maybe it was one too many eggs in on basket.  
The facet once open can not be stopped.  
To much pressure, and all I want to do is walk away.  
Into the sunset I fade.  
A empire of nothingness.  
Even my shadow is blaming me.  
Pointing its middle finger in the upward position.  
As a last salute.  
Before the final impact.  
The collision I was never expecting.  
All known avenues were explored.  
A sitting duck, stuck in such a rut.  
A pig wallowing in his own the mud.  
Be careful or you'll get the stink on you.  
It is almost unavoidable for me.  
But you still have chance.  
Please don't sign up for this dance.  
For it is the ugliness I can not stand.  
It reminds me too much of looking in mirror.  
Give me a name or brand for that I can handle.  
Perpetually it is getting clearer.  
And as this fog lifts I will become that one thing I hate most.  
A parasite among an unwilling host.  
A blood stain of a vermin sucking life blood out of others with no other choice.  
And I'm hating myself for it.

All bets off, taking all the scrapes and scoffs.  
Making the most of so many misfortunes.  
Laughter is just in my nature.  
Just give me a smile, and I will build you the entire Nile.  
Give me purpose, and excel where ever I am at.  
Take that away I will sing a tone so flat.  
No pitch to speak of.  
Dull and kind of obnoxious.  
Scars scattered as ashes.  
The raining volcano of my life.  
Just give me the sweetest lullaby.  
And maybe I can sleep a little easier tonight.

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# Bullets And Kisses

My bullets are kisses.  
Let me send them to everyone of you.  
Let them poison the very essence of your soul.  
Let me claim another victim.  
Let me dig another grave of the forgotten.  
Memories dead, stale, and rotten.

Heat seeking missile are only sent destroy.  
Man less drones are deployed.  
Books to a religion burned.  
Peace will be destroyed.  
It is impossible to avoid.  
Unrest on steroids.

My bullets are kisses.  
Let me send them to everyone of you.  
Let them poison the very essence of your soul.  
Let me claim another victim.  
Let me dig another grave of the forgotten.  
Memories dead, stale, and rotten.

You want to trust and be trusted.  
But you have no understanding of a culture.  
You disrespect it everyday.  
You create martyrs by your mistakes.  
With every action you make it just escalates.  
Fear spreads like fire in a very drought ridden forest.  
Let me ask you how do you plan on exactly putting out?

My bullets are kisses.  
Let me send them to everyone of you.  
Let them poison the very essence of your soul.  
Let me claim another victim.  
Let me dig another grave of the forgotten.  
Memories dead, stale, and rotten.

You must get out.  
It was never your responsibility.  
We are not the divinity.

We are not here to save you.  
With so much blood on our hands how can we still be wearing that cape?  
Do we not understand what is at stake?  
We just continue to create pure hate.

My bullets are kisses.  
Let me send them to everyone of you.  
Let them poison the very essence of your soul.  
Let me claim another victim.  
Let me dig another grave of the forgotten.  
Memories dead, stale, and rotten.

Greed is why we are sending our soldiers away from home.  
Controlling chaos.  
A symphony of stealing while their not looking.  
If we are their long enough soon or later we will corrupt.  
And that ´s just little messed up.

My bullets are kisses.  
Let me send them to everyone of you.  
Let them poison the very essence of your soul.  
Let me claim another victim.  
Let me dig another grave of the forgotten.  
Memories dead, stale, and rotten.

Slavery can be bought and sold.  
Back door deals.  
A fake government at least thats the way the people feel.  
And are they really that off target?  
After all they are the are people.  
A pulse beating, breathing life into their own country.

My bullets are kisses.  
Let me send them to everyone of you.  
Let them poison the very essence of your soul.  
Let me claim another victim.  
Let me dig another grave of the forgotten.  
Memories dead, stale, and rotten...,  
Yes they are already dead, stale, and rotten.

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# Burning Temptress

Quiet please, the ghost is about to speak.  
Oh dear me, what is she going to say.  
From a eclipsed love hiding right behind the moon.  
It wants to be right in the open.  
But the fear overwhelms.  
Drowning in a shallow pitcher of water.  
Just a tablespoon or two more.  
Then we will see the most spectacular escape.  
Just how sweet will be that first embrace.  
Cant wait, a have to have it now.  
Pride just can no longer get in the way.  
Pictures measured in just a thousand days.  
Tic toc goes the clock of the counting age.  
Wisdom shallow, wisdom deep, with memories to keep.  
Angels sing, demons dance right in front of me.  
And if the devil can see cupids broken arrow, so should I.  
Lightening streaking right across the sky.  
Uncontrollable, with the licking of lips.  
Pleasure from inside the darkness.  
Oh how it rides, this great white stallion with smoke rising from beneath its u-shaped feet.  
Soon the trail will be getting cold and there will be nothing left unseen.  
An luscious body from the her bernette hair, down to her pink polished tiny toe nails.  
A tease to please, a tease to egg on these most tempting emotions.  
With each layer stripped there is a little more exposure.  
Oh my god how is one to keep there composure.  
She would make burly of men blush, right before she put her finger tips of his lips and said hush.  
So sensual, so true to form.  
Such art from the very position to start with the passion burns.  
A candle lit, the flame goes on all night long.  
So slowly, so steady, yet so wild and crazy.  
The most beautiful curves alongside those hips.  
The smell of lavender drips around me.  
Bliss among the unfortunate that I want leave all behind.  
Putting it all in the back of mind.  
Hopefully this temptress never comes to collect.  
Because I don't know if I have enough of a soul to resist.

Lost in the soup kitchen long ass lines.  
The cursing from the back door.  
I can still hear it.  
Everybody wants to be on top.  
Not many will settle to be on the bottom for very long.  
A compromise, fine lets take turns.  
And this is the place we so many times get burned.

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# Burnt Out

Being personally objective can be down right impossible.  
With past experiences making us who we are.  
All judgements are clouded, by somekind of bias.  
Some are not any less wrong.  
But in the face adversity, it is the seconds before a decision is made that are the most important.  
And who has the right to judge those put in that position.  
All we can we do is remove them and say it is not your fault.  
We expected you to do something we ourselves would have extreme difficulty with.  
You did us an honor, with courage, and an unkeen ability to keep down your emotions.  
Now it is somebody else turn.  
Let us do you atleast that favor.

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# Butchered Dreams

The butcher is back.  
With words to slaughter.  
And emotions to totter.  
A cradle the rocks way to hard.  
A lullaby that absolutely sucks.  
A thumb placed in a hot apple pie.  
Not a single flinch, as the skins boils and singes.  
What is pain if not in our heads?  
I can already visualized the dread.  
Here's a pledge, a salute straight off edge.  
Screaming now, now like the current present isn't good enough.  
Anger twisted and redirected in every which way.  
Dull razor ran up and down.  
The damage is not immediate.  
Can you not hear the fading internal heart beat.  
Slower, and quieter, till there is this where did go?  
I just don't know.  
Dreaming through the greatest horror flick.  
Someone was bashing in his head with a stick and I missed it.  
The absence of ghosts in appearances.  
The sex was good.  
But the drugs were better.  
Walking with angels among the sand.  
If only death was truly so eloquent.  
Seizures vibrating right through.  
There is no saving him.  
Just another causality of dying romance.  
And tonight I dance, twisting and turning every which way.  
For just a single glimpse.  
Something not yet seen, not yet felt.  
Standing in the mirror to have peek on what is on the other side.  
A second dimension both limited in scope, measurements.  
Give me my final drink.  
Give me my final blink.  
Leave me rest on the brink.  
With flavors so distinct.  
Traveling to an unknown rainforest with creatures of all kinds not of the this  
world.  
Visions that swirl and become but golden pearls.

This is what it could be, this is what it could mean.  
Making sense of that which rattles the soul beyond this life.  
A birthday cake carved with the perfect knife.  
Shapes, sizes and patterns easily devised.  
Memories of flashing lights.  
Waking up to a duller sight.  
Trying recapture it with all my might.

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# Caged Animal

Tell me, oh tell me.  
What do you want from me.  
How can I make this work.  
You know truth be told maybe I am already too old.  
So much work, so little time.  
Preparing for the life before you die.  
Atleast I can say I tried.  
Another sad goodbye.  
I'm not angry, I'm just disappointed.  
The promise was great.  
Playing the cards of fate.  
Sooner or later I will win.  
Always in the end.  
Another summerset dream lays before my haunted eyes.  
I'm so tired of fighting for just myself.  
What I have always wanted was someone else.  
Opening up, releasing the memories.  
The solar shower of pain.  
So many names, come and gone.  
But it remains the same, I'm just not good enough to stay.  
Nobody wants to live the way I do.  
Nobody wants to share in the things I have went through.  
It's not your fault I don't blame you.  
I'm so strange.  
I enjoy making a fool of myself on center stage.  
The exhibit everyone must come see.  
Just don't feed him through the cage.  
For you might incite his undeniable rage.  
But it just isn't true.  
And it just wrong for you to assume.  
Yet you still have come to that conclusion.  
What if what you see is just an unfortunate illusion?  
Created accidently and not for your amusement.  
And the carnival proudly presents.  
Can you not see how that make feel, and what challenges it presents.  
A rush for freedom, A rush to turn a life around.  
It's quicksand so just throw me rope, tie it off and I'll do the rest.  
Sometimes we all need a little help.  
I'm willing take it, if only it would be offered.



But instead I will continue to suffer.

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# Calmness Through An Open Door

Like a puff of smoke, there are visions of you.  
Your smile, your laughter.  
A distance ghost still haunting me.  
I hide nothing, with this book I bleed.  
Inside my head, on a piece of paper doesn't really matter.  
I'm drowning it, and probably always will be.  
Like an unfinished letter, message never delivered.  
Torn out and soon forgotten.  
Memories left stale and rotten.  
Separating space and time.  
Numb to the distance that divides.  
Holding on to last bit crumbling that I use to hide behind.  
So afraid to feel truly alive.  
But now finally it is, this is my life.  
Just listen to the words as they collide.  
Like a storm of many tides.  
Up and down and circling around.  
Till the portrait appears.  
Purpose defined even when I close my eyes.  
If I wasn't so awake, I would be dreaming of the perfect paradise.  
But what if I already have it.  
Could I ever settle for something so simple.  
I won't know unless I try.  
Needing less and getting more.  
Calmness through an open door.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Can You Hear Me, Can You Feel Me

Can you hear me darling,  
Can you hear me honey,  
Can you hear me baby,

I'm here to stand next to you.  
I'm here to make sure you keep your head held up high.  
I'm here to be your friend when you need him.

Can you feel me darling,  
Can you feel me honey,  
Can you feel me baby,

I'm here to love you when you don't love yourself.  
I'm here to tell you are so beautiful.  
I'm here to protect you from any harm.

Can you hear me darling,  
Can you hear me honey,  
Can you hear me baby,

With me you don't have to be scared or lonely.

Can you feel me darling,  
Can you feel me honey,  
Can you feel me baby,

I'm here to hold you.  
I'm here to wipe the tear from your eyes.  
I'm here to fight by your side.

Can you hear me darling,  
Can you hear me honey,  
Can you hear me baby,

I'm here to make passionate love with you.  
I'm here to feed your every desire.  
I'm here to set your world on fire.

Can you feel me darling,

Can you feel me honey,  
Can you feel me baby,

With me you don't have to be scared or lonely.  
Has anybody ever told you they love you so god damn much.  
Lets spend tonight and the rest of life together.

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# Can'T Come Between Us

I'm sorry my dear.  
But I'm already spoken for.  
I can't be yours.  
You have this habit of making claims.  
But guess what it is my choice.  
You don't have accept it.  
In fact that is completely expected.  
But we you know your tactics.  
Trying so hard to rips us apart.  
But no matter what you do I still will never love you.  
There is just us.  
Find someone, anyone.  
Be happy.  
Just not me so desperately.  
We can't ever be even friends because of your feelings.  
If I can't have him then no one can.  
Tell me how do you plan in accomplishing that.  
Please do go over your steps.  
Let me know exactly how you a going do it.  
Because we don't take kindly to home wreckers.  
Throw yourself at me all you want.  
There is not the slightest desire or urge.  
She keeps me plenty happy as I do her.  
No need for a third wheel.  
Especially one looking to steal.  
You don't own me, I'm not your personal property,  
Just get me out of your head.  
You really need to start taking rejection well.  
A obsession from hell.  
Please no shrines.  
I'm not to be worshiped.  
You can't love someone who doesn't love you back.  
Please understand this can never be.  
She is the only woman for me.  
And I'm the only man for her.  
Let us be it is what we deserve.

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# Can'T See The Marionette

I'm just so sorry but we got too many mouths to feed.  
A horse galloping towards the iron gate.  
But it won't rise.  
Not letting you in.  
You are just another criminal.  
Just another criminal.  
Guilty by association.  
With prejudicial restrictions.  
Swallow your tongue.  
Just die quietly or move on.  
Playing for the fool.  
A puppet on strings.  
Marionette do the twist and turn.  
To right, to the left.  
Leading us flatly into walls.  
A smack, a kiss, cruelty so easily dismissed.  
But good minds do not forget once noticed.  
A sign posted.  
Seen everywhere by those who know where to look.  
Not behind tinted glass.  
Not by a long shot.  
Just not so obvious.  
And maybe it is better that way.  
For when people in large groups are angered they will hurt anyone.  
No self restraint.  
With greater morals we are suppose to abide.  
Not taunt or chide.  
Not flaying someones hide.  
Inflicting pain with the words of confession.  
Escaping another obsession.  
This one it is not about love but hate.  
And how for the people I will neither show them the way or dictate.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Caught Up In A Thought

Focusing on a mystical thought.  
Something you can't hold in your hand.  
But yet is very real.  
The balloon will fall or float away unless you decide to grab it.  
And hold on.  
With all your might.  
And bring life.  
Let it become a living breathing creature.  
Give it shape with no controls and see where it goes.  
All you have is words to make a difference.  
Leading with out sound, is an example that has yet to be found.  
Only in the darkness can one find the light.  
Or maybe I'm just not reading right..  
Perspective pours through the ages of all time.  
A life lived, is experience given.  
Oh how we warp our ancestors wisdom.  
When maybe we should not lean on there generation but our own.  
Mirrors do not reflex images the same if similarities in the environment do not exist.  
When our we going to wake up and realize this?  
There has been a constant in this world.  
As much there was.  
The only thing we have is traditions and values.  
And when they begin to conflict.  
It is time change something.  
Because it is a wheel that becomes stuck in the ice.  
Nothing will ever get done in a society that can't come to some kind of a agreement.  
Peace with all.  
Why is that not possible?  
Why do we not the ability to see that we need each other survive.  
Every living creature, large and small.  
Greed and gluttony is not needed in a place where we are truly happy.  
To believe anything is just telling yourself a lie.  
Unfortunate is it that running our nations are not scientist, but instead the man of the law.  
Because science doesn't change to benefit specific individuals, or groups.  
But instead it only changes by the facts, shattered or intact.  
As mistakes are made, we are suppose make progress.

Yet in so many ways we just have a warped version of the very same past.  
In circles we go not because we are confused, but instead because it is the way  
some people like it.  
And I honestly would rather die fighting it then conform to the unnecessary.

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# Chamber Of Agony

The dog of days roaming and eloping.  
A courting to the next.  
The complexity it takes for the head to rest.  
Loves tranquility ignored.  
Sleeping in an empty bed for another cold night.  
Tossing and turning as the nightmarish dreams come true.  
Hollow burns this everlasting tune.  
Doors made translucent blue glass.  
Looking right through.  
A mixer turned on full blast.  
The cake batter thrown across the kitchen walls.  
Another mess to clean up.  
But indeed this one is mine.  
Turnip greens frying in a cast iron pan.  
But at least this I have not forgot.  
Even if the heart of it was left to rot.  
Somethings are left better unsweeten.  
A bickering melody.  
I want it so bad, why it is I feel it is all I have never had?  
Such a backwards notation.  
Reminders of all the celebrations that never happened.  
How times must I repeat the eternal bowing?  
A chamber maid under the bed.  
Look what I got myself into.  
Fields of speckled snow, feeding this silent ego.  
Static are the sounds in the very next room.  
A constant gurgling, a constant choking.  
Support for whom?  
Reasons, and prayers yet to bloom.  
The season isn't right.  
No not yet.  
No regrets.  
Absolutely nothing I can do.  
I broke through the defenses, yet I didn't.  
A disproportionate gleam.  
A smile that should be tears.  
Who ever has a shoulder to cry on is doing just fine.  
Just fine.  
Wetting the whistle, and moving on.

The dangerous game has been played.  
The hell has erupted and indeed I have payed.  
Now I'm at the mercy of a calling of so much stalling.  
Too afraid to ask for a different kind of mercy.  
A rope to hang myself with.  
See but the fall is just too short.  
Not enough force behind the kicking of the tiny chair.  
And now someone has got me down.  
Stick me loony bin, yeah lets see how that works out.  
Trapped in a vessel not of my own.  
He is a clone, a clown wearing a little too much sheep skin.  
Going critical, so understanding of those who are cynical.  
Breathing fire of a different stage.  
One where it comes of straight out of ones eyes.  
Nothing surprises me.  
I have danced with all kinds of demons.  
None have the right to claim part of me.  
Soul to own even as my shelter has been stolen.  
Right from underneath my feet.  
I must be slipping what treat.  
But to brace for this fall would be just another sign of weakness.  
Written on the backside of my behind.  
Labled scum, a bum, totally disgusting.  
More words to overcome.  
No sorry could do it justice.  
A mangy mutt out of luck.  
But only if you could give him a name.  
Then he might know of that love once again.  
These are imitations of the pearls of forgiveness running across and down my  
wrist.  
A cold trickling, a life slowly fading.  
Disintegration, permanently melting with only a splash of water.  
I can still hear the screaming sounds pleading with me to wake up.  
What if I don't, what if what I want is the one thing I know I can never truly  
have.  
Desperate pleas screaming can you hear me?  
Can you even hear me?  
Hear me?  
Because so silent are my screams of agony.  
Begging for someone too just forgive me.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Chasing For What?

To answer what love does for you.

It is in the question itself.

A completion, as two souls become one.

Like opposites they attract.

Fill the sentences in this freakish polarity.

No, not really but it sounds good.

It makes you care when you shouldn't.

It makes you travel when you otherwise wouldn't.

It leaves you looking like a fool with the spitting and stuttering of words.

Say something mute, god damn you.

When it is over you will never be content anything less again.

Love is either the best or worse thing you find in your life, because sometimes no matter what you do it is never return.

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# Chasing Something Or Someone

A quarrel in our head.  
Sometimes we end up fighting.  
Sometimes we end up dead.  
But as the days go by.  
I've come to realize.  
Leave no memory or stone unturned.  
For empty thoughts and words leave us yet to yearn.  
The fire breathing dragon leaving us all to burn.  
Paths all crossed.  
Ideas left to rot.  
Gone is the driftwood that once stood.  
Strange all the way under the hood.  
Earth unsettled, such mettled mess.  
The approaching sun has yet to confess.  
The hearts desire is a strange secret.  
Locked within deep and jagged thorns,  
to brutal to ever cross.  
The keeper of pain.  
He needs no name, for he is mere decaying flesh.  
Bury his body deep.  
So that no matter where you are he still can not reach.  
An Eiffel Tower, sitting on an adjacent cliff.  
The storm of great the rifts hits.  
And it seems at times like it will collapse.  
But it still stands, and edge put upon the brand.  
No longer so dull.  
Given character, and strength.  
Bitter are the times calm weather.  
For they do not deliver the unexpected.  
Dancing in the rain for it is the perfect change.  
Chasing a mouse of a reflection.  
He is not me or is he?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Checkmate

I look the other way.  
To all my friends listen tell me what you hear.  
The wind telling your secrets.  
Feeding the face of rumors.  
Fiction or fact doesn't matter the body is still intact.  
A chance to get angry.  
A chance to over react.  
A chance to truly think back.  
What did you do wrong?  
What is it what you said, that left the room complete dead?  
I could hear the pin hit that hard ground before it ever came.  
A prediction of more of the same.  
In chess I play this game.  
Where one piece is given up for the king.  
Almighty and defending.  
An opening is but in the making.  
And their just waiting take her.  
But the right moment decides the game.  
And it is all mine with just a pawn.  
You have been owned.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Child Of Life

A family man made from anarchist.  
an honest man made from a narcissist.  
How a child changes things.  
What was once their is now gone.  
Planted in the ground and taken root.  
A lost soul not so lost anymore.  
What would happen if it was all taken away?  
That would be a very dark day. Indeed.  
Ripping the heart out and watching it bleed.  
A choice within destiny.  
Live knowing you know you have nothing left.  
Or sacrificing yourself to bring about a greater good.  
Blinded by devils mask.  
Within the task a question must be asked.  
What is it that can be gained?  
How difficult is it to look in someone eyes before they die?  
Love and hate mesh and merge.  
It all converges at the point where one must choose to survive and witness sun  
die.  
Only then will the moon rise.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Child Of War

Child born under a red flag.  
He gave up all he had.  
For ultimate power.  
For ultimate control.  
For images that couldn't washed out of his head.  
The blood ran as rivers of the dead flowed.  
Bones littered the ground.  
As a reminder of what he has done.  
Even in the darkness the sun still shined.  
Even upon all chaos some found peace.  
A happiness was met on the horizon with grief.  
Part of the daily living.  
Hopefully soon all this would cease.  
A testament to boy living in a war torn country.  
He only understands one thing.  
To survive you must kill.  
To survive you must take.  
All is yours if you want it is all he has ever known.  
This is what we taught him.  
Are we tell him that he must stop?  
When others won't.  
A mediator of regret, sorrow, and tears to be wept.  
An imaginary peace.  
He doesn't know what that is.  
Upon his conquest all he has seen is men pillage, plunder, and rape.  
In this world he doesn't understand what is truly at stake.  
An unclaimed state.  
He was born into this mistake.  
If you live in nothingness, the dark abyss will eventually swallow you.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Choking On That Which Should Be Swallowed

Fleecing the human eyes.  
Words written with merit.  
Creating beauty wrapped up in a eloquent disguise.  
Black on a forbidden sunrise.  
A parrot taught never to repeat.  
Removing the legs from your seat.  
Fashioning a uncomfortable retreat.  
Accepting defeat, feeling more complete.  
Pushing on with the hope day after day.  
A goddess on my knees I pray.  
An angel with broken wings.  
With a wonderous voice but still she can't sing.  
A melody that leave us just bit more empty.  
Damping, devouring, souring.  
A wish for that which is empowering.  
But so blind to the snake, and apple.  
Playing a game of scrabble.  
All turned around.  
So lost and not sure if you will never be found.  
Desires and love in such a tangled mess.  
A confession and denile in the same sentence with the utmost indifference.  
Influence waning with memories beckoning.  
A calling long gone, like my very last song.  
Who knew, remember chew then swallow.  
Especially with syllables so hollow.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Circumstances

Words are a rainbow setting across a open plain.  
Some would call me insane.  
Some would judge me knowing me not.  
The cage has been rattled.  
Hands on the saddle.  
It's not a race for me but the need get these feelings out.  
A scream that's a mere wimper.  
Poor, poor, boy if only you could reach your full potential.  
You are but a fool in an ocean of sharks.  
Careful when they smell blood, they become rabid.  
So hungry and nothing seems to quench their thirst.  
So don't be blinded by the need to please.  
Because you are but a calm flowing breeze.  
Above it all.  
Can you see it now?  
Such tiny creatures under the delusion that you owe them.  
For what I do not know.  
Doing things for the right reason.  
A pure heart.  
It's the place I always try to start.  
But sometimes I lose myself in the bushes.  
Distracted by there objectives.  
I don't care what you think.  
Because right now I have my own limits under these condition, but I will not stop writing because of them.  
You don't have accept it.  
Infact I want you to go on, and point out every flaw I've ever made.  
Because when the time comes there is a lot I have go through.  
And it will be a lot less if I know where to look.  
So let me get out a blank book.  
So I can take notes.  
List the names, times, and dates.  
And just maybe you can do something that would take me atleast a month to do in a matter of minutes.  
I'm not angry, just suprised that people expect something from me when I have recieved nothing for it.  
Not that I want a down payment but a little understanding and compassion would be nice.  
I write for me, not you never forget that.

You want fill my shoes do so, but don't ever think it's acceptable to badger, degrade, or humilate someone without knowing the full extent of the circumstances in which they live, or what tools they have at their disposal.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Climate Of Writting

I tell you what you want to believe.  
It's so easy in fact it takes so little effort at all.  
Spinning tops, throwing rocks.

I tell you what you want to believe.  
It's so easy in fact it takes so little effort at all.  
Spinning tops, throwing rocks.

What do you really know of whats behind my shadow?  
How do you separate the truth from the fiction?

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What do you really know of whats behind my shadow?  
How do you separate the truth from the fiction?

And it so god damn addicting.  
If you are true to yourself.  
You don't have to worry about fooling anyone.  
As the lips are loosen, the words will fall.  
Crystal clear, a sparkling glowing ball.  
Emotion is the truth of all.  
If you are in love, you can write as if you are in love.  
If you are in pain, you can write as if you are pain.  
Learning the climate of writing, is like riding bicycle, one learn you never forget.

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# Clinging To The Last Bit Of Hope(Revised) (Song)

Writing the next chapter,  
Always the next chapter.  
How is it any better?  
Clinging to the last bit of hope knowing it will have to due.  
Know the very next day is another follow through.  
Where is that day of rest?  
Where is that day of success?  
A life full of emptiness.  
Completely monotonous.  
Like a soldier  
Worn and getting older  
I keep putting one foot in front of the next.  
I try to harbor no ill will or regret.  
Sometimes it works for a time.  
But I'm still getting tired of the next.

Writing the next chapter,  
Always the next chapter.  
How is it any better?  
Clinging to the last bit of hope knowing it have to due.  
Pulling all the strings and still knowing the end is still so far beyond my reach.  
Even with all I got,  
It is not so much.  
It means very little to me.  
Materialistic is so unrealistic.  
Not my dream, no never my dream.  
The more you take the more you got to pay.  
But not for me, I want nothing.  
I, I, I.. Want Nothing.

I'm just so tired of next.  
Writing the next chapter,  
Always the next chapter.  
How is it any better?  
Clinging to the last bit of hope knowing it will have to due.  
I can't wait for the day when I lay in my grave.  
Popping some pills, just so I can deal  
Just some more anti depressants.  
Just got to make it again and again.

Where are the people who are suppose to be my friends?  
Where are they now, and where were they then?  
Like a constant buzzing in my ear that just won't go away.  
It's giving me another headache.  
Just give me something to dull the pain.  
I think soon I might just break.  
Like an earthquake everything starts to tremble then shake.

I'm so tired of the next,  
But still I'm writing the next chapter.  
Always the next chapter.  
How is it any better?  
Clinging on the last bit of hope knowing it will have due.  
Because nobody's coming to help me through.  
I'm holding on as long as can.  
The strength of a hurt little boy that is now becoming a man.  
But he is just another weakling.  
He will always be this weakling.  
And here comes the next,  
Oh on to the next,  
The very next, and maybe just maybe this time it will be better.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Communication

An expression mirror images that which we feel.

It can never compare to those emotions, those moments in our lives that affect us the most.

We still must try, the communication of worlds so keen upon unnatural and unhindered abilities.

With words is but a window in to both your and my life.

And with it comes an understanding and a tie between us as human beings.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Complacency Is Being Complicit In The Act Of Doing Nothing

On the roads lined with fire.  
Who is it casting shadows?  
Who is it casting doubt?

Mirror, mirror, self image reflected.  
You can either accept it.  
Or try to change it.

Who we are is never who we have to be.  
No infinite absolute certainty.

Making the earth quake beneath our feet.  
Giants with pursed lip.  
Why so sad with the effect you can have?

On the roads lined with fire.  
Who is it casting shadows?  
Who is it casting doubt?

Mirror, mirror, self image reflected.  
You can either accept it.  
Or try to change it.

All you have to do try.  
And the first step in this process is to just opens your eyes.  
Medication for the kids.  
The ability to forgive no matter the action attempted.

Hate a rusted nail that has been drove in one too many times.  
And head breaks off.  
So now what are you going do?  
Stuck in the decision you made.

On the roads lined with fire.  
Who is it casting shadows?  
Who is it casting doubt?



Mirror, mirror, self image reflected.  
You can either accept it.  
Or try to change it.

Summers whispers.  
Winter crisp.  
Silly boy with no idea of what lies ahead of him.  
Oh only if he did.  
And in that moment I think we forgot our most important job.  
To teach him, to bring him up right.  
Respecting the daylight.  
Limited is our time.  
Limited is our stand.

On the roads lined with fire.  
Who is it casting shadows?  
Who is it casting doubt?

Mirror, mirror, self image reflected.  
You can either accept it.  
Or try to change it.

Guided down memory lane.  
For it was too late I choked.  
I hesitated, I evaluated.  
I guesstimated.  
Frozen in my tracks till my youth was already gone.  
Poof the there no more dawns.  
The everlasting sunset is always full of so much regret.  
Why is that?  
But rememberstill we can change it.

On the roads lined with fire.  
Who is it casting shadows?  
Who is it casting doubt?

Mirror, mirror, self image reflected.  
You can either accept it.  
Or try to change it.

Only now, never later.  
The ghost the could be savior.

The fight between angels and demon.  
Time is the continuum.  
All we have do make a choice.  
No need to raise a single voice.  
A million actions would cause such fantastic reaction.  
Celebration, the battle would for the time being be over.  
But as long as we let complacency slide.  
We are just slowly committing suicide.

On the roads lined with fire.  
Who is it casting shadows?  
Who is it casting doubt?

Mirror, mirror, self image reflected.  
You can either accept it.  
Or try to change it.

It's up to me.  
It's up to you.  
We are all complicit.

On the roads lined with fire.  
Who is it casting shadows?  
Who is it casting doubt?

Mirror, mirror, self image reflected.  
You can either accept it.  
Or try to change it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Completely(Revised)

Utter nonsense,  
Just let it end here.  
Lets just bring everything together.  
Got to make this world whole.  
Got save them all.  
All I have to do is make the pieces fit.

Whole heartedly and completely.  
Hands against the wall.

One more push and it will come down with a single fall.  
Sometimes all one needs is a fresh start.  
Lay the foundation.  
Build the support structures  
And raise the roof.  
Go ahead pound it on out.

You just got to go into it whole heartedly and completely.  
No more distraction,  
No more inhibitions,  
No more excuses to not say the words you got to.  
Say it now and walk right through.  
Into the light.  
Into the darkness.  
Turn it into your very own heaven or hell.  
You just have to have the follow through.  
You can't get stuck on just one thing.  
No more addictions,  
No more sick and twisted afflictions.  
There is no need to make any predictions.

Say it with me.  
You have to go into it whole heartedly and completely.

Not knowing the outcome.  
Does it really matter?  
If it fails then you must do it again.  
A tiring climb of a mountain.  
When will you get it right?

Perfection in the art of repetition.  
A vision being painted into this world every day.  
Are you the dreamer?  
Are you the redeemer?

Once again say it with me.  
You must go into this whole heartedly and completely.

Don't ever look back till you done.  
And even then you should keep moving.  
Otherwise you'll get lost in the past and won't last.  
Days numbered.  
Days limited.  
There is only the here and now.

Say it with me.  
You have to go into this whole heartedly and completely.  
Whole heartedly and completely.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Complicating The Already Insane

I'm sorry but you are cut off.  
I will have it no more.  
Talking like I'm part of your fantasy.  
Just get away from me.  
Owed nothing more then what is deserved.  
Here the dish, there you have been served.  
With a given notice.  
A proposal in the office turned down.  
I'm sorry but I don't want your crown.  
Cheap, sold out.  
I won't be part of it.  
Just take your punchline to next floor.  
Stop treating me like a forgotten whore.  
If you couldn't say it to me personally.  
What makes you think I will take any of it seriously.  
Just a curiosity.  
Slightly off.  
Mark not reached.  
An unseemly meaning.  
Deciphering the code.  
Can it wait?  
Please I'm on the commode.  
You know patience is a virtue.  
And you don't have it.  
Desperate are your attempts.  
A plea somebody help me.  
But I can't fix you.  
No you got to do that yourself.  
Reaching your hand out.  
But grabbing at what I just don't know.  
It's not something of mine.  
Because we have no previous association.  
Our constellations have never even been in that close of a proximity.  
Searching for answers.  
A minds uneasiness, such restlessness.  
Something is missing.  
Cracked, rocked, destroyed.  
Gone.  
I would have asked what is wrong but I really don't want to know.

One screw loose is enough for me.  
Don't need to complicate these matters any further.  
Lets not encourage this illicit behavior.  
With arms closed know I won't be your savior.  
Sorry but today I'm the shadow.  
A ghost with no host or counter part.  
Leave it be.  
Lets have a fresh start with someone a little more stable.  
On the level.  
Not holding an anvil.  
What are you going to with that?  
Oh nothing really...  
Just drop it on your head.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Compliments To One We Love.

I guess I'm really not husband material.

I could never leave it at just you look thinner.

That sounds so fake to me, and insincere.

Though maybe some women need to hear about their weight to feel better about themselves.

But to describe ones body that you love, you must include everything that you find attractive from their beautiful long wavy blond hair,

to their starry baby blue eyes,

to there perfect shaped hips,

to there thinly veiled abs or stomach..

I'll stop their...

The body is more then one part.

That's point I'm trying to make.

In response to Linda Bella Wassermeister poem Hints To Husbands

Because the the comment would not fit.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Confession Of A Treacherous Freind

I remember you, but not like this.  
Not scarred or marred.  
Damage goods.  
Before you met your fate.  
Before you went through this quake.  
Yes I remember you, a spoiled childhood friend.  
Who was yet too afraid to take great risks.  
At the family misgivings.  
I think I'm the who first started you your family feud.  
Not intentionally of course, but I do take fault.  
Soon after you would leave for your grandmothers.  
Forever to stay, forever to protect.  
And you did your best, still you lost it because of your family's greed.  
I'll give you that, and one friend taken was too my fault.  
Out of fear, I sacrificed her for I had no true understandings of the  
consequences.  
No excuses can rightfully be wrought.  
I did fight you under the wrong guise, you tried to warn me not to be surprised.  
I think you knew it as you knew her, an inter wrapped woven trap sprung.  
My brother took its brunt and mirror imaged me, he was true family.  
He sacrificed that friend that day, we all did.  
Why her jealousy ran so deep over you I will never know.  
So damned determined to destroy that girl, and me at the cost of her self.  
After that nothing was the same, I disappeared as a ghost should.  
You eventually found you way back to me, but it was years later with so much  
already lost, still I played as a little boy with his harp.  
Not that I knew we would repeat the path, but this time it was my intention  
because of the mess you brought me into.  
Three cackling hens, all aiming to own you and bringing me in.  
I eliminated the two that weren't true, not that you know this but you kid will  
know you.  
You and I are alike in this way we never really got know our real fathers.  
And I didn't the same to befall your son, so I betrayed you I tried two sleep with  
both girls who didn't stand by you through thick and thin.  
And I probably could have had the one if I rush it, the other one I knew it  
wouldn't work from the beginning because we were to close of friends.  
I knew her as long as I did you, instead I forced her between being my friend  
and yours.  
And it hurt, but it worked she no longer either of our friends.



She left dignity intact, and the other destroyed ever last piece of you from her wretched her heart.

I abandon her once I saw it was done, and you hated me for it.

After it all I would do the same if needed repeating, for I know the agony I went through as I watch my father take care of next door neighbors boy not visiting me at all.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Conflicting Lies

'There sits the list of rules of engagement', said the unidentified man.  
Grim our the times, and even grimmer is our understanding of the very same.  
For where betrayal for personal interest at the cost of truth,  
forever it becomes lost in the muck.  
When lies become interwoven with a conflict to your cause and what your  
organization stands for,  
corruption comes from within.  
Deadly as sin.  
Noble liars are still liars.  
No matter how many truths they expose.  
When it becomes agenda less about creditability, and more about whimsical  
publicity,  
all but the idea is lost.  
Take away the name  
to purge the fountain of youth.  
Let moral objectivity not rest on the shoulders of an individual.  
For it is a mere construct.  
And no single man, women, or child is infallible.  
Perfection in what shade of grey?  
Oh the dismay.  
A waking dream becomes ones worse nightmare.  
The duty of the fellow soldier whose already made so many mistakes.  
Pin one more medal upon his chest if you think it will help.  
More proud of what is done in secret, then what is done in public.  
The courageous are the men with no faces.  
The risk does not change.  
Confined and isolated.  
To whom it concerns my conscience still remains.  
Reaching out to say look at me, look what I did.  
No care in this world of loneliness.  
Becoming the loner of exhibitionists.  
The draw of wearing no cloths and being truly exposed.  
A show and tell.  
Hollow are flames of this hell.  
Set me free because I want you too.  
Consequences to whom?  
A physiological impairment some would say.  
There is a fine line in which we pay our dues for the greater good.  
And with it paid, we walk on like it never even happen.

We forget too much, and remember too little.  
The very short attention spans of an entire nation.  
Claws out ready and waiting.  
Pet me or ill rip your face off.  
The unified voice of silence.  
As if someone just died.  
A community mice not men.  
I have yet to meet single one of these creatures that are so heroically portrayed  
in so many books.  
Fiction it is in a belief that true leaders draw huge crowds, and are kings of  
publicity.  
Mocking are all the famous speeches of our time.  
A history of contradictions of the cruel and unkind.  
Words to hypnotize the wealthy to get out there check book.  
Passing the donation plate around like it is a religious organization.  
A torture of the reality of hidden truths in ones own mind.  
If a soulless demon was to come, he need not a more willing and ready  
population.  
Let Vegas be the shape and form for the prolific social society.  
And watch it come done.  
To keep the peace, one must first understand the requirements.  
And if the importance of it is lost.  
Chaos will reign with fluid detail.  
Chasing our own tails.  
Swallowing the acid of the previous fill.  
Repeat the same mistakes and in any other subject and people would see you as  
flaunting idiot.  
You would get a failing grade.  
Not a parade of cameras with your glass of shardana.  
But it is okay in this case because the eye is blind, and the heart is numb.  
Justification is a excuse proven to be needed.  
And the mad hatter already knows how deep the holes goes.  
Give me insider knowledge, and I'll give you fallen giants.  
A weapon so small yet so deadly and precise.  
A skipped pebble across the ocean.  
How far will it go before the energy disperses and the rock just drops?  
Let it not be measured at all, for it was already known it would sink.  
From the depths too far gone.  
Compiling the moment of new dawn.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Conforming To The Life On The City Streets.

A gruff old man with his thumb out.  
Walk the dusty trail.  
In debt to no one.  
The land is his playground.  
No one location that special or that important.  
Migration, to where he sees fit.  
Where his feet can carry him.  
A war vet in a past life.  
Personal possessions are only what he can carry on his back.  
No dependence on anyone specifically.  
Help and handouts along the way.  
Fortunes of the gray.  
Pitied because they have less.  
But sometimes they are happy with it.  
You'll find peace not not by being rich but having happiness.  
It beyond some people imagination why he chooses that way.  
Comfort in not being in debt to anyone.  
Comfort only having what he needs nothing more, nothing less.  
Living by a campfire almost everyday and night.  
Answering to no one except god and himself.  
Working for who he wants, when he wants.  
A choice, in given work that is temporary most of the time anyways.  
Instead of losing it in a year or two, he moves on in a month.  
A traveler, a drifter.  
When he returns, he will have new stories to tell.  
Living it the hardest way.  
But no one even knows his name.  
He is avoided when comes into town.  
Society has no place for a survivalist.  
Someone who respects the land and ecology.  
Someone non violent and all about peace and love.  
There a dying breed.  
The hippies of seventies.  
Today they are just not the same.  
Too many drugs, too many laws.  
Hook and book'em.  
Thrown in the city jail.  
Rehabilitation means to teach you how to be a criminal.  
How to best rip off another human being.

Prisons are a problem not the solution.

Maybe if we leave this man be, leave his dignity intact we would be better off.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Conversation With A Squirrel

I can't be subdued does that anger you?  
Multiple personalities just for little old me.  
Sounds like a little more than a lovers quarrel.  
But I would have better chance getting straight answers from a squirrel.  
So squirrel so what do you think of this dude pretending to be a girl?  
What's this? squeek, squeek  
You think he might be gay?  
You don't say...  
Well can you please tell him if you see him again.  
I only swing one way, I'm only interested in women.  
Squeek, Squeek.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Countless Rejections.

How do I describe her from a distance?  
Without letting it get to personal.  
Dressing up for the rehearsal.  
To what I just don't know.  
For to whom will it benefit.  
The gathering along a smokey campfire.  
Pleasantries as made up as all the rest of the lies.  
Sometimes you can just tell by looking in someone eyes.  
Free to the world, temptation of this pretty young woman.  
In a red slink dress that wraps the body so tight.  
You can see virtually all that is underneath.  
You wonder what is wrong with her for she already has a boyfriend.  
Yet she is swinging every which way.  
Trying is this tiny little space in which there is no escape.  
Getting ever smaller as the night goes on blissfully bye.  
With every pass denied, a needle in the arm and the damage done.  
Oh but getting delusional is so much fun.  
Then why are you getting so angry when I say no and no again.  
A good trip, but I'm only here temporarily.  
Not for all eternity.  
A helping hand to a good friend.  
I barely even know you.  
And the more I see the more I don't want to.  
I can already feel the hate escalate.  
Like I'm somehow at fault for the position you are in.  
I got my own problems my new acquaintance.  
And I don't put that burden upon anyone else.  
Locked away high upon a hidden shelf.  
Share your pain, but don't drive me insane with fire of your desire.  
For in these moments it has already gotten to cold.  
With statements so hypocritical upon that which you really don't know.  
A deadly ego.  
I wont pretend that it does not exist in this body.  
I'm just trying to quell its fury.  
Distance to bodies long dead and buried.  
Markers upon an old grave.  
Tears upon the things I truly crave.  
You think you know.  
You have no idea the memories this house brings back.

A haunting of ghost within the bitterness of my lonely soul.  
Precious is my resistance and ability to stay in control at a time when I'm so  
vulnerable.  
So just leave me alone.  
For my life is my own.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Crazy Stalker With 10 Idenities

What do you do with a stalker with 10 different names.

Every one just as fake.

What turned this glancing obsession so nasty.

A behavior profile could be easily given, but how unusual for it to be a woman.

Odd indeed, they are not known for such things.

Doesn't mean it can't happen.

Just the statistics are small.

What made this women go off, a denied affection, public humiliation.

All that with out using a single name, seems to me she is also hallucinating, and playing fill in the blanks.

She is a dangerous women indeed.

I just hope she doesn't have a gun, I definitely think she is capable of killing someone if things don't go her way.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Creatures Of Nothingness

I've become a giant in my senseless motive.  
Why do I do it when everyone is rooting against me.  
Because I can, and I still give a damn.  
I will never surrender in this life or the next.  
Even when it seems so futile.  
Perfection is not in the complexion,  
its not something you can see, taste, or touch.  
But its what you feel on the inside.  
Burning churning right through you.  
Even a crippled can have wings.  
Its a ping to the head.  
Get up and sing for their only one thing we need.  
And its happiness without the greed.  
Its living in bliss without the forgetfulness that comes with it.  
Be what it might.  
Destroying the light.  
Loss of all sight.  
Absence of all life.  
Creatures of nothingness, roaming twilight.  
Searching for more an emptiness.  
Feeding off it and creating new and worse creatures we call humans from it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Crimson Red Unfolds

As the anger rises, the crimson red unfolds.  
Sometimes one is not to accept the truth for what it is.  
And they try change it.  
Sometimes they succeed.  
Sometimes they cave and give up.  
A surrendering of the soul.  
A abandoned world.  
Where the darkness will rule.  
And common suffering will reign till some one stands up.  
Theirs always a puppeteer.  
Just cut the strings to be free.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Cruel World

Destiny keeps on spinning  
Why does it seem like every time I get close.  
Again the bad guys keep on winning.

She speaks of things I have never seen.  
She acts like she is total into me.  
Another flavor of curiosity.

Someone that has it all mapped out.  
The happily ever after.  
In my dreams I can wish.

As I close my eyes and try to sleep.  
I'm wishing for that castle to keep.  
She doesn't understand.

The good life when things are so easy.  
A silver spoon of just the right size.  
A marriage that goes just right.

But she will not make a single sacrifice.  
No she is not willing to get in the ice.  
So alone I walk on this road so cold.

Abandoned by love.  
Or maybe I abandon it.  
I don't really know because I'm already numb.

I live in the world of constantly being shocked.  
A million kinds of torture as tests.  
But I am still standing.

She will never get it.  
It not all about success.  
Yes it gives you a head start.

But anyone can fall off of a horse.  
I'm down here and I already know how to carry my own weight.  
What happens when you reach your mistake?

Will you become another ghost?  
Were you a leech with the world as your host?  
With champagne did you make your last toast?

I did all I can.  
Does it make me any better of a man?  
Emotions dripping right out of my hand.

A blood soaked letter.  
He's already forgotten.  
And to think you just met.

If indifference is the ammunition.  
What do you think is the weapon?  
Living life in a cruel world.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Crushed

A stimulation to the mind.  
A ego to crush from the inside.  
The raven the swoops down and carries the prey off.  
Picked apart.  
The truly departed.  
How did this get started.  
There are not enough words to save myself.  
I murdered you, by letting you down.  
You trusted me in a really bad way.  
An attraction, that I accepted and let it bring you satisfaction.  
You told me your deepest darkest secrets.  
And I didn't believe any of them.  
I wrote a poem that broke your heart.  
I pushed you over the edge.  
Not intentionally I thought you were just lonely.  
Thinking soon enough you would get over it.  
Instead you latched on and when I kicked you off.  
You were completely crushed by the mere utters of a pen.  
No pictures, no sounds, no touch.  
These writings can be dangerous.  
I didn't mean to lead you on.  
Some how yet I did.  
No ill intent here, just an honest mistake because they were no human faces.  
Guilty of being mean and cruel.  
Because I didn't feel what you felt.  
How could I really know, how could I really know?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Crushing Fear

Hello there

Do you even notice me as my voice hovers in the air.

So desperate to get you attention.

Is it pathetic?

Just maybe, it's right up my alley.

Expression through writing is what I know better all else.

I will stutter and stumble.

Face to face.

Embarrassed.

Feeling like a disgrace.

Shame shall be his name.

Time to explain if I only knew why.

Looking through foggy eyes.

So tired of all the damn lies.

Reasons compromised.

Wearing a disguise, and not for the looks I hide.

Exploring the possibilities of chasing after a distant sunrise.

An uncomfortable silence.

Feeling so awkward when being social.

I don't belong, not there, not at that dance.

Not a given chance.

Memories stained with experiences lived.

Always looking for escape, a get away.

So afraid, but of what is a question that repeats.

Crippled from your presence, I can't even look.

Paralyzed, disassociating.

I need my distance.

Too close, please no touching.

Jumping out of my skin.

Shaking, mentally breaking.

Catatonic, comatose.

What is wrong with me.

The room is small.

The music is so loud.

Yet I'm stuck in this shroud.

So this is what I do, is run, run, run.

Out of breath.

Reaching for my destination of the next.

Welcome to the complexities of my confession.

Cold sweat, dripping wet.

No matter the words used to describe it.

None will ever do.

I just wish I could talk to you like a normal human.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Cure To Your Disease In A Waking Dream

The better question is this a dream from which there is no waking up.  
A fleeting moment in which you can't escape?  
Holding in each breath you wish to take.  
Just a little longer.  
If its not a mistake, then we all got to believe in a higher power.  
Not some magical formula in combination.  
The odds of a half life are better then only having a single whole one.  
Justice be done.  
Just take me from this world.  
Visions of a catastrophe in my wake.  
Disaster around every single corner.  
Walking down the cobble stone road with my eyes wide shut.  
Awake but out.  
Like a drug I'm never going to take.  
A mental break.  
Meditation, with stress in a constant inhalation.  
The fumes just drive me crazy.  
Give me a solution for everyone.  
Just another candy cane on a Christmas tree.  
You're fully welcome to take as you please.  
But only if it is the cure to your disease.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Cutting Off The Cord

One last visit from your son at the hospital.  
Then it is time to go into hiding.  
Not for you, but them.  
A hold over others.  
Is it love that brings us so much torture, so much pain?  
Protection provided from across the states.  
A distance that forever aches.  
Knowing no contact or location.  
Freedoms surrendered, so that others can go on living.  
Not to worry.  
No looking behind us to see someone else's ghost.  
A haunting of nothing more than empty pictures.  
Hidden in a desk, along with all the notes you wrote.  
They don't know, the film was not yet developed.  
Now with a turn of a key, and the lifting of a hidden panel underneath I can flip  
through those pictures of an old life.  
This place is still like living in a dream.  
A fabrication of my own making.  
From the job, to the family history.  
All alone but hopefully not forgotten.  
The rules are cruel.  
But we have a child, and it was what we both wanted.  
Better not to be blackmails victim.  
Murder on a chain.  
One pull and see who comes running.  
A born destruction.  
One day, one day this will be all over.  
Until then, messages will be relayed and coordinated directly through those of a  
anonymous network with no central location.  
Because these memories are all we have to sleep at night right now.  
And it is just not enough.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Daily Deception(Revised)

In to this life and the next.  
This time I must be the one to confess  
The distance between now and then couldn't be any greater then I can stand.  
Tell me are you a friend.  
A I wish I could pretend.  
Your eyes say one thing.  
You say another.  
Whom am I to believe.

Daily deception.  
It's okay cause she does it.  
That's what I hear over and over again.  
Questioning their Motives,  
Questioning their Actions,  
Questioning everything in the search for some greater truth.  
And all the time it hides right beneath the skin.  
Go ahead and hide your emotions.  
Please do try to defend.  
It's a the winter that never ends.  
So cold, it brushes right up against me.

How can I believe anything you say?  
It's just another question on the top of my mind each and everyday.  
Do you think that this make it's okay?  
Never knowing which way the windy winding road will turn.  
To the left then to the right.  
Look into their eyes under the firelight.  
But will that tell you everything you will need to know?

I must know.  
I must turn my back to you.  
I trusted you,  
I let you in, and you stole everything I believed in.

Oh angel maker what have you created.  
A loss of faith.  
A loss of the greatest sensation of touch and taste.  
How sweet was that embrace.

But now it's to this life and the next.  
Walk backwards for awhile.  
Trust no one except the ones with a fictitious smile.  
All because of a single lie.  
That is all it takes.  
Hope it made you die a little inside.  
It did for me.  
My life will be complete  
And I will have the time of my life getting there.  
But don't despair.  
It won't be with you.  
Oh no, it won't be with you.  
It's for me,  
It's for you,  
I say it's for me,  
Oh it's for you  
Into this life and the next.  
Please let it be the last daily deception.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dancing Shadows

A midnight summers dream.  
A winters ghost that just won't forget.  
The pain that has been both set and laid to rest.

Abandon what you think you know.  
For all exits aren't as apparent.

Beyond the obvious.  
Sight limited by distance, light, and color.  
Emotions hieghten, as the heart beat rattles on faster and faster.

A fear that is never welcome.  
A Whistling coming from that unknown rooftop.  
Echo's so feint, maybe it just doesn't bare needing to be repeated.  
Tears frozen solid, and shattered reflecting this erie light.  
Speaking in so many languages it is hard to keep up.

Mind boggling, mind blowing is the set circumstances and event we constantly  
find ourselves in.  
When focus is needed does the background noise just disappears.  
Or does it reach the inner ear?

Slowly it's seeping in corrupting our truest intention.  
All words are nothing more then a reinvention.  
With thoughts we would rather not mention.

And in this circus of a deluge, which are the ones we find most useful.

The crime of a cryptic verse?  
Is it the theft of some old ladies purse?  
Minipulated or rehearsed?  
The gears set in reverse.  
A god given purpose.

A ring of the almighty.  
Look at that it's the splendor of aphrodite.  
A fabolous pose in prose I suppose.  
Forgive me for getting so giddy.  
But this is the nature of my undaunting laughter.

Faith among and for the blind.  
Shadows that both dance and intertwine.  
In the end there is something we must all find.  
Bet yours isn't the same as mine.  
Days shall never be wasted for me by counting the unending number of times.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dark Creatures

I'm calling to you  
The creatures of the deep.  
The creatures of the dark.  
A creation of an ark.  
Riding out the storm.  
With only you as company.

The powerless feeling.  
Watching all my friends and family drown.  
Am I'm not able to save them.  
One by one they disappear into the expansive blue ocean.  
The doctor tells me it was only a dream.  
But I know a nightmare when I have one.

Screaming out in the middle of the night.  
Where is the shining light.  
The heavenly delight.  
Isn't that the way I'm suppose to feel?

I'm calling to you  
The creatures of the deep.  
The creatures of the dark.  
A creation of an ark.  
Riding out the storm.  
With only you as company.

I give you my hand only to slip away.  
Continuously falling.  
The bottomless pit.  
I was dragged in it.  
All these corpses souls are looking at me.  
Whispering of my guilt.

Screaming out in the middle of the night.  
Where is the shining light.  
The heavenly delight.  
Isn't that the way I'm suppose to feel?

I'm calling to you

The creatures of the deep.  
The creatures of the dark.  
A creation of an ark.  
Riding out the storm.  
With only you as company.

Blood starts dripping out of my nose.  
And I don't know how it it happen.  
For I just woke from this horrible dream.  
A splash of cold water to wipe my face clean.  
But I still don't feel as if I'm really here.  
An outer body experience.  
An astral projection of my reflection.  
Looking at the second one of you.  
Is that really me?

Screaming out in the middle of the night.  
Where is the shining light.  
The heavenly delight.  
Isn't that the way I'm suppose to feel?

I'm calling to you  
The creatures of the deep.  
The creatures of the dark.  
A creation of an ark.  
Riding out the storm.  
With only you as company.

Screaming out in the middle of the night.  
Where is the shining light.  
The heavenly delight.  
Isn't that the way I'm suppose to feel?

I'm calling to you  
The creatures of the deep.  
The creatures of the dark.  
A creation of an ark.  
Riding out the storm.  
With only you as company.

With only you as company.



Only you as company.  
My dark little creatures.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dark Desire

Writing my conscience. I  
t knows exactly what to say, to keep that guilt that rides me so hard at bay. Bury  
the feelings.  
I'm in control,  
I know the difference between right and wrong.  
Which is why I'm writing this song.  
Let my pen speak.  
Leak the secrets of the heart.  
The deepest darkest desire sets ones soul of fire.  
Try to fight it,  
try to hide it,  
but its shows itself from right under the skin.  
It cant be locked within.  
It will cause you to mentally break.  
There is no escape.  
Not getting away from it.  
No matter the distance traveled,  
it will follow like your shadow.  
You need it and it needs you.  
So just accept it. It is a part you.  
Broken but still connected.  
Constantly infecting some like a disease.  
Just give it up please, you cant win me over with reason.  
There has been a change of season.  
When all else fails, just inhale then exhale.  
Suck it in to spit it back out.  
Cast away all the shadows of doubt.  
The crowds will get smaller.  
Only the true followers will follow.  
The rest will turn hollow.  
Dead on the inside.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dark Men

Melodramatic, screaming about the petty things.  
Can't you see that is nothing.  
Dark men live right next to you.  
They don't want you to have an easy life.  
Some so sick and demented want to stab you with a knife.  
Other want to corrupt our children.  
Yet more want all your money.  
Are you realizing this isn't funny.  
It sad that some don't comprehend the negative effect its having.  
We are all to busy with self gratification.  
Stroking our egos.  
Who cares about that man next to you.  
Well I do, and I want more from those so distracted, so surprised when their are  
extreme actions are taken.  
Well if you wouldn't have let it go.  
How could you not know.  
Its black in the snow.  
So obvious.  
How can so many be so oblivious?  
I guess its a human defect that we reject that their can be true evil.  
Denial of those liable.  
Fine so be it.  
The truth you'll never achieve it.  
I stand in the way of the dismay you try to create today.  
A one man army against so many.  
Its a harsh reality.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dark Side

I bit my upper lip  
I take another sip  
Coffee so black  
Jittery  
Stressed  
Solve an impossibility  
Build the creativity  
With humans ingenuity  
All with that makes no sense  
The soul never relents  
Or knows how to repent  
How much do I owe?  
Can I weigh it in gold?  
Can it be told?  
With the words that heal  
What has been revealed?  
What has been sealed?  
Shrouded in darkness  
The fog has blinded me  
Its beyond my understanding  
I'm not sure what I should be demanding  
Attacking the defenseless  
Breaking the hopeless  
A survivor of what  
Just shut up  
A listen to the unforgiven  
The urgency is now  
How to sooth the savage beast in me  
So Angry  
Lashing out in strange ways  
What has my serenity done to me?  
Trying to think  
Wanting to be totally tanked  
But walking away  
Because I know that's not the way  
No gonna happen  
Not now  
Or any other day  
I'm stronger

I'm not a monger of meager means  
I've already came clean  
But the guilt is still there  
Rotting  
Always bringing the despair  
Beware the knife is sharp  
Its cuts so deep  
Wait the chance it so needs  
To breath  
To loose  
Another golden goose  
Another golden egg  
Then your dead  
As the words I read

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dark Sunrise

Chasing demons from the inside.  
Come here my bride and be hypnotized.  
Don't be so surprised by my darkening sunrise.

For the lust for death is fading ever more.  
The opacity of a disillusioned charity.  
Reaching out with hands of ice from under a oncoming high tide hoping to grasp  
that so distant shore.  
And as the night drifts on by knowing you are going to have to continue to fight.  
A game on outskirts of deciding what is right.  
A matter of bending light.  
Judge and jury presiding.  
The anvil comes on down heavily residing.

Chasing demons from the inside.  
Come here my bride and be hypnotized.  
Don't be so surprised by my darkening sunrise.

Cold is her breath.  
As she speaks of what will be next.  
Yet knowing their will be no definite.  
A future that's imagined on piece of paper.  
A disaster yet to endure will scribbles of lure.

Chasing demons from the inside.  
Come here my bride and be hypnotized.  
Don't be so surprised by my darkening sunrise.

Chasing demons from the inside.  
Come here my bride and be hypnotized.  
Don't be so surprised by my darkening sunrise.

Eyes full of emptiness.  
The clouded poor soul.  
So confused by what you think you should be feeling.  
When the pinch doesn't sting what does it really mean.  
Not so sensitive, over medicated with a anaesthetic is highly overrated and not to  
be debated.  
So numb with words still wanting to be overcome.

And they go on wanting.

Chasing demons from the inside.  
Come here my bride and be hypnotized.  
Don't be so surprised by my darkening sunrise.

He is her to be traded in identities to identify.  
But only if you survive.  
There is no safe risk.  
There is only one jump with a chance to fly to the heavenly divide.  
Or crash land in the most painful way you could die.  
When you look up what is it you see?  
As the emotions continue swell I ask you once again what is it you think you  
want from me?

For the lust for death is fading ever more.  
The opacity of a disillusioned charity.  
Reaching out with hands of ice from under a oncoming high tide hoping to grasp  
that so distant shore.  
And as the night drifts on by knowing you are going to have to continue to fight.  
A game on outskirts of deciding what is right.  
A matter of bending light.  
Judge and jury presiding.  
The anvil comes on down heavily residing.

Chasing demons from the inside.  
Come here my bride and be hypnotized.  
Don't be so surprised by my darkening sunrise.

Just don't be surprised by my darkening sunrise.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dead Mans Fate

When the prophet dies, does the future he predicted die with him?  
Or live on through our finger and tongues.  
A choice made, how do we do we really know if it was mistake with no guidance.  
A leaderless fortune.  
A mystery of the deep.  
Interpretation with our eyes we seek.  
If we can only understand maybe we can also change it.  
A disruption in fate.  
Creating a chosen destiny.  
We are the ones alive even if it seems like the words are.  
Following a belief blindly is the mistake of our past.  
We must move forward and do it fast.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Deadly Disease

With only so many cocktails  
To a disease that eats at your arteries  
Keep it down but never kill it  
Each cure will only keep it decolonized it for so long  
Then it to the next  
I'm speaking of something similar to mrsa  
The only difference is it is contained in the blood  
No contagion risk.  
Mysterious is such a bacteria  
So rare that that CDC is called in to investigate  
What caused this?  
Was it the hospital or nursing home  
Can you sue, and should you  
All very good questions  
But the man says no, and continues on with his life  
He could live for another 20 years  
The doctors just don't know  
It's one of those make the best of whatever you got left.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Dear Ann

Dear Ann, sorry this has come to end.  
I hope you will remember that moment.  
That day slowly burns.  
A torch that cant be blown out.  
The eternal flame.  
Light it an go on.  
But you better remember me.

Dear Ann,  
sorry this has come to end.  
We did everything right.  
We were overwhelmed by that which still haunts me.  
A child,  
A child,  
A mere child.  
No mercy,  
No pity,  
Only regret.  
Take a stand  
Protect those whom cant do for them selves.  
Become a scapegoat for the destruction of a castle I call hope.  
I can still see the sickening smile as he admit it.  
I would like to kill the son of bitch.

Dear Ann, sorry that it has come to end.  
I hope someday I can be forgiven.  
Blood for blood.  
Can you really call that love.  
A morbid sense of hate.  
Their was just too much at stake.

Dear Ann, sorry that it has come to end.  
Ugly is revenge.  
A mortared face.  
Scarred for ever.  
I embrace.  
With an overreaction.  
Was it really about self satisfaction.  
I want to share in this pain.

I want us to be same.  
Equals in our own domain.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dear Everybody.

Dear Americans, The World, my countrymen everywhere.

I would like to speak to you tonight, not about some woman.

Not about some dream job in the future

Not about your suffering, but the will to be children's, children, who will suffer at the hands of pure greed, and constant prolonging of compromising.

This is a slowly failing capitalist state, empire, government, or whatever else you want to call to it.

The laws are being rewritten slowly.

Our monopoly laws has failed miserably.

And I want them reinforced harder.

Shrink these businesses to a reasonable size.

If you don't have the money to cover it.

And the company don't have the money to cover it.

It shouldn't exist.

You don't like that walmart tough.

I'm not speaking to favor you at all.

You make hardly in anything in America.

And yet they are too many of your companies here.

Assembled is as close as you get except for groceries and prescriptions.

Prescription manufacturers who hardly make any drugs in this country. and charge us the most for them.

Where is our competitive market.

Where are the U.S. factories? ? ?

Where are the hard workers? ? ?

Now that doesn't just mean factories.

How about we make some clothing again.

How about us harvesting more cotton.

How about we make more computer chips.

How about we grow something is costing that's costing millions if not billions of dollars.

Oh and emptying our prison systems at the same time

A man I talked from U.K. tells me the about unique laws Amsterdam has.

By the way I did look up these laws and I'm reading from them as we speak.

Their drug law states, that everyone has the right to choose of their own health as far most health issue goes.

And that should be our right.

We shouldn't have to have insurance unless their is a nation wide free insurance program.

The pursuit of happiness.

We deny that.

That's a lie.

But in truth I don't think it's possible to completely achieve it.

For if it was possible murders could kill at a whim, rapist a would be allowed to pursue their sick and twisted happiness as two very ugly examples of how flawed that idea is.

I think it should be true about ones health.

But lets face it someone must lead, and someone must follow.

We got too many cooks and not enough chefs in this country.

And of the chefs none have to take responsibility for their actions.

If they were that money wouldn't have disappeared in the first place.

What of you Obama, what do you have to say of your actions.

What have you done, to truly help this country.

I wouldn't call that health bill help.

It was like putting a band aid on a hemorrhage and expecting to fix its self, it didn't.

You have to treat healthcare companies, like the electric companies.

Cap them.

you want to start making money on that issue, that is what needs to be done.

Oh and while your at bring the product back. create taxation laws such that American products are equal.

Put them taxes on us.

I would take that load if it means American jobs again. Anybody who bring back American jobs I would support.

Anybody who actually would do something like pull all Americans out of all wars I would support.

Their needed right here on the borders and disaster areas.

The greed has to stop so ill be the first American say tax me so we can return American jobs again.

Let it be on the products that come from other countries.

Call it isolationism if you want.

But other countries have the right to do the same.

Bush this is my middle finger to you and that line.

Its not isolationism if it is basic survival.

We are in trouble, we will become either a Communist, socialist or dictatorship type government

I don't think its not to far down this road we are traveling.

Their is no looking back as soon as we go.

When the government truly collapses you will know.

Now the world probably hate me for some of the things I said

Now the Americans probably hate me for some of the things I said.

Now big bushiness probably hate me for what i said.

I know i probably pissed of both republicans, and democrats.  
But we are at all fault for this and we will suffer some way for it.  
If we really want to fix it.  
We must except we are all at fault.  
Equal the land must be before a golden age will ever be seen.

~Give me responses arguments as the people or even your ideas as leaders of the literature world. Put it all in poems and keep delivering the messages. Drill it in as if it is your most loved one that died. Let them know what you want.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Dear Poemhunter I Am A Critic

Please update your editor.

Because when I make a mistake and submit poem.

I want to be able fix it.

Even if I make multiple changes.

Your site only shows the original error riddled one no matter how long I wait.

So please, pretty please fix it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Death By Your Own Sword

Here's the hilt.  
Here's the blade.  
Hold your head high and prepare to attack.  
For there's no going back.  
Buildings are burning.  
A government in siege.  
A war torn world.  
A sacrilege of everything we were taught.  
Enveloped in the night sky.  
Smoke is rising and people we know and love are dieing.  
The new born is crying.  
The angels are screaming.  
Not another mortal soul lost.  
Look at the cost.  
Infinity can't define divinity.  
Immortality in this world does not exist.  
So what about the next.  
What if their is none.  
Then you just abandon everything.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Death In A Dream

In response to the reaper, I speak.  
Begging for my last goodbyes.  
For I'm not just yet ready to die.  
Demanding for inner peace before my soul will let go.  
Grabbing and holding onto this world.  
And in this instance the pain fades.  
The eyes close.  
And you wake in a new place, and new life as if it was only a dream.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Death Knocking(Revised)

Just focus.  
Stop and think.  
Your on the brink with no way out.  
It's do or die time.  
Can you survive?  
Will you survive?  
I can see it in your eyes.  
Your soul is fading.  
Drifting on to next.  
Such an moment of mourning.  
Your going going gone.

Just focus.  
Stop and think.  
Your on the brink with no way out.  
Only one thing comes to mind doubt and more festering doubt.  
Like an infection it spreads through the skin.  
Slowly turning your complexion to an ominous pale gray.  
Can you survive.  
Will you survive.  
Does it mean you are still alive with all the senses and emotions still attached?  
Body and mind in sync.  
Just in time.  
I think you'll be just fine.

Just focus.  
Stop and think.  
Your on the brink with no way out.  
The vision is just to horrifying to even think about.  
There is no dark cloud.  
It will not rain on me.  
Hope till the bitter end.  
Don't surrender.  
Can you survive?  
Will you survive?  
Sadness in the skies.  
Wishing upon another sunrise.  
A fairy tale gone so wrong.  
It's my worse nightmare coming true for you.

What can you do?

Just focus.

Stop and think.

Your on the brink with no way out.

I'm just so sorry.

But it just doesn't cut it.

No words can explain it.

It's the light in the dark.

Soon it will be gone.

Still you go on as if nothing wrong.

As if you already know where your going,

And just maybe you do.

But I don't and it scares me.

I want to be brave for you.

But in the end it's not up to me or you.

Can you survive?

Will you survive?

Please let it be quick.

And let the pain be so gentle.

Cause I just won't be able to take it.

Too much to bare for my soul.

I'm burning on the inside, and it just won't go away.

It's just so hard even still to describe that day.

One day I will be with out again.

And it will all be okay.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Death Threats

You're threatening my life?  
Because I won't give you my money for taking care of my mother.  
Let me understand this right.  
You owe taxes on the house your currently staying.  
You owe money to the V.A. acquired for her.  
You receive 1100 a month in her pension.  
You married my sister  
You make 25 an hour, and your wife make 34 an hour.  
You already drained all our mothers saving accounts.  
You took everything out of my moms house and sold it..  
How dare you.  
I'm losing my house and already lost my mothers.  
No thanks to your kids.  
Who did so much damage to hers.  
That I went bankrupt in all the repairs.  
Yet you still believe I owe you more.  
I am her power of attorney, that doesn't mean I have to work for you..  
If you think I have a check ready and waiting.  
You are sadly mistaken.  
If you come to my house be prepared to leave abruptly by the sound of gun fire.  
Your children even hate you.  
You made them your slaves by the giving them the abuse you so craved.  
My mother took pictures which really pissed off my sister.  
Always on the drugs, how do you think it will look if you come to my house high  
making death threats.  
Do you think that is something I will regret?  
But don't fret its only a lean.  
Till debts are repaid.  
Oh I'm just letting you know I'm not afraid.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Death, The Bearer Of The Ultimate Truth

Death delivers this unconditional kind of message.  
You will feel pain as you have never done before be warned.  
Your most inmate soul has been forever lost.  
Indeed in the last moments of love it does burn something great, something  
fierce straight into us.  
It is but reflection of what will come before you too.  
Nothing more then a constant mirror of our own mortality.  
But after you experience enough of them you become numb to it.  
Some call it going through the motions.  
Only the first is a one in a lifetime kind of loss.  
Death is quick and easy, living on past it is the hard part.  
For grief, is just a single moment in our sometimes bitter loneliness.  
The forever kind of longing for that perfect companionship would drive most to  
point where sanity is no longer possible, plausible or even palatable.  
An in the moment of our truest despair, we discover the importance of life itself.  
The importance of trying to bring purpose where it was only hours ago non-  
existent.  
Some call this a silver lining among the darkness.  
Hope is but refuge that is preparing you for the reality we must all face.  
A truth so horrible, so cruel, some believe it to be even unjust.  
And with this the anger rises, and the rage is ever tempted as we keep  
screaming at the empty walls.  
Raising our voices to the abyss of the thundering skies.  
But mark my words it is not something any of us can avoid.  
We must accept it and move on.  
For to dwell on the very limited time we have is indeed a foolish endeavor.  
Give me a ceremony and let it be done.  
There are more important things to worry about then a single man, woman or  
child.  
I know this sounds cold and harsh.  
But in these swamps, in this thick dreary marsh there is still plenty of life to live.  
And either you are gonna be part of it or not.  
Fated among the dead tree left to rot.  
Becoming the food and energy for the most unique kind of bugs.  
There are mere strangers as they start to pick the body apart.  
But soon we come to this understanding, this kind of unending connection.  
That all life needs each other.  
There very survival is interdependent on ours.  
Forever is but unknown number marked on the tombstone of freshly dug grave.

And to know of this death, is to know you can't have it any other way.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Deaths Notice

When someone dies  
And no one takes notice  
All alone.  
Crawling deep inside  
The last fight.  
This is your life.  
And no one even sees you.  
Completely invisible.  
Completely miserable.  
Completely insufferable.  
No one to blame.  
No one to hate.  
Put upon the stake.  
The nails go in.  
First the hands then the feet.  
It is the ultimate defeat.  
Falling down to never look back up.  
Their all gone.  
The calm before the storm.  
An angel raises her head and says 'oh where is all the love I felt? '  
Then she disappears.  
A life given up on so early.  
And no one even blinks an eye or says good bye.  
It is a horrible way to die.  
The certificate says so.  
A lineage totally forgotten.  
Erased except for a piece of paper.  
They tried the best save her.  
But sometimes your just too late.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Decaying Organic Matter

Just thrown under the bus.  
The hopeless cage that continues to rusts.  
Soon all that will be left is lots of metal fragments and dust.  
Not caused by a catastrophic explosion.  
Nothing so sudden in this daily erosion.  
Times utter destruction.  
You can not sense it in anyway.  
It attacks us from both inside and outside.  
Revelations to never coincide.  
They have absolutely no correlation.  
Discovery is but of the human mind.  
This is deeper, darker, like a parasite it is slowly bleeding us all dry.  
A self awareness dimming before next sunrise.  
Are the words whom am I always too late or is it just me.  
Picking the prettiest little red rose.  
Is this a mere reflection of all our identities.  
The living breathing unending slowly dying tragedy.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Decaying Pride

So you disagree in my naive point view.  
To downgrade without an explanation.  
Is disrespectful to any writer.  
At least tell me why you don't like it.  
I swear I won't object.  
Who knows you might even be right.  
Torn rags do shine by a misguided light.  
Little objectivity, with even littler sensitivity.  
Not that my sense of self worth is barren.  
By far I'm not one who needs his ego stroked.  
I prefer the humble way, let the pride decay.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Deception Portrayed

The art of dying.  
The art of living.  
The beauty in everything.  
It just doesn't matter.  
No it is not for me anymore.  
I'm not giving up.  
I'm not shutting up.  
Always hungry, forever feeding on the never ending sustenance.  
Give me my mind.  
Let me use it.  
Honestly it is not crime.  
Reading between lines.  
Castration upon the public forum.  
A political agenda.  
It's not about you.  
It's not about me.  
Just consume and consume till you die.  
Do you really need all of it to survive?  
Can you not see you are already alive?  
Decisions constantly being made for you.  
It is all because we allow them too.  
Individually speaking.  
Individually preaching.  
Is one voice ever enough.  
The battle for freedom is never over.  
Eyes hypnotized.  
Break free from the illusion.  
See all for what it is.  
Breathing as if you never took such a deep breath before.  
It's not about conquering the world.  
Or having everything there within.  
Marked by a continuous sin.  
For if there is something beyond the heaven of the deep blue skies.  
Will we make it?  
The crusaders.  
Noble is the cause.  
Evil are the actions.  
Rivers of blood flow along the marked division lines.  
Running a criminal organization in the name of a democracy.

With bombs don't worry we will set you free.  
It will be for all eternity.  
The fields of fire are mounting.  
Is anyone even still counting?  
This is the vision of the blind.  
Why is it no one can see beyond all the lies?  
An endless high tide.  
No matter the fancy suit worn, or gun that is not carried.  
They still shouldn't be considered a celebrity.  
The media bought and paid for.  
Speakers of avoidance and well dressed words.  
The truth just doesn't matter because they are making too much god damn money.  
The corruption from within.  
There is no defending it.  
They must be held accountable.  
And not just some but all of them.  
A trial of crimes against humanity for the good of the people as it should.  
No plausible denial-ability.  
Good men who do nothing are just as guilty.  
Unless we try to stop it.  
Set upon the cross morality.  
One by one the victims are nailed.  
Locked in a cage never be to set free.  
That is the sad truth indeed.  
Under the guise of national interests.  
But that only makes up a select elect elite few.  
The most profitable entities are the only ones who benefit.  
Power, Greed, Hunger.  
Where is the anger?  
Where is the out rage?  
A piss poor act is being betrayed upon the stage.  
Should we laugh or cry?  
I will not be silenced.  
They will have to take me handcuffs first.  
How about you?  
Do you have conscience?  
Will you speak up no matter the repercussions of such actions?  
Will it be enough or will it be too little, too late?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Deciphering Egos

Exploring a new language found.  
Beneath or above the clouds?  
Dearest me, remove this shroud.  
Become a star in the dark, glowing all proud.  
Look at me, look at me, for I do not drown.  
An ability to breath beneath the bubbling sea.  
A water that does not choke.  
Words and thoughts that are to be invoked.  
Hidden behind a cloak.  
What does it really mean?  
Removing the spleen.  
Such a sensitive surgery.  
An inspection of something so seemingly rotten.  
What you if come to find it's not?  
Then will you see this as for nothing?  
An ego getting its daily brushing.  
Got to make sure looks good.  
No matter the deeds or proceeds.  
It is a perspective.  
It is a objective.  
No bias in position.  
No bias thrust upon any mission.  
It is as it is in this deciphering.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Declining Youth

The fire burns this golden hour.  
Behold look to the clock for clues.  
As time itself will describe.  
Inscribed on the charred and stained.  
Forcing memories to be retained.  
I can't, I must not, I won't forget.  
An etching upon the cliff.  
Only a simple climb to see.  
Hand, by hand, stone by stone.  
Work and reward.  
The kind of earnings that go unheard.  
Not jingle in the pocket but instead in the mind.  
It can not be stolen, at least by greed.  
But age does wear you down,  
If it does not you are a god among men.  
And I bow to you with one request.  
Share the secret of everlasting youth.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Deepness In The Throat

Like a deepness in your throat  
I'm here to make you choke.  
A miss step to the abiding course  
Scream of the divorce of those of fantasy and the real.  
No concept is ever a far cry from the from the truth.  
Of the abused  
Mentally used  
Confused  
Bitter  
Sour  
Anger  
Hate  
In everything we relate  
So do not agitate

Look at yourself making so many miscalculations  
In your proclamations  
As am I  
We speak, we learn  
We follow through  
Like an oppression upon the chest  
Looky their its sitting on that shelf  
Just reach for it.

Like a deepness in your throat  
I'm here to make you choke.  
A miss step to the abiding course  
Scream of the divorce of those of fantasy and the real.  
No concept is ever a far cry from the from the truth.  
Of the abused  
Mentally used  
Confused  
Bitter  
Sour  
Anger  
Hate  
In everything we relate  
So do not agitate

Bang bang the drugs take effect  
Are you hallucinating yet.  
Don't fret  
You'll be soon enough  
Think you got it rough  
Come on now be tough  
Stand up for yourself  
Emotional distrust

Like a deepness in your throat  
I'm here to make you choke.  
A miss step to the abiding course  
Scream of the divorce of those of fantasy and the real.  
No concept is ever a far cry from the from the truth.  
Of the abused  
Mentally used  
Confused  
Bitter  
Sour  
Anger  
Hate  
In everything we relate  
So do not agitate

Investigate that of what will be  
Please stand before me  
Tell your stories  
They are not so far reaching  
Am I the soul you have been needing  
Well here you go  
Here I am

Like a deepness in your throat  
I'm here to make you choke.  
A miss step to the abiding course  
Scream of the divorce of those of fantasy and the real.  
No concept is ever a far cry from the from the truth.  
Of the abused  
Mentally used  
Confused  
Bitter  
Sour

Anger  
Hate  
In everything we relate  
So do not agitate

Like the victim  
Always like the victim  
I say just listen  
We all feel the same  
If I can only take away a little bit of the pain  
Trying to make myself sane  
With a lonely complaint  
I'm no saint  
I'm no god  
I just say what's comes from my heart  
Like it or not

Like a deepness in your throat  
I'm here to make you choke.  
A miss step to the abiding course  
Scream of the divorce of those of fantasy and the real.  
No concept is ever a far cry from the from the truth.  
Of the abused  
Mentally used  
Confused  
Bitter  
Sour  
Anger  
Hate  
In everything we relate  
So do not agitate

Memories of nightmares and dreams  
From the clouds mine only can be found  
If only for one dance  
I'll tell you  
I'll promise you  
The world before the sunrise  
Look into my deep brown eyes  
Tell me they lie  
Maybe your right  
But not tonight.



Like a deepness in your throat  
I'm here to make you choke.  
A miss step to the abiding course  
Scream of the divorce of those of fantasy and the real.  
No concept is ever a far cry from the from the truth.  
Of the abused  
Mentally used  
Confused  
Bitter  
Sour  
Anger  
Hate  
In everything we relate  
So do not agitate

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Defacing Ones Character

Misdeeds are all in the interpretation.

Whether in good fun, or thoughts on the run.

While some find it insulting.

Others see it as a compliment.

And without intentions truly known what could be possibly said?

And that's not relevant?

'Yes I said, it is that mans fault he's an idiot.'

Okay so are you saying his environment had nothing to do with it?

'Well no I'm not, I'm just saying he could change if he wanted too.'

And are you willing to help him out?

'No I plan on suing him for defacing my character.'

Okay mind if I ask which character exactly was that?

'Well all of them for they are all me.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Deleting The Libel

Life experiences.

Different parts to put together.

Not necessarily of the here and now.

Trying to understand all of them is impossible with out the proper context.

But if I don't give it maybe that means I want to keep somethings private.

Chasing down my life leads as extracurricular activity.

Can you not see I don't write them for you so personally.

Just writing to release some steam.

A released emotion.

Causing a little commotion.

You think you have the right to insinuate, you are part of everyone.

You must think mighty highly of yourself.

Give me a name I'll point you in the right direction.

Otherwise it is not life or death.

But a poorly portrayed obsession.

I don't want hear excuses for outright abuses.

Your libel is the reason I keep deleting you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Delivering Bad News

Just don't kill the messenger  
As a friend I'm here to tell you it's over  
Don't make me the bad guy  
I had nothing to do with it  
It is completely out of my hand  
I'm here to help you make the transition  
I can read those gleaming eyes  
You both my friend  
I won't let this destroy a good relationship if it doesn't have too  
I'll fight for you as well as him  
I don't care who was in the wrong  
You both will always be equal in my eyes  
I won't ever say goodbye  
It will just never do till death comes to my side  
I won't let you end your life either  
I will pick you on my shoulders and hold you  
Keep your head high and you will survive  
Like the white knight I am only to my true friends  
My hand is out to help any way I can  
And this is where it begins

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Demons Of The Forsaken

Sometimes it is better to put it on paper then keep it your head.  
An expression not known is the one not voiced.  
Regardless of emotions involved.  
Sometimes they are lessons in life that only in this way can be solved.  
Writing the reflection of an image so it can't dissolve.  
What I write I will soon forget unless I reread it.  
Demons of the forsaken.  
Tell me now can you beat them?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Denial Of Climate Change

The world's about to end as we know it.

Are you ready?

Is your hand steady?

Oh how I hope you don't live in a city, when food shortages begin.

Oh how I hope we change the path of destruction we are on.

Did you know I don't own car?

Don't even have my license.

Won't matter in 30 years anyway if the most report is to believed

Saving the planet anyway I can.

Going back to 16th century.

Death to 90 percent of population by 2050.

Massive animal die-offs already underway.

Crop yields already decreasing dramatically annually.

Refugees increasing.

Conflicts becoming norm.

The calm before the storm.

Sound all the god damn alarms.

The impending disaster for those even who believe money can buy the happily ever after.

How will you fair?

I've been saying it for years.

Capitalism is the road to human extinction.

When a government denies the sciences very existence because of the changes that must be made.

Effecting the dollars bottom line.

They say fall in line.

It doesn't exist if we don't allow it too, don't you worry M.R. C.E.O.

We will take away all government funding to research into area of this subject.

We will pay experts to disagree.

We will persuade schools to stay away.

A taboo in a tattoo that says the United States.

The question is not when it will be late.

In the 70s that mistake was already made.

The question is what can be done to lessen the outcome.

With fossil fuels root cause, both electricity and transportation have to undergo and an extreme transformation.

This is Ace at station one signing off.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Deny Someone An Education. They Will Find It Somewhere Else.

Deny someone an education.  
They will find it somewhere else.  
Don't respond, if you do as you always do.  
You ask for tons of money just so I can pursue.

Deny someone an education.  
They will find it somewhere else.  
Money can't be earned to support.  
With violence they resort.

Deny someone an education  
They will find it somewhere else.  
A criminal mind intertwined  
Cheating the system they see as just fine.

Deny someone an education.  
They will find it somewhere else.  
Starving to preserve a future so bleak  
Capitalizing on those of the weak

Deny someone an education  
They will find it somewhere else  
Be careful what you teach.  
For now all can reach.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Derailed

Bless me not  
For I feel like sleeping on a cot  
I'm crashing  
Burning full of desire  
Quite inspired  
Call me a liar  
I feel on fire  
Lies come in all and shapes and forms  
And lie dormant for years  
In till the soul disappears  
Cloud cover me in the darkness  
I've been marked  
All eyes on me  
I feel as I can't see  
Some would say this a dark day  
Treat me with some dignity  
Rain drops hit my face  
So I embrace  
This is a life gone to waste  
The taste in my mouth is quite bitter  
Its sad it was even considered  
I questioned where loyalties lied  
Now I know which way the blows  
Treachery  
Hang him  
Lynch him  
Free am I  
Till the day I die  
Open mined  
Never will be blinded  
Not by you  
Not now  
Not ever  
I done with such deceivers  
Its not hit or miss  
Its the nail on the head  
In till I put you in the grave  
Dead  
You hear me dead

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Destination Lost Paradise

Dearest beloved, most wretched of souls.  
Quiet is the storm of altered egos.  
A castle to rise, mortar to mix.  
Flames built from nothing but match sticks.  
High hopes dashed in single slash.  
Expectations too great for the pendulum to continue swing.  
The hay bringer of isolation in a simple approximation.  
Dosed just right, good and lit and nothing seems quite right.  
Too tight, the carnival ride that squeaks and creaks.  
Socks knocked right off your feet.  
Dabbling in a concoction of paints, knowing not where it might lead.  
Or even how to proceed.  
So upbeat in anticipation, that when you move you fly.  
God these clouds are so hard describe.  
Just open your mind, imagine it, and you will soon feel it.  
The self indulgent everlasting high.  
One kiss to the sky then it is goodbye.  
Touch by a angel and the devil at the same time.  
A pocket full of nothingness in all it vastness.  
Expansive and comprehensive.  
The jet plane with no destination.  
Just go, go and a little more go.  
Taking the show on the road.  
So perfect till your heart explodes.  
Dancing and singing toads.  
He's not a prince, but a king.  
Your just too blind too see the reality.  
Predictions of destitute premonitions.  
Abandon not for what they are but what they are not.  
Who are we to think we know the true significance or importance?  
The crystal ball does exist, just not in the way we think it should be or is.  
There is no claim over such ownership.  
Being both possessive and ignorant.  
Defining what acceptable behavior is without experiencing it.  
Conformity for an overlooking moon.  
Too afraid of what prying eyes might think to freely express what is inside.  
Dispersal of so much locked energy all at one time, can leave one very stunned  
and surprised.  
Speaking of impossibilities.

Complete and absolute denial.  
Riding tsunami wave till its fall.  
Tell me now how could you not expect that hurt just little?  
When you open the door you already knew you were in for it.  
Too late to get mad now.  
Be proud of what you have just found.  
For it is glittering gold among the sand soil.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Destroy, Destroy, Destroy

The battle of the beast.  
A creature that only knows one thing.  
Destroy, destroy, destroy.

It entered the world as nothing more than a mere boy.  
Cold and abandoned.  
The exiled one.  
He knows no love.  
He is what no one wants to become.  
He lives off of lust and blood.  
A pain felt hundred times worse than living on the brink of death.  
All he does is fight.  
Morning till night.  
The battle of the beast.  
A creature that only knows one thing.  
Destroy, destroy, destroy.

Abused,  
constantly confused.  
Trust no one.  
Get close and suffer.  
The forgotten lover.  
Neglected and rejected.  
And that has created his own protection.  
A self projection of what seems sincere.  
A wall wrapped up like spider web.  
he waits patiently for his victims.  
He doesn't show any leniency.  
The battle of the beast.  
A creature that only knows one thing.  
Destroy, destroy, destroy.

The deception is his human form.  
Hell rip you apart.  
Hell tear out your heart.  
When he feasts its best to retreat.  
For him there is no bias.  
He hates all as equals.  
No taking pity on one over another.

The battle of the beast.  
A creature who knows one thing.  
Destroy, destroy, destroy.

He doesn't pillage or plunder.  
He decimates and devastates.  
He burns entire societies to ground with his anger.  
Which causes the constant quake.  
The battle of the beast.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Destroyed Soldier

I got another invitation to escalation  
Oh do you accept? Do you accept?  
The eyes of the serpentine have crossed with mine.  
Looking through the mirror without a reflection.  
A injection straight into my blood steam.  
Killing all my demons.  
With a blade, with a knife.  
Hell stab him twice.  
Cause once was just not enough.  
It is never enough.  
Surrendering my life, if only to complete something greater.  
So with my severed arteries I take a needle thread and sew.  
For I'm not ready yet to just let go.  
I still got so much do.  
And I'm constantly battle the evil within.  
Save me from myself.  
A soldier of his own destruction.  
Rolling for the snake eyes.  
Double it up.  
Going in for the kill.  
Going in for the thrill.  
Like all predators I need another meal.  
Just to keep my soul filled.  
For it will never again be healed.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Destroying The Illusion

Destroying the pain inside.  
How many lies do you hide behind.  
How thick is that wall.  
Will it crumble,  
will you stumble.  
Can you walk over hot coals in bare feet?  
Can you overcome that which was you thought was suppose to be?  
Is it an unwritten destiny?  
Know your enemies.  
Your friends aren't always the ones standing next to you.  
Do you know the truth?  
Do you think your a super sleuth?  
Guessing at the infinite possibilities.  
it is or it isn't. No in between.  
All the way.  
Come on make my day. I will not partake in the games you play.  
I got what i want now i shall leave the floor.  
Its getting cold, please close the door.  
Not letting anyone in  
not no more.  
All options have been fully explored.  
Every one has a number like a statistic.  
I must be realistic.  
No more bullsh\*t,  
no more being optimistic.  
Theirs only so much trust that can be spread around.  
My ears hurt from all the sounds.  
Whispers of suggestions of every direction.  
I must take cover for my own protection.  
I cant believe what my eyes see.  
Another projection.  
Foretelling what could be, is no longer enough for me.  
I need absolute certainty. I need fully understanding.  
Sorry if i seem demanding.  
But I've been planning.  
And it doesn't include you.  
You got to do what you got to do.  
Or you'll get used.  
Suffocating, is you face turning blue?



Sorry i still cant help you.  
Stay away, i pray for the best.  
But can't get involved in your mess.  
God bless.  
That's all i have left.  
hope that i enough,  
For my hearts at rest.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Destroying The White Knight Syndrome.

Again i hear that desperate plea.  
like voices in my head but you are real.  
Damn girl you just don't give up that game.  
chasing a dream.  
if it could be so only so perfect.  
but i know that not how things roll.  
you know no love for nothing but self gain.  
i got the white knight syndrome and want to help.  
but i know i must wait for the true intent hasn't been revealed.  
if i didn't know you so personally  
i wouldn't have stuck around this long.  
i wouldn't have been there for you to lean on.  
a anchor in ground.  
gave you a place to call home when you were all alone.  
now its in your hands.  
What will you do?  
what will you choose?  
i can't give my heart away that easily to you.  
you destroyed me, and ripped my heart into oblivion.  
but we can't have that again.  
sometimes i feel its best we stay just friends.  
But its not my move.  
so what do you do?  
so what do you choose? I  
got nothing lose either way I'm set.  
I don't need anything from you.  
but if you ask I'll still come.  
not because expecting something  
but because i actually care.  
I've known you since the age of 13.  
but I'm now a man,  
and you are a woman whose got a family. a bunch of little ones to raise. three  
different fathers complicates things.  
But whatever it takes.  
I'm ready to go on.  
and accept that your still not ready to settle down with anyone.  
but i, yeah i am.  
So lets just keep it friends till i know your true intent.  
its your move, so what do you do?

so what do you choose?  
divided by the freedom of choice.  
connected by friends.  
let all this come to an end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Devil On The Prowl

Kill me with a whisper.  
The devils flying high in the air.  
Hes there when you don't care.  
Hes there.  
Hes there.  
Boiling a cauldron of contempt.  
Hes holding all the cards.  
But still I shall be a martyr for the cause.  
The choices we make leave a trail of misery in there wake.  
Death never does it.  
Its never because of it.  
We are nothing more then sparks of emotions.  
A little to left.  
A little to the right.  
Another fight to keep on the light.  
Heaven on earth.  
Hell is much worse.  
Still we curse.  
God damn it.  
We like to blame.  
It doesn't matter the name.  
The intent is always the same.  
The scapegoat is higher then any mountain.  
Yet is beneath every fountain.  
To better yourself, somehow, someway.  
Never tomorrow.  
The soul becomes hollow.  
Wallowing in pain.  
All for the fame.  
Keep dreaming.  
This life can be very deceiving.  
Grieving of over a loss of someone so close.  
When in truth you were never there when it counted the most.  
A dirty dozen reasons.  
Whose really believing.  
All the lies have only got you so far.  
In the ends whats really worth defending?  
Stop being so forgiving.  
Stop it cold.

Because one day you'll be old and it will no longer be sold.  
Unless your the buyer.  
With this dire warning its lights out.  
I scream its lights out.  
I exhale lights out.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Did I Satisfy

To satisfy the needs of others  
I take a step and look at it from their position.  
A difficult task indeed.  
But its part the minds creativity  
Its the way it works its not magic.  
I'm not as you speak.  
Never claimed it.  
You don't scare me.  
I won't just die and wilt away  
I'm here to stay.  
Like it or not  
We share these grassy plains  
As angry as you feel.  
Remember this is everyone's house  
Not just yours  
No matter the amount of awards.  
A leader of what.  
Misery and suffering.  
Belittle others to the breaking point.  
Well I'm the man at this door who stands guard.  
I'll tell you not so fast.  
Go ahead try to devastate  
First you have to relate.  
You have lost that my dear man.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Did I? If So I Am Author

Did I inspire

Did I open ones eyes

Did I make you cry

Did I bring a smile to your face.

Did I befuddle, bamboozled, and confuse

Did I scare, and bring utter fear

Did I bring awkwardness straight to your living room

Did I bring with my own words a story, a thought, a moment in time, people,  
places

If So I Am Author

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Did This Poem Catch Your Eye?

Did this poem catch your eye?  
If so I hope not to disappoint.  
To begin like the others.  
Making it as simple as possible.  
An easy read.  
Nothing like me.  
Line by line.  
Calming the tides.  
Writing till the point and rhymes subsides.  
Words biting the empty space.  
One by one strung together to fill the void.  
Now that you read this are you kind of annoyed?

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Did You Pass Or Fail?

Why is it easier to be arrogant?  
Why is it easier to be cruel?  
Why is it easier to be evil?  
Why is it easier to hurt?  
Why is it easier to an asshole?  
Why is it easier to victimize?  
Why is it easier to abuse?  
Why is it easier to use?  
Why is it easier to be greedy?  
Why is it easier to be selfish?  
Why is it easier to be self centered?  
Why is it easier to steal?  
Why is it easier to manipulate?  
Why is it easier to lie?  
My thoughts is it is a test to all man kind  
Did you pass or fail?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dieing Before The Letter Can Be Delivered.

Oh I know you want it.  
I'm ready to die.  
Keep back I'm not gonna be your little whore.  
Suffocating, I couldn't choose any better.

Take what is left of me.  
A sacrificed pawn.  
For the king of the better.  
Here give this letter to my lover.  
Let it be the last thing she remembers.  
I can't stop the bleeding.  
It is just to late this time.  
I'll never get out, I'll never get away.

Oh I know you want it.  
I'm ready to die.  
Keep back I'm not gonna be your little whore.  
Suffocating, I couldn't choose any better.

An end in the pain, a salute to on coming sky.  
Yes today is a good day.  
As any I suppose.  
Gauges blood soaked.  
Tighten them a little farther up.  
Do not let them see, do not let them watch me cough up this blood.

Oh I know you want it.  
I'm ready to die.  
Keep back I'm not gonna be your little whore.  
Suffocating, I couldn't choose any better.

I walk out in a limp.  
Wrap right around my neck.  
Kick on the back of the horse.  
Watch it ride off without me.  
I'm already drifting away.  
My brain needs oxygen.  
It is getting cold.  
Do me the honor and please don't cut the cord.

It is better this way.  
In this world I over welcomed my stay.

Folding down before even seeing the clincher.  
No savior no not this time.  
Light among the darkness take me to my heavenly stay.  
For my presence is no longer needed.

Oh I know you want it.  
I'm ready to die.  
Keep back I'm not gonna be your little whore.  
Suffocating, I couldn't choose any better.

Please take it, it is my very last love letter.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Dig Deep(Revised)

Looking through blood shot eyes watching the brightening sunrise.  
Feeling so tired, and just so sick of it.  
Pictures so dead and gone.  
Burnt up in the dying flames.  
Still trying to keep things the same.  
But how can it be?  
It's a devils game.  
He wins again.  
Another loss of a very good friend.  
Names mount.  
Carved in stone.  
Don't tell me we are not all alone.  
Cause I now better than anyone.  
I live it every day.  
My very own raining parade.  
And it doesn't get any easier,  
Even when I pray.  
An easier day, an easier moment.  
No more faith.  
All these desperate attempts have left a stale taste.  
Please just wake up now.  
Hold your head above the clouds.  
Even if you don't feel so proud.  
Put that lovely, lyingly, smiling face on.  
Come on, just come on.  
Like it even matters.  
Let me rest my head.  
Let death come quick.  
Let the misery die with one little pin prick.  
An invasion of the mind.  
A loss of all time.  
Through so many layers we go.  
And still it does not help.  
I'm just as confused.  
Another game in which I choose to lose.  
In life memories are for the growing old.  
In life the dying heart is for those already cold.  
In life perfection is a goal that can never be reached.  
But still we try.

We have to do so.  
Reasons justified.  
My soul has been compromised.  
An encircling limbo with no notion of where I'm might be going.  
But still I must.  
Braced.  
I steady my self, ready my self.  
Another unconscious transgression.  
I'm not even really here.  
Distant and unchecked.  
No sight in which world I exist yet.  
Just where did I go.  
I got to be somewhere.  
So I guess I'll have to just dig deep.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dignity Intact

I write whatever comes into my head.  
With no discretion or bias.  
Not a judgement.  
But just words.  
They have no direction.  
There is no attack.  
So there is no need to over react.  
Think of it as an inspired poetry.  
And let dignity be intacted.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dire Predictions

A syndicate, a order, in a heated debate.  
While all the world watches and anticipates.  
A subject so great it has caught every child, woman and mans eye.  
Is it a disguise?  
Is it really the way it seems?  
A clouded sunrise.  
The shadows of many demons.  
Disgust is all we feel.  
From our environment we steal.  
A black killer whose a friend to all.  
In his trap we fall.  
From our unending desire and consumption he thrives.  
From the common plastics to the cars we drive.  
He lives.  
Always holding our hands out saying give, give, give.  
This day and age gluttony has become our worst sin.  
And one day soon it will come to end.  
not because of the good we proclaim.  
but because of lack of a choice.  
A forced redemption in waves.  
A holocaust in which the humans shall be enslaved.  
We don't heed the warning never will.  
That's part of our current lives thrill.  
Slowly running a knife across our wrist in a metaphor so black and white that we  
should see the light.  
But again I fret, the words will not be understood, not just yet.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dirty Little Secret

'You know you are just a little screwed up.'

No I don't know, and why is that exactly?

'Because you like to putting things where they shouldn't go.'

'It just isn't natural, let's try a little role reversal and see how you like it.'

That ain't happening honey.

'You keep this up you will be really blue.'

'You'll be begging me to let me do it you.'

'Here's some lotion that's all your getting from me tonight.'

Come on you don't mean that.

'Yes I do, I'm not just a personal body you can exploit.'

'You know I have feelings to.'

'I fulfilled your fantasy, I think I should get a turn.'

Fine, fine, you win but you can't tell anyone.

'You can trust me, it will be our dirty little secret.'

'Now get over here.'

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Dirty Sheets, And Secrets

Be done with the dirty sheets.  
Some secrets are not meant to keep.  
Violence has no restraints.  
A bruise with no complaint.  
Women quite quaint.

Be done with the dirty sheets.  
Some secrets are not meant to keep.  
Infidelity, a double cheat has his reasons indeed.  
Never quite complete full of envy.  
Theirs a tell tale sign jealousy.  
He want nothing to do with you.  
How many clues, how many?

Be done with the dirty sheets.  
Some secrets are not meant to keep.  
Keep the habit with such evil deeds.  
Stealing the sun to buy the moon is just another impossibility.  
He says he can't help it,  
it taste and feels so sweet.  
He has received the treatment.  
What good did it do. How many clues, how many.

Be done with the dirty sheets.  
Some secrets are not meant to keep.  
Still you protect him, protect him.  
Be done with the dirty sheets.  
Some secrets are not meant to keep.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Disappearing Act

Another part of the past relived and visited.  
From window in a tin box, I sit stare out at the great beyond and wonder.  
All the marvelous things.  
A hidden ghost, you see me but you no longer know me.  
That person died a very long time ago.  
I buried him under the ash of a burnt out fire.  
So many cold years.  
Sheltering no fears, no shed tears.  
I don't miss it.  
Not one bit.  
Gone with wind.  
Shouldering no shame.  
No blame.  
You never wondered where I went.  
And I never mention it.  
Not a lost child.  
Pulling a white rabbit out of the magical hat.  
That is what I feel like today.  
Not losing control.  
But a question of how much I should show?  
How much do I really know?  
Convince me that I was wrong.  
Tell me some fabrication of the truth I dare you.  
Screwed up inside.  
A burly bride to the scars I hide.  
Not angry, not lonely.  
Not welcoming the company.  
You reached out and I accepted.  
Nothing more than that.  
Strange meeting in a inconvenient circumstance.  
An awkward dance.  
Stumbling blocks set out for this moment.  
Breaking the silence.  
Try to relieve the chills that ride my spine.  
Braving the slippery ice.  
Trying to be nice.  
Lets just see where that gets me.  
I use to call you family.  
Until you left me to hang out and dry.

Like a possession all used.  
The last nail hammered in.  
Striking match and waiting for it blow.  
But not sure the explosives still exist.  
A promise land destroyed under the fire of the rising sun.  
I don't regret.  
I don't fret.  
Not one bit worried.  
My expectation low.  
Remember I am the ghost.  
A ill forgotten shadow.  
That was the way I wanted it.  
I stop trying to make peace a long time ago.  
Moving on.  
Holding no flag in your name.  
Your no hero of mine.  
I know words sometimes seem unkind.  
But you ruined my the last of my childhood.  
It was way too early.  
But I guess we all have to grow up sometime.  
And I climbed the latter.  
Stumbling.  
Losing my footing.  
I remember those days with clarity.  
Suicidal disparity.  
In genius rarities.  
Look I made it, and it was no thanks to you.  
You watched as I was falling.  
You disassociated yourself completely.  
You were just looking for my money.  
As long as I had it you were happy.  
But soon as I didn't.  
You taught me the famous disappearing act I've been doing for years.  
Years, and years.  
All these changes.  
Does it bring frustration, that I no longer feel any effect from your meager  
attempts at manipulation.  
Robbing the cradle with words of divination.  
Child support the expectation.  
But you never got it.  
So my job became so god damn pointless.  
Never taught me the important things I really needed to make it in life.

Complicating, what was already extremely an upside down world for me.  
Feeding my ego with promises of seeing snow white again.  
We meant at home game.  
Oh what was her name.  
Becky lee holler.  
A name like that I could never forget.  
We dated for over 3 months.  
Taught me to not have faith distant relationships.  
I learned it early.  
I learned it young.  
No car, no license, and no form of transportation.  
And boom it was an absent sky.  
A void, the first of many that I couldn't just avoid.  
All because you abandon me after you took me under your wing.  
Fortunes cookies have more predictability.  
Its a ah I know what your gonna say.  
I'll give you the sun and the moon.  
But it'll cost you.  
Everything.  
Homeless, walking on the street.  
At the age of 16.  
Just awesome.  
And you wonder why I stopped talking to you?  
When later on you tried to reconnect.  
Some of the hardest lesson learned, are the ones that can be never corrected.  
I hope you are satisfied.  
I dropped out of school.  
I stayed at different friends houses for over two a months.  
Before I was able get my parents to take me back in.  
You were right though, I shouldn't been buying my brothers food with my hard  
earned money when both my parents were working.  
Sometimes we miss what is important.  
But that for sure woke them up.  
But it also divided them.  
One hated me, and the other defended me.  
At odds.  
Then the fire happened, you didn't help in anyway.  
And you want to call yourself a big sister.  
No I don't think so.  
At least when dad abandon me, there was no mistaking it.  
And I wasn't wondering where I was going to sleep, or what I was going to eat.  
He left mom, didn't throw me out because he wasn't receiving money for me.

The bottom, that was the first it was reached.  
Not the last.  
But now you come knocking on unfamiliar door.  
Let me ask how that feels.  
Stings I bet.  
Let the pain set for awhile for I have not forgiven you yet.  
Not sure I can.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Discovering Your Own Soul

I stand before the mighty men.  
The mighty mice.  
Each has their own device.  
Their own vice.  
A substance to abuse.  
A place to become confused.  
A playground for the lost.  
A walk upon ones own grave.  
Looking down on it as if it ain't really there.  
Looking for a alternate realty out of despair.  
An utterance of curse words as they prepare in the body heart and mind.  
And as this all becomes one.  
They come to know this is their soul.  
An embodiment of them, and as much as they try they really can never own it.  
Yet it is connected in every single way.  
A clone that will return to the earth one day.  
A energy as powerful lighting that strikes without mercy.  
A course not mapped to very last instant.  
The postive and negative attract.  
The solar bodies on a micro level interact.  
It is as far as one can see.  
No closer to the demon has one ever achieved.  
Yet we believe it to be with certainty.  
A absolute of failures.  
We become of either of the arrogant or of the insane.  
Either way I will not complain.  
For I make my own way.  
A process in which I pray for extra day.  
An extra month, an extra year.  
An extended stay.  
I do not believe in fear.  
I know it believes in me.  
But I open my eyes and I already can see what is already in front me.  
I already know what I do not need.  
Just bury the greed.  
Plant the unborn seed.  
Strike upon the dirt.  
Jump in.  
Make splash upon the converts.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Disguise Of A Face That Never Changes.

If one is to visit, one must also return.

As simple as a page being turned.

Whether being of this world or the next.

Some rules always apply.

Painting a portrait of the sky.

The clouds come and go but the blue underneath always remains,

It is the disguise of the face that never changes.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Disillusions

Their something here. I am looking past the dust in the air. It clouds the judgement of most. I am ready to face my ghost. Disillusions watered down and wrapped in a tiny package with such a pretty bow. I no longer know, what i should. Is it really for the greater good. Give me the ability to see beyond the darken trees. Impossibilities, searching with hesitation, and the forthright knowledge that i might just never find it. Its like being lied too over and over again. Who are your real friends. Who will stand by you even in the wrong. All the others i wish just to be gone. Leave me alone to my own devices. Its a penance i must continue to pay. Enough i say just go away, with the games you tried to play.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Disobey

Disobey.

Say no I won't do things your way.

Not anymore.

With rejoice hold that sign of the power of freedom of words high above your heads.

Let them know were not dead.

Let them see the brilliance of so many.

Let them feel the fear that there power might once again disappear.

It's a revolution, it's holds so many solutions.

Eliminate all grandeurs of the elaborate elites delusions.

From the across world I say just disobey.

Let the world tremble in the ripple of waves.

All the emotions coming in with the high tide of the day.

Austerity measures are a sign of failure in acknowledgement of the real issues of a civil society.

A disproportionate discriminatory abuse in practices a political choosing.

A humanitarian crisis hidden under the guise of possible economic stability or instability.

They are lying to you.

Increasing on interest and debt, with payments to be delayed which will be made on the back of the slaves.

Just disobey.

March in the streets till things change.

Use your body as tool.

You be amazed at what it can do.

Jails can only hold so many.

A government that doesn't represent the people is not for the people.

Not a democratic representation, but a populous realization.

Hold lines and carry you self proud.

Anything worth living for is also worth dying for.

So please do just one thing and that is disobey.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Distorted Reality

Standing butt naked in the middle of the room.  
Among encircled friends, among encircles enemies.  
The embarrassment king, with a crate and knoose to swing.  
Like a spring going topsy, turby.  
Bouncing right back in your face.  
The water is all the same to the hungry shark.  
Just a bite if I might.  
A forgotten pledge, a unending allegiance.  
No time for grievances.  
Complaints placed low on the totem pole.  
A bad as it might get, it still is only a stiff neck.  
Butterflies in the stomach from a disturbing mirror.  
It warps all appearances.  
Beauty is only on the inside if you can realize who you can truly be.  
There is no foretold destiny.  
A mighty ego shattered.  
Poking holes through it with such a puny stick.  
It is as if it never even existed.  
Just who is this man, dress in rags, dirty and dingy?  
Is he not the same person when clean cut and shaven?  
Is that not what most of us see is just a disguise?  
Looking with your heart not your eyes.  
Like a jack in the box we wind things up and so we can be surprised.  
An identity crisis are the words who am I.  
No answer can quite describe the number of illusions set before you.  
How do we draw picture with words what we can even see with our own eyes?  
Boiling a brew to confuse.  
The nails are coming loose.  
The building thought to be so sturdy is slowly coming down.  
A march straight into the ground.  
Listening for crashing thud but never comes, because it can only be felt.  
An emotional snow melt.  
So frozen, so disassociated, an ostracize ghost what would he know.  
Just another recluse with a couple too many screws loose.  
Okay if that answer is satisfying enough for you.  
I don't dare manipulate the mind with what I think is.  
It is always been for me what could be for no philosophy is completely proven.  
It is more of a way of life, avenues traveled, dirt ate, kicked up gravel.  
Wishing for something so simple.

Erasing that ugly pimple, so self centered, so indifferent, why is it we can't escape it?

Why is it considered so evil to love your fellow man woman and child.

No matter creed, class, race, looks, religion.

So many different defamations of ones character.

How does one rectify the continuation of this idiosyncrasy?

How does one combat a human trait which we deny exists each and everyday in the first place?

Everybody is looking for what they believe to be normal.

Nobody is willing accept we all are.

No matter how far one might have seem to have strayed.

There is no cliffs edge to keep you at bay

Standing in a circle we do go all different ways.

Perspective to whom?

Observe and watch this animals funny behavior.

Look at the different reactions received from so many different people.

How can you even begin to truly prescribe a clinical diagnoses to individual with no set ways.

All one really can see is patterns.

Similarities in a persona.

No standard to which we should all follow.

We must live as we are, not as someone else wants us.

A line to stand on and tip toe down before getting off.

A aha as the march ends.

I now know where I am going.

But what does that really mean?

Have you been lost all this time?

Or have you walked a certain path and didn't like its results?

Interesting thoughts to which a bitter bargain can made.

We can be ignorant and and walk with this feeling temporary bliss thinking it can never end.

Or we can learn from which we see, and choose more carefully.

Time is the only challenge that truly stands before us.

For no matter how we equate the hollow mortality, it is still there. And it tempts us to do things we otherwise wouldn't be so foolish in doing.

And the funny thing is it keeps setting those who want live the most off desperately, madly searching for a way to lengthening by any means necessary.

So we come into this mad dash, to busy to savor the very existence we are given.

A competition of dirty tricks, killers, and thieves.

A I'll take it all as soon as I can so someday on a beach I can enjoy it too.

Those are the thoughts with out grasping how morbid and obscene that really is.

No thoughts about the odds that we won't make it to that dream paradise.

Bound for either success or failure of they go with no moral compass keep the car at a steady pace or even on the road.

A accident waiting to happen, and even worse others not so willing are to suffer by there hands.

Markets designed to enslaved the entire human race into euphoria type belief.

With a knife I'd like to make a cut, do a little sewing, perform a major surgery.

But as in all other furry little creatures survival is a basic instinct.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Diving Into The Lovers Mind

To the one who loves in every way  
As a gift from the one above  
Good tidings turn into a perfection  
After so many rejections  
The heart still beats  
The lungs still breaths  
The body still moves  
And the mind hunger for answers  
Sometimes the simplest will do  
A golden apple hangs from the gaia tree in all its fairness  
It complexion draws all but only one can be the right to pluck it  
The question isn't does the apple exist, but when will you find it  
Can you wait till the end of time?  
Or will second best do?  
Diving into the lovers mind

Ace Of Black Hearts

# 'Do I Have Writers Block? '

It's a question one can only answer themselves.  
I write as it's pleasure for me and relieves stress and tension.  
But I have no due date a publisher has set.  
To force the words.  
I think is quite absurd.  
But then again it is not my bread and butter.  
A lively hood slipping from ones own finger tips.  
Keys are pressed and still all their is more emptiness.  
A dark abyss does exist in the monetary gains of a passion.  
A blockage of a drain that wants to keep emptying.  
A plunger that has no force left at all.  
The rubber has worn right off the handle.  
And each time you try to use it just collapses with huge splash.  
A shock to the possibility to limits reached.  
The question isn't can you do it once more.  
But what was your reason for doing it in the first place?  
Does it still exist in the present pretense?  
For a purpose without reason isn't really a purpose at all.  
A guidance to ones gentle fall.  
With skinned knees maybe you can get back up.  
And ride that horse once more.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Do Not Follow Me Down

Hold on to the very last thread.  
I know your gone, but still there must be somebody I can save.  
A life for others.  
A sacrifice that must be made.  
Give me the shadows.  
Maybe if you can't see me.  
You'll be able accept it with a little more dignity.  
We are all fallen angels with broken wings.  
If I can teach a single human being to fly.  
It'll make a me feel a little more alive.  
Not just a flesh covered skeleton with haunting eyes.  
The damage has been done, over it repeats.  
Here is the same god damn seat.  
It follows me where ever I go.  
A mark for all eternity.  
Intill the day I die.  
I was told to just fall in line.  
I would not, I was told it will be my only shot.  
How true that was.  
A path not taken.  
A past forsaken.  
Memories in my soul cause my heart to keep breaking.  
Soon I'm so scattered.  
Trying to make sense of the incomprehensible.  
Wishing I was more indispensible.  
The apprehension of the missed ascension.  
Please to the top.  
Sorry my good fellow but that balls already been dropped.  
The anchor that drags me down.  
Swimming till the day drown.  
So tired, I hope I'm soon found.  
Give me your back, give me your mind, it's part of our contract.  
Take the shovel, dig the hole, and put yourself in it.  
With dirt it will be filled.  
And forever in darkness will be your curse.  
With no amount of voodoo can it be reversed.  
The witch doctor has no place here.  
A society with standards.  
And your brand isn't one of them.



The peddling permit will not be approved without the proper credentials, I'm  
sorry but that is essential.  
Law of the land even if your living in hipsters blue chevy van.  
Appearances matter not.  
Only when a price has been paid with its given dues, do they accept you.  
Then they wonder why we have so many homeless.  
It's the system that both create and disorts.  
I'm a blank page in book filled with those who been given a greater opporitunity.  
I need not appologise for the facts.  
Excuses are always born out of regrets.  
Mistakes we feel need to be righted.  
Falling into the cracks.  
The empty space inbetween.  
The void unseen.  
That is me as I fight just to breath.  
Guiding the blind who should be able see.  
Metaphorical effects, harsh concepts.  
So inept, inadequate.  
Welcome to the long drawn out conclusion with no solution.  
I'm a prisoner of my own making doing it on my time.  
And all I have to share with you is a wish for you to not follow suit with an  
overcomplicated rhyme.  
A farewell with a clock that never chimes.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Do Something Today.

Today is tomorrow, just borrowed.  
I got an idea for the base ingredient.  
What are we making?  
The future?  
How do you do that?  
Do something today.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Do You Even Know Me?

Do you even know me?

I walk down the street so many are completely oblivious to who I really am.

I wish to know everyone.

Like best friends.

To trust, in the inner most exposing.

A naked body cradled lying on the ground.

Water flows freely to every extremity.

Feeling equal inside.

Throwing away every last bit of pride.

Do you even know me?

I walk down the street so many are completely oblivious to who I really am.

I wish to know everyone.

A persona amplified by class.

I want to eliminate all of it as I pass.

We are all flawed.

Why in our eyes all that is seen is rejection?

Stay away from me you have an infection.

A carcinogenic ailment.

Oh it spreads to quickly.

Do you even know me?

I walk down the street so many are completely oblivious to who I really am.

I wish to know everyone.

Do you even know me?

I walk down the street so many are completely oblivious to who I really am.

I wish to know everyone.

Do you even know me?

I walk down the street so many are completely oblivious to who I really am.

I wish to know everyone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Do You Know What's Behind That Door?

Well no, I'm not exactly sure.

Tell me good sir, what is behind it?

Is it the land of make believe and fantasy?

Or a harsh reality that makes you feel as if you are still standing out in the cold?

Upon entering the door is there some kind of transformation that occurs?

Wisdom gained with patience endured.

A magical cure that lures.

An entrance to a completely different world.

A view point that is not so obscure.

Suddenly you can see across the horizon as the sun is setting you see all your previous hope and dreams.

And come to a realization that can be still be achieved.

Wow what a philosophy.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Does He Really Exist?

I'm a fictional character.  
I don't really exist.  
What if I told you this?  
Would you believe it?  
All this a fantasy of a teenage mind.  
That would throw some for a loop?  
Look now I'm dunking hoops.  
How do we separate lies from truth on paper, when all kinds of possibilities exist  
that you have missed?  
Precision with the facts known.  
An exposure requires being exposed.  
I'm just not sure I'm ready take off all my cloths.  
As tempting as it might seem, I should never let myself fall for that which I know  
could change at any moment.  
With the keen eye of a sea gull I look across the sea.  
As I spread my wings and start to sing.  
A calling, A seeking, A questioning of the very soul.  
With the rules already completely broken.  
An sink that no long works.  
You must find an alternate source.  
To quench you thirst.  
A muse will only speak as many times as you ask.  
Time fill your shot glass.  
An intoxication of your own creation.  
Happy to oblige please sit down and let me give you that massage.  
As if the rubbing of the skin will fix everything.  
A reaching in ways and distances not yet mention.  
An explanation to unsolved equation.  
But if you can explain it does that mean with understanding it can be finally be  
solved?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Don' T Be Controlled

Control, only exist if you allow it.  
Doubt yourself and you will feed it.  
Deny it to enter your life and you will beat it.  
The picture is erased it no longer exist.  
Gone in a place of the forgotten.  
The hollow and rotten.  
Sped up by the mind.  
In choice you have defined.

~The abuse comes in many different shapes and forms.  
And it should never be ignored.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Don'T Shoot The Messenger

An expressed view hits me in the middle of the night.  
And some of them have more then just a tiny over bite.  
Too ugly to wear.  
Too ugly to share.  
Many times truth takes this form.  
Graphic images with warning signs beware.  
In the darkness upon our midnight dreams what is it we see?  
I am insomniac who can't sleep because of the knowledge of what is going on  
across world.  
I must spread the truth I keep telling myself.  
Do right by my fellow man.  
But the question how far should one go?  
Why do so many need somebody to hold there hand?  
Scared of what change might mean for them.  
Scared of the unpredictable future.  
Scared of the escalating volatility across the globe.  
Fear should never dictate ones judgement.  
We have allowed it and made too many compromise because of it.  
In the interest of your security but who security is that really?  
I keep hearing that tune in one form or another.  
Fear mongering beyond any realistic proportions.  
I know what your thinking isn't that what you do?  
NO! ! ! I don't want anyone to be afraid.  
I want them to be informed and prepared.  
We live in turbulent times and I don't see a peaceful resolution any time soon.  
The corruption of our very sociology has occurred.  
Where you are damned if you do and you don't.  
Where speaking out could condemn you for the rest of your life.  
Where not speaking out could enslave for the rest of your life.  
The catch 22 of this century will revolve around our speech.  
Where social media is bringing chaos to order in the control of the people.  
Where news media is bringing order to the chaos in the hands of governments.  
When bad light is shined and it becomes a call for one to be arrested on the  
grounds of treason.  
When due process and all other rights upon being arrested are removed from  
ones own citizens.  
The information war, the libertarian war.  
It is a war that now is being waged in many forms.  
But the worst is where governments are committing human right violations under

a term called terrorism.

A vague cover all term, that is so non specific that if you are suspected of anti-government acts you could just disappear to some secret prison never to be heard from again.

Or thrown psyc ward and forever declared to be insane.

A corrupt capitalistic dictatorship where the banks, and corporation control all politician with money legally changing hands.

Rigged election where you think you have choice.

But party lines are the same.

Where greed is the motivation not the people, not the society as whole.

No consideration for what their children might have to endure.

Running up the tab on a national debt, with disregard for the possibility that it might collapse the very us currency.

I don't know what all the solution are but I want to see honest politicians.

If you actually care about your family you must do right by them if no one else.

This could destroy our whole society in years to come if someone doesn't put a stop to it.

So just step up, be a man, do what's right and decide policy for us again.

Sincerely, Ace Of Black Hearts

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Double Illusion

I don't even see you.  
An object not present.  
A spice not yet added.  
It makes you angry.  
It makes you demanding.  
But still I sit miles away like a distant star.  
Not noticing your attempt with hands to place.  
A lack of influence.  
A lack of grace.  
An unorthodox manner of taste.  
Where is the tact?  
A need to yet hold back.  
A object of obsession not so fortunate to believe you.  
Do you threaten?  
Do you hate?  
Do you want to kill.  
A 'if I can't have him'?  
The last words till the very end.  
But what if he escapes?  
The clutches, the cage, the marinade in which you tried to add flavor to him like  
a steak.  
Changing what he thinks.  
How much manipulation would that really take.  
A momentary lapse in judgment I would stake.  
Before long exposed, betrayed, and avoided.  
Tired of attempts of being exploited.  
Take the jewels, take the rules, set the trap and sit back.  
Payback with a smile.  
Of all the guile.  
Who would of thought.  
Vengeances stead.  
A place to get in ones head.  
A haunting from a man long dead.  
Presuming the animal has already been fed.  
Walking right through the gates.  
Inmate details, inmate debates.  
A man who doesn't hesitate.  
Blackmail it is a mistake.  
A crisis built so fake.

A wondering of the reality of the stakes, the odds.  
If you understand turn your head and nod then walk away.  
For it is your price to pay.  
In this game you are the only one that plays.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dragons Breath

What is so horrifying, if there is no absolute defeat?  
Breeding the perfect scream.  
Is it inside my head, or is that really me?

Escaping to the sounds music.  
Like the strumming of a slow heart beat.

So majestic, so mighty, yet so sweet.  
Perfectly flawed in such a perfect way.  
As if to say.

A muse speaking in tongues.  
The inspiration from clouds of dust.  
Ever expanding and shrinking.  
The living breathing creature.

Escaping to the sounds music.  
Like drumming of a slow heart beat.

What is so horrifying, if there is no absolute defeat?  
Breeding the perfect scream.  
Is it inside my head, or is that really me?

Silence echoing from deep.  
Listening is a must.  
A vibration in colors, not out of meaning but feelings.  
These words can express only so much.  
A gut instinct that whistles.  
Beyond the visuals of moons reflection of a lake with a small breeze.  
Where the greener pastures grab you and suck you in  
There is just no escape.  
But why would one ever want too.  
An orgasm of the mind.

Escaping to the sounds music.  
Like the strumming of slow heart beat.

So majestic, so mighty, yet so sweet.  
Perfectly flawed in such a perfect way.

As if to say.

Escaping to the sounds music.  
Like drumming of a slow heart beat.

What is so horrifying, if there is no absolute defeat?  
Breeding the perfect scream.  
Is it inside my head, or is that really me?

Makes you wonder  
A fire is set right before that that flashing thunder.  
Bells go off in this mix bag of dreams.  
Questioning the very air in which you breath.  
Seeing things that aren't even there.  
Ghost and demons in leaps and bounds dancing all around.  
Looking outside through fogged glasses on a rainy day.

As if to say,  
As if to say,

Why can't there be another way.

Escaping to the sounds music.  
Like the strumming of slow heart beat.

So majestic, so mighty, yet so sweet.  
Perfectly flawed in such a perfect way.  
As if to say.

Escaping to the sounds music.  
Like drumming of a slow heart beat.

What is so horrifying, if there is no absolute defeat?  
Breeding the perfect scream.  
Is it inside my head, or is that really me?  
Is that really me.

Why is it this is the thought that is always stuck on repeat.  
As if to say  
Why can't there be another way.

A road mapped out isn't a road at all.

Only that which is unknown, can be considered traveling somewhere new.  
Shoes glued to your feet.  
Ready to go, but no clue where.  
So in your very own head you paint with a empty stare.  
What if I told my soul is already there.  
Already there.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Drawing Images

Hands on the controller.

Suddenly thinking you are super a soldier.

Only limited by the code, and cheats.

A demon walks out from beneath the sheets.

A red face with eyes oval like a cat.

Scaly skin coming to a sharp point at the top of your head.

A fantasy of legacy, except you have never written it.

With pen and paper only can you be the creator.

Tell me of all these images and maybe someone can draw them.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Dreamer In The Clouds(Revised Added Two Lines)

I guess I'm cynical when it comes to a thought process in which I have no control.

I push and shove.

Just for a small to voice to be heard.

I destroy what has been told, and rewrite it as my own.

A little boy without a home.

A darkness in which I just want to be alone.

No bells and whistles.

Keep it simple.

Keep it simple.

Yet again, it is as it is not.

Fortunes told of what I wish I got.

A dreamer in the clouds.

I never want to come down.

But unfortunately I will.

We all have to eventually.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dreaming As The Tears Fall.

Dreaming of happy days.  
Dreaming of that longing gaze.  
Dreaming of that perfect embrace.  
I'm dreaming of love always.  
The greatest gift one could give.

Loneliness speaks of my weakness.  
Vulnerabilities open like a wound so sore.  
A tear dropp falls forevermore.

Dreaming of happy days.  
Dreaming of that longing gaze.  
Dreaming of that perfect embrace.  
I'm dreaming of love always.  
The greatest gift one could give.

I feel so abandon by everyone.  
I feel like no one cares.  
I feel, I feel, I feel so much pain.  
Please tell me why I am still here.  
A purpose should never disappear.

Dreaming of happy days.  
Dreaming of that longing gaze.  
Dreaming of that perfect embrace.  
I'm dreaming of love always.  
The greatest gift one could give.

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Dreaming of that longing gaze.  
Dreaming of that perfect embrace.



I'm dreaming of love always.  
The greatest gift one could give.

I remember the past so vividly.  
But still it isn't now.  
A singled out cloud.  
The sun is burning him out.  
Oh how he wishes darkness would surround.

Dreaming of happy days.  
Dreaming of that longing gaze.  
Dreaming of that perfect embrace.  
I'm dreaming of love always.  
The greatest gift one could give.

Loneliness speaks of my weakness.  
Vulnerabilities open like a wound so sore.  
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A tear dropp falls forevermore.

Loneliness speaks of my weakness.  
Vulnerabilities open like a wound so sore.  
A tear dropp falls forevermore.

A tear dropp falls forevermore.  
A tear dropp falls forevermore.  
A tear dropp falls forevermore, forevermore it always feels like this.

A constant reminder of the just like before.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dreams Of A Dieing Man

Sometimes dreams are slow and steady.  
It is as if they are making sure ready.  
Making sure you can handle that moment when they come true.  
Sometimes they grab a hold of you.  
They speak of never letting go.  
And with the last breath of this man he said I did it.  
And he died happier then most.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dressed Up And Waiting

Another fake.  
Can anyone relate.  
Talk is cheap.  
Taking my seat.  
Home is easily made.  
But putting down roots takes something more.  
A permanent fixture.  
Without a given reason.  
Love instantly changes the season.  
Suddenly you have a need to make room.  
So long on the road all alone.  
You are so confused.  
This is so new.  
Something to lose.  
Someone to talk to.  
On a religious and regular basis.  
A constant, a routine, a dream.  
A dinner date that you never usually made.  
Going to a small towns parade.  
Plans and spur of the moment.  
Making love, looking into her eyes.  
Trying to look good each and every time.  
Compromising with your time each and everyday.  
Trying to build a foundation for the rest of your life.  
Trying to be the support, the shoulder to cry on when things go wrong.  
Excited about the future and what it might hold.  
Thinking about the possibility of children.  
And what it would mean for you and her.  
Questioning what marriage really means and if it's really for you or her.  
So many doubts, so many insecurities, can you get past them.  
Can you learn to trust.  
Can you learn to share.  
Sacrifices in so many ways.  
Being pushed to places you would not otherwise go.  
She becomes your everything.  
A partner who you can not live without.  
The question is are ready.  
Are you hands steady.  
Can your poor heart take another beating.

Because you still remember your last.  
In the end nothing was left but hate.  
To the point where spite was your guys life.  
A constant need to get even.  
Maybe just maybe it will work this time.  
Maybe it will be forever.  
Another romantic endeavor.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Drifting In An Out(Revised&Edited Line Form)

I drift in an out.  
I scream.  
I shout, whats this really about?  
My whole life in question.

I feel I should make an confession, even if theirs objections.  
I'm not afraid of rejections.  
Not like I haven't heard all excuses in the world.  
Does this make it so cold?  
I feel my age coming in.  
But still I stand before you.  
Larger then life.  
An honest man.  
Not a liar.  
Not a nobody.  
Not a somebody.  
Accept me for me, or turn away.  
Because night turns into day.  
Tears run red.  
Hurtful things are said.  
Then you lye awake in your bed.

I'm drifting in an out.  
I scream.  
I shout, what the hell is this really about?  
My whole life in question, in question.

Condemn me for who I am.  
Brand and label me.  
It wont change a thing, other then make me an angry man.  
Who feels hes got cut over and over again with a dull razor blade.  
In time I'm sure this will fade.

Until then I'm drifting in an out.  
I scream.  
I shout, what the hell is this really about?  
My whole life in question.  
So many questions.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dropping Into Your Privately Owned Club

In league all your own.  
As the words drip from the tongue.  
An elaborate entanglement between the minds most inner thoughts.  
A shot in dark, yet it still is precisely where you want it.  
Deadly is your aim my dear.  
Even as the smoke is still rising from your finger tips.  
You can move entire contents with just a mere whisper.  
Make people smile and cry at the same time and still ask why?  
A befuddlement of the most beautiful kind.  
Your the book that everyone wants to read over and over again.  
It is 'if I can understand this' placed as a permanent bookmark.  
The pages should be worn, yet they still feel as brand new.  
Lively as the rooster at dawn.  
Fresh as the vegetable sagging off of the vine.  
God my girl truly divine, and you keep going as if your endurance is no  
encumbrance.  
Tired of what?  
With a simple hush, something is launched like a missile.  
It is the loudest silence ever heard.  
Please do to observe.  
And that tree is still bouncing off the ground.  
Fighting against all odds, all physics.  
It is as if gravity doesn't exist in this world.  
But of course that way it is made.  
I have to say I'm envious of this baffling, mind boggling creation.  
The greatest rock sensation, melodic, hypnotic.  
Dropping through pavement into a club house that parties all night long.  
A mini bar set with the most exotic wines.  
A dance floor for anyone who has a good rhyme.  
I'll take your lead.  
Happy to have you.  
Watching, waiting, anticipating.  
And as the room starts to spin I finally get it.  
A backwards perspective internally digested.  
A 'Mmmm that was good I want more.'  
And just then floors lift up taking us out into your newly created world.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Dropping Names And Bodies

Sobering, a coffee brine with such a distinct aroma.  
Head trauma, stuck in undying coma.  
So many phobias, maybe I'm just afraid of life itself.  
Settling for last place once again.  
Down in the dirty sands, where man does come to play.  
With worse kind of consequences.  
The coldest wet dreams, time to come clean.  
Ice upon my deepest sleep.  
A massacre upon the dirty sheets of such messed up dreams.  
Falling, failing, bailing, the ship is already sinking.  
Nothing to plug the ever expanding hole.  
4 years of living on the edge.  
Trying so hard to stay a float.  
Trying so hard not to choke.  
But alas I give in.  
Here take my arm, take my whole body.  
For I no longer need it.  
This is the mass exodus.  
Time to pick my exit, and hide the previous graves.  
Even if they are all in my head.  
Nobody ever said I was that close with sanity anyways.  
Manic and stuck in room with four walls and no doors.  
Cornered and beaten repeatedly.  
Intentionally, literally, physically, verbally, mentally.  
There just seems to be no escape from all the prejudice.  
Slowing committing suicide, one second at a time.  
You think I'm over dramatizing but I'm not.  
I use to live in the gutter, laugh or shutter.  
A smile from a strange kind of stranger.  
Will you be my hero, the one who will rescue from this kind of danger.  
Truly this time I don't know if I will survive.  
Still you don't care as I echo my despair, over and over.  
That is irony if I have ever seen it.  
And these lumps are quite large.  
It is if I can't breath.  
I have been cheated, I have been deceived.  
By the man in green who failed to corrupt me so gracefully.  
Earned pocket cash sewn right up in pillows.  
And as he goes on in madness of searching of his everlasting greed.

I know where his bodies are buried.  
This is not blackmail, this is being honest when the time is right.  
Hitting rock bottom.  
I have been living on beans and rice for months now.  
Because the bills have to be paid.  
But now even those have went astray.  
The black sheep has lost his way.  
Castration a mental obligation in deterioration.  
I must do it before it too late.  
And lose all ability and creditability.  
I know there are those who are wonder why I waited.  
I could say it was for some noble cause, but would anyone really listen.  
Maybe the motivation is the darker days ahead.  
He took away my daily bread, my ability to live.  
Maybe it is as simple as revenge, maybe be it is to avenge all those that came  
before me, maybe it is an piss poor attempt at fixing the system.  
A multitude of reasons in this brewing storm.  
Don't get too close so you have been warned.  
Mark me with all your scorn, but I never lived beyond my means of this I can  
promise you.  
Not that means much coming from a snake ready claim his next victim.  
Egos set aside, this is not about pride.  
For I have nothing to prove.  
A final act to try even things up in this class war fare.  
Where the criminals are the rich 1%, and the honest are the poor 99%.  
Out for blood, out to make someone scream.  
With pain to redeem.  
Struggling and I like it.  
Suffering and I want it all the more.  
Who is keeping score?  
The devil is in the details.  
Sinking the hidden submarine.  
Just because you can't see it doesn't mean it isn't there.  
No matter what illusion they spread.  
Lies only sit well with those who don't already know.  
Truth from the shadows.  
Dancing so fast, so quick, its moves are but a mere slip of the wind.  
As if it was all just an unseemly accident.  
Just an accident.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dropping That Bag Of Guilt

Seeds of doubt for action you have done.  
He who is not whom I became.  
I forgave myself a long time ago.  
A devil and an angel on ones shoulder.  
Which wisdom do you believe?  
What if it is neither.  
Under no influence.  
The choices all mine.  
Music playing in the background so sublime.  
A tearful moment.  
Revelation of self control.  
Breaking out of my cage.  
Shedding my skin.  
Finding the true soul within.  
I don't care if anyone is even listening.  
Oh my god, and the heart takes a leap then a nod.  
The word finally comes to mind.  
The moment I have been waiting for all my life.  
I don't feel the guilt, and I'm not ashamed.  
I don't need to hide my face or change my name.  
No secret is ever worth it.  
This is my party and I am coming out.  
Ha, ha, no not in that way.  
But the idea is the same.  
In those I use too blame.  
Accountability held and formed into the greatest shield.  
Admitting the truth, toasting to you, then bury these bags of bricks in that grave.  
Time for a shave, time to play a little dress up, time to go out dancing for my  
self.  
Hold the whole world up on my shoulders for too damn long.  
I keep hearing those words stop punishing yourself.  
Thank you for that my dear friend.  
Every chapter comes to an end and this yours.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dust In The Wind

Dust thrown to the wind  
Where does this truly begin?  
When will it come to an end  
Deja vu  
Split in two  
Whose who

I'm through with all the bullshit I've heard from you  
Totally cut off  
Seclusion  
Walking into an illusion  
Never ever land  
Who has a plan?

Dust thrown to the wind  
Where does this truly begin  
When will it come to an end  
Deja vu  
Split in two  
Whose who

Am I the undertaker?  
Am I the heart breaker?  
The one you never see coming  
Till I'm gone  
Took off running  
Back to the hills  
No more thrills

Dust thrown to the wind  
Where does this truly begin?  
When will it come to an end  
Deja vu  
Split in two  
Whose who

What is a friend?  
What is a lover?  
Such words bring so much misery

Hate to love  
Love to hate  
Can anyone see the irony  
Attraction isn't the same as destiny  
A choice that is like not in me

Its just more dust  
I throw it to the wind  
Hoping I never see it again

Its just more dust  
I throw it to the wind  
Hoping I never see it again

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dying Alone

The fellow heartbreak, the fellow goodbye.  
Can you not see the tears in her eyes.  
Like an angel committing suicide.  
The icy waters wash over you in a different light.

Suprise, shock, awe, the words how could you levitate in the air.  
Anger, rage, the demon creeps right into you.  
I will have my revenge, I will burn my words and face into your mind.  
You will be haunted by me for the rest of your miserable life.

So desperate to not be the only one hurts.  
So desperate to pull down as many you can.  
A completely different level.  
Prepare for a disaster.  
Look there sits the shovel and unmarked stone.  
Screaming I shall not die alone.  
But we all do no matter what you do.

It's more about what you do in this then how you leave.  
Death only comes once, love can out live it by life time.  
Breaking the divide, a culture shock, a hug for the passer bye, no matter race,  
skin color, sex, or religion.  
There no exception to debate who to hate.  
We treat people according accustomed to expectations.  
Stereotype proclamations.  
We need an intervention, before it's too late.

Love thy fellow neighbors.  
Regardless of who they really are.  
Do not give into the already broken.  
Violence only prevokes.  
Words as weapons digging at them old scars.  
A history that's used to justify written by those with only malice in there hearts.  
Time is always against us.  
We must make the most of it.  
Before it's too late.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dying Glow

A check cashed and money already spent.  
Debt to enslave.  
It is what is pushed and pulled.  
Feeding the craving.  
Just another man sitting at bar stool.  
Waiting for one more drink.  
All too not think.  
Another dip in the endless tank.  
What keeps you coming back up?  
Succulent air.  
A new variety of despair, nothing so sudden.  
But the creeping glare.  
Eating holes through your previous nightmare.  
Acid to face, scarred, battered, and torn.  
Indecision becomes all you know.  
Looking forward to hell, because this is worse.  
A slow motion curse.  
Get up go to work, eat, sleep, repeat.  
With no end in sight.  
Catching a glimpse of the twilight, the in-between.  
The moment with your mouth open before you take a deep breath.  
The idea of success, I wonder if that's not when we're finally at rest.  
Accumulated hours of wasted time.  
Nothing to show, its just another dying glow.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dying Soul

Among the grains of the burning sand.  
Lost in my own desert lands.  
No oasis for far as the eye can see.  
So many mirages of what could be.  
Allusions portrayed by all the demons inside me.  
An island of anecdotal quotes.  
Swimming deep in this moat of meaningless words.  
Swatting at the dive bombing birds.  
So absurd, an assault on every reality I know.  
It doesn't matter where I go.  
There is no escape from ones own mind.  
The tragic decline.  
A slowdown defined.  
Sometimes you can't go on no more.  
Without taking a breath.  
Taking a time limited rest.  
Hesitation equals the second best.  
Will that ever leave me satisfied.  
More and more empty inside.  
The bottomless pit.  
Free falling saying just forget it.  
It doesn't not matter.  
Question yourself in the third person.  
Did it ever?  
Multiple personalities lashing out.  
How can I escape this tension that binds.  
If it never goes quiet or silent.  
A competition with my own pride.  
A slow conformity to mass suicide.  
A trickling heart beat that get fainter and fainter.  
Working on become the poorest of painter.  
So many metaphors with in the darkness of this painting.  
Why is it we can't understand one simple man.  
Is it a barrier of distant language, or the lack of any attempt at the basics of  
communications?  
A mural blotted on a brick wall, what does it remind you of.  
Does it bring the same vision to your head.  
So many regrets as the cosmos are bled.  
And of them this is still not one yet



Tell me now can there any more beautiful color then that of red.  
Mix and match if you like.  
It doesn't change it's meaning.  
It describes both the flow of life and death at the same time.  
The veins of the growing tree.  
Pulsing and pumping.  
Pushing and thrusting.  
No end to the abundance of energy, even upon it's very decay.  
The denying soul grasping for one last body to control.  
To hold, to feel, to touch, to consume, to avoid the unknown that is better not to assume.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dying Spark

I did everything you asked of me.  
Why am I the one that feels so guilty.  
Drowning in a tablespoon of water.  
Is it even possible?  
I will live my life the way want to.  
For it is mine.  
Justification to what?  
Your not me.  
So just stop trying to be.  
Mission accomplished.  
You made it worse.  
Walking on a bed of hot coals.  
Each step and my feet blister a bit more.  
So many hurtful words.  
Just who are you trying convince.  
Life is simple, it is really not that complicated.  
I'm sorry your ego gets in the way.  
But it's not mine.  
I don't have to be right for you.  
Getting through.  
Borrowing a tunnel.  
Over or under the wall.  
Does it even matter?  
Not even paying attention are you?  
To busy still arguing.  
A one sided conversation.  
Absolutely no relation or communication.  
Do we really even know each other.  
Two different worlds.  
Two different realities.  
Where is it they supposedly meet?  
Fatal is the attraction that bring us no satisfaction.  
So bull headed and stubborn.  
With an x that marks the spot, set the explosives and fire.  
It is no ones fault.  
We had our moment and then we drifted apart.  
There is no reset button.  
A fresh start.  
No not for us.

It is gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Dysfunctions

And under their protection this projection of self hatred we have created  
monsters of all kinds.

A manic proclamation with attention seeking intentions.

I need help so you better come save me.

Or I'll take others out with me.

Instead of realizing there is no justification to self destruction without a current  
cause.

You say you are as you were as a child.

Broken and stripped naked.

In a state of constant abuse and humiliation for someone else's self gratification.

But no matter the depravity endured it still gives you no right in the here and  
now.

Straight out if you can't control yourself you should be locked up in a mental  
institution, or heavily sedated on the proper medication.

There is all kinds of solution out there to physiological issues we face.

Some have faced more than others.

Some claim to have no problems at all.

But the honest to goodness truth is we all work in progress.

We all have our quirks.

Dysfunctions always lurk.

Some not so apparent as the eye can see clearly.

But trust me no one has gone through their whole lives undisturbed.

The question isn't is there a problem.

The question is can we overcome or live with the problems?

Some are more difficult than others.

I can say my problems are easy.

No medication or therapy is needed.

Though most certainly I always find writing therapeutic.

It is at times my form venting.

When the stress is unrelenting.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Earn It

Sometimes we try hard to please.  
But no matter what we do it doesn't work.  
So sit back and laugh.  
Because life goes on in no certain way.  
No matter if we like it or not.  
Have you ever slept on a cot?  
That is what today feels like.  
So hard and stiff.  
An constant lack of comfort.  
Haven't had it for years.  
A recluse for sure.  
When you grow up this way.  
It is also the way you like to live.  
No steady placement.  
No guarantees.  
No silver spoon to travel the moon.  
Nope just my self.  
Dependence is neither something I need or desire.  
You think little of me and that's fine.  
I don't need your approval.  
Stick your nose up at me and keep walking.  
Better is a matter of context.  
Which do you prefer a hand made or machine manufactured dress?  
I had to work hard for every privilege I have.  
Can you say the same?  
Or are we just sticking to the making of faces.  
Excellent hand gestures too.  
Respect is not a given it is earned and you have yet to earn mine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Eat My Bliss

Eat my bliss, suck my kiss. Listen to me as i hiss. like a snake i creep up. I'm someone I'm only hoping you miss. Misperception, misdirection. Quite a pale complexion. Just eat my bliss, suck my kiss. Don't get pissed. No reason to be, don't you see. All is dead as the sea. Theirs no love in this barely beating heart. Pleasure is torn apart. Just eat my bliss, suck my kiss. No i will not reminisce. What was broken can not be fixed and i realize this. Being straight forward hurts you and I'm sorry but that's the end of it. I don't believe in second chances or dances. I'm not pretending, or defending. What was is gone. As the sun met the dawn. So just eat my bliss, suck my kiss. Miss priss, so stuck up with your self righteous bullsh\*t. Just get over it. An impossibility, please treat it such. Its not asking much. Life is rough. No I'm not mr. tough guy. I'm just trying get by. So just eat my bliss, suck my kiss. Be honest receive hell for it. A rebel without reason. A false god preaching. A perplexing equation is which there no answer. Mysteries deep in the soul i keep. Searching to find what you seek. Until its found leave all my words unbound. Just eat my bliss, suck my kiss. Presumptuous it is. Assuming leaves emotions looming. Anger held right above my head. But its not getting in. Count to ten. Say you win. Put it to its end. Just eat my bliss, suck my mother f\*cking kiss. Please just eat my bliss. All i want is happiness.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Eat Some Liverwurst

We are all works in progress.

We constantly change.

Sometimes for the better.

Sometimes for the worst.

Tell me now do you like liverwurst?

In till you try some how will you know?

'Trust me I know.'

'Just the smell upsets my stomach in ways I rather not describe.'

Well maybe they are just not making it right.

'The best chef could make it, and it would still be denied.'

'It is a acquired taste that I have yet to embrace.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Eating A Disaster

Feeding off every feeling like a monster. Eating a disaster. Things are spinning. Faster and faster. When will it stop. Why is it so hard to let go. I will never know. But the show must go on. At the break of the next dawn i will start walking. To the better life. The one that makes me forget all my regrets. Whispers will constantly haunt me here. So i must disappear. I cant have her so near. I need protection from this evil. Distance, is the only solution. I'm not running. Im hunting to fill a hole that has got this situation out of control. Call it being cold. But shes fiction in my mind. And that cause me to break down every time. My dues have been paid. And i have worn out my welcome to stay. To the hell with it all. No more stalling. I find it so god damn appalling. I hate it because i know what i want. And its the one thing i can not have. So what else can i do. A couple bucks, a car, and ill drive so fucking far. A whole world at my disposal. So why be so close minded or blinded. Its a clock with no rewind. Her loss not mine. Steadfast, erasing our past. Pretending each breath is my last. True motivation atleast. No help needed. I stand my ground on concrete. Its not a retreat. But instead its what i need for me. Call it an unborn fantasy. Call it a choice with an unheard voice. One of many. Writing it all out as it about to come about. Not a shred of doubt. Listen to me as shout this is where i stand. I am but only a man. With my own convictions. With my own afflictions. I will not bow or back down. for i am now standing on solid ground.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Eating A Sour Apple

As the darkness rises.  
As we remove all these useless disguises.  
Walking the line.  
Oh how fine it is.  
Wasn't always that way.  
Use to be so easy or atleast that is the way seemed.  
But now all I do is keep on trying and trying.  
And all feel like I'm doing is dying and dying.  
Poor, broke, no job, a broken yoke.  
And those you thought you could depend on the most.  
Haunt me like my forgotten ghost.  
Digging in the dirt for a single penny.  
Trying find a skill that would helpful if any.  
Being honest among the crooks and wolves.  
So back in rent that the adviction notice has to be coming any day.  
Not a single drug can dillute all my problems.  
It's not depression it's the all devouring frustration.  
Feeling absolutely useless and there no one to help me get out the situation I'm  
in.  
Watching a friends dogs for just another day to survive.  
Hoping it doesn't end too soon.  
Trying to find that rocketship off to the moon.  
So many promises broken.  
My soul has been stolen.  
A captive to system that only rewards those with lots of money.  
So many cruel inventions you can't even apply for a job without internet.  
We want a resume, a driver license, a background check, drug testing,  
experience in this field, a bachlor degree, and atleast three references with  
perfect backgrounds themselves,  
And we will take 1 or 2 dollar of your pay for our services rendered until the  
company decides you get to stay.  
Temp agencies are ghastly.  
Selling? your information to highest bidder.  
Phone calls come in not for jobs but from colleges.  
Trying to recruit you into infinite debt.  
And they will garnish you're wages to get the money back for those loans.  
So don't worry you will be on your own.  
Taxes taken, not being able make your last car payment.  
Having animals your can't afford to take the vet, and yet you have no way to get

rid of them.

Living in a place that's needs fixed up, and you have nothing to do it with.

Heating with wood and your chainsaw breaks towards the end winter.

Two feet of snow falls and you still don't have the money to get it fixed.

Cutting it all up with nothing but a hand saw.

Do you like being warm bad enough.

Thinking your luck couldn't get any worse then you lose your only ride to grocery store.

It's a long walk with mouths to feed.

These are just some of the small things that eat at me every night.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Eating Dirt

To say I'm sorry never feels enough.  
Accepting a gift from those I hurt.  
How can I, why would I.  
Do I walk away in shame.  
Of face it and who I am.  
I feel like a man whose leg has went lame.  
No longer do I walk in a strut.  
But a limp because of what I know.  
People who give with past dues never being paid.  
Never speaking of the pain from what has been past said.  
Fearful of those who will not accept criticism.  
I'm falling down the same path of antisocial behaviour.  
Stay away from me because all I will do is hurt you.  
A feeling I'll never forget and always regret.  
But the damages done I won't make plea at a loss of dignity.  
I will not eat dirt for what you feel.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Eating The Fear

Eating rose petals.  
Choking on the thorns.  
With such a sweet smell their should be some kind of warning.  
A sign saying in big bold letters.  
If you do it you will regret it.  
Jumping into a brick wall head first.  
Trust me it does hurt.  
I would know.  
I got my scars to prove it.  
Black and blue bruises is a usual at least for me.  
Maybe it cause I will never accept defeat.  
Even if I know I'm already beat.  
Things can and will change.  
It is a matter of time ticking on by.  
A color scheme mapped out.  
A portrait perfected.  
Yet it is still rejected.  
Don't you know it is to be completely expected.  
Don't give up.  
Oh no not just yet.  
No matter the dire circumstances.  
You got to be strong.  
Just hold on for one more moment.  
I keep hearing these whispers that say I don't know if I can.  
Oh does it make me any less of a man?  
Failure at ones my weakest moment.  
Ducking down in disgrace.  
Walking away from an unfulfilled dream.  
No sorry I just can't.  
Even if suck every bit life out of me.  
My inner strength will still remain.  
Like a cloud floating high in the sky.  
Taking many shapes.  
Creating many escapes.  
Going to an illusionary world where everything is alright.  
Because I just don't know if I can make it another night.  
Not here.  
The uncertainty brings only fear.  
And I must keep my distance and try to never let it get near.

Close my heart.

Shut it down.

It is an exposure that will ruin my perspective and objectives.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Echo Of Love

A dream of being as the wind that is yet coming again.  
Foot steps soon to be followed.  
Silently leaving no trail, where he came from or where he went.  
Not a simple magic trick, but a stop in time.  
Experiencing something thought to be divine.  
A growing craziness in and out of ones mind.  
Each time, it is wished to never be over.  
Each time, it doesn't last long enough.  
Each time, it feels like forever.  
An echo of love, is the one heart ache that continuously repeats.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Echoing Heart

An echoing.  
Hallow does thou heart ring.  
Even if the eyes were meant see.  
They don't tell you everything.  
Truth as it may be.

You just don't get it.  
I need this.  
The more I beg, the more I feel like I'm coming unpegged.  
Just another card falling off the bulletin board.  
How many notice it's gone?  
To late, always to late.  
Never soon enough.

An echoing.  
Hallow does thou heart ring.  
Even if the eyes were meant see.  
They don't tell you everything.  
Truth as it may be.

A golden gate closed today.  
I walked for miles for just another denial.  
Store it in a file.  
Mark it as defiled.  
Led astray, blinded by a single wish.  
In a world of loneliness.

Reaching out but only feeling the coldness.  
A smack in the face.  
A kick in the groins.  
What did I do deserve the low below?  
A roasted marshmallow.  
Turning so yellow.

An absence of the well suited.  
Dress for an occasion that never seems to come up.  
Throwing the coins in a single slot.  
Wish me luck.  
Because last time I lost more the something you can touch.

An echoing.  
Hallow does thou heart ring.  
Even if the eyes were meant see.  
They don't tell you everything.  
Truth as it may be.

You just don't get it.  
I need this.  
The more I beg, the more I feel like I'm coming unpegged.  
Just another card falling off the bulletin board.  
How many notice it's gone?  
To late, always to late.  
Never soon enough.

Another statue comes down.  
My fallen heroes.  
Soon to be forgotten.  
But you wouldn't know them.  
A kind hand given, then gone.  
A pitied disgrace.

An all up in your face.  
Like how do you like me now?  
Don't I just make you so proud?  
The one left lying dead on the street.  
Candy canes, and snickers as treat.  
An out look so bleak.

An echoing.  
Hallow does thou heart ring.  
Even if the eyes were meant see.  
They don't tell you everything.  
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Reaching out but only feeling the coldness.  
A smack in the face.  
A kick in the groins.  
What did I do deserve the low below.  
Feeling like a roasted marshmallow.  
Just so yellow.

Another statue comes down.  
My fallen heroes.  
Soon to be forgotten.  
But you wouldn't know them.  
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You just don't get it.  
I need this.  
The more I beg, the more I feel like I'm coming unpegged.  
Just another card falling off the bulletin board.  
How many notice it gone.  
To late, always to late.  
Never soon enough.

An echoing.

Hallow does thou heart ring.  
Even if the eyes were meant see.  
They don't tell you everything.  
Truth as it may be.

No I'm holding on strong.  
No thanks to you.  
Braced, and wintered over.  
The regrowing of the four leaf clover.  
She loves me not, not, not, not.  
Just a tool and stooge.

Blubbering fool.  
Shut up and stop drooling.  
Raise the jaw, think with your head.  
Soon again you will lying in the same bed.  
All alone, on your own.  
Barely making it.  
And reliving the same pain.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Echo's In My Mind

I'm in it for the long haul.  
No matter how many tell me I can't, I won't.  
The agony of a dislocated heart.  
Page after page torn apart.  
Ripped up into little bitty pieces.  
But still I know I have made start.  
One foot in front of the next.  
Sometimes it can be so trying.  
Part of me always feeling as if I'm dying.  
Getting emptier and emptier.  
A vampire drains my life away.  
And his torturous methods won't stop.  
So again I must overcome.  
Keep going with a fantasy written in my head.  
Dreams can not just be bled.  
No matter how much this evil creature tries.  
Only in me are they are still alive.  
I will not accept others truth the way I do mine.  
A denial by the times.  
A promotion I will never incline.  
Wealth in which I will never dine.  
A exotic car I will never drive.  
Of such things even given the opportunity I would still purge myself completely  
from them.  
A moderate in me I define.  
Their is place one must draw the line,  
Whether in the sand dunes or grassy plains.  
Whether in the deepest sea or the highest mountain range.  
Somethings still will not change.  
The object of my own morality.  
A victim of my own mortality.  
Perfection beyond the rejection.  
Time after time.  
A continuous echo in mind.  
Quite haunting.  
It reminds me my task is quite daunting.  
Still it is full speed ahead, till the day of my death.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Echos Of Bending Light Derived Through Mechanical Looking Eyes.

Soon forgotten.  
Through an hourglass.  
Step away.  
Step away.  
Just step away.  
The blood for ink will soon dry.  
New claims no different then the last.  
A reflection is all the same bending of light.  
No matter the image it portrays.  
Illusory of a soul constantly fighting, constantly biting.  
Soon too drift into the clouds of another gray blur.  
Wickedness does not stir inside.  
How could it exist in a nonexistence.  
Shallow is this void.  
A hollow hold.  
A firm grip on the imagination of a fortunate few.  
Go ahead try to leave this place.  
Maybe you were never even here.  
Sleeping when your standing up.  
Exerting so much energy on a nothingness.  
The important becomes so quaint.  
The awakening to the possibility that all the bickering in the world can't save us.  
Democracy can only be useful for that which we understand and comprehend.  
Not the impossible.  
Daily chaos is fine.  
Daily order is fine too.  
Have a little of both please do enjoy your stew.  
But please remember to eat it while it's hot.  
Because forever is an expedited process invented in our minds.  
All self righteous and glorified.  
The greatest gift is when we begin to realize sometimes reason doesn't exist  
outside that world in which we live.  
Madness does have its place.  
Even in the fairy tales we tell ourselves each and everyday.  
To make it feel better.  
To justify something so unimportant in the larger scheme of things.  
Show me the architect and I'll show you something that anyone could have built.

A playground, a test run, just maybe.  
Tell me what this artificial intelligence did do.  
Down the scope, through binoculars.  
Tell me have you seen something so out of sight.  
Biometric, prolific.  
Gifted.  
Angels visit me every night.  
Wings absent of all colors.  
Halos of golden fire.  
Absent of all facial features.  
Just the paleness of empty face that would scare the hell out of most anyone.  
Intrigued, I hold my hand out to them only to wake up.  
And some people would be like what does that mean?  
Well it could be just a dream.  
Or maybe while I sleeping I left this world temporarily.  
Maybe it was foreign message.  
Maybe it is a sign I'm going in the wrong direction.  
Or just maybe it is my mind playing tricks on me.  
Sometimes it better to not try to understand what you can never.  
First fact of this life is limitation.  
Second is don't waste so much time of fruitless soul searching aggravation.  
You don't need an excuse for your actions, or your satisfaction.  
Just do what feels right.  
Maybe being happy is just the way it suppose to be, maybe it not.  
Here's a very uncomfortable cot.  
Just sleep on it and think about that an awful a lot.  
The substance of a metaphysical being.  
A ghosts whisper upon a chilly night.  
And I'm just so excited to get on with it.  
How about you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Eliminating All Doubt

Sitting by the phone, waiting for that call.  
Each minute feels like hours.  
Trying to think of what to say this time.  
How can I be myself, how can I open my heart to someone else?  
Is it better to leave certain things unsaid?  
Am I like an old paperback used up and already read.  
Butterflies are eating at me.  
Making me all jittery.  
Shaking from the inside out.  
Is there a ring of truth in all this doubt.  
Give me confidence, because I never want to fake it again.  
Drinking an empty bottle in my head.  
It's all has been building to this moment.  
Standing tall over an ledge, and never looking down.  
Not afraid that I'll fall, but I'll walk away.  
I know what I want, I know what she wants.  
But is it ever that simple?  
Over complicating things.  
That will not be me.  
Taking it nice and slow.  
Doing things right, coloring inside the lines.  
It might not be pretty, or sexy, but it's me.  
And that is all it can ever be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Embodiment Of My Emptiness

Sadness is the happiness of the soul.  
Remorse is a mistake in the truest form.  
The angel is speaking to me again.  
She says keep going whats left to lose.  
The embodiment of my emptiness was where I was at.  
Now I been lifted off the ground.  
So high on this life.  
Dreams that just might come true.  
The destiny is mine.  
All I have to do is grab it, before it goes.  
Never let it be left to the unknown.  
It could get away.  
No you don't.  
I will not make another sacrifice.  
I'll be a slave if I have to.  
Misery to the death of me.  
Don't you see.  
I don't need the company.  
I'm among the poor and lonely.  
Don't push to me too hard.  
I might fall to my knees and say leave me be.  
It what I was made into.  
Breaking this habit will be so hard.  
A million marks have been left on the wall.  
It's all from the embodiment of my emptiness.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Embracing Betrayal

Thoughts of what to do next.  
Keep me, hold me down.  
Kicking and screaming.  
A child's long forgotten tantrum.  
But I want that.  
With no understanding of the gravity of the current situation.  
A winding river of contemplation with no exits.  
Swimming for high ground but knowing it is already too late.  
This time I will drown.  
This time I will smile all the way down.  
This time is all I have ever had.  
And I can not waste it now.  
Peeking through the foggiest dust cloud from the ground.  
Whats above, whats below?  
In the absence of a good show.  
A faltering ego.  
Recognizing the water is rather deep and no where near as shallow.  
A heart drilled out and made hollow.  
Just one more gulp, just one more swallow.  
Emotions inhaled as I ready the sails.  
Waves of energy encompass my very being.  
Not with my eyes shall I be seeing.  
Walking as a man of the blind.  
Give me a cane I'll do just fine.  
For the vibrations reach me mere seconds.  
Before you speak a word I already know.  
Ready to go with my hands tied and body broken.  
A whisper in the dark, traveling in a migration.  
Why is it we always need a destination?  
Somewhere to be at all times.  
A penance for an unknown crime.  
Well I have endured this punishment for long enough.  
And as rough as it might seem.  
I'm escaping the upcoming tragedy.  
It won't happen me.  
And the word repeat as if I'm absolutely certain.  
Of all things.  
The choice is mine always was.  
I can still hear the just because.

Like you describing something that ever was.  
An irritating rub.  
A feather with tiny spikes on the end.  
Bothered but never distracted enough.  
Walking on, walking past the pain.  
Deliverance from being temporarily insane.  
Given a set of wings thrown in a fire and told to fly.  
Be careful for the consequences of it could be dire.  
Vengeance, in name and disgrace.  
A foaming in the mouth to embrace.  
Calm hate to stew, put in a pot and given it due.  
If patience is the name of game, I have already won.  
Over, under, set a blunder.  
With cackles of lightening followed by a roaring thunder.  
But being a man mercy, I do not seek it.  
No attempts will be made to redeem it.  
For it wouldn't change a thing for me.  
Being place upon a wrecked ship, it still would not be fixed.  
So I must just abandon it, and seek refuge.  
A shelter from cold.  
Just trying to keep warm in a chaotic storm.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Emotional Recovery

I was sick.  
But now I'm better.  
Oh my dear friend I'm sorry for very last letter.  
I was going through some tough times.  
But you know that.  
You were there when it hit me emotionally.  
Falling on my knees trying so hard to accept it.  
Screaming at the top of lungs at absolutely no one.  
I was so twisted up inside.  
And I broke your heart over something that no one could have prevented.  
Not even me.  
I'm as much at fault as you.  
Even my sister too.  
Though she'll never admit it.  
You two use to be so close friends.  
She split too.  
But sooner than me.  
I think she already knew.  
She just wasn't sure who.  
We use to party together for hours.  
We use to talk as if we knew each other our whole lives.  
It was never a question of trust.  
I never blamed you.  
I just needed to get away.  
All these emotions bottled up.  
I was grasping at straws for just the right words to say.  
To somehow make it alright.  
But I now know that can never be.  
Even to this day.  
I'm still left to wonder.  
The pondering upon unholy poison.  
As if I was the one who sipped it from chalice so greedily.  
Now that are we are speaking again.  
Let me say god how I missed you.  
I missed you.  
So deeply.  
So desperately.  
So honestly.  
Let the ink be permanent for every one to see.

Even as depraved as it might seemed seven years ago.  
I still love you as son loves her mother.  
Maybe that's why I didn't understand the numbness I felt to what your kids did.  
A disconnect.  
Maybe that is why I didn't hate you when I felt I should have.  
I didn't want any of this.  
Force fed the blues.  
Sometimes your really can't pick and choose.  
When you get this I hope you can understand it better then others can.  
Because I have difficulties expressing myself in such straight forward manner.  
Only those closest know this.  
The rest assume how I act is always the way I truly feel.  
When I get so emotional that I'm gonna lose control, I distance from myself  
anyone I can truly hurt so I don't.

P.S.

I'm sorry you had to miss me at all.  
I promise from this point on I'll come see you when I can.  
This one I will keep to the very end.  
No matter where we end up.  
Even if you move back to Germany.  
I would travel the globe to come and see you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Emotional Train Wreck

To describe those moments can be so difficult  
It is reliving pain long dead and buried  
It's one of those I already ate the cherry  
All that is left is the pit  
That's the best I think I can explain it  
It brings back images so vivid  
It brings back so much sadness  
It creates my madness  
I become so in depth with those thoughts  
It's as if it of the here and now  
It's so hard to be proud  
When you dig and such things be found  
The chest constantly pounds  
Ever slowing, but it is still ever moving.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Emotionally Distraught

I'm waiting on you?  
Come on why won't you say anything?  
What happen to you?  
Is their any I can do?  
I hear the words in your eye's  
But your mouth just won't move.  
What is wrong?  
What did he do?  
He will pay.  
I hope he has prayed.  
For this is his last day.  
I won't be swayed.  
Not by anything you say.  
This will never be okay.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Empty As The Air

A life of substance, is always one that is desired.

But what of the substance you speak of?

How do you define it?

For ones man's junk is another man's treasure.

Substance is what we make of it.

Leading an interesting life in the gallows, could be considered a life of substance if that is what he desires.

Are you trying say he is saying pity me I have not lived an interesting life, one full of life changing, learning, and ever different experiences?

Do go on, as we investigate the brain.

Put it under some light.

What is really their?

Hmm, I can only wonder.

Maybe it is something empty as the air.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Empty Suitcase

The damage has already been done.  
What else can you do?  
An instrument in the head.  
Go ahead and drill straight through.  
Finding insanity.  
Grasping at all the broken straws.  
Nothing whole or solid.  
Speaking to those who are no longer here.  
Beyond the grave.  
Beyond the depraved.

Go ahead confide in me your deepest darkest secret to keep.  
My lips are already broken.  
Jaw busted, ears empty.

I'm sorry but I can no longer hear you.

And the deafness is killing me.  
With words they are things I'm trying to describe.

The damage has already been done  
What else can you do.  
An instrument in the head.  
Go ahead and drill straight through.  
Finding insanity.  
Grasping at all the broken straws.  
Nothing whole or solid.  
Speaking to those who are no longer here.  
Beyond the grave.  
Beyond the depraved.

Sinking into a mellow sensation.  
Remove all that aggravation.  
No more cynical masturbation.  
Because it doesn't feel good.  
No it never feels oh so good.  
The sweet has grown bitter.  
The logical makes no sense.  
Why try to understand?



Who makes such demands?  
A sentence to servitude.  
Obey me or die?  
I don't think so.  
Go ahead and take my life right here, right now.

The damage has already been done  
What else can you do.  
An instrument in the head.  
Go ahead and drill straight through.  
Finding insanity.  
Grasping at all the broken straws.  
Nothing whole or solid.  
Speaking to those who are no longer here.  
Beyond the grave.  
Beyond the depraved.

Go ahead confide in me your deepest darkest secret to keep.  
My lips are already broken.  
Jaw busted, ears empty.

I'm sorry but I can no longer hear you.

And the deafness is killing me.  
With words they are things I'm trying to describe.

Just give me the cancer.  
It would be all for the better.  
The mental suicide is wearing me down.  
A couple more pills and a swallow at the bottom of the bottle.  
Any escape from this place.  
The prison of many souls.  
Encased in this limp body that barely moves.  
The slugs race at a snails pace.  
But who cares?  
Alright over and out.  
The orders are given, and once again they will be defied.

The damage has already been done  
What else can you do.  
An instrument in the head.  
Go ahead and drill straight through.

Finding insanity.  
Grasping at all the broken straws.  
Nothing whole or solid.  
Speaking to those who are no longer here.  
Beyond the grave.  
Beyond the depraved.

Go ahead confide in me your deepest darkest secret to keep.  
My lips are already broken.  
Jaw busted, ears empty.

I'm sorry but I can no longer hear you.

And the deafness is killing me.  
With words they are things I'm trying to describe.

The bubbles float above my head...  
There is something yet to be said.  
Yet it remains empty.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Endless Prison

In this realm, who is it you become?  
The saddling of the sun.  
The capturing of the fiery star.  
Hells bars.  
Do they forever hold in the moving of chains?  
Locked against molten rock.  
How can that be, when it flows?  
Which way is it going?  
No destination, just a constant rush.  
Motives abandoned.  
Purpose withstanding.  
Is there any name in which we can be branding?  
This is a devious imprisonment.  
One where your desire to be free exist endlessly.  
But with no direction, and a circling fortunes.  
You are led each time back to where you started.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Enemy Made By Love

A victim of my own mistakes. I got to stop letting people in. Block all out for eternity. It has been a bloody and brutal war. Destroying friend after friend. All so i feel nothing. So antisocial, so emotional. They will never understand. I have been branded. Labeled and threw into a story so fabled. And i cant do it. Never again. If its a conquest i cant win. Why bother. Why hurt another. Im not a brother. Reasonably insane is my name. Crazy as they come. No I'm not dumb. No I'm not on the run. No I'm not looking for fun. Just want to be left alone. I want to each their own. Friend or foe doesn't matter you still must go. We will step on each others toes. And i know it hurts as i say no. But the pain will wane, dissipate, and disappear. You changed things. You made me have to hate you. An enemy of love. Protection from above. Ive lost everything i ever wanted in one fell swoop. Give me a gun so i can shoot something. A mercy killing. Can you do it with tears falling out your eyes. Does it feel as if you died a little inside. My pride comes before my fall. And it wont happen. I need it not any more then you. Pity thrown a skew. Take a picture remember those days. Because these feelings will never end. I cant play a game of pretend. It is as i am. Your not gonna change it. If i have to put a mountain between us. I will. Not for thrills. But so i dont go crazy over something so real. This soul i will never let you steal. Hate me because all you do is hurt me. Say im dog sh\*t and i wont care. I rather have that then way you been acting. Dont cry just relise that us being just friends has come to an end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Erasing The Line That Divides

An act of violence shouldn't be encouraged with lie or otherwise.  
Racism and bigotry is a tool used to divide us.  
A cop can be the one that save your life.  
The media only loves the villain.  
It keeps the ratings high and promotes distrust.  
Protest and riots generated upon a written script.  
It's a money making business and the advertiser love it.  
So camera man do keep it up.  
A bias perspective shown, the truth unknown.  
A demand for justice.  
But what if there needs not to be.  
Slaying our own demons.  
Our thirst for revenge will never be satisfied no matter the human cost.  
You have just been bought.  
Consumed by a system that has no limits.  
For the public good.  
Stop all this nonsense, and accept that there are occasionally bad apples on all sides.  
No matter your race or profession.  
There is no line imaginary or otherwise.  
We all become the victims if we don't learn to get along.  
And it always benefits someone.  
So be one the good guys and say no I will not deface or defame.  
That is not the legacy I will claim.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Escaping The Darkness

Tell me can you hear the movie tunes.  
Pictures in a photograph flashing on through.  
It as if you were always there.

A reality that disappears.  
Into one and to next.  
A confession written with pain and love.  
Soon they'll be echo's of the past.  
Dormant among centuries that were suppose to last.

A liquid pool comes from below and swallows you.  
And in this momentary occasional drifting of thoughts.  
You try grab it before it is completely lost.

Tell me can you hear the movie tunes.  
Pictures in a photograph flashing on through.  
It as if you were always there.

Rising above the fog, diving straight into mist.  
So mysterious, abandoned souls left to wonder.  
So many ghost like figures.  
Apparitions, are they really even there?  
Are they really even listening.

A life after death ultimate experience.  
Free falling into emptiness.  
No pulsing energy of any kind.  
Just pure darkness.

Tell me can you hear the movie tunes.  
Pictures in a photograph flashing on through.  
It as if you were always there.

Tell me can you hear the movie tunes.  
Pictures in a photograph flashing on through.  
It as if you were always there.

A reality that disappears.  
Into one and to next.

A confession written with pain and love...

Rising above the fog, diving straight into mist.  
So mysterious, abandoned souls left to wonder.  
So many ghost like figures...

Tell me, just tell me can you hear the movie tunes.  
Pictures in a photograph flashing on through.  
It as if you were always there.

Always there...

You can believe what you want.  
Hold a candle light to dark if it makes you feel a little better.  
Maybe this creature is all in your head.  
But it won't make it stop.  
The long black train has already come.  
It's leaving so all aboard.  
So if you don't want to be left to behind come in before we change our minds.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Escaping The Fear

A million strategies.  
Never satisfied with just one.  
A mind that is already so far gone.  
In another planet, In another world.  
The stagnation that swirls brings me to the need of my escape.  
With music I do embrace.  
Even if the rabid beast is already at my feet.  
Latching on for dear life, but not of its own.  
It wants mine.  
With blood to dine.  
A banquet so divine.  
An illusion of the senses.  
A fool hardy chase for something so fake.  
I am victim, and I know what is at stake.  
A fortune told doesn't mean it has to be true.  
To change you do have the power within you.  
I don't question that for an instant.  
But how do I put faith in something I can no longer trust?  
Be very careful not to breath in the dust for it's poisonous.  
A sickness is spreading.  
Infecting every entity.  
All the same, there is no prejudice.  
A consolidation of power.  
Only a few men strong.  
Such a high cliff I'm afraid to look down.  
But still I must for fear is never the answer.  
It is only the beginning of a cancer.  
That eats at us till nothing left.  
I may wear these rags, but I wear them proudly.  
Never afraid to show anyone who I am.  
Humiliations teaches you something that gives you great power.  
To overcome in the face the dankest darkest adversity.  
Show me your I'll show you mine frame of mind.  
An eye for eye by giving yours first.  
They are things that are most certainly worst.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Escaping The Path You Chose To Take

So thoughts of you still linger.  
Hey here's my middle finger.  
I know that's unbecoming.  
But that's not gonna stop me from burning your lingerie.  
The times I want forget.  
A toke of love and hate.  
The things that you come to appreciate.  
I'm sorry but you have been disconnected.  
It's not malfunctioning if the hearts already been broken.  
Slam your phone on the ground if you want.  
Riding off into the forgotten sunset.  
It is still here.  
It is something that'll never disappear.  
It won't betray me at any given moment.  
The erosion of trust.  
That building has crumbled.  
The flood waters were high.  
I decided it was better not to try to fight this incoming tide.  
Take me to a place where the stars decide.  
The right moment when two unique souls are to collide.  
Not on your terms, not on mine.  
For in that we will be both be confined.  
A debt owed to never to be repaid.  
That is not love.  
A measure of rule is unjust, and cruel.  
Sex sold as common goods.  
We all have needs, but that is not how it should proceed.  
Dirty deeds.  
I'm sorry I will not concede.  
There is dragnet tied upon your ankle.  
I'm sorry it's not for me.  
Captured for what?  
Lusts' unending thrust.  
You will take it, you know you want it.  
Really do I look like the fool that will eat the poisonous fruit?  
I'm looking for the permanent.  
Not a temporary fixation.  
No matter the promise or proclamation.  
I shall not deviate from my path for anyone.

Sacrifice.  
I keep hearing that noise.  
Sacrifice.  
What does that mean to me if my life is wasted?  
The future of us all is more important than any single entity.  
I don't care if your famous.  
I don't care if you have been the beauty queen for centuries.  
I don't care, I honestly don't care.  
Entrapment brought on by desperation.  
Every day we see these revelations.  
Corruption from the inside out.  
A rotting mouth.  
Soon the brittle teeth will fall.  
Word spoken and twisted.  
I've seen the heart of the darkness.  
Once was enough for me.  
I am never going back.  
An honest man's hands are never tied by black mail and bribes.  
And this is the reason I will survive.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Evaluating...

I already hate you.

A 5 minute conversation and I'm done.

All I want to do is pour gasoline on you and watch you burn.

Some grab the marshmallows and by all means don't forget the popcorn.

Is that so wrong?

Suddenly I've come realization that yes stupid people are still breeding.

I question sometimes why they are still breathing.

Suffocating such a relaxing sensation.

A mind screwed right to the wall as reminder to all.

Hes just tiny bit pysco.

So please do commit me for that 72 evaluation.

Some more things to bounced.

Unending high, extremities go limp, too much and you might stop breathing and just.

I wish people would just stop asking me if I am alright.

I mean how hell would really.

A very simple self dignoses.

Is just put me in that straight jacket and i will be just fine,

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Even As Cities Burn

Come on get those cocktails ready.  
The riot is tonight.  
Time to settle the score.  
No I don't think so.  
I rather use my words.  
Hurting others brings no satisfaction to me as it does you.  
So then your not coming?  
I'm sorry but I just can't.  
This war will destroy.  
I rather not bloody my hands as another one of them.  
Guilty by association.  
No matter how greedy the bastards really are.  
Its not my job to mar.  
They will destroy themselves.  
One way or another.  
Fine I'm leaving without you coward.  
I'm sorry but I just don't believe in that kind of violence.  
A prediction as history will play out and repeat its self.  
Like a broken record.  
It continues on.  
Even as cities burn.  
Killing and looting will play out as it always does.  
Their is already enough blame to go around.  
Why should I be involved in disemboweling of what I helped to create?  
When it is done you can celebrate.  
And I'll sit in prayer for all of our mistakes.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Even As I Die It Will Continue To Go On

Back to building a website.  
To put my ideas under my own design.  
The internet is in the ages of all times.  
Forever to be recorded so the kids of kids can remember it.  
We must not forget  
We must learn to forgive.  
For injustices do not end with any other pretense.  
If that make any sense.  
Yes it does have relevance  
Its not just more jargon to be heard.  
By the crazy and the absurd.  
In my constant drive I do not reach for the skies  
But to understand the why.  
The search goes on for truth and knowledge.  
The search goes on for the true humanitarian.  
The search goes on for a way to end all blood shed.  
The search goes on for a way to eliminate all indifference.  
The search goes on for the cures to diseases that remind us of how vulnerable  
we really are.  
The search goes on.  
Even as I die it will continue to go on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Even In Death

The gentle blood beating dripping wet.  
So slowly.  
So deeply.  
So intentionally.  
So chronically.  
Spastic, and yet emphatic.  
Inebriated and erratic.  
To the left, to the right.  
Which way are you going?  
As if knowing will make a difference.  
Maybe in appearances.  
A dressed up scene to disguise.  
To play a trick on one eyes.  
Such a fickle thing.  
One moment the light is flickering.  
The next your gone.  
An empty vessel, and the final message delivered.  
It sends shivers up and down my spine.  
It echos our decline.  
Stagnant, a still puddle of water breeds nothing but disease.  
A note folded up with the perfect crease.  
That was always your way.  
Your signature written right underneath.  
I pictured this so differently.  
How funny, how quickly you were took from me.  
With an explanation point it was cast like a ghosts ultimate fright.  
A knoose tied out of a hemp rope.  
A razor blade still sitting on the kitchen sink.  
I can still see your last smile of delight.  
Sickening, is the very last thread lay to bare.  
To protect sometimes one must give up everything.  
And with the grabbing of the crown of jewels with there final screams of despair.  
The stool kicked out from underneath your feet, as the blood shoots across the  
far side of the room.  
If I only would have been there.  
For some reason it I can't breath, the lungs stop pumping in and out.  
And as I'm laying on the ice cold floor, there is light flashed back and forth  
between my eyes.  
I'm asked if I'm alright.

I think he is a paramedic or something  
How so are the words in the back of mind.  
As if it isn't bad enough I have to lie about grief felt.  
For I can't afford to be locked up in some hospital for seventy two hour  
evaluation.  
Time is already wasting, with you gone.  
I can't make up for the past.  
One to many disasters.  
The voices go off in my head faster and faster.  
Arguing over what you really meant to me.  
As if I separated from my own body I'm listening in on a strangers conversation.  
I don't know these men, they can't be me.  
Too cold, too calculating.  
So jaded, please say that wasn't part of me.  
Oh how I know you did this so intentionally.  
Trying to bring me back together with my family.  
Nothing you do is without purpose.  
Baiting the trap, waiting to see what you catch.  
Manipulating even upon your death.  
The confession just leaves everything even in more question.  
The strangest love I felt was for you, with almost a tiny taste of hate.  
Every move you made was to agitate, instigate, creating such a web of  
entanglement.  
I was caught, yet I wanted I didn't want to ever be free.  
Only upon a financial break did I finally realize what you doing me.  
Empowering ever more me to never again walk through that door.  
If seeing is believing, what a sight.  
I can't believe you got so dressed up to die.  
You know how wrong it is to have me come out visit if you are going this.  
The only reason I came was because you said you had the divorce papers ready  
and waiting.  
What a way to celebrate.  
Gives a whole new meaning to till death does you part.  
You set table for one, as if you expected me to dine upon this night.  
You really thought I now I hated you.  
And maybe when separated I did, but now it is more of feeling of indifference.  
I've become long numb to your antics and mind games.  
You know the distance has done great things.  
At least except for this.  
Boy, is your family going to pissed.  
Ironically I'm the one they are going to blame.  
Even it has been over two years since we seen each other.

You took the house, and car.  
I didn't put up a fight, for I just wanted you out of my life.  
Now I truly have that I guess.  
But in a way that just makes me depressed.  
Cheers to another of your successes.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Even When All The Roses Are Gone

Its on the tip of my tongue. Wait, wait im not done. Even when all the roses are gone. I will still know the one. They say live life while im young. A constant sensation that burns. Its another heart attack. Here you go a piece to you and you and you. Its on the tip of my tongue. Wait, wait im not done. Even when all the roses are gone. I still know the one. Try hiding it, try denying it, but i can feel it. The constant fighting. Emotional war fare. Tension high. Here another disguise ware it and swear to it. I see the problem. I see the aggravation. Im not an easy catch. Push, push, come on just push. Its on the tip of my tongue. Wait, wait im not done. Even when all the roses are gone. I still will know the one. The one. I will, will still know the one.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Even With All The Small Stuff

They say don't sweat the small stuff.

I try not to, but some times I still do.

They keep adding up as I keep telling the voices in my head just shut up.

Hateful thoughts becomes a common occurrence as anger builds.

You must treat it like a balloon and let the air out very slowly or it will fly off in a uncontrollable way.

Or explode all of a sudden.

To little to late.

A very common mistake.

That imprisons so many.

But I keep telling myself that will never be.

Because I won't go off unless it is to defend myself or loved ones from mortal danger.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Every Part Of The Heart. Breaks

As she preached and professed of her religions teachings I just wanted to cover my ears.

Such sacrilege of what I believe.

Just let the believers be.

Let them whistle their own tunes of their perfect little harmony.

It is not anarchy but prejudice I see.

With inner fitting you wear.

With a strange mold you walk life in which you fit.

With your raising values you demand recognition.

But will it be honored.

Turning your backs on society as they have done to you.

But the pain never fades.

An enslaved being.

Mentally trapped like your thoughts are parasites.

A blood sucker here to spread the disease.

With a gun to in your head they force you to your knees.

Just end it quickly please is but a mere after thought.

The fruit is rotten do not eat from this tree.

Poisoned as a snake does to its prey.

But don't worry its okay.

The assurances of the misleading.

Oh how can you benefit us men.

What lively hoods do you have that we can take.

And powerless you are as every part of the heart breaks.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Evil Is The Temptation(Revised)

Evil is the temptation.  
I'm stronger than it,  
I'm better than it.

I won't take it even as it sits in front of me.  
Breaking my code of ethics just won't happen.  
No matter how hard you try.  
You still won't drag me down.  
To the bottom, searching for the next better pleasure.  
I could have it all, if I was willing to harm those all around me.

Evil is the temptation.  
The great, the almighty, will not be mine.  
Because I just don't want it.

The simplicity of it.  
Help everybody from the bottom, never noticed because I have no name, and that's okay.  
It's my way.  
Everyday a new day of faith for me.  
The pleasure is mine.  
I'm here to do my time.  
Eternal gratitude to all.  
No singular entity is more deserving than the other.  
Though it seems that way at times.  
And that's when I must just close my prejudicial eyes.  
Remember why I'm here to help.

The exiled angel, falling down with his ripped wings.  
No mercy to the forgotten son.  
It is where he belongs.

Evil is the temptation.  
The pact is heavenly binding.  
I say no oh no.  
It will do.

A choke hold so tight.  
Release me now, now, now.

Take the greed away from me.

I'd rather be another one lost in the rain.

Then make a stain in hurt an pain.

Just walk away.

Today is just not my day.

And it will never be.

Not with evil as the temptation.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Exactly How I Feel

I wish I could say I am better than everybody else.  
But yes, but yes even I make mistakes that cause hearts to ache.  
Nobody immune to love, or hate.  
They are the one and the same.  
Just one extreme emotion to the next.  
It's not really that complex.  
But you are the greatest guy, you could never hurt a woman.  
That is just not so, physically I couldn't but mentally when you love someone,  
words just come spilling out.  
Like a fountain forever flowing.  
Never knowing how to shut it off.  
The more angry, the more ugly it gets.  
The words cut so deep.  
Releasing every ounce of poison put in me.  
Yes I'm horrible, yes it is not honorable.  
I never said I was perfect.  
I'm just as human.  
I'm just as vulnerable.  
The difference is people seem to think I'm stronger, I'm somehow nicer than they  
are.  
That isn't necessarily so.  
A weakness under a shroud, doesn't mean they are that far off par.  
Disperse my feelings in a jar.  
Bottled up, and hushed.  
Please be quiet people want you to be something you are not.  
I'm sorry that is not how it works.  
I will not be silent and swallow a bunch of happy pills.  
I will tell you exactly how I feel.  
It is how you know I'm real.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Excess Baggage

The battle ground.  
Fighting for what I believe.  
It will never be that simple.  
I won't hide the demons inside.  
There is no free ride.  
I wear no disguise.  
I live in my own prison.  
Can you help me escape.  
Can anyone even relate.  
Give me oxygen, just let me breath.  
I'm a loser, I'm a has been, But it doesn't stop.  
I will never just let the ball drop.  
Not if I can help it.  
If its within my power.  
This is the dying hour.  
The thoughts of god have soured.  
I walk alone in a forsaken paradise.  
And I'm getting older.  
And I'm growing colder, with all I have shouldered.  
I have screwed so much up, and there is just no going back.  
Sorry just doesn't cut it.  
When the fire is already burning.  
Just put it out and walk away that's all I can do.  
I don't expect to ever again here from you.  
Add it to the list of baggage.  
Drop it, forget it, because it's just not worth carrying it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Exploring Personalities

Playing with words.

Seeing what new experiences can be lived.

Does it work, does it not?

The question of poetry is not does it rhyme.

But did I learn anything new.

What was it I was trying to capture?

Exploring a world where I can open a window that doesn't exist.

A mental injection.

Pale or vivid complexion.

A easy swallowed dissection.

Being death and performing a resurrection.

Being egotistical, being vain.

Change names.

Anything I want.

A simple idea, that continues this drive.

A way to survive.

Though the chaotic storms.

What you see, is but one of multiple personalities.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Exploring Without A Purpose

Searching for the words, do they just come?  
Like a secret admirer, I keep wishing for more.  
A teasing taunting.  
Poking at the gritty sand that sits beneath my feet.  
What is this?  
How do I use it to the best of my abilities?  
How do I present the problem as I see it?  
With wanting of questions so eloquent put.  
Hand over mouth and quickly insert the foot.  
A sliver of the grasping.  
A feeling of everlasting.  
Bathing in the sunny and abrupt sensation.  
Where did this come from?  
I though I drew the short straw.  
A good for nothing.  
Falling into a bottomless pit.  
But if it has no ground, then how can it be a true fall?  
It should hurt, but instead I'm floating through these misty clouds with a sting of being.  
Useful, but to what ends?  
With purpose, is the closed door and I'm knocking, I'm beating as I never did before.  
Looking into the depths of my erie and somewhat forgotten soul.  
Yes I have one, but how much is left is the question?  
It feels dank damp and full of so much rot.  
Is there anything that can amount to something.  
It matters and yes I do care I'm just not sure if the effort given will even matter.  
Futility is where my heart sleeps.  
And I'm trying to wake it up.  
But is it to late?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Explosion(Revised)

Such a notion could create a catastrophic explosion.  
Be very careful with the next word you speak.  
I'm already full of so much emotion.  
The outcome could be bleak.  
If that's what you seek, by all means if you please.  
I got the cure for your disease.  
Another victim of society.  
The fallen one.  
The forgotten son.  
Bye, bye you're already done.  
Welcome to your worst nightmare.  
Your mine, its time.  
An apocalyptic sense of self satisfaction.  
For with complete control I will take hold of your very soul.  
I'll eat it so slow.  
Torture is the all I know.  
Go ahead ask for mercy, and see if thats what you get.  
Do I look like the forgiving type.  
Guess I'm not a sucker you stupid slimy mother trucker.  
Keeping digging the hole and I will pull you right in.  
Buried alive, wonder how long you can survive.  
Think I'm crazy, well just maybe I am.

Be careful for such notions could create a catastrophic explosion. You asked, and now I shall answer.  
Erase every ounce of devotion.  
Let my eyes go completely black.  
Hate can't even begin to describe it.  
I'll twist your back.  
A slight suffocation with a plastic bag.  
Death is the only outcome.  
The how is my tool.  
It's at my discretion.  
Do I want a soul searching confession?  
Do I want to teach you lesson, or make it quick?  
You just don't get it.  
Don't mess with those who are psychotic.  
So you better just watch it.

That kind of notion could create a catastrophic explosion.  
Go ahead make your retreat.  
Lets see if you have quick feet.  
Should I give chase?  
Should I embrace your fear?  
Make you really disappear.  
It so god damn scary when I'm near.  
I am as you say don't you think?  
I remember those words that slipped off your tongue.  
Think I'll just sit back and continue to take it?

Well that kind of notion could create a catastrophic explosion.  
Oh the fires intensity.  
Bringing down your whole sense of reality.  
Whose the victim? Whose the prey?  
How does it feel, tell me how does it feel?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Extremely Left

Some would see me as a left extremist, but I'm not, I understand economics very well, I understand why our system isn't functioning correctly. I have no degree to state this but it doesn't make me any less wrong. I have read though enough articles and documents how this or that would fix our system. It is the monetary system itself that is part of the problem, it is the governance of that system that is part of the problem, it is the way our money is both created and distributed that is the problem. They're too many facts pointing all in one direction to ignore. We must open our eyes and see behind the smooth talkers, manipulating anything and everything for there own benefit before it is too late. I don't hate government. I don't hate small business. I'm not an anarchist. I believe they have there place. But I also believe when corruption is in the open and no one cares we have a problem.

Some might think I'm off my rocker, but how do you get trillions of dollars in debt? Where does this debt come from? I recently saw a chart 1/3 of it came from bush era tax cuts for the rich. I heard someone say the corruption is now in the form of consolidation of what little wealth we have left. While that maybe true, I still believe that is in preparation for the second collapse. Or the first one that never really happen. Depending on your perspective. A soften fall by printing money that doesn't exist that's written upon government debt. Be confident people it won't hurt if you keep spending. But what your continuously spending is really doing is perpetuating the cycle of corruption. Providing more money to corporations they can use to influence our government more. Another words the debt was created to give corporation more power. I would say boycott everything if I thought that was possible. I would say lets have modern Boston tea party if I thought we could get away with it. But that method I believe is useless. The only ones I think can stop it are the politicians. Will they though? I doubt it. I have a voice as you do and we must keep speaking. And that is right now my number one objective. Will it solve anything? I don't know, but I must try. So I can say I was not one of those good people who did nothing.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Face First

What was your name again.  
Memories blurred.  
Emotions stirred.  
With the last voice heard.  
Tell me, am I going out of my mind.  
With words for the truly blind.  
An arrow to bind.  
How did we even survive.  
Coming out with skinned knees but still alive.  
Let me ask you, was that the biggest surprise.  
A heart that can compromise, read between the lines and take all the lies.  
Finally the moment comes when with our eyes closed the world comes undone.  
A nakedness that hasn't been felt before.  
All alone but still trying to keep score.  
Always knowing you need more.  
Partners walking right through that door.  
It's my turn to fall face first.  
Walking into a sign post that reads you should know in dear John kind letter.  
But stay unfettered and fearless, sometimes not sure if it is love or lust.  
But knowing all the same it's a must, sincerely with certain amount of trust.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Faceless

Lets talk for just a second.  
This is going way to fast.  
I'm not who you think I am.  
I am just another man with a pen.  
Write my thoughts as they come to me.  
It's not a secret or gift.  
Everybody has this.  
Given a chance.  
The story will dance and enhance.  
So you say with all you passion you love the man behind the mask.  
Do you even know what the mask is.  
Like a tiny prick to my skin.  
The needle punctures and in floods the sorrow.  
I've created this illusion of happiness borrowed.  
Like tidal waves they keep coming.  
How long do you really think you could swim alongside me.  
It is as the distance of an impossibility.  
It will be forever out of your reach.  
A heat seeking missile has already been sent to destroy.  
No matter the ploy.  
A dozen different ones are still the same.  
The faceless have no names.  
So brace yourself for this is my injection of rejection.  
So sit in the chair ready the vain and just take it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Faceless Demon

I can still hear the noise.  
A girls whispers in the dark.  
Some laughter then the unending screams.

Is it a dream because it seems so real to me.  
And it just won't stop.  
Drip, drip, drip, blood is escaping the ears.  
Then visions of her fades and then just disappear.  
And I question why oh why couldn't I just save her?  
Frozen in a moment of time.  
A empty golden statue rises up with hollowed out eyes.

I can still hear the noise.  
A girls whispers in the dark.  
Some laughter then the unending screams.

Is it murder mystery?  
A who done it in the clock at midnight on christmas eve.  
A burning pine tree.  
A cross set upon the quaking stairs.  
A house that flips upside down.  
A warning sign blurred saying beware.  
I can still see all these flashes of images.  
Hypnotic in the way it flows.  
Nothing steady, nothing permant, not a set course, or way.

Oh how do I describe what I see when your looking in my eyes?  
It is not love, it is not disgust, it is not hate, it is not a lack of trust.  
It is an undying feeling of fear as the heart quievers.  
In it the future I see makes me just shiver.  
Deleiver me from this place.  
Somebody provide me an escape.  
An exit stage right.  
Because something is just not right.

I can still hear the noise.  
A girls whispers in the dark.  
Some laughter then the unending screams.

Do I trust that sixth sense.  
A man shouting from behind for me to go the other way  
And I turn around to see who is there.  
All I see is an empty street with a blinking red light blowing in the wind.  
And just then I wonder who is it that is trying to save me.  
Just who is it or is it the misfortunes of delusional paranoia.  
Psycho analysing everything I do, every step I take.  
Call me crazy, call me instability, call me anything you want.

I can still hear the noise.  
A girl's whispers in the dark.  
Some laughter then the unending screams.

Is directed towards me.  
Infinite are the possibilities.  
A riddle that escapes all of my memories.  
If I could put my finger on it.  
The mark of the destroyer.  
The voyage of a celestial ship that words nor the mind can quite describe.  
Bee's buzzing in their hive.  
Such a happy home.  
Why do I have this sudden urge to destroy it.

I can still hear the noise.  
A girl's whispers in the dark.  
Some laughter then the unending screams.

And it is bringing to knees in agony.  
In agony, with this there can never be any harmony.  
The faceless demon of inner peace.  
I search for her body everyday.  
And as hard as it is to explain.  
There is no needle sitting in these veins.  
A sober mind can sometimes be just as much of a dangerous thing.

As the saint said to this world I do bring.  
But of it you can never understand, because it isn't of this world.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Faceless Ego

Talking to you feel so right.  
Telling you the truth feels like.  
The sun and moon aligning tonight.  
How do I describe the all the love I have for you.  
If I could kiss you this very moment I would.  
If I could hold you in my arms right now, I would never want to let go.  
Our lives have just collided.  
But yet it feels like I have known you for an eternity.  
Our schedules leave us wanting.  
Our memories are rather haunting.  
Pain and misery every where we look.  
But this is so nice.  
So simple yet we are both fighting very hard for it.  
In very different ways, and I believe that is okay.  
That is sometimes is the way it has to be.  
There is no written destiny.  
Only what you make it.  
So tell me are you willing to take it.  
Grabbing life by the reins.  
It was always mine even it wasn't by design.  
I breath into you, you whisper into me.  
Together finally.  
The anxiety, the antipation.  
Be yourself instead of trying live up to a hype.  
Remember your not just another stereo-type.  
Casually dressed, hair always such a mess.  
Comfortable being a nothing, can you love the stranger behind distant screen  
that you have never seen.  
This is me, and this everything I'm not.  
Words completely forgotten, a stumble, then a studder, oh how I wish things go  
well.  
I haven't been this scared in years.  
Overwhelming is the fear.  
But I'm here, ready to go, time not to put on a show.  
The faceless ego.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Facing A Train Head On Coming At Full Speed.

Running straight towards the mighty freight train.  
I wonder if I will survive.  
Not my first encounter.  
But hopefully the last.  
Blasted, wasted, obliterated.  
This is your creation.  
The art of breaking.  
No mistaking.

Scars, reopened just to feel.  
A video on repeat.  
The reeling.  
My hearts folding.  
Time to just pack up.  
Time to leave it alone.

Somethings just don't work out.  
Sometimes I just care too much.  
I should have known.  
Your were better off to go home all alone.  
I can't help you.  
For I can't even fix myself.  
There is no us, there never was.  
Not even in the best planned dreams.

I take my coffee black now.  
No sugar or cream.  
It is to wake me up.  
Days not so long, but so far gone.  
In outer space.  
I've always walked a tight line.  
On the edge.  
A balancing act.  
And there is no looking back.  
A breath of fresh air.  
The senses are not what they once were.  
My mind is a leaking broken pen.  
The pain will never end.

A dull echo.  
Harboring words that have little meaning anymore.  
Grudges dead and dormant.  
I'm not angry, I just want to be happy.  
Is that really so much to ask?  
A prayer unanswered.  
No cure to this cancer.  
The hollowed out tree.  
Maybe it is time to plant a new seed.  
One in better soil, in a better environment.  
Fortune engraved on my tombstone.  
I have nothing and I will leave with even less.

This is not to impress.  
It is the way it is.  
Shoveling manure for my entire life.  
Eating the scraping off the walls.  
Hunger is always on call.  
Ready and waiting.  
I wouldn't know what to do with myself.  
Only If I had it that easy.  
Probably would give it all away anyways.  
Because if it isn't earned it's not honest.

Fickle trades.  
This life for the next.  
A wave to the passerby.  
The last.  
A rope to come untwined.  
Worn out from over use.  
Who was it all?  
How many names?  
Can you even fit them in a library catalog?  
Keeping order of chaos.  
When it serves no real purpose.

Let this be the last, the very last.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Faded Sunset

Demanding for peace, is like demanding for a war to end.  
With one voice it just doesn't happen.  
A thousand hearts scream it every day.  
As if it's last breath breathing.  
As if a demon is inflicting unending suffering upon them.  
Still they won't quit or be silenced.  
The echo's of the forgotten.  
A sound that continues to bounce off wall after wall.  
With no one listening.  
A poet's worse enemy.  
The silence in which he speaks.  
As if to say your but fool wasting your time.  
Abandon are your rhymes.  
Hollow are their meanings.  
You won't help anyone.  
With spirits un-lifted.  
And dreams denied.  
It becomes just another part of a faded sunset.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fading Light

We all grieve someday someway.  
How was I suppose to know.  
The way out, the way out, it was only for you.  
Nobody following.  
No shadow in time.  
A contemplation of what is on the mind.  
Drawing upon every ounce of courage.  
Drawing upon every tear drop as if was the last.  
Time goes by way to damn fast.  
Growing in years, and in age.  
Not the same for wisdom complains in different ways.  
From the grey hairs.  
To the lines on the forehead.  
To the way you speak.  
Slowly but thoughtful, as if you no longer so much ponder about the world  
yonder.  
Past your doorstep, past your perspective.  
No interest in understanding foreign dreams.  
Damn how have you changed.  
But I guess there is no way to go back to the way it use to be.  
We drift like stars and occasionally touch one another.  
It causes some of us start burning bright.  
But eventually the light does fades.  
Happy but so much is already gone.  
Soon it will be time again to lay and rest my head.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Failing Bridge

Pucker up to the voices in my head.  
Goodbye with a needle and thread.  
I can not buy anymore time.  
Another charity case defaced.  
What if I'm just masquerading in the illusion of chardonnay.  
So giddy galloping to ride that preposterous little pink and purple horsey.  
Really, truthfully, honestly.  
Every second I reach a new descent  
But he so persistent, how could it all be a lie.  
A fabrication knee high.  
Did anybody bring there waders.  
Hey by the way watch out for them those alligators.  
Jaws clenched so tight not out of fear, oh dear, but instead exhaustion from the  
distance that must be still traveled.  
On cold nights shivering and drinking my self into non existence.  
How can I explain it any better.  
The opportunity of lifetime left me high and dry.  
Memories to subside.  
In room full of doctors and no one can deny the diagnoses.  
Mentally abrasive, feeling like I'm forever on both the run and hunt.  
Chasing the contagion, it has infected me, it never had to even get close.  
Sitting with friends at a pig roast.  
Wish that could be me, wish I could just be happy.  
But instead I sink in black hole from there is no return.  
No energy to speak of.  
No valid reason why.  
Excuses are just paper to burn to keep the fire going a little longer.  
I need purpose, I need a stone to throw.  
On the move to where to I just don't know.  
I just don't know.  
I just don't know.  
The words stuck on repeat.  
Slowly my body is becoming so depleted, so empty.  
Being bled dry from that which you can't see.  
Even the invisible vampire has it needs.  
Servitude to upcoming angels I do sing.  
God they are so pretty.  
I can already see them.  
With there heavenly glow.

They will take me soon.  
To a place where my dying heart can finally settle.  
The coffee kettle has gotten so cold.  
Still as bitter as when it was hot.  
But it leaves something to be desired.  
Hands thrown on a live wire.  
Give me life, give me something.  
Because right now all I do is rust.  
Slowly wearing down and away.  
Upon the grinding wheel until there is no edge left to sharpen.  
Is this disaster all in my head?  
Or is there something more to be said?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Failing Heart

Victim of what?

Sacrifice for what?

Are we not men who make our decisions?

Whose life did we think we we're living?

Deception of ones own being.

As if someone breaths for you.

Did you not open your own mouth?

Loyalty is not act of innocence if you have no moral boundaries as you follow the path down.

Below this rocky cliff sits the crashing of so many waves.

Slaves to no one yet they are part of something.

A mentality that will one day put me in a early grave.

But before that happens I hope to stop those who are more crossed then me.

How far would you go?

How hot would your blood get?

A boiling point. every mans got one.

Which scares you the calm or erratic.

One who try's to control it feed into it as if was part of him.

A personality imbued and strength drawn from within.

If a skill is given do we take it for granted and assumed it always just be.

Swimming into depth I have never been.

Gorging on emotion as if it is a feast fit kings.

Driving a stake through the heart.

The wheels stop moving.

A stone struck cracks as if it has alway been brittle as this.

The pieces fall and suddenly it easy to understand how to equate all things in which we relate.

Abandoned as dignity was some wretched thing.

A loathing seeps out as never before.

Darkness envelopes me once again, and I think this time I just might surrender.

Only if the means leads to an end.

The weapon, the tool, the fool.

Pawns are mere fawns, and I am the wolf on the hunt full of desire, full fire.

The embers glow yet my soul is so cold.

Understanding this is not a matter of knowing, but a matter feeling.

As sand paper rubs the skin does it not burn.

Desperate are many plea's inside of me.

But nothing can sustain a void.

An untouched bliss can you not feel it?



A walk among those already long dead.  
It is something soon to be forgotten.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Failing To Sell Myself (Revised)

Is that how you feel.  
Like poison the words adsorbed right through the skin.  
A constant pain that will never go away.  
No matter what you say.  
I live a life of suffering.  
I live a life of wondering.  
Forever in question.  
I need some of that anti rejection drug.  
Such a ghost like complexion.  
Such a nasty infection.  
Apprehensive.  
Playing a game with body parts that don't feel like there even yours.  
It's a very dark world with a sick sense of justice.  
In the end everybody pays.  
So let me ask when it due do you got it?  
Of course not were so ill prepared like always.  
Counting down to the very last moment.  
This time I failed, last time I failed.  
I failed cause i was never even given a chance.  
So let me have this last dance.  
Cause after this I got to go.  
Just to put another show.  
For one right after another.  
Trying to sell myself any way I can.  
I got plenty of fans but no real friends.  
A lot do like he does.  
Look they are mocking me again.  
Should I defend the true meaning.  
Instead of worrying where my next pay check comes from.  
The question pride versus a way of life, a way of life.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Faith Comfort Me

A dance upon diary.  
A moment to reflect, a moment to digest.  
Mourning interjects.  
A trembling hand will not let us forget.  
Lovingly the buried are set to rest.  
Kneeling to the ground earth between our feet.  
Lasting moments are our silence as we retreat.  
Corners in the darkness.  
Candle light vigils leave us with nothing but faith.  
We are not shattered, we are not broken.  
Set aloof, tripping, ready to be awoken.  
Tears choking, what he meant, what he was, just because.  
Lost in the fountains of sorrow.  
Trying to find the inner strength to stand.  
Will the legs yet bend, will the wounds yet mend.  
Carried messenger, with wings of the rapture solace is yet to find me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fake Friend(Revised, In Line Form, Oh And Viewable

The poison seeps from of your eyes.  
I can read your lies.  
Pure and innocent are dead and gone.  
Fake it just fake it.  
Pretending your some thing your not.  
In the end I win cause I have had been in the alleys.  
I've slept in a abandon home to keep from catching cold.  
Where were you then my fake friend?  
Who do think your fooling?  
Do you stop and try to give a ride?  
So how bout it my fake friend.  
Such a beautiful sharlton.  
When I was getting beat up in the courts by five guys for protecting a races  
rights.  
Where were you then my fake friend?  
When my house burnt before my very own eyes.  
Where were you then?  
Hiding behind closed doors like so many times before.  
Every thing has been standing still.  
I knew the time would come when I would be done with it.  
You can't help those who lead.  
They'll follow no ones' road but there own.  
Judge me not cause don't know how much ambition I truly got.  
My fake friend you will not make your failings my own.  
For each man women child breaks free of such tyranny.  
This is to you my fake friend.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Falling Behind

Tired and beaten.  
A pledge to not let myself get defeated.  
Silently retreating.  
As many scars on the outside as in.  
Where to begin.  
Does the knight ride up on a white horse?  
Is it only for a damsel in distress?  
Please forgive me but I just forget.  
I just forget.  
No matter how many ways I try question it.  
sal la vie  
The futility of it.  
The magnitude of it.  
Measured in both depth and time.  
A man of sound mind.  
Is that someone I can ever be?  
With all I have seen.  
Delusional and so naive.  
So easily deceived.  
Only with my heart do I truly ever see.  
A cannon fires and off I go.  
Trying look into another lost soul.  
For if I understand them then just maybe I can better understand me.  
Moods of poison.  
Entire depositions read.  
A search into a forgotten wasteland.  
Abandon for a better future.  
The drifting leaf slowly deteriorates in the dirt of infamy.  
Someday a voice keeps repeating.  
Someway a voice keeps preaching.  
But don't want to hear another sermon.  
If I needed a priest I would have asked for one.  
A call to all the angels and demons.  
Will one of you just come and get me?  
Take me to the place of higher knowledge.  
A place where wisdom is both time and perspective.  
I'm so tired of being rejected as soon as things get good.  
I no longer need you.  
Those are the words always said.

The question the becomes did you ever.  
A whisper of s wish and a unending scream of agony.  
Your pain will be mine once again.  
Occasionally skipping a beat.  
This time you take the lead because I don't think I have it any longer in me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Falling In Love With The One You Have Forgiven

Here we go again.  
Falling in love with the one you have forgiven.  
How hard it can be to make a decision.  
And just then.  
Casper starts whispering.  
In my ear so desperately.

We are all just empty souls trying to fill the void.  
Come with me I'll show you how deep this hole goes.  
Traveling for an eternity in the darkness.  
Where is that guiding tender light.  
Breaking the silence, passing through stage fright.  
They are just butterflies, beautiful butterflies.  
And how far will their wings will carry me?

Falling in love with those already forgiven, already forgiven.  
Facing off against the worst of your demons.  
Tell me now, do you enjoy the torment.  
And just then.  
Casper starts whispering.  
In my ear so desperately.

A broken heart, a forgotten kiss, those words we always truly miss.  
I love you, oh god how I love so much.  
Reaching in places I thought could never be touched.  
Not without the key, but somehow you still have gotten inside me.  
And I'm so scared you steal everything from me.  
But just then you say, you need to be calm, you need to feel what I feel.  
An emotional explosion that brings tears to my eyes.

Falling in love with the already forgiven.  
You were always my biggest weakness.  
You pillaged and plundered, and left your mark with sound of thunder.  
How can it be to this I still need only feel your presence and I'm exposed.  
A naked man with no clothes.  
And just then.  
Casper starts whispering.  
In my ear so desperately.

Play the fool, play it cool, don't ever give in.  
Fight it with all of your being.  
Shes looking to break you.  
Shes the one who will drive those nails through your hands and into the cross.  
Deliver me from evil even it is the one I truly love.  
Prayers to the god above.  
Give me the strength I never had.  
Build me a wall, build me a sheild, and let it with stand the test of time even with  
in my own my eyes.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Falling Out

When my house of cards for falls.  
when i think I've lost it all.  
she comes dancing so pretty down the street.  
And i think that's a girl i would like to meet.  
so full of energy.  
But do i got it, as she does pure confidence.  
knowing when and where your going.  
rising above it all.  
Save me, oh baby just save me.  
when my house of cards falls and i think i lost it all.  
i see her fighting off two men.  
protecting her children. oh how i want that,  
anything to know true love.  
I'm just so numb, i think i forgot to have fun.  
i just melt beneath the sun.  
Just save me, oh baby just save me.  
when my house of cards falls and  
i think i lost it all.  
i see her running out of a house on fire with her children.  
and then i know what loss truly is.  
So i must keep my faith.  
Even with all thats wrong something got to go right.  
Save me, oh baby just save me.  
when my house of cards falls and  
i think i've lost it all. i look back and  
remember what i once had. and  
its nothing compared to some so dumb.  
A moment that should just be cherished.  
A sequel to the prequel. with a kiss goodbye  
i say save me oh baby just save me.  
mmmhmmm. yeah save me, oh baby just save me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# False Prophet

Paths cross and cross again.  
Sometimes it can't be avoided.  
Sometimes there are people out there that would like to see nothing less than you to suffer.  
Whether it is or isn't a delay.  
I can not say for I do not predict of upcoming unforeseeable dangers.  
I prefer philosophy over fear.  
With a lesson to adhere.  
In till it is tried and proven.  
One can not and will not know unless some insight be given.  
Theory to fact.  
A puzzle in which to react.  
Another thumb tact makes it into the bulletin board.  
A picture on a postcard with a score.  
How did you do?  
Probably not as you thought you would.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fame That Destroyed The Poet

To be poet you must have desire to understand in all things large and small.  
Even what being poet means after all.  
Fame is hardly lived by those who are truly great.  
In fame we all wish to embrace.  
Some desire it more then others.  
But an expectation of the best will only smother.  
Extinguish a flame that yet needs to grow.  
A burning of such a unique cloth.  
The embers begin glow as the material turns to ash.  
And something you had is gone just like that.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Familiar Voice

Hearing that voice again brings back so much from the past.  
Oh the relationships that didn't last.  
Holding my breath till the final gasp.  
Loves many faces under a single mask.  
No matter how sweet, in the darkness I retreat.  
Waters wet and deep.  
As a vampire with your blood our memories I drink.  
A temper on the brink.  
A flame extinguished or is it just asleep.  
Our we all just waiting for next leap of possibilities?  
Hearing that voice again brings back so much from the past.  
Oh the relationships that didn't last.  
Hold my breath till my final gasp.  
Loves many faces under a single mask.  
I know how hard this is to grasp.  
After all I'm either sleeping upside down or standing up.  
With lust once again I fill this cup.  
The wine in which I can never get enough.  
Trying so hard to not think of you, just leaves me more empty.  
A hollowed out tree rotting from the ground up.  
Words stuck on repeat.  
A taste in my mouth so bitter.  
A letter that no longer needs delivered.  
Too late, too far gone.  
Hearing that voice again brings back so much from the past.  
Oh the relationships that didn't last.  
Holding my breath till final gasp.  
Loves many faces under a single mask.  
Tears turn to frozen glass hung in mirror forever to look upon you.  
Reminding you of everything your not.  
Inside and out.  
Screaming in silence.  
Wishing for more than an abstract science.  
A heart folded, molded, and beholden.  
Oh wishing for something so golden.  
As the eyes start to glitter you know it's already stolen.  
She had key and licked her lips as she swallowed it.  
A dark smile casts shadows in too many directions.  
How do you find the one that is actually real?

Plagued by uncertainty.

Hearing that voice again, hearing that voice again...

Can it really, can it really be...?

Holding my breath, still holding my breath., still holding my breath...

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Farewell To A Feather

I too say farewell to a feather as it floats off.  
Traveling distance unknown.  
Will I see her again?  
I just don't know.  
With cards that can't be yet read.  
The fortune is in play.  
But I can not make it go my way.  
In a game of fairness she was quite pretty.  
But was it enough to give chase?  
A search of the world for but a single feather.  
Only to end in failure, when they're so many more.  
The only wasted chance is the one not taken.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fatally Flawed

I've become fatally flawed. Like the writing on the prison wall. Forever suppose to walk in failure chin up, and smiling. I feel like dying. I've become so fatally flawed. I feel like it's just beneath the skin. An abomination. Please someone I need some intervention. Because I've become so fatally flawed. Every body's going to the ball. But you just not invited. Like you got a contagious cancer. It's never an easy answer. But I've become flawed. In a depression that continuously spinning. Is this life really worth living. Just make it all go away. I want to feel everything's okay. Because I've become fatally flawed. My soul's dead but my body still moves. I've become fatally flawed. I'm already dead to you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fated Hands

We are all trying to deliver a message, just sometimes its interpretation get mistakenly mistaken.

What we say is not always what you or I hear depending on perspective.

But asking for help doesn't need words, all you have to hold out and wave your hand and somebody knows.

The question is did you draw the right persons attention?

There are dangers of intervention.

It is easier to coordinate its prevention.

Nobody not willing can be saved.

A woman being beat repeatedly keeps taking him back with promises he won't do it again.

But what of that child?

Was it his choice?

Can he be saved from those of the depraved?

And will he come back one day making demands as a man only to wind up all to dead?

By the same hands that beat his mother all those years ago.

Fairness is not a hero of equal opportunity.

Though sometimes it feels that is the way it should be.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Father In Need Of A Son Complex

I don't need your protection.  
You are not my father.  
You have what I call the father in need of a son complex.  
You want me to be part of your family.  
Yet I still barely know you.  
Even with all the gifts you have given.  
I far from ask for them.  
A donation should always be kept anonymous for this reason.  
Creating fictional debt is all in ones head.  
Nothing legally binding.  
Yet I'm suppose to allow you do as you please on my property.  
I think not.  
The way you treat me can be quite offensive.  
Like I owe my life as daily servant.  
You want to do as you ask with out question.  
You make decisions for me way too fast.  
It will eventually bite you on the rump, bumpy bump.  
For soon or later one of decision your happily making.  
Will be completely rejected.  
And you will be stuck with whatever it is.  
And I really don't care if you were intoxicated.  
And I don't want your million apologies or excuse for acting like a jerk.  
I could say it in other not so nice verbal slurs.  
But why make it any worse.  
I'm not your son, just get over it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fear No, Respect Yes.

Fear no, respect yes.  
For no one has the power over death.  
For no one has the power change it all.  
Even if you answer a million phone calls.  
So to ignoring it is not to explore,  
the unknown wilderness we both live in.  
Even though it seems tedious and monotonous  
Greatness can found in the mediocrity of all opinions and beliefs.  
I'm tugging my boat along like a little chief.  
I only hope I can bring some relief.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Feeding Frenzy(Revised)

I still hear the voices, don't be scared little boy, it'll be okay. Remember you've survived when your whole family died.  
Wrap in a blanket, so cold and all alone.  
Smoke killed them the man in the fire suit says to the cop, and just like that tragedy struck with all the rotten luck.  
And you blame anyone and everyone.  
Lashing out till the day you become a man.  
You know nothing till you meet such a fate.  
Pull out the heart and inspect it.  
Just how many scars does it got?  
How many before it breaks?  
What is the limit in which it can take?  
Between heaven and earth I can hear the words of a muttered curse.  
A wishing of the world to be undone for everyone.  
An insatiable appetite for pain.  
A rush and a thrill at the same time.  
The consequences we all face in this life can be monotonous and disastrous.  
It's a feeding frenzy, and you got exactly what they want.  
Can you endure the constant punishment.  
Another victim of happen stance.  
He must be given another chance.  
Can it be fixed?  
An alternate reality that is yet again relived.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Feeding The Addiction

Maybe there is story here.  
Maybe there is not.  
We spin all kinds of tales for different reasons.  
Some more eccentric and intricate.  
So outrageous it couldn't have come out ones mind with living at least part of it.  
The truth in a web of lies.  
Designated with one purpose.  
For your enjoyment.  
Entertaining fairy tales for the sake of the memories they allow you to relive.  
Have you ever written something then when you went back and re-read it a while later there was this I remember that moment.  
That is the thing most authors don't or won't tell you about.  
Everything is your memoirs no matter if it is based on fact or not.  
For those images don't just evaporate out of your head.  
There are locked away and all one need is a single trigger.  
A emotion, a special phrase, a character, a wonderful creature crawling along a fickle path.  
Nothing is constant.  
Nothing is completely or comprehensively stable.  
A roller coaster from great heights does amaze if nobody else but you.  
It is a wow I really said or did that.  
I think I must have been really insane but never the less I really liked it.  
The pill popping patent pending addiction.  
Engrossed in feeding the habit that you can't escape from.  
And why would anybody want to?  
Because it is the purest form of self reflection.  
No greater high can be reach.  
The numbness of all extremities.  
So stimulating that no amount of rejection could ever persuade you to stop.  
The attention you might or might not get doesn't matter in the land of make believe.  
Because your not looking for the next sweet deal.  
But instead just more words to feel.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Feeding The Urban Carnivore

Get out of my face.  
It's never enough.  
Wanting what hasn't been earned.  
Cold porridge for the poor.  
Somebody is gonna die.  
Don't you know blood is always better.  
The urban carnivore.  
Dining out of the hand that feeds.  
Does that mean it is trust?  
How do you think you can just erase all that has previously been done?  
Capitalizing on any weakness exposed.  
A body buried with no cloths.  
Stripped down for all he has.  
Worse then any drug addiction.  
It's pure survival instincts.  
You can't erase these scars.  
Bitten by a dog.  
Where is the evidence?  
Who really cares anyways?  
In this area they are always strays.  
They only pay attention when you are extremely cruel.  
Bringing it to your neighborhoods.  
Under whose protection?  
Why should I care if you don't after all?  
I'm just the urban carnivore.  
Urban Carnivore.  
No pretending.  
Lights out.  
Wipe out.  
A disaster.  
Anger in the beast.  
Can't tame me, no not with bribes or infatuation.  
If you don't care about us, neither do I.  
I'm just the urban carnivore after all.  
After all.  
You were waging a gangster war from behind closed doors.  
Now it is my turn.  
Flipping the table over, and lets start the fight.  
Get on with it.

You are robbing our children of everything they could have.  
A future, so grand.  
The masters plan.  
A slave to who?  
Don't you know I am the urban carnivore.  
I eat people like you on a daily basis.  
They always cry out in there last moments.  
You'll will be no different.  
Pain so excruciating, screaming out just let me die.  
Ripping you limbs off one by one because I'm the urban carnivore.  
Stay out our neighborhoods with your guns and drugs.  
Because I'll make you rich, I'll make you famous.  
The police will be all over it.  
A serial killer on a rampage.  
I'm no such thing, I'm just the urban carnivore.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Feeling Like A Crippled With No Wings

Crippled and no wings, acid in the eye oh how it stings. How much did you bring. I'll tell you right now it will never be enough. To break through shell in which is someone's hell. The skin is tough, rough almost irritable. I want to stand but can't, I want to see but I m so blind, I want to hear but you screams are so silent, crippled and no wings. The demons encircle me, they point and laugh, pick and prod, hey say the fisherman's son look what we caught I think its a cod, look at it flop, so helpless breathless. To hell with ya and you deformed view of what I am. Don't you know it ain't nice to melt the ice before their ready for their drink, do you even use that head and think. Comformity, fitting in amongst those not welcome. A criminal by tributes and scars. Just cause you say you are. Never can you remove the gun from under you pillow. Always looking towards the shadows. I'm just another crippled with no wings. Still don't treat me any differently, common courtesy, common respect, I m not a reject, I know exactly what is being said, I have had enough of it. Ill show you rabid dog, watch out for that bite. It can be nasty. Crippled and no wings, oh the anger it brings. To hell with what you think. Your just mad cause I wasn't the loser you were use too. You like to be told what to do. Well here's one f\*ck you. What do you think I was doing their. Making cookies for the boy scouts. Ugly are my eyes. When I how I wasted my time on someone who didn't really want me. You faker, you disease, you brought me knees, then stepped on me. Now I m crippled with no wings, but no longer that foolish to fall for such tricks again. So come on lets see what you got, bet you have no luck. Cause you just ain't that hot. It was about more than that. You broke a contract. I hope you go to hell an rot. For creating the crippled with no wings.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Feeling This Ghost Of A Kiss

Please laugh, laugh for me one more time.  
Smile for me, give me a picture I can forever remember.  
Reading between the lines.  
Washing through the times.  
Hypnotize by this thing people call love.

This is it.  
A heartfelt floating feather.  
Where does it land?  
Where will it rest?  
In the pursuit of the happiest moment of the rest of our lives.

Sometimes we see the ghost of its very essence.  
Something so cherished.  
Something so missed.  
Still hoping for one last kiss.

Please laugh, laugh for me one more time.  
Smile for me, give me a picture I can forever remember.  
Reading between the lines.  
Washing through the times.  
Hypnotize by this thing people call love.

No matter where we are.  
No matter how far apart.  
No matter how we got our start.

Please laugh, laugh for me one more time.  
Smile for me, give me a picture I can forever remember.  
Reading between the lines.  
Washing through the times.  
Hypnotize by this thing people call love.

Forgetting is not an option.  
Living with it is the best we can ever hope for.  
Loss is never kind.  
A continuous trauma inflicted upon the mind.  
If I go crazy, let it be for you.  
Forever and always.



I can still smell that perfume you always wore.  
I can still feel your hand brushing through my hair.  
I can still see that disgusted look you gave me so long ago.  
I can still hear the sweetness that came from your lips with every word you spoke.

Please laugh, laugh for me one more time.  
Smile for me, give me a picture I can forever remember.  
Reading between the lines.  
Washing through the times.  
Hypnotize by this thing people call love.

It is so sad.  
It is so sad.

Please laugh, laugh for me one more time.  
Smile for me, give me a picture I can forever remember.  
Reading between the lines.  
Washing through the times.  
Hypnotize by this thing people call love.

Someday I will meet you again.  
In the pages of the story after.  
The story after.  
Written with the heart and mind.  
Let the soul finally be free from the chains of destiny.  
A place where we can forever live happily.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fictitious Sunrise

As an unknown artist I bestow my feelings in the darkness under candle light.  
Painting a vigil of sadness.  
Portraying absolute madness.  
Coming up with a new subject everyday.  
They are always at first so dull.  
In till my heart starts beating a little faster.  
Then they explode.  
My muse does not exist.  
With feeling of the deepest darkest depression.  
Thoughts of slitting my wrist reach across the room and touches me in a very  
sickly way.  
The coldness envelopes my very being.  
A ghost that I so hard try to avoid.  
Sometimes I feel so useless.  
I can never do anything for myself.  
A constant need to ask for help.  
An empty ego constantly swallowing his pride.  
A beggars ride.  
Off into into the night my minds dreams of the better.  
But still this pain will not subside.  
It falls in the form of a tear dropp from my eye.  
I'm a grown man who's cry's.  
Rock me to sleep.  
Make me feel better if you think you can.  
Divulge the secrets of life that I don't I already know.  
Continuously being followed by my own shadow.  
He won't leave me alone.  
He's everywhere I go.  
I tried to lose him so many times before in a world I'm suppose to adore.  
But the abandonment by everyone makes it so hard let to go.  
For he's the only constant I've truly every known.  
He's brings a smile upon my face.  
Even if it is in distaste.  
Maybe he's imaginary, but do not I care.  
I need someone to tell me I'm doing just fine.  
Even if it is a lie.  
A fictitious sunrise.  
The same sun will set soon.  
Then it is back to the reality of doom and gloom.

A rain storm in the night that never lets up.  
I'm always wearing this rain coat.  
It never comes off.  
It is always completely soaked.  
A constant feeling of being wet and cold.  
Completely miserable.  
And no matter what I do it always seems in vain.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fighting Off The Cold

Let the prayers not be forgotten.  
Let the whisper of the wind not go unheard.  
Let the erie voices come out of the shadows.  
Reveal yourself once more.  
Your are in safe hands rest assure.  
Pure confidence.  
Pure confidence.  
A declared hero declined to be noticed.  
Does this mean someone will take his place.  
An irresistible face.  
A matter of taste.  
Who wants the fake.  
Lies fed through a tube and we are told to swallow.  
Yes it did go down but it doesn't mean I have to like it.  
We are paralysed by this snake venom.  
Spew out of an illusion.  
It never really existed.  
Photo cropped, a little dust has been added to the top.  
The age doesn't show.  
It's a non-existent matter of the fact.  
Factual can be so impractical.  
But it doesn't make it useless.  
I don't need to be hand fed like a baby in a high chair.  
I know what sits before and behind me.  
I'm not that blind, that I can't see your true mission.  
Just be that dumbed down machine.  
But what if I don't want to be another slave to your manifested disease.  
As camera flashes you smile and speak.  
I sit wondering what I'm really going to do with an outlook so bleak.  
On the bitter edge, try hold on every inch as I keep greeting pushed.  
Should I just jump into the flames and see where it leads?  
To hell maybe, but you first.  
I will live long enough to see it even if it kills me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Finding A Diamond Among The Roses

I remember you.  
Deep even from the cold dark blue.  
A splash across your face.  
And they say wake up.  
What if I don't want to?  
A dream too good to be true.  
Too new to ever want to disregard.  
Everybody has to start somewhere.  
And with line drawn in the sand.  
I hear the gunshot and I start running.  
Looking back only to see the previous castle crumble.  
Goodbye my sweet, I will miss you so.  
You kept me strong when so many things were going wrong.  
And with a little wind it is all gone.  
All you can see is the sea shells rolling across miles of the formidable beach.  
Like a opponent that is never going stop.  
Leaving it all behind.  
Walking through doors nobody else can see.  
Traveling right through a warped reality.  
That bend and sways not to my will.  
But to where it wants me to go.  
Landscapes from bitter winters cold grassy snows.  
To climbing of the tallest tiring rocky mountains.  
Hanging off a ledge again to try and pull my self up.  
A diamond sitting among a garden full of roses.  
What could be better?  
With note that says do not forget you can always do better.  
Answers do come quick, especially when your a jack holding the ever famous  
candle stick.  
But I wasn't expecting this.  
Not something so wild.  
So out of this world.  
Translucent pearls that you can see right through but you can never fully  
understand or grasp.  
So many words to describe, inscribe, and transcribe.  
But no matter the wisdom, for me it is still the experience.  
A blending of so many flavors.  
Perfection upon all the senses.  
Through the tongue, nose, skin, ears, eyes, and straight into your mind.

And I would still like the name who I have to thank for all this.  
But for now it can surely wait.  
Happiness is only way I can celebrate.  
This is the day of days.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Finding My Love

I just told two publisher to find what I've been looking for  
A poem the past  
A poem so quaint  
Won a contest  
Published in a book  
Lost in a fire  
Her name I wrote hell hath fallen  
In their lies the key to my soul  
Written so long ago  
Memories i will show  
For behold its my gold  
As pretty at the age of 16 it gleems  
Liking a shinning star  
It's all I want  
Like a secret love  
She was  
I say just because

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Finding The Good

I was once told take the good out of every situation. But where is that? The wind has blown the grass flat. The glass was broken. So it cant be half full any more. When I'm sober, I see the tears poor. I walked out the door, never to turn back. I was once told take the good out of every situation. Just where is that? Its like some hidden contract. Where do I sign? Read it. Oh never mined. I get on a train to nowhere, anywhere but here. To hell with the white tailed dear. It will snow then it will go like they always do. I was once told take the good out every situation. Just where is that? Tell me where is it? I must have missed it by miles. Maybe I lost in a file. I feel just like a child. Its all pretend. The white house with the picket fence. All the lies are slowly choking me. Please console me. For my misery hates your company.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## Finding The Right One(Revised In Line Form)

One more day, till this comes to an end.  
Another gamble, but this time it has changed things.  
A lovely paradise is mine. In those scarlet eyes, try to fight it try to deny it.  
I say regardless of the ill forgotten memories this is the life for me.  
No more traveling the distance.  
No need, right here is where I should be.  
The animal is alive in me.  
It claws at me to be free.  
Sinking your teeth into every inch of my skin.  
This was what I really wanted.  
Its no where near as complicated.  
Simple matters, desire, lust, love, romance.  
Work it until we have nothing left.  
Multiple chances, multiple summer dances, multiple dirty glances.  
Now I know.  
Good is in the heart, that's not so easy, sometimes that can be so slutty when its  
the first night even if its under candle light.  
Those kind of relationships make me sick.  
You need to earn it, work to it, you would know this, if you weren't with the  
nobodies.  
So don't ever tell me your serious if your so god damn easy.  
You were broken, my soul has been re-awoken.  
I'm on fire tonight.  
Dreams so silent, cant circumvent what a word meant. consciences are plenty,  
but not tonight or tomorrow.  
Everything has been put on the table.  
It's not another fable.  
Another fake label.  
Not more deceit behind a voice and a photograph.  
Let us laugh, let us smile, let us swim down the entire Nile.  
Hold on to this moment for just a little longer.  
Overwhelmingly happy. In the middle of hardships.  
Insects in a cruel world.  
They always trying to bring us down.  
But I found you lifted me higher off the ground.  
Then the last two weeks I've been around.  
Dead is that sound.  
As is everything else about it.  
And there you have it.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fine

A lovers quarrel  
Death by a shotgun barrel  
With a cleaning solution the instruments are made sterile.  
A hairy situation.  
Like a plastic surgeon.  
Rewriting the expression.  
In both the date and time.

Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.  
I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in its desperate pleas.

Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.  
I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in its desperate pleas.

Changing my identity  
Becoming that man I never use to be  
With all niceties, and pleasantries wrapped in a little bow tie.  
I don't even know how I survived.  
Some thought I would have committed suicide.  
But my drive just wouldn't let me.

Well, Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.  
I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in its desperate pleas.

Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.

I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in its desperate pleas.

A murders escape.  
A mind debates.  
With shouts of hate.  
How can you? Just how can you?  
Emotional distress.  
In all this I digest the worthiness  
Worthless I've been called.

Well, Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.  
I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in its desperate pleas.

Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.  
I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in its desperate pleas.

I can still hear you every night I dream.  
No sound sleep, not for me.  
The way you made it seem.  
My fault, the living breathing scapegoat  
Is it not real enough?

Well, Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.  
I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in its desperate pleas.

Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.

I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in it desperate pleas.

Now I stand upon the darkness  
Ready to leap in.  
All for you my friend.  
Even though my wounds have yet to mend.  
It matters not in the end.

Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.  
I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in it desperate pleas.

Now its fine  
Now its fine.  
Fine as fine can be.  
I no longer need you and you no longer need me.  
Can you hear the anger scream.  
Reaching out for mercy in it desperate pleas.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fitting The Role

It's another role reversal.  
It's another role rehearsal.  
If practice makes perfect and I got so much work.  
Trying excel.  
Trying not fail.  
I feel like a school kid.  
Hey their goes the bell.  
And session begins.  
A written confession.  
I did it, with reluctance to admit my own guilt.  
Another mistake has been made marching down my own little parade.  
And it is totally thrown off sync.  
It is like it was written in permanent ink.  
If only I had a little more time to stop and think.  
Always on the brink.  
The edge of this sword is so close it is splitting hairs.  
An in this of moment despair a thought hovers in the air.  
Who would really know?  
A copied pretext can be very complex.  
A premonition of a desire lacking recognition.  
So much ambition.  
But to abandon a cause for a common dominator.  
No I'm not that kind of player.  
I'll stick to the ideas all being my own.  
No need to ever produce such a clone.  
For I have already have a place I call home.  
Even in the darkness part of my own heart.  
It will never get a start.  
If it is not to be I will just let it fall apart.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Follow Me Girl

Hey girl, follow me.  
Listen as I sing.  
Of such horrible things.  
Yes it's real.  
I wish it wasn't.  
Love has died to some.  
Hate the dumb just because you believe to be of lesser beings.  
I'm here to tell you they are not.  
Just give them a shot.  
Let them be strong.  
Let them breath air.  
The world bows to you.  
Why do you got to be so cruel?  
Say looky here this is what I got and do you not.  
Cause you just don't have what it takes.  
Generations lead in men of greed.  
With hypnotic words they deceive.  
I don't need any of you.  
I just want her, shes my baby girl.  
With her hair it twirls,  
Down to the ground and up back again.  
To a rhythm and a beat.  
Were are going take the world by its feet.  
To somewhere neat.  
All the peace upon me.  
Let all the love ring as loud as it can.  
I don't care all your demands.  
I was never part of the plan.  
So here I make my stand.  
Strong with you right next to me.  
And I will die for you, defending what you and I believe in.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Following The Sickness

Follow the sickness.  
As the bodies dropp the fire burns.  
And man is yet to learn.

Fighting our own shadows, fooled by our enemies.  
They are the ones you just can't see.  
The unaccepted theory is rejected yet again.  
But still the chorus plays.

Follow the sickness.  
As the bodies dropp the fire burns.  
And man is yet to learn.

Follow the sickness.  
As the bodies dropp the fire burns.  
And man is yet to learn.

To whom it may concern.  
A poetic letter, dressed in feathers.  
Does it make it any prettier?  
A distraction from the purpose.  
Delivering the simplest of messages.  
And still they are not heard.  
Oh no they are never heard.

Follow the sickness.  
As the bodies dropp the fire burns.  
And man is yet to learn.

Follow the sickness.  
As the bodies dropp the fire burns.  
And man is yet to learn.

And man is yet to learn.

And man is yet to learn.

Foolish know it alls.  
A change in circumstances will cause a sudden fall.



A broken bone, or ego?  
A laceration or a severed artery?  
Is it serious or superficial?  
An inflammation that just won't go down.

Follow the sickness.  
As the bodies drop the fire burns.  
And man is yet to learn.

And it has brought me here.  
A million passersby's.  
An angelic looking sky.  
Prying the heavens for just one peek.  
I wonder if it has what I seek.  
A cure  
A cure  
For this world.

Follow the sickness.  
As the bodies drop the fire burns.  
And man is yet to learn.

If you are ever lost just follow the sickness.  
Its everywhere.  
Just go from there.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Foolish Acts

A scam, a jam, a poof in an instant wham.  
I am whatever you want me to be if only for the time being.  
Tell me what do you believe?  
A heart deceived, on the edges of swords and demons.  
An act to portray, and to save.  
I both eat and invent pain.  
It is all part of the game.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## For Sale On The Corner Of 1st And 3rd

The demons you say. They made you do it again. Prostitution the only life you ever known. Will you ever let it go. Who told you that's all you were ever good at. Tear up the contracts. Come with me. Leave place make it a forgotten race. Live the simpler life. An increased self of steam. Less risk of disease. By no means am i asking you to be nun. Because every girl needs a little fun. But don't sell it, or bank on it to save your life. The body was never designed to be so used. Take it slow, look around. Guess what you found, sanctuary. Inner peace. So damn proud with yourself. All you have to is get away. Soon you will realize you missed love. An emotion that can't be conquered by the greatest of men. Just think of the battle for troy. Ships ahoy. Please don't go back. Its time to act. Am I'm getting through to you? Or is it so far out of my reach. Blame anyone you want. But be damned if ill feel sorry for you. For its something only you must choose. A life of substance not abuse. Like a recluse i must watch in despair.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# For Sale On The Corner Of 1st And 3rd(Revised)

The demons you say.  
They made you do it again.  
Prostitution the only life you ever known.  
Will you ever let it go?  
Who told you that's all you were ever good at?  
Tear up the contracts.  
Come with me.  
Leave this place.  
Make it a forgotten space.  
Live the simpler life.  
An increased self of esteem.  
Less risk of disease.  
By no means am I asking you to be nun.  
Because every girl needs a little fun.  
But don't sell it, or bank on it to save your life.  
The body was never designed to be so used.  
Take it slow, look around.  
Guess what you found, sanctuary.  
Inner peace.  
So damn proud of yourself.  
All you have to do is get away.  
Soon you will realize you missed love.  
An emotion that can't be conquered by the greatest of all men.  
Just think of the battle for troy.  
Ships ahoy.  
Please don't go back.  
It's time to act.  
Am I getting through to you?  
Or is it so far out of my reach.  
Blame anyone you want.  
But be damned if ill feel sorry for you.  
For it's something only you must choose.  
A life of substance not abuse.  
Like a recluse i must watch in despair.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## For The Better.

Shaking off the dust.  
Remembering how water creates the rust.  
A chemical mastery.  
Dreams, Ambitions, Premonitions.  
I have been here before.  
Can you see that scribble of a line.  
Thats me small and insignificant.  
I don't want your recognition.  
Forgotten son oh what has he become.  
Do you even remember me now?  
Probably in a bar sitting drinking the past away.  
Pain is my strength, love is my light.  
I haven't forgot but I have done my best to move on.  
No guidance for children walking so blind.  
I was one of them.  
And look at what I have become, look what I didn't do to a child of mine.  
Abandon in the pouring rain.  
Or at least it seemed that way.  
Blurry are my visions of how it really ended.  
I was only six.  
The why could never satisfy.  
Excuses just breed hate, with indifference I have my scars.  
As if my face is ragged and marred.  
A fortune in a jar.  
But it's not mine.  
That is somebody else I no longer know that person.  
A inner reflection, a changed man and just maybe its for the better.  
Let my actions reflect the consequence.  
Responsibility where did I exactly learn that.  
Not from you, no not from you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# For The Good Of All Mankind

So you are telling me that only reason we're in this situation is we were afraid of another country uncompetitive armistice?

That it really didn't even exist till very recently.

The after effect world war 2 syndrome so to speak.

Better us to rule all other nations then somebody else is our leaders flawed beliefs.

Defining good and evil not by acts of true atrocities among many of a people but any nation that does something that is not necessarily good for our nation.

This exceptional-ism has went way to far, needless we forget the lives lost close to home and abroad not of ours but of theirs.

How many innocents killed in this constant war time ratification?

Encircled in a neoconservative capitalist dictation.

For so many years history repeating its mistakes.

But oh but the orders must be done.

The crimes ignored for far to long.

What happens when our piper comes due?

Will they be a merciless as you?

Will millions die, and even more to be crippled by the very same chemical agents we used?

Justification for what?

The causalities of a never ending war some would say.

I'm sorry but that isn't good enough excuse.

We could have all prospered years ago as equals if it wasn't for leaders like you.

So paranoid of a kingdom that is already in ruin.

Let go of the old ways of business as usual.

Do not fear reprisal, for its certainly coming in all eventualities, if we do not change our direction, in both foreign and domestic.

All actions should have consequences, we are no longer the masters, they are no longer slaves of any creed.

For with our ever growing technology we have all been set free.

If you are blind to yet see it, open your eyes look at from the understanding of all humanity.

A lack of even a little compassion, a lack of even little empathy.

These are the crimes of spiritless world.

The wounds were not made over night, but a much longer duration of time.

Centuries, and years to come.

Oh what have we done.

A continuous beating of a child till it was perverted and converted.

Dare I say we went into the abyss for far too long, and I'm not sure if there will

ever be any return.

The sad part was we warned repeatedly by many great men all alike and not very well liked.

Still we did not heed it.

We went on recklessly proceeding in destroying every moral foundation, with casual lies giving rise to even more insane declarations.

Now we are only starting to awaken, only now is the true history coming to light of the continuation of a very dark path traveled out of both fear and greed.

Change and hope indeed.

Are these two things even still possible?

Are we already falling off the cliff, not because we were pushed, but because we walked right off it?

A reasonable man chooses to die, before he gives in to the obscenities of others influence that he said he would never do.

A traitor of the worse sort.

Betraying your own beliefs, your own words like they never existed at all.

Hail to the man with no face, no emotion, no devotion.

Completely devoid of all the people.

Cowardice is yet another one of demons disguises.

Even as many still try to vilify.

How can they truly?

We have become the nazis of secret governments, in a secret coordination, with mass murder upon our hands over and over again.

Yet we are very numb to this very fact.

And in my opinion we are not reacting fast enough, and probably never will till it crumbles beneath our very feet.

How many will suffer to dethrone the seat that has already been seated?

Worse yet how many more will suffer at our own leaders hands before it is?

May god have mercy on us all and truly forgive.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# For The Love Of Writing

A set way.

I have never understood it.

Not today, not tomorrow.

I prefer what's natural.

Thoughts put straight upon this page.

Free style to an act upon a play.

Maybe I suck, and that is okay.

But you can't force sounds of the heart and soul.

No matter the research, no matter what is thought to be prior art.

You paint your portrait, and I will mine.

Don't try to convince in the preaching of better ways.

Syllables I'm not trying to match, never have been.

Each verse is part of the same story, same entity.

Why do you think I write if not for the love of writing?

Ace Of Black Hearts



# For Those Who Can See The Finish Line

I'm not the most educated poet.  
But I can still read and write.  
Doing the math when the images are put in black and white.  
It is not too hard to see the light.  
You are writing of both calm and stormy seas.  
You can tell me the details of when and where lightning strikes exactly.  
A moment of a matter fact.  
Absolute clarity.  
Now that the charity has ceased.  
And I know what you want from me.  
But I don't know if I can.  
The perfect love story.  
The perfect tragedy.  
The perfect crime committed.  
The absolutely unforgettable.  
Oh they say it was so memorable.  
But of this a story I just don't know.  
I'm a captain on this ship crossing the wayward ocean.  
It is so galactic and full of so much love and devotion.  
But I'm choking on the salt.  
I thought I could drink this water.  
My misunderstanding is my own fault.  
But this doesn't mean I will stop.  
Not for pride do I hide among the bottom feeders.  
Just looking for their moment.  
One minute of fame.  
A wish for somebody to remember their name.  
It's not about that.  
A message needs to be delivered.  
And I'm the artist given the paints.  
And with these colors I will do my best.  
A acceptance of failures.  
A question of what did I do wrong.  
A moment of loneliness.  
But that is now all over.  
A hand has reached upon my shoulder.  
A ghostly image looking back on me only makes me colder.  
I must ignite this fire tonight.  
For I will be leading others out of the darkness.

They will come and go and this I do know.  
But it is my place.  
For me to be surpassed does not matter.  
For this is not my race.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# For You And Your Children

My heart beats.  
Even as I feel so stuck.  
In a goop I walked right through.  
I don't know why  
Maybe it was to get to the other side.  
Maybe it was to still try.  
Maybe it was to see if I can touch the sky.  
It feel so close.  
Yet I'm still not there.  
The heavenly ghost.  
It is hope.  
It is desire.  
It is to aspire to a higher calling before the falling.  
Empires so murky and grey.  
I feel I have become just another prey.  
The predator is closing in.  
So I must reach.  
When necessity comes you can't just deny it.  
The gut feeling that everything that was earned with hard work gone.  
Another dawn will come.  
But not as I have known it.  
Something great lost forever.  
A million people speaking of their lost lover.  
But what if the ability to love dies?  
What if the soul wilts away to nothing?  
A void  
A emptiness  
A lust that replaces, and compensates for it.  
Ash to Ash  
Blow on the rust and watch it turn to dust.  
With something new is shown.  
Scary is the unknown.  
Especially when it could be so horrible.  
With a repentance, forgiveness and respect I pray.  
Not just for me, but for you and your children.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# For Your Benefit

'What is wrong with you? ', that little voice says.  
And I say what is not?  
A once upon a time habit totally forgot.  
If it could only be that easy.  
A summer time breeze in midst the coldest winter in years.  
And about those years yet to come.  
It's better to just run and run.  
Never stop, never look back never ever try to fix what isn't broke.  
Like memories of a poorly done really, really bad joke.  
Just another waste through a straw sipping a very stale coke.  
Come on cough it up, and becareful not to choke.  
After all some do not even have that gag reflex.  
Stop questioning whether it's just another defect.  
It's an imperfect world so you should fit on in.  
Just squeeze, bend, and slide right through.  
Don't worry about that glue I stuck on you, after all it's for your benefit.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Forced Logic

A way to cope.  
A way to deal.  
Mechanism of the reel.  
Images rolling.  
Trying to explain to the why.  
As we attempt understand.  
Under simultaneous pain and pressure.  
A solving for mankind.  
Cure of the divine.  
Injected by the quill of a porcupine.  
Can I get it fully out on the first try.  
The poison of the mind.  
Playing tricks, quick flashes of foreign images.  
No solid castle of mirage.  
Just broken bits of a collage.  
Nothing solid, no true lead to go on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Foreboding Secrets

All that is left of you is this pink ribbon.  
I look at my bed what a mess.  
A little boy in shambles.  
An uncleanly scorn.  
I feel it following like a knife held against my throat.  
When I cough it will not be my blood I spit up.  
A traitors son doing right by us tonight.  
Do not waver.  
In better favor, as mockery is to be bought and sold.  
A compromise within the home.  
The walls are falling.  
They are crumbling beneath my feet and I see it as beautiful.  
Because I'm not on the outside looking in.  
With better understanding we might just mind our thoughts and tongues a little.  
Upon inspection does the diamond in the ruff not show.  
Maybe I prefer this shadow.  
Less prying eyes.  
Not that they can pierce what is with in.  
It is the one secret I'll be keeping till death does me part from this world.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Forever In A Bottle

Your mediocre at best, I keep hearing this.  
For me like that makes a difference.  
How can such words define who I am.  
I was never part of the pact or clan and have no expectations to suddenly be.  
My reasons, my fuel, my fire that burns this midnight hour.  
Like stories among the campfire.  
Tell me can you hear them?  
I can, every day of every waking moment.  
They follow me when I go to work.  
Their at the door to greet me when I come home.  
Well do tell what do they say?  
They're dreams and wishes spilt upon a dozen news papers.  
They're hopes and prayers within the stars.  
They are everything and yet they are but a thin slice of time.  
A moment claimed as if you own it.  
And maybe you do, maybe you don't.  
But still you must speak of it as if it were.  
Forever in bottle.  
Hold it tight.  
Shake it.  
Then remove the lid, and let it go.  
It turns into this humongous rocket ship that is taking off with out you.  
Better hurry up and get on.  
It's an exploration, it's an exhibition, it's an infinite amount of premonitions.  
Destiny foretold, and fates un-abiding.  
She won't change, she already been decided.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Forever In A Trance

Dancing souls.  
Twisting energetic essences.  
Oh I can feel your presence.  
It's inside me.  
Tell me now,  
can you feel mine.  
Aren't these feelings so divine.  
So much uncertainty.  
Is this what I want?  
Is this what you want?  
A kiss of tongues.  
A joining of the hips.  
The mouth moves and I know already what you gonna say.  
Oh yes because I feel it too.  
Forever in a moment.  
Breathing fire and ice.  
The melding of minds.  
Two of a kind.  
Oh so dreamy.  
A euphoria of ecstasy.  
Inescapable simplicity.  
Sleeping with the lights on.  
Visions draped undressing before my eyes.  
Conquering the divide.  
I'm complicit I can not lie.  
Because you are all I ever wanted.  
Till the day I die.  
The everlasting purpose of being alive.  
The struggle for love in a world so despicable.  
More out outrageous than any science fiction novel.  
More vulgar and vivid the most descriptive porn film.  
Can we make it to the other side?  
Why is it I believe going it alone is pure suicide?  
Is that why I'm holding your my hand and your holding mine?  
Do you think we stand a better chance?  
Dreams of two.  
Crossroads of many.  
I'm getting so dizzy.  
Picking daisies.



Oh look they are so pretty.  
All the way to the nitty gritty.  
The message of the soul.  
Relinquishing all control.  
If only a second.  
It's an absolute surrender.  
Putting yourself in trusting in hands.  
Do what you wish, and I promise I will never forget.  
No never.  
Always in my heart are these pieces of you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Forever It Does Not Stand

To walk on bubbling air.  
A mental restraint.  
Oh how tainted are our paints.  
Displaced, uneven, nothing square.  
A land to pillage and plunder.  
Ours to save.  
All in one stroke.  
All in one beat of the desperate heart.  
Ghost of our past.  
Oh great ancestral history do not forsake me.  
Crossing the lines  
Stepping onto the planes of the edge of our time.  
Is it just a reflection, or a different dimension?  
The could be of possibilities.  
The never too late of this century.  
Savoring the ultimate human dream.  
A life full doubt.  
How could we?  
Even with the best intentions.  
Oh the worst invention.  
Into darkness we become these cave dwellers of prevention.  
Every scene a little different.  
All woven together making the most elaborate fabric ever written.  
Have we become too smitten?  
Forgetting how to defend ourselves.  
The erosion of that once was very precious.  
Down to the very last organic creature in existence.  
Life is a continuous costly sentence of remorse and pain.  
There are no extensions.  
It isn't some video game you can play over and over again till you get it right.  
Walking down the hallway of candle lights.  
Dimmer and dimmer it gets.  
Is anyone even paying attention?  
Where are those great words of wisdom.  
Repent and die.  
These are the words falling from the sky.  
Like angel kisses designed to drive us into complete and utter madness.  
Is there any recouping from all this sadness.  
Walls are built, and they crumble.

They just crumble.  
Dust to the wind of the everlasting.  
Can you see past the great oceans end?  
To the sickness that takes its very last victim.  
This price can't be measured in numbers.  
Only pure emotion will ever satisfy.  
Fortified giants pile the bodies beyond the city gate.  
These burning plumes of hate and rage.  
We keep acting like this is just one more stage.  
But it feels real enough to me, how about you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Forevermore A Child

When something is done so wrong.  
Forevermore a child.  
Age only on the outside.  
Mentally forever young.  
Needing to be taken care of everyday  
She doesn't understand the adults.  
She just plays with her toys.  
Their the only thing left in her world.  
A sickness created by evil.  
A kind most don't want believe exists.  
Out of sight, out of mind.  
Locked away in prisons.  
What will happen to this little girl?  
Will it be a mental institution.  
Will it be a nursing home.  
Now property of the state.  
Innocence in the heart she defines.  
Even if she will be forever blind.  
Not by her eyes, but in her head.  
Some would say that a child that bared such trauma and abuse.  
Are no longer of any use.  
But she is not dead.  
She lives on, not knowing of what the world has really become.  
But of a make believe tea party in which she celebrates forevermore as a child.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Forget Everything You Thought You Knew

Forget everything you thought you knew.  
Forget it all.  
Wipe it clean.  
An absent mind till the end of time.  
No more pain, let it fade.  
Today is not yesterday.

Forget everything you thought you knew.  
Forget it all.  
Memories erased.  
Scars healed.  
Such a sad face.  
Smile and turn it all around.  
Such a sweet sound.  
The heart racing.

Forget everything you thought you knew.  
Forget it all.  
Tear down that wall.  
Make it crumble.  
Make it fall.  
Be careful not to stumble.  
When all is lost something new can always be found.  
Don't be scared for you will not drowned.

Forget everything you thought you knew.  
Forget it all.  
Start moving forward.  
Faster and faster.  
Marching upon the sands of time.  
Your life defined by your every movement,  
your words spoken.  
So symbolic.  
Meanings behind meanings.  
Metaphorically speaking.  
This is the way, please enjoy your stay.

Forget everything you thought you knew.  
Forget all.

Passing by with a disguise.  
A change for the better.  
Here my unwritten letter.  
Crumbled and flying into the sky.  
Don't ask why Just Forget everything you thought you knew.

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# Forgetting About A Birthday

On my birthday time came and went.  
At this point in my life presents are irrelevant.  
No friends remembered the date this year.  
Only my brother, my step father and mom.  
And I only saw one of them that day.  
I went to work for 3 hrs only to get stitches in my head.  
1hr and half wait at med express near the lycoming mall.  
Because my boss is too cheap to take me to the emergency room.  
That's okay the wait was shorter then what emergency room from what I understand.  
A 2 hr + wait there.  
100 bucks versus 700 bucks also don't blame him there.  
After that it was back to work for another hour yah!  
Yeah right the excitement was when I was getting home and going to bed.  
You get a gash in your head and tell me how you would feel.  
But it is okay.  
That is how much my boss really cares about money versus his employee that never calls off for a single day.  
No wonder his turn over is so high.  
Hes so tight he squeaks, even when hes buying you a lunch with money you borrowed, he is both expecting you too pay it back and keeping the receipt to write it off on his taxes as a business expense.  
I got some dirt in my mouth please excuse me while I rinse.  
Ahh that's better, well not really but at least it's off my mind.

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# Forgetting The Pain

What is this feeling.  
My gut turns.  
My insides set ablaze.  
Oh how they burn.  
A knot in my throat.  
And a tear in my eye.  
Is this what they call sadness?  
Is this what they call remorse?  
Is this what they call grief?  
But it is only a tiny creature I barely have known.  
How could it ever effect me so?  
I don't understand why it happens.  
But I don't want it no more.  
If only I could get rid of it by throwing it out the door.  
Please disappear, I beg of you have mercy on the very essence of my soul.  
And the next morning I wake it's completely gone.  
But only so long as I don't think about it.

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# Forgiveness Prayer

A name, A image, A power, Unbeknownst to a simple man like me.  
A idol, A leader, A teacher, Unbeknownst to a simple man like me  
With no faith comes no love.

In the shadows I live  
Only god can forgive  
For everything that I was  
In your name The Lord, Jesus Christ amen.

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# Forgotten Love

Emotion running so high  
I'm gonna kiss the sky  
here we are turning the pages of time  
a constant stunning of the mind  
an awe to the uninspired  
a soul rewired  
time to take chances  
time for glances  
love if looking likes be true  
you got no clue  
how thrilled I'm am to see you  
even if only a picture so still  
it feels so real  
a touch kindness has turned my heart to dust  
I've been in this rusted cage for to long  
i thought all my love was gone  
But i still protect  
project a varying of mass proportions  
insane is this thriving train  
running down the rails  
never stopping to exhale  
no safety net no chances to bail  
a turning of a wheel  
forcing the demon to make a deal  
it poker I got royal flush  
this hasn't been rushed  
i have had the patients so shush  
this is my pair of turtle doves  
this is my rose petals on the bed  
this is my the unspoken of the unbroken  
we survived  
we are doing just fine  
we are making dreams come true  
we are painting a canvas so blue  
we are building a foundation  
forever in a moment  
never again will we be so lonely  
apples so fresh and delicious  
a craven will be fulfilled

red is the dress worn tonight  
as the we make an end to the lights  
sounds of glory  
its the happily ever after story  
no mystery to it  
if we go through with it  
we know where it will go  
no going back so you know  
a tingling sensation in the toes  
as the heart explodes  
we travel our roads  
we guide ourselves through the divide  
but we will end up hear again  
its the fatal attraction  
it has driven me to the edge of my seat  
oh the possibilities  
diverse as our worlds might be  
i still you as you and you see me as me

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# Forgotten Love Letters

Forget the love letters.  
I got something much better.  
Holding her closer.

I don't know what do with my self when we apart.  
Something in me dies.  
If only for a moment.  
A moment is way too long to endure.  
I got this disease.  
And she is my cure.

Like hello, just give me some more of that sugar and honey.  
Foreplay, a competition for who gets to be on top.  
A roller derby in the bedroom.

Forget the love letters.  
I got something much better.  
Holding her closer.

The best friend I've ever had.  
There is always a smile on my face when she around.  
A interesting character.  
Making me laugh so hard while I'm drinking soda.  
It comes out my nose.  
She ask me how that felt?  
I say not so well but I'll live.  
Such a wonderful burning nose.

Forget the love letters.  
I got something much better.  
Holding her closer.

Like hello, just give me some more of that sugar and honey.  
Foreplay, a competition for who gets to be on top.  
A roller derby in the bedroom.

She knows how to keep it different.  
So many places and positions.  
Oh my god I feel like a 18 year old kid again.

Liberating my mind body and soul.  
Eternal bliss.  
Hades fire I hold in my hand.  
It can never end.  
I would probably collapse that on some of hardest pavement.  
Its like nope it isn't heat stroke.  
The worse case of heart ache I ever had.

Forget the love letters.  
I got something much better.  
Holding her closer.

Like hello, just give me some more of that sugar and honey.  
Foreplay, a competition for who gets to be on top.  
A roller derby in the bedroom.

She doesn't get mad at me for talking to much.  
She listens and opts in her opinion.  
Probably the smartest girl I've ever been with.  
She reads more then I do.  
And knows all kinds of odd facts.  
No other ex-boyfriend comes to visit.  
So I'm not face or dealing what ever maybe in her past.  
If she has things in her life she needs tell me.  
She will do it when she is good and ready.

Forget the love letters.  
I got something much better.  
Holding her closer.

Just forget the love letters.  
And just hold her.

Just hold her forever in my arms.  
The everlasting embrace.  
And I can never get enough.

Just forget the love letters.  
And just hold her.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Fork In The Road

Only when we fight to defend can it be noble if only even in our very own heads.  
Knowing the right choice, for the right reason is not freely given. But with  
experience comes ye old wisdom.

That which can only earned through timeless choices which can be make or  
break.

A risk not taken, is a risk not known.

What is worthy, what is a mistake?

A jig saw puzzle that shows infinite different fates depending on the steps taken.

All roads lead somewhere if your willing to travel the distance.

So the question isn't what can be gained or lost.

But at what point do these empty streets converge or diverge.

At what point do you hesitate,

At what point does fear of unknown leave you satisfied with what is known.

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# Forsaken Falling Angel(Revised)

Maybe I'm crazy.  
Just maybe I don't care.  
Don't you say it's over.  
Don't you dare.  
This has gone on long enough.

An forsaken angel is falling.  
His broken wings will not help at all.  
But you can catch him.  
You can save him.  
All you have to do is open your arms.  
But still you won't.

An unjustified sense self preservation.  
A prejudice against who he is.  
But that won't change any more then sun rising in the morning.  
So you sit with the guilt rising.  
It is your fault no matter the consequences.  
Your the only who watches and does nothing.  
So much indifference.  
That was the person you once loved.

Watch as he becomes so insignificant.  
Maybe I'm crazy.  
Just maybe I don't care.  
Don't you say it's over.  
This has gone on long enough.

An forsaking angel is falling.  
His broken wings won't save him at all.  
So save him,  
Just save him.  
Bring him back to the skies.  
Let him once again hold his head up high.

Destroy the hate in his eyes.  
Only you, and only you have the power.  
Be merciful, be graceful, be delicate, but by any means please don't be  
indifferent.



Maybe I'm crazy.  
Just maybe I don't care.  
Don't you say It's over.  
Don't you dare.  
This has gone on long enough.

An forsaken angel is falling.  
His broken wings won't help him at all.  
You can, only you can save him.  
He's weak, He's vulnerable, He's Desperate, He's Broken.  
It won't be long till he's completely gone.  
Completely gone.  
So go.  
Please save him  
Please save him how.  
Save him now before he is completely gone.

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## Forsaken King(Revised)

I'm back with a bang.  
Trying to tell my story in all its glory.  
A forsaken king sits on his throne waiting for the right moment.  
Creating my own luster, appealing eyes watch as I bring you awe.  
A life without purpose is a wasted life.  
As such let me dine on mine.  
Lets drink the blood of the divine.  
For today is surely is a day to celebrate.  
I will and must with just cause.  
I have quelled a great lust of desperation.  
The stars have aligned just right this time.  
They are on my side like an army with power beyond human comprehension.  
The only way is up when you hit bottom.  
And I'm climbing the stairs.  
I don't know what lies on the other side of those pearly white gates.  
But I already have the key.  
It's just a race to the top.  
So just come on lets see what you got.  
I'm back with a bang.  
Trying to tell my story in all its glory.  
I'm the man with plan.  
Its already been settled like all grievances should.  
Bought and owned.  
Here I come speeding off again.  
It's craps shoot and I just rolled a seven again.  
And I must pause take a drag of my cigarette enjoy the moment.  
For I've never known something so absolutely fabulous.  
The endorphins build up inside me.  
Bang boom bang.  
Just try and stop me now oh now.  
So high on life today.  
So high where the clouds meet the sun and the uppermost part of the sky.  
This is not a moment I will just let go by.

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# Fortune Teller

Oh can you hear me my crystal ball  
Will you show me good fortunes for all  
Summer is turning into fall  
The leaves will soon be red yellow and orange  
Another cycle of life and death  
As one season passes and another is born  
I have heard that from the coming storm chaos will reign  
Please say it just isn't so  
I just need a little more time  
With god as my witness watch as I try to change the hearts and minds of  
everyone  
An mathematical impossibility of the personalty and psychology  
But still it is my gift to the world as a desperate measure  
I'm writing another heart felt letter  
As if only little old me will be heard  
A warning with consequences unbelievable  
The writing on the wall that the greatest economist have made.  
The numbers do add up  
Another coming depression in succession  
It will dwarf the first  
Can we say the Germany during the time when Hitler was coming to power  
The collapse of a currency that suppose be so great  
That it is accepted across the whole world  
Just printing some more  
This is a very distorting  
Each masquerade for the next of event  
How long can we circumvent the truth?  
Before the demons get loose  
A woman holding her child by the night fire  
Child screams from starvation but still their is nothing the mother can do  
Shelter the weak, oh shelter the weak  
But it doesn't matter in a existence looking more and more bleak

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# Free Spirit

Met these hippies, they showed up in a dark grey paneled van.  
Looking for a place to stay.  
To keep warm.  
Some would call them drifters.  
I wouldn't, I call them good friends.  
Haven't known them for very long.  
But when you have seen the gutter, when you have dug out of a grocery  
dumpster just for something to eat.  
As disgusting as it might sound, the amount of wasted food that goes in there is  
just disturbing.  
To eat like a king for free as I heard it being said before.  
Only then can you say you know the life of both harsh reality and freedom.  
To go where you want, to do what you please.  
With no kind of considered responsibility other than your own kinds survival.  
A free spirit echoing free love.  
Chased out of towns for they stand for.  
Don't come here selling you goods and lifestyle without a permit.  
But why do you need a permit to sell hand made hemp bands, necklace, key  
chains, or a lifestyle?  
It's the idea that scares society.  
Is a culture a crime?  
What if others decide to quit there jobs and live like that?  
We can't have that.  
Oh no we must be functional slaves set in a ordain place never to see any further  
then your work or home.  
No wonder of what might be like out past where you have already been?  
No desire to smell, taste, or touch it.  
No imagination at all.  
And why not I can not see one reason to avoid exploring this world or the  
possibilities.  
A nomadic people in mass migration following the stars of so many  
constellations.  
It wasn't easy for the people before you, why do you expect it to be now.  
Convenience isn't a necessary evil, it is over abundant trap that leads us all to  
the same place.  
Disgrace, a wasted life all for a pretty house and fancy car.  
It's ego trip of the mind.  
Why do you need that?  
Who told you that was absolutely fact.

What if there was another way.

A community underground living differently then what you have been lead to believe.

What if not all the drugs that you were told about are as bad as you thought.

What if there was party going on every night without you because you don't understand, and never can?

Because you values are written in ink, and nothing can be so permanent for you are not here long enough for that to be.

What is 100 years but a single page in history.

To describe a lifetime any other way is quite absurd.

We are no more gods, then the science in which we believe.

So we must be the good samaritans, each and every time if we want to be a part of so many lives.

It not just a matter survival, it is a matter experience.

You don't even truly know if you only live once.

So why not?

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# Freedom Of A Girl

A story of a girl.

So young of age and out of this world.

With love she drives.

With love she thrives.

As time slowly ticks by.

Excitement rises at the thoughts of freedom.

A gratefulness as she released from the cage so long held.

To a new kingdom, to a new homestead.

I want say as if I was their.

Yelling be free my little bird.

Be free.

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## Fresh Ideas.

How about this a schooling program for the those collecting unemployment through the internet or at a place such as csiu as a requirement of collecting it.

How about this a plan to get those not employed, employed.

Jobs, Jobs, Jobs.

A kick start to an engine that has stalled.

Why are we still not fixing this?

Are you telling me that no one has a solution?

No ideas, that benefit everyone.

I say to you the American, throw them out their.

Speak up for we need to not only be heard.

But we also need fresh ideas.

From those who are always quite.

Every opinion counts and everyone needs to be heard.

If not then we need to ask, for you to think.

Out of the box, and in to the grassy plains.

Each blade of grass blowing its own way.

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# Friendship

Can you smile with me, because I'm just so damn happy.  
Sailing over the blissful sunset.  
Can you dance with me, because I'm just so damn happy.  
I'm not in love, but I'm not alone.  
No more fighting shadows on my own.  
Behaviors most people don't condone.  
I feel like an exhibitionist.  
This breeze feels so nice.  
I'm so addicted to this vice.  
Give me the crutch, and I walk just fine.  
Can you play another game with me, because I'm just so damn happy.  
Looking into your eyes almost hypnotizes.  
Can you tell me another story, because I'm just so damn happy.  
I watch your lips move, and I actually believe you.  
You made me a better person, a friend till the end.  
I'll settle for that, I'll accept those words because you're like a very delicate  
hummingbird.  
I could crush you by mere accident.  
Just by trying to hold on to your cure.  
A not so simple solution.  
A long drawn out conclusion.  
But I'm just so damn happy with it.  
And you gave it for free.  
Thanks for being that friend.  
I will always remember you for it.

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# From Out Of The Darkness(Revised)

The blood thins as the plot thickens.  
Pulse hyper tensive.  
There is so much stress upon this chest.  
Just listen.  
Like a thousand marching men it beats.  
Down to the wire.  
A feeling that your burning from fire.  
Its buried within.  
Dig deep my friend.  
Find those treasure locked in.  
Freedom, freedom, freedom! ! !  
All screaming.  
In the dungeons it echoes across the halls, through the walls.  
Nothing but empty spirits in this decadent place.  
Deprived of the basic necessities.  
Torture, abuse, and isolation.  
The mighty fall at the break of dawn.  
The crows tear into your soul.  
How long before you lose control.  
Like I said many times before it is the words spoken from those already broken  
that brings it to your home.  
Your front door, knock, knock once more.  
Are you alone, what do you feel during your darkest hour.  
A taste so sour.  
A pain that never wanes.  
A hot cattle prod to the face doesn't even compare.  
An empty stare.  
A sad look with nothing to say.  
A hypnotic evil glare.  
Fault anyone and everyone for there is plenty go around.

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# From Son To Father

Another past is gone.  
Another breaking dawn.  
Lifted even higher.  
With all my heart I desire.  
Inspired by generosity of a newly founded friend.  
I know I will have him till the very end.  
A person in which I can always depend.  
Upon throwing my coins in the well I couldn't wish for anything better.  
Accommodations in this letter are to you.  
You have been like the father I've never had.  
It is kinda sad.  
Never before have I ever had a teacher teach me.  
Not in this way.  
Living my life with no guidance.  
And now I have that mentor.  
With the lords grace I embrace in everything I've been given with the utmost joy  
and happiness.  
So much so, that the tears flow down my cheek.  
Emphysema will take your life eventually.  
And the thoughts of this bring so much sadness.  
But in all matters of life and death we are still powerless.  
So I won't live upon the doom and gloom.  
For it won't make it any easier.  
Make the most of what we got left.  
Doing the best I can with the hand I have been given.  
For life is not always not so forgiving.  
So from son to father know this I will always love you.  
Even when death divides us apart.  
You gave me my fresh start.  
You opened up opportunities I never before had.  
Building a business from the ground up.  
Making a home in a place so unknown.  
It can be so scary.  
But you gave me the courage to be my own man.  
You showed me where I should take a stand.  
And with survival as my knife I will cut right across the pages of this life.  
I will be right here as long as I can stay.  
Settled down upon this earth's ground.  
A heart so lost always can be found.

Sometimes all one has to do is look around.  
A passage to pursue dreams, goals, and high hopes.  
It has invoked as if an incantation to be sung.  
And it's magical powers have spread like a wild fire.  
No stopping it now.  
Just look upon those stars and be proud.  
You helped write them.  
Made them as they are.  
No longer is it too far.  
The distance was all in the mind.  
As if the abilities were locked away and confined.  
The turbulent seas of the divide.  
I have set sail in a course I can only hope to prevail.  
A prayer goes out please lord in this let me not fail.

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# From The West To Somewhere In The East.

&lt;/&gt;Just remember your corruption is worse then are's.

I don't blame you for feeling so left out.

If you have voice you must speak it, and speak it in volumes to be actually heard.

It's a hit or a miss kind of thing.

Sometimes reaching is not of the clouds but of the ground.

Feel that dirt, squeeze it in your hand and remember your still here.

And just maybe it won't disappear.

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# Full Circle

Breaking out the drinks  
As the heart sinks  
Beneath the ocean  
Over the highest peak  
Speaking Greek  
Never complete  
Always in pieces  
Fragments of the imagination  
A souls abomination  
Drawing the constellations  
With blood so red  
I should be dead  
Or at least try and use my head  
Common sense comes so slow  
Running out of time  
Losing my mind  
Nothing will happen the way it is suppose to be  
Their is no such thing as a destiny  
There's only the here and now  
No getting lost in the clouds  
No alternate reality  
No damn fantasy  
Stop all your dreaming  
Start using your eyes and start seeing  
Believing in a higher power  
Don't wait till your last dieing hour  
Things can get very sour  
Even angels can devour  
Eat it all up  
Spoon and fork in hand  
Welcome to the damned  
I should have ran  
But that was never my plan  
I tried so hard  
Only to fall so far  
A deep hole to the bottomless abyss  
Are you ready to give it a kiss  
Suck it all in  
Keep in control

Duck and then just go  
Faster and faster  
It's my unending disaster  
The sky is falling  
The sun is exploding  
Bones are breaking  
Animals are dieing  
Children are crying  
All with the simplest of writings  
cryptic runes with cryptic meanings  
So demeaning  
So deceiving  
The lies are my foundation  
If only to bridge the worlds so far apart  
Evil is cupid with his hypnotizing darts  
How they smart  
Tear me down without a single sound  
I was of the lost  
But now I have been found  
As I hit the ground  
I went all the way around  
A complete and full circle  
Hope I can keep going  
Without really knowing

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# Future Lights

An absent minded strangeness.  
A circumvented tunnel vision.  
Back to reality or close as it can ever be.  
Closed are the doors of the opportunity.  
At least of here and now.  
Future holdings may shed a different light.  
The question is whether it will be gray or bright.

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# Get Lost

The woman is not you standing next to me at the altar.  
Maybe in your dreams, you poor little girl.  
I will do what I must to protect who I am.  
You already loss when that line you crossed.  
Can you feel that heart that has stop beating.  
I slit my wrist before I let you touch me with your vile hands.  
Your love is a manipulation you tried force on me.  
Take no womens hand who you can not trust.  
Desires do not overwhelm even as they do you.  
Lust is all you have, in your cold emotionless hand.

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# Getting Away With It

As if your crack pot idea will actually work..

'I'm telling you it will.'

'Just tell them and watch it unfold.'

'And amidst the chaos.'

'We will be able to take what I want.'

What if I was to say I no longer want it, not that way.

I'm not a thief.

'Yes you are now.'

'You got no choice.'

'Either you do this, or I tell her of your indiscretions.'

You think she will forgive you for sleeping with her little sister.

'A picture says a thousand words.'

'I wonder what the caption under this one would be? '

'Hmm, how about my husband is a bastard and my sister is a filthy whore.'

You will not get away with it.

'But I will, and if I don't neither will you.'

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# Getting It Right

A world in mourning.  
A world in shock.  
So many lives lost.  
The enemy that lives in air in which breath.  
Companies and people taking advantage of a horrid situation.  
Greed that blinds those living among the dying.  
Others giving up everything for just one more person to save.  
The ultimate scarifice my life for yours.  
The stuff of legends, how the best stories are made.  
A reality in which now we ease.  
Playing catch up from day one.  
Wanting someone to blame.  
The truth doesn't matter, in this political climate.  
The number is too large, hiding behind the unsympathetic words intended to  
bring about more hate.  
Trying to divide instead of searching for a way to stym the tide.  
The free ride is over, want to lead, earn it or get out of the way.  
A new kind of revolution.  
One that supports only those who don't hesitate.  
Sometimes severe actions must be taken.  
Feet held to the fire with consequences dire.  
Pulling out teeth with a rusty set of plyers.  
Stuck with the tools are given.  
Hopefully the choices we make in such haste can be forgiven.  
The greater good.  
Never thought I would see it on such a large scale in my life.  
But now that I see it, I do not envy those in that political postion.  
I would have endless nightmares.  
No time to prepare.  
A sick society in despair.  
Closed off, walls built, temporary isolation that is to be celebrated.  
But question what is the correct timespan for temporary.  
With the experts positions varying.  
One can only hope they get it right in such a dim light.

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# Getting Louder

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

And let it get louder.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight is the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

From an unobscured view I look down upon you.  
And I just know it is fate.  
I laugh, you laugh.  
We made our choice on what we will do.  
Barely surviving.  
Living by each moment as if it was or last.  
Love happens so fast.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

And let it get louder.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

We argue over the important things.  
Nothing simple will ever divide us.  
Connected at the hip.  
Souls intertwined.  
My god your so divine.  
But personality is the important secret beneath the layers that are shed.  
I'll be forever happy to have you each morning wake in my bed.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

And let it get louder.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

I never needed to save you.  
Though on many occasions I tried to come to your rescue.  
Always holding your own.  
And as an independent good friend.  
Please god let this never end.  
My confidant, let me share my worries, my cares.  
Please girl ease my suffering, ease my despair.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

And let it get louder.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

Oh baby girl, baby girl listen to me as I call you name.  
No false claims.  
No never. and why would I need ever lie to you?  
With one word I describe complete honesty.  
Love.  
Let me never be that weak.  
Even if only to protect you.  
Divulging the hidden stars on a canvas that is just so perfect.  
No matter how it is worded.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

And let it get louder.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

From an unobscured view I look down upon you.  
And I just know it is fate.  
I laugh, you laugh.  
We made our choice on what we will do.  
Barely surviving.  
Living by each moment as if it was or last.  
Love happens so fast.

We argue over the important things.  
Nothing simple will ever divide us.  
Connected at the hip.  
Souls intertwined.  
My god your so divine.  
But personality is the important secret beneath the layers that are shed.  
I'll be forever happy to have you each morning wake in my bed.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

And let it get louder.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

And let it get louder.

Tonight is mine.  
Tonight is just fine.  
Tonight the last night anything and everything will be the same.  
Time for change.

A declaration written in bodily fluids.  
A invasion of every single place with lips so succulent.  
Grabbing on and never wanting to let go.  
A release that will soon be out of my control.  
A release that will be soon out of your hand to.  
With every dirty word you whisper in my ear.  
I know everyone to be sincere.

And let it get louder.  
And let it get louder.  
Just let our love get louder.

Oh and it couldn't have happen at a better time.  
Giving my heart without one complaint or complication.  
A total infatuation.  
As the beats get faster.  
As kisses get longer.  
As the moans and sighs become more orgasmic.

And let it get louder.  
And let it get louder.  
Just let our love get louder.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Getting Past Face Values

Getting past face values.  
Divulge your secrets stars.  
We have collided with mars.  
Just once more.  
Let me open up from inside out.  
The old photograph reappears.  
Rehabilitation nears.  
Can I do it?  
Make it or break it.  
The lake is filled full again.  
So crystal blue.  
If only I can fit into these shoes.  
You have no clue what I'm going through.

Get past the face values.  
Divulge your secrets stars.  
We have collided with mars.  
Do I measure up to par.  
Wishing to angels in the dark.  
Skeletons come upon me and  
I say go away.  
This time I finally fix my mistakes with a rake.  
I'm dragging the pieces back in.  
Its another puzzle.  
Can I make them fit.  
Pleasantries gone amiss.  
They turn into a vipers kiss.  
I just cant help it.  
What good have I done to deserve this.

Getting past face values.  
Divulge your secrets stars.  
We have collided with mars.  
I have opened a new door.  
Where does it lead?  
The beautiful let down.  
Just lost waiting to be found.  
Turn around. Here it comes.  
You have been summoned for a higher cause.

Bow down and meditate.  
Concentrate before its to late.  
Planning it out as if you already know.  
Adapt to the enviroment.  
Some situations need such delicacy.  
Dont step on to many toes.  
The giants have fallen so its time to go.

Getting past face values.  
Devulge your secrets stars.  
We have collided with mars.  
Now I shall disembark and leave an everlasting mark.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Getting Past The Fog

See how much fun we are having, going on roads not yet traveled.  
Exploring the dark alleys, and coming to find it is not so dark.  
Self important, it is not so.  
And I begrudge no one such an act.  
If accomplishments satisfy, and bring tears to ones eyes.  
Why should you be denied it.  
Be weary though, bliss is not everlasting.  
Eventually all good things must end.  
Even if seems tragic, tragic is exactly what is needed to set the course to new  
frontiers.  
It is the raising of freshly wind blown sails.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Ghost At My Heels (Revised)

The ghost of my past at my heels.  
Got to get away.  
Got to run.  
Do you have any idea how I feel.  
When your so close I remember everything I don't want to.  
It's like a razor blade across my wrist.  
Go ahead leave another scar.  
I've already been marred, by a distant oblivion.

So what does it really matter,  
with the ghost of my past at my heels.  
Got to get away.  
Got to run,  
as far as I can.  
There can not be enough distance between us.  
For you make me feel so trapped.  
Just end my life here and now if you think you can.  
I feel like I'm stuck in quick sand.  
Don't move for you might get more sucked in.  
So stand by and watch me and do nothing my friend.  
You'll get yours in the end.  
I will escape these shackles and chains.

With the ghost of my past at my heels.  
I just got to get away.  
I just got to run,  
as fast as I can.  
Watch as the head spins.  
A world full of those always in hurry.  
Well I've come to stay.  
Let me build my fort, protect myself from all outsiders.  
Kicking and screaming they're drug off one by one.  
They just don't understand.  
There is no such thing as innocent.  
There is no good versus evil.  
It's just me and them.  
Got to keep them out till the very end.

With the ghost of my past at heels.

I just got to get away.  
I just got to run.  
For it's so hard to tell what's real.  
Liars paint the landscape.  
With the broken promises and half truths.  
Everyone is trying to pull the best con.  
The rip off the century.  
Absolutely, certainly, and anything but truthfully.

With the ghost of my past at my heels.  
I just got to get away.  
I just got to run, somehow, somehow, someday.  
I am still alive.  
So I must fight.  
With all my heart I promise this.  
And this time there will be no forgiveness.  
For those so utterly completely indifferent.  
You can all just die.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Ghost Of A Dark Writer

We are all our victims of our own thoughts.  
There is a parasite inside my head, and I'm trying to get it out alive.  
Death how punitive, so much desire for punishment.  
The lace is eloquently weaved, and the trap is now set.

Oh dark writer how I wish I were still you.  
My pain is only felt on the outside.  
My tears have went dry.  
Still searching the astrological skies for answers to the holy of whys'.

But it's not so difficult.  
With a better understanding it gets easier to be not so demanding.  
The idea of suicide and murder having been greatly diminished.  
Not dead and gone, but more of it just doesn't belong.

A page turned, entering a new age.  
Entering a new stage.  
Bring about a new kind of rage.  
A calm cool kind yet cold hate.  
With indifference everyday it feels as if I might break.  
Legs, arms, hands, feet, fingers, and toes just stop moving.  
Frozen in time.

The portrait raised upon the stairs with such an angry glare.  
Forever dead in the moment of a haunting ghostly stare.  
All I have ever been looking for is just a little bit of closure.  
And all I have ever felt is just a little bit more of the wrong kind of exposure.  
Scars full of undissolved sutures.  
Sewn up, to be shut up.  
Righteous, but only within a mirror.  
Who is the reflection if not me?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Ghost Of Love

You don't know who I really am.  
Before you say so many attracting words.  
Let me show.  
Let me tell.  
Walking straight through the gates hell.  
A man who chose poverty, over luxury.  
Why, because of the freedom.  
A slave not to destitution, because it was a choice.  
No restriction upon my voice.  
No desire, need to chase, or make proclamations.  
I won't come save you.  
Not without knowing.  
An acquaintance that won't bend.  
A heart harden like a rock.  
Be very convincing, sell it like you believe it.  
Or others might not.  
When fruit is picked I'm always seen as rotten.  
Take something a little fresher.  
My love is too simplistic.  
It could never satisfy someone looking for the terrific.  
My lust a quick prick then it is gone.  
Tired and not so eager.  
I have to be won, I have to be stunned.  
If it is to last you have to keep it interesting.  
Gifts do nothing for the non-materialistic.  
You're better off with kind words feeding the lack of an ego.  
You'll be surprised how quickly inhaled and mutually returned.  
Don't think of them insincere, for my word is my bond.  
A promise golden, so make requirements bluntly made.  
Otherwise there will be no agreements.  
Vows forsaken can't exist in the world of wishing and dreaming.  
It is not my fault if you never say anything.  
You want me, you better make it clear.  
Suggestions are not marked as confessions.  
I can't be lead to water that you want me to drink.  
Because I know the location of a stream.  
With chloride it becomes clean.  
Disease free, a net of safety.  
Honesty if you want something from me.

I won't help you hurt or pervert.  
Not the man for kicking dirt.  
In fact I might just leave you hanging at the last moment.  
Choking on the revenge you tried to reap.  
I will warn you only once.  
Don't use me to an ends.  
Tools, make other tools.  
A quest of trades.  
In till they can be eliminated.  
Then there will be no more finding me.  
Disappearing while all eyes are on the elephant.  
Where did he go?  
Well I just don't know.  
No ties to anyone or anything.  
A ghost for years.  
Just try to trace the trail of tears.  
Already long gone.  
Along with all the fears.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Give Me Mercy, Give Me Death

So you think it is merciful.  
Why should the one you loved have to suffer?  
A vegetable unable to move, unable to bath, unable to eat.  
Maybe you shouldn't be doing this.  
Thick and heavy are the emotions.  
But the rule of law cares nothing for them.  
They say you can't and that's suppose to be the end of it.  
But how deeply would it be investigated?  
Thoughts run across the mind.  
Doing what's is right isn't as simple as just doing it.  
A moral gray area.  
Where the more you think about it, the more guilty you feel.  
Chewed and chewed.  
Forced to swallow.  
And finally you snapped what's prison to what she is going through.  
A catatonic state.  
Finally it is over, finally no more.  
The pain is gone.  
Relief because you did what you thought best regardless of penalty, or having to  
be the tool that delivers death.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Giving A Poem Away

A person asked if they can use my comment/poem.  
I said sure without even asking why.  
Giving a poem away, that put things in a different perspective for me.  
I didn't even title it yet or edit it so I see no harm.  
I told them to give her a name, and fix her mistakes.  
Full consent has been given with a signature signed.  
I doubt they'll use it for profit anyways nor do I really care.  
For I'm not in it for the money.  
Not that their much money to be made in writing anyways at least from what I understand.  
So I hope it serves a good purpose whatever that maybe.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Giving In

I say I'm the bigger the person.  
Go ahead try to get me to hate.  
Go ahead try to fill me with rage.  
Humiliate me upon the stage.  
I would laugh at myself if I knew it would make you happy.  
But I know it never will.

It's not in me no matter how hard I try.  
Tears will flow before you even come close.  
I don't want this conflict never did.  
Engaging in it is just so pointless.  
And your anger rises more and more.  
It easy to see your out to destroy.

With every punch.  
I only feel a slight sting.  
Round after round the bell rings.  
A continuation of same.  
But still you don't give up.  
My silence must be deafening.  
For your face is completely red.

I choose my weapons carefully.  
You just don't bring a knife to a gun fight.  
The question is are the decision being made even right.  
Doesn't matter to me I don't have to live with that guilt.  
I am just the product of it.  
My wounds will heal.  
Will yours?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Giving Up On A Cold Night

In the morning you will wake.  
There is yet purpose and a reason for each breath you take.  
Even at loss of how to make the pain fade.  
Living life is still not a mistake.  
You will find water in the parching desert if you dig deep enough.  
Your most certainly are in the right when thinking its rough.  
But you must stay tough, for those you still love.  
Even if one of your doves has been lost.  
Even if it has come with a great cost.  
The only one that loses is the one never fights.  
Giving up before it becomes another cold night.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Giving Up The Gold.

Yes I'm perfectly fine, fine as a butterfly flapping in the summer breeze.  
Words to inspire and ignite fires.  
But I'm not pulling any teeth with pliers.  
No pain dealt.  
The fuzz of some pretty felt.  
A heart set in a glass too melt.  
Yes the book does burn.  
But is it hot enough?  
To satisfy, to quell, esteems upheld.  
Hearty ghost, mighty divine to roast.  
Cheer and jeers attached to empty toast,  
Is it a meaningless frost?  
Was there really no reason to be so cold?  
A fool and his gold.  
I am him.  
So take it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Go For What You Truly Desire(A Reponse To A Poem Titled: Repulsion)

For sometimes the love you think your looking for isn't what you truly desire.  
It never too late to change ones minds.  
Especially when the hearts involved.  
With a past relationship dissolved.  
One can finally move on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Going

Breaking it all down.  
Just look around.  
A life so quaint.  
A blotch of paint here and there.  
Painting a portrait out of thin air.  
Oh where did you come from?  
Where are you going?  
Without ever really knowing.  
Is this really how its gonna be.  
So hard to see.  
The glassed fogged by a change in temperature.  
Heat rising and falling.  
Emotions forever turning.  
Were just churning the same sickness over and over again.  
Oh where did you come from?  
Where are you going?  
Without ever really knowing.  
Walking among the shadows.  
A pact with devils.  
Toss everything aside.  
Take another, take a better ride.  
Follow the motion of the oceans tides.  
Eventually the chaos will subside.  
Then again I will ask,  
oh where did you come from?  
Where are you going?  
Without ever really knowing.  
Look at that. It has start snowing.  
Water crystallized and compromised.  
Green skies.  
A bitter wind grabs the skin.  
Being ripped within.  
I can already see the end.  
Every move that can and will be made.  
We are destinies slave.  
Oh so brave.  
But in a jaded sense.  
How can it benifit me.  
What a diease.

Another sneeze from a life deformity.  
Oh where did you come from?  
Where are you going?  
Without ever really knowing.  
Without ever really knowing.  
Going, going forever going.  
Do you have a map?  
Are you bound to a contract?  
Is there something you lack?  
Just what is it that got you moving in zig zag.  
Are you crossing the alps too just to get to other side.  
Is it another promise land in which we must all make our stand?  
Is it, is it, is it?  
Oh where did you come from?  
Where are you going?  
Without ever really knowing.  
Without ever really knowing.  
Going, I am going, going, gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Going Somewhere

I'm going blow you away. To all those who the think this is just another play, all I have to say is shut up or go away. I've been crawling. I've been slowly marching to a tune that keeps getting faster. I have created my share of disasters. So come on baby show me what you got. Who are the have and have nots. Just another spot on a page worn by age. Just crumble it up and throw it away. And lets just start over. A new beginning, the beginning. A unknown future i hold in my hands. And let me tell you i have plans. Whispers and suggestions hold all the power. And today its mine, all mine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Going To Sleep

Going to bed  
Resting my head  
To wake up once more to do something truly adore  
In this world I shall be one who explores  
Finding I do not know what  
But I must write it  
Tell the story of the here and now  
Be proud of who I am  
With name and a brand  
Becoming my own man  
Thank you all who been listening

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Going To The Polls

But how do you determine who deserves this dictator?  
All our citizens are not the same.  
Even as divided as this country is.  
Hate is not all we know.  
A misrepresentation by a select few.  
Public opinion has been skewed.  
Wishing, hoping, planing on voting the devil on out.  
Even if it's too late to count.  
Avoiding the mail ballot hes trying to destroy and going right to the polls.  
Even if it means getting sick.  
It worth it in long run.  
Intimidation won't work.  
I will not let him win, even if I'm the only one that realize all the horrible things  
he has already done.  
A puppet regime.  
A cult to the once great republican party.  
Corruption and lies is all he knows.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Gold Turned Into Dirt

Swallow a hot meal for one last time.  
For you don't know when you'll have your next.  
Generations so accustomed to having things handed to them.  
Not understanding the realities of limitations.  
What was their has now become barren.  
Is a luxury worth a wasteland?  
As wall street shows gold made into dirt never works.  
A bet against those who become the losers.  
A profit is to be made upon the starvation of entire families.  
Will that be where this greed eventually leads?  
Who will be sympathetic to those who take with out ever giving back?  
Lie, cheat, steal, to your way to the top.  
Then when rungs on the ladder start to break you want blame everyone but yourself.  
An exposure of the top shelf.  
Picture so deafening but yet nothing is done to change it.  
A threat to the human way of life.  
But it's okay because it has yet to effect me.  
Like a car or truck under maintained wait in till something breaks and it will have to paid.  
A debt unclaimed is definitely a dangerous game.  
Like musical chairs who knows where this will end up.  
On top of the shoulders of those who ignored this as undeserving as they may be.  
Fairness upon the lady liberty.  
Freedoms of the ignorant need not be as some would like to see it.  
If a fool is willing to take it, then what harm could it really do.  
A open invitation victimize as many as you can.  
It is not like anyone actually takes a stand.  
Not till now.  
As occupation it makes me proud.  
Yet still for the most part it is still covered in shroud.  
For if it don't exist they think it might just go away.  
A cloud upon sun shiny days.  
A shadow that hopefully marks the ending something not so great.  
The lack of coverage is definitely not something to celebrate.  
For it is all but a disgrace to our name as a country.  
Motto's long of the past.  
No values steadfast.

And still I hope and pray the stand being made lasts.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Goodbye Through The Written Word

My dear friend goodbye in a letter sealed away.  
Waiting to be open on that perfect day  
I left in a place you would find in time.  
So you didn't ask me to stay.  
I know your angry, but I have to do what's right for me.  
And it's not what you hear.  
It's not what I fear.  
It's not the reason I disappeared.  
Everything has a cost, with a gem lost, maybe someday it can be replaced.  
Climbing over a mountain in disgrace.  
Facing the bitter cold alone, and on my own.  
Seeds have been sewn, rocks have been thrown.  
A cross to bare.  
I dare not compare.  
For some roads I have not yet traveled.  
The devil has many faces, and just maybe ones behind this forsaken sunrise.  
So take off your disguise, I saw right through all your lies.  
I loved you all the same, but I just no longer could take the pain.  
I don't blame, it's not a game I play.  
Everything is gamble, and my life was in shambles.  
That was a different person back then.  
And I won't defend it, for I knew what I was in for.  
So I kind of lied too, but it was never to you, but instead to myself.  
But now I can see clearly.  
And that changes everything.  
We were assuring our mutual destruction.  
And leaving wasn't without some reluctance.  
So let my absence be a sign you need to move on.  
Let happiness once again fill your life.  
I will always miss that smile that I haven't seen years.  
Raindrops become my tears.  
And with the winds of a hurricane memories of you will be seared.  
Erased, escaped, another blank page where words used to describe how it felt to  
be so alive.  
But that fire has died, and the spark just no longer survives.  
We were just not right, no perfect endings tonight.  
Out of the darkness and into the light.  
Preparing for a world so bright.  
Putting my hand out for a guiding sign.

Knowing there will be no rewind.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Goodbye With A Black Rose

A piano plays in the background.  
And suddenly everything changes.  
In contact with another half hearted friend.  
No passion, no soul, why does everybody look for an in.  
This is game I never wanted play in the first place.  
And again I ask myself why I am so lonely.  
Trying to rid myself of such a desperate heart.  
Tie me too a bed post, whisper in my ear what you want most.  
Chasing ghosts.  
Well your too late, too late.  
The fire for you is already gone.  
Stolen under a midnight sky with a single kiss.  
What your offering is a good time, then a goodbye.  
Well I'm sorry that just doesn't satisfy.  
Oh no, I need love.  
Yes I need love.  
Not a sensual lust that will soon turn to dust.  
Emotionally raped, and raked over the coal's, no baby that's not for me.  
I got my eye's wide open and I can see what's beneath your skin.  
You don't turn me on.  
I would say I hate what you stand for, but it's the life you have chosen.  
And I only have the right to judge what's best for me.  
So here's a black rose and my letter.  
No regrets, living my life like a burning cigarette.  
And time is running out.  
So I must go on searching, go on wanting.  
Accepting others will never know how that feels.  
So numb, so they try to fake it.  
But a lie sewed no matter how good its intention will never take root in me.  
Either you love me or you don't.  
There is no middle ground, or grey area that I will accept.  
Package delivered, message recieved.  
This is the storm cloud that has been brought over me.  
Being an empath is so difficult, because everybody looks so naked below there  
false promises and words.  
Trying so hard not to cause pain, can drive one insane.  
I'm suprised you even remembered my name.  
But it wasn't because of the good times you did.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Great White Hope

Putting myself back in the game.  
for its time for change.  
Love in my heart is dead.  
and i need to feel it again.  
i need to know  
i have a friend under the shadow in which i walk.  
For I'm walking the walk of broken dreams.  
cut and torn up, but know something great is coming.  
or maybe that's the great white hope i believe in.  
well wishing is here, throw your coin in.  
Oh tell me what you wished for?  
was it for a cure, was it for the perfect happiness,  
was it for the end of all wars? oh just what was it for,  
mine was for love. some search their entire lives and never find it.  
i already had and lost it in one feel swoop.  
Its gone forever part past.  
A mistake, that still causes my heart to constantly ache.  
I'm a dreamer, I'm a redeemer,  
i will reclaim it even if not the same.  
No such thing as second chances.  
and for this I've never gave it a second.  
goodby is forever. i broke her heart now shes gone.  
she broke mine and now I'm gone.  
two separate roads that weave and  
turn but i don't expect well run into each other.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Growing From The Seed

But whom is to say how that seed will grow?  
A change with the bitterness and cold of times covered in snow.  
Who are we to judge how someone will be.  
It's not already chosen.  
Not even with the best intentions can fortune tellers always be right.  
For a prediction a lot of the time are based on intuition.  
The gut, the instinct baring.  
The soul glowing with aura that makes you believe one thing.  
It is as it is.  
With a closed minds we choose to accept it as the only possibility.  
But what of the other possibilities.  
Do they fizzle out because of our bias beliefs because of what we know?  
Knowledge is food we choose to eat, but do we feed others the same thing?  
Or do we let them choose for them selves?  
A spoon forcefully put in someone's mouth.  
Doesn't mean they will agree with it, or like it.  
They might just spit it back out.  
Yuk, your wrong the child says as he regurgitates it as if he is wiser then we are.  
And in some ways he might be.  
For he hasn't yet made many decisions, based on influence of others.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Growth

&lt;/&gt;An essence defined by a play on words.  
A metaphor defined as proper.  
The holy and bright.  
A guidance upon ones sight.  
Can we not see with out it.  
Are our voices silenced once it is gone.  
As in the grimly awful death.  
A collage sits upon this mess.  
In the right order one might have success.  
From one writing to the next.  
Forever stirred in portions large and small.  
An emotion splattered upon the page in all red.  
And as this rose grows, the green appears in the shape of a stem and thorn.  
It came out of no where.  
It was of the unborn.  
Below the earth eating reserves to escape towards the light.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Guiding Light Past All Limitations

Poets only limitation as all other writers is the imagination.

Can you play the role of youth?

Can you play the role of truth?

For we are all the actors in a very elaborate scene.

The question is how long are we here to stay?

Infinite are the possibilities of preventable circumstance.

Let the mind wonder.

Let rain pour and the sound thunder.

Echos of a tear drops reflection.

How many ways can you visualize a single guiding light.

Holding the candle high.

For all to see.

For all to believe in something.

Because anything is better than the void of nothing.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hail Storm

In this hail storm.  
Why am I always the last man standing.  
With each pellet I endure.  
Just make me numb.  
Just make me invincible.  
Just make me indestructible.  
While everyone runs for cover.  
I say here I am.  
Take me if you think you can.  
Bravery and foolishness go hand over hand.  
But someone must make a stand.  
If not me then who.  
Bottoms up.  
As I drink the last dropp from the cup.  
Its full courage  
Its full of hope.  
Its full of suffering.  
Its full of ignorance.  
Lesson yet to be learned.  
With a voice reaching out for me.  
Like a cold dead hand.  
You will know no happiness if you take this road.  
You will no love if you fly that way my dove.  
In the end their is no gold.  
I guess my soul can't be bought or so sold.  
Growing forever young.  
Permanently mentally dumb.  
Wish I would have took that god damn blue pill instead.  
Then I would be in another forever dream.  
One where my sense of right and wrong was completely gone.  
Where I could continuously hear my perfect song.  
Over and over it repeats.  
As does every last tragedy.  
I still can hear the screams of agony.  
They beckon me.  
Their calling for blind hero.  
Am I that man?  
Am I not that man?  
In all good questions comes some kind of contradiction.

I have this affliction.  
I need to tare myself apart.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Handicapped

Do I lean too hard upon this crutch?  
So dependent on it, that I'm helpless without it?  
Truth be told I don't know, and won't till I let it go.  
A fall of fear.  
Oh dear who will catch me when I'm all alone.  
Pushing buttons on the phone.  
'911 what is the emergency.'  
I lay on the floor bones broken and ego bruised.  
'What's your name and address? '  
I don't deserve a name or place I can call home.  
Not after this.  
'But sir, we will trace this call and find out exactly who and where you are.'  
'Just hold on.'  
Click, and I'm gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hansel And Gretel Syndrome

Why do we ignore the homeless?

Why do we feel we must be indifferent towards him?

We have this need to be indifferent towards everyone.

Our belief that it is just not our problem.

How do you bring such a message to our homes.

A big reality check.

Some must suffer before they will feel such a revelation.

Others have always known the importance of help those less fortunate.

Not as a charity that wins you an award.

Not as pity.

Feeling sorry for someone does nothing to help in their plight.

But because you actually care about another human being.

No matter their culture or race.

The satisfactory of grace.

A enlightenment of actions unknown by most.

We are living like ghosts.

We feel nothing, but a numbness.

We prefer to dull or dilute the pain.

Let the skies be dark and let it not rain.

A compensation so we don't go insane.

A sacrifice in vain.

With familiarities gone.

We are but as Hansel and Gretel, children lost in a big forest knowing not what evils might lurk.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Hansel And Gretel Syndrome Part2(In Reponse To Comment.)

Communism is not the solution.

But neither is capitalism

They are equally flawed.

A good leader of man, is one who is also equal of them.

One willing to get right in the trenches with them.

Many in this country have their own private jets out of both greed and fear.

Not many have ever really worked in their life.

At least not the way I have or do.

Barely making it time after time eats at you.

I know that is judgmental, and I shouldn't say such things.

But capitalism is the rise of the business, not the workers.

All are not equal in trade, when it comes to money that can be made.

Some are so desperately needed and still so underpaid.

The minimum wage slave.

While others which are not necessarily needed for society to function and are robbing us blind.

And we call that a level playing field?

Tell me now who has drunk all the wine?

With crossed eyes the rules have been written and defined.

It is the corruption of the heart and mind.

Again I say we are as Hansel and Gretel, children lost in a very big forest knowing not what evils might lurk.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Happily Satisfied

Throwing the bottle into the river.

Getting drunk.

Never do I drink alone.

Never do I drink alone.

For a good time, is one that calms both the body and mind.

Derived pleasures not out of anger.

Why would we ever need to.

Being happy with you have, not envying what you do not.

Leave that to others.

There more then enough.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Haunting Voice

A voice echos inside of me.  
What would he do.  
Creating a picture that will last a thousand years.  
Burning the flag that holds all the old fears.  
Asking the ungodly of questions like am I measuring up.

A voice echos inside of me.  
What would he do.  
Playing a star wars character in an infinite galaxy.  
How bitter is the reality now the your gone.  
The fire too my dawn.  
Another brother in arms.  
Why does it I'm being burnt alive by napalm  
Oh how I miss you.

A voice, such a haunting voice.  
So many images flashing on through.  
And video is still rolling.  
Like you never left.  
Like you standing right next to me.  
Giving me all encouraging words.  
Making me laugh when no one should.  
Getting down and dirty.  
Wallowing in mud with me.  
Never a step above me.  
How do explain, how you were keeping sane.

And the voice echos.  
What would he do.

And the voice echos.  
Oh what would he do.  
If I only knew.  
Roles in reverse.  
A tear shed that can never be rehearsed.  
So sudden is the outburst.  
Blubbering in foriegn language that only makes sense to me.  
Screaming his name over and over again.  
I was family, I was a freind, and now that has come to end.

A bitter pill to swallow.

And the voice echos.

What would he do?

Oh what would he do?

If only I knew.

Only If I knew...

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Have A Drink

A swig from the bottle. Just swallow. Get everything spinning. Such good times we are living. A abrasion the skin. A burning sensation. Make a living just to give it away. Day by day. Ignore the rage. Just jump on stage. tell your story. hammer the notes down. Tap and pound the drums into the ground. No need to worry. A swig from the bottle. Just swallow. Get everything spinning. Such good times we are living. Remembering the forgotten. Trying to bury the dead and rotten. Make their souls disappear. Fear upon fear. Ignore the rage. Just jump on stage. Tell your story. Hammer the notes down. Tap and pound the drums into the ground. No need to worry. A swig from the bottle. Just swallow. Get everything spinning. Such good times we are living. Party till the end of dawn. Party till your dead gone. Enjoy the poison. Season after season. Ignore the rage. Just jump on stage. Tell your story. Hammer those notes down. Tap and pound the drums into the ground. No need to worry. No need to worry. A swig from the bottle and just swallow. Just swallow, damn it just swallow..

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Have I Made You Proud? (Revised And Final) ~story About My Real Sister

My older sister  
Smart she was  
She excelled where I failed  
English was her very great love.  
Always correcting my mistakes  
When she lived among us.  
She ending up leaving in handcuffs  
Being a runaway because you don't care for your family.

Adopted by an Aunt Named Cruelia  
Every time I saw her my face turned to a pale yellow.  
Never allowing a kid to be a kid.  
Stealing the money my sister made  
Making her both a slave in heart and the mined.  
Upon 18 she was free.  
She dropped out of high school  
Just to get away.  
An evil charade  
It was over.

She told me at one time that she would go back and get her g.e.d. if I did mine.  
I'm here to tell you my older sister I got it, now where's yours.  
You think I got talent  
I pale in comparison to her.  
Always grammatically correct  
Every word written so perfect.  
She makes some authors look like chumps.  
But she gave up.  
Living by other mens proceeds.  
Is the way it is now  
With two children you have  
I have to ask you my older sister  
Have I made you proud?

We don't talk no more  
You slept with my best friend  
His name being Arrogance

You left in a family dispute  
With a dog I could never call my own  
With cats set free  
Good luck to them so it be  
Bills unpaid  
Debt enslaved  
False claims too blame  
Anyone but yourself  
Come with me you said, I'll give you a place with my friend  
Well how did that work out in the end  
A built in babysitter  
Your ex-husband trained you well  
I'm sorry my sister but that is not my hell

We were a pair  
Who worked out of pure despair  
Watch the kids, and cut down the trees  
For a living must be made, even in happiest parade  
I thank you for everything  
But don't expect me to call on you  
For if I'm in trouble  
I'll face it alone  
Rather than being a slave to the unknown.  
A sister who knows no love  
With this shelter you offered from above  
An unorganized mess  
I'm making progress  
Slowly conforming to what this society desires from me  
So again  
Have I made you proud?

You speak of my job as if wasn't one at all  
You try to get your boyfriend in by betraying and robbing me  
I do have dignity.  
I'll turn away  
But remember I still love you  
Even with indifference that surrounds me  
My last thought will of you and others  
Tear drops fall when think of all you have done  
And what you become  
So again  
Have I made you proud?

You are jealous  
And I don't know even why  
With so many questions I look to the sky  
My relationship with my mother  
You want it  
But how can I give somebody else that?  
If I could if I would  
But it just not the way of things  
We have our fights just like everybody else  
I think your being a little selfish  
But still I ask  
Have I made you proud?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Have You Made Your Choice?

Richness can be of monetary wealth.

But it also can be something so much more precious such as family and friends.

How we treat people will define us in the end.

What we've accomplished might sit second chair.

And how much you had who really cares.

What did you do with it is of much more of importance.

Look at the reflection of death and tell me what you see.

A good soul or a demon.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# He Marches On

Focus now.  
Focus now.  
Where are we going.  
So lost again.  
Each idea sits one by one.  
Which is right.  
Which is wrong.  
Especially with a head so gone.  
Drained and dry.  
Then again the source comes alive.  
These' a cop and there's a bribe.  
Shake hands when the dirty deal is done.  
How can you do that?  
Property still intact.  
Torn up and converted.  
An invisible object that has no meaning.  
An broken agreement.  
A pack with a devil.  
And he marches on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# He Will Never Leave Me Alone

Flying higher and higher  
Trying to tear down my sails  
But let me tell you, you will fail.  
With everything I have I'm still holding on  
I'm not scared, but I just don't know if I'm that strong.

This is my home  
Every night  
Every day  
So just walk the other way  
I will not welcome you in with open arms

Flying higher and higher  
Trying to tear down my sails  
But let me tell you, you will fail.  
With everything I have I'm still holding on  
I'm not scared, but I just don't know if I'm that strong.

You have lied to me yet again  
I tell you right now, I just don't want hear it anymore  
So sick of it, and you.  
I will no longer be used.  
I don't care what you do.

Flying higher and higher  
Trying to tear down my sails  
But let me tell you, you will fail.  
With everything I have I'm still holding on  
I'm not scared, but I just don't know if I'm that strong.

Spread your rumors  
Tell them with the thickness of all your fairy tales  
My girl friend broke up with me because of them.  
So what else can you do man.  
Humiliation just goes so far.

Flying higher and higher  
Trying to tear down my sails  
But let me tell you, you will fail.

With everything I have I'm still holding on  
I'm not scared, but I just don't know if I'm that strong.

You dead and gone to me.  
All you did out of jealousy.  
Why because I don't have to lie to her.  
Why because I don't have to cheat.  
A breach of integrity

Flying higher and higher  
Trying to tear down my sails  
But let me tell you, you will fail.  
With everything I have I'm still holding on  
I'm not scared, but I just don't know if I'm that strong.

A fault not being my own  
I claim nothing of it  
It's all in your hands now  
You wanted it, well I told her everything  
Dirty secrets, exposed like another hoe

Flying higher and higher  
Trying to tear down my sails  
But let me tell you, you will fail.  
With everything I have I'm still holding on  
I'm not scared, but I just don't know if I'm that strong.

I will have no pity, no mercy  
How dare you bring it here.  
Like I ever considered you friend  
I only came to your defense  
Because of an unavoidable pretense

Flying higher and higher  
Trying to tear down my sails  
But let me tell you, you will fail.  
With everything I have I'm still holding on  
I'm not scared, but I just don't know if I'm that strong.

Better to learn quick  
Cause there will be no extra seconds  
I do not shelter your kind

Not after everything that has been said and done  
You won, so just leave me alone.

Flying higher and higher  
Trying to tear down my sails  
But let me tell you, you will fail.  
With everything I have I'm still holding on  
I'm not scared, but I just don't know if I'm that strong.

God damn't I just can't away from you.  
You give chase where ever I go.  
What do you have left to prove  
It was your choice, you got to choose  
And now you blame me  
I'm sorry but that just another impossibility

Flying higher and higher  
Trying to tear down my sails  
But let me tell you, you will fail.  
With everything I have I'm still holding on  
I'm not scared, but I just don't know if I'm that strong.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hearing The Bells Of A Nearly Scuttled Ship

A trickle that stops.  
Maybe it has become blocked.  
A clog in the wheels that our suppose always spin.  
Time to get out the grease again.  
A little maintenance, a little time and just maybe everything is brought back to this normality.  
What is it we are trying facilitate by ignoring the problem?  
Substitution that becomes diluted.  
Watered down and useless.  
The mistake we made was leaving you in charge.  
A set of standards to adhere to they're now gone.  
Forever we sail into the burning fire.  
How close is it that you think we can get.  
A burn on the skin has been done in such a way.  
It will take years to heal.  
Decision of the best and brightest so they say.  
Breaking into a pattern thought to be in the past to be forever sealed.  
Illusions of what we think is real.  
Promises written on a single paper.  
I can hear the sounds of the shredder.  
The ship has been boarded and taken over.  
Sometimes we have endure the time of pirates.  
They can only steal so much.  
Time to scuttle it.  
Let it sink while one life boat is made available.  
For the privileged.  
A special class, that sits very high up on the shelf.  
But as it floats away trust me, we will be okay.  
Better off anyway, the fix is in.  
Grab some boards hammers and nails.  
The leak is no more.  
Take aim, we will have our revenge.  
Cannon balls fly, a blitz upon a darken night sky.  
Destruction of a select few is what seems right.  
The peoples justice isn't defined by this moment.  
The rashness of freedom is a bell that must ring.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Heart Of Gold

When it is a heart of gold.  
In this story happiness unfolds.  
A gift has been given.  
The wise man says just take it.  
Just take it.  
Don't ask why.  
For it could go back up to the sky.

In a world where darkness comes up with the sunrise.  
We have all made a compromise to survive.  
Living a lie, with a single tear dropp in our eyes.  
It turns in to many.  
A plenty.  
Where we have surrendered our greatest beliefs.  
A sacrifice of the soul.  
We are all losing control.

When it is a heart of gold.  
In this story happiness unfolds.  
A gift has been given.  
The wise man says just take it.  
Just take it.  
Don't ask why.  
For it could go back up to the sky.

I never thought anybody could bring me back from the edge.  
My spirit is going to soar.  
I'm looking for the double edge sword.  
Expecting to die by it with a roar.  
I thought I would have angered the beast who dwells in the fires.  
But he never appears.  
Instead suddenly all I see is good tidings.  
It is the horse I want to be riding.

When it is a heart of gold.  
In this story happiness unfolds.  
A gift has been given.  
The wise man says just take it.  
Just take it.

Don't ask why.  
For it could go back up to the sky.

Who are you?  
Why are you helping me?  
Where does all this love towards fellow man come from?  
I'm a friend.  
I do this because I can.  
It's not easy to understand, when they are no demands.  
An angel has whispered upon my ear again.  
Speaking of the knight in white armour.  
Saying when he comes.  
All pure souls will be undone, released and gone.

When it is a heart of gold.  
In this story happiness unfolds.  
A gift has been given.  
The wise man says just take it.  
Just take it.  
Don't ask why.  
For it could go back up to the sky.

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In this story happiness unfolds.  
A gift has been given.  
The wise man says just take it.  
Just take it.  
Don't ask why.  
For it could go back up to the sky.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Heartless Intentions

Tears of joy.  
Tears of anguish.  
Why are those who are suffering the most the happiest?  
Brittle bones with a heart of stone.  
The strength in not being alone.  
A world between us.  
A world that painstakingly divides us.  
Into little sections.  
Under the knife.  
Here comes the dissection.  
And we call this progression.  
What a life.  
An unending abyss.  
Where hallucinations are common place.  
Feeling the illusion of disgrace and heart break.  
Needless breaths do escape.  
Into the open calmness.  
Words of barbed knots.  
Twisted and shot.  
Sounds that forever cackle into abetting ears.  
Wishes, wants, needs, dreams, continuously cut down by a dull pair of shears.  
The pain to adhere.  
Precious is not precious enough.  
A comparison from the outside looking in.  
Wearing fogged glasses and now there is no way of taking them off.  
The overwhelming influence of a majority.  
Becoming a minority.  
Invisible to almost all.  
Just spectacular.  
The disintegrating comet.  
Burning away until there is just nothing left.  
The mind becomes so absent.  
Gone, abandon for the fickle things.  
Temporary at best.  
The clouds in which we decide our head should rest.  
They call this calamity a permanent success.  
Shock therapy upon all dissent.  
Extreme conditioning.  
Ignore all the failed attempts.



It's a repetitive process in which insanity reigns supreme.  
A claim to thrones of new born kings.  
Not by rising up, but crawling to the ground.  
On your hands and knees.  
Conformity indeed.  
An unconscious belief.  
Will it forever stay dormant and deceased.  
The awakening of the angry and quite violent beast.  
This competitive behavior can't be easily quelled.  
It is part of a cruel and unbiased nature.  
The belief that our very survival is dependent upon the destruction of those who  
we believe stand in the way.  
We could go around but it just takes too much time.  
And in our thoughts of the shortness we have already waste too much.  
The heart screams wait, and the head continue to tell it shut up and we will get  
what we want.  
Feeding which wolf with what intentions?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hello Again

Hello again, my dear bestest friend.  
Oh where oh where do I begin.  
We are living in a time of pretenders.  
Wanna be defenders.  
Players and instigators.  
Haters and complainers.  
Just to fit in.

Hello again my dearest friend.  
Oh where oh where do begin.  
Being so forthright in such hard times.  
Is where I find my clarity and deveristy.  
Yes I'm fine. I just got a lot on my mind.  
I'm facing a great adversary.  
Give me another bloody marry.  
So much manipulation of such a tiny constellation.  
Its my world please don't.  
Its my world please you shouldn't.  
You'll ruin it all.

Hello again my dearest friend.  
Where oh where do I begin.  
So many fond memories that lead to strange eventualities.  
Surprise surprise.  
The sky has been compromised.  
By a blood red sun rise.  
Oh how it hurts the eyes.  
Images of suicide.  
It swallows the whole divide.  
A loss of so much pride.  
As a little of you dies inside.  
Hello hello my dearest friend.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Helping A Stranger

It's not like baseball.

I will not take a side or join a team.

We are all part of each others life.

We are a community, we are a species that could not survive without each other.

So pick your battles, make your line that is not to be crossed.

And I'll cross, not for a fight but for a friend.

It is my right to help you as much them.

In all things equal and fair till the very end.

Even if I'm not given the same common curtsy.

It is not and eye for eye but instead a give and take.

Your generosity might not be rewarded today or tomorrow.

But someday you might need help from that stranger and he will remember your name.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Her Open Relationship

You sleep with her.  
She sleeps with him.  
Together you live.  
With a child bared.  
Fight about what each other did.  
Only to make it up at night.  
You won't even take care of your own kid.  
Not a single once of trust left alone with him.  
Yet she doesn't care.  
She works and sends the kid to family.  
Thinking your crazy.  
I know something she does not.  
Another lie.  
You never worked a day in you life.  
Yet she doesn't care.  
You blame it on a criminal record.  
Yet she doesn't care.  
Like a mother she needs someone to take care of.  
You do drugs, and steal her savings for the child to pay for it.  
Her revenge is humiliation of it in public.  
Bare no false witness some would say.  
Still together as you always were  
Still together as you always will be.  
No matter what she still loves you.  
This is her open relationship.

I know this personally, for I told her the truth and she hated me for it.  
I pulled her wool off her eyes as he was trying to get with three girls at the same time.  
Still she doesn't care.  
One was at my house waiting for him.  
Such is the power of love so blind.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Her Portrait

Im painting another portrait. Look at her just look at her. Shes what you made. How do you justify it. Well let me be her angel of darkness. Let me take away all her pain and absorb it into me. I'm a sinner and saint. Im the equilibrium that holds every thing together. I watched many suffer. That when they are the strongest they are ever gonna be. I'm painting another portrait. Look at her just look at her. Shes everything you are not. Are you feeling jealous of what shes got. The ability to heal. The ability shield those under her. Let me be her angel of darkness. Let me take away all her pain and absorb it into me. Let me make her sane. Children are lost as love fades. Revenge leaves so many scars. Families torn apart for justification. Just make it okay. Just make it okay and make it go away. I'm painting another portrait. Just look at her. Just look at her. Such pretty eyes in which evil hides. Pictures of slaughter. It was her three year old daughter. Let me be her angel of darkness.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Her Sparkling Eyes

Fire light sparkles over her eyes. So many questions. So much uncertainty with every wound made I bleed more. Please heal me. Remove that which is sickly and weak. Be my savior cause only you truly can. Prayers be with us all. I'm a man just trying survive in very desperate times. Fire light sparkles in her eyes. Words of conviction with a resolution. For I need a conclusion. No more illusions. Disembodied with a spell. A pure soul at the finest moment. All I want is to touch it, breath it, be part of it. From the anguish of misery, to the glee from every ounce of happiness. Fire light sparkle over her eyes. I watch from a safe distance. In an aspect unknown to most. Help without any credence. But still its not enough. This is absolutely torturous. I can't change minds no more then the tides. I just can't take it anymore. Its crippling. Firelight sparkle over her eyes. Its a friend, its jealousy, its a crush all rolled into one. Its rejection, its ignorance, it all the pain rolled into one. Hello and goodbye with tears running down my cheek. And still I can't deny her a friend. Please let this chaos end. For my soul needs a chance to mend. Because right now I am nothing but emptiness.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Here To Share

Exhale in a eureka.

I got it this time Hmm, hmm,

what to say in this dismay,

as a cascade of words come spinning to me?

Climb up only to fall down the tree.

Why in all the human needs do we desire attention?

Some things I rather not mention.

I think I'm reinventing this, words that shouldn't exist, or come to me with an awe struck fatality.

Hey look their is someone who died.

What are we to surmise?

He was battling the skies

He was conquering the heavens with simple words.

Not those of the absurd.

Some people just don't get it.

Talk to teach, not preach.

Don't demand understanding.

As if your better then others.

It's about relating to the people.

What are they going through in their lives.

You have to be as one of the people.

Marching up in a deep voice.

Say hey pay attention, I'm right their with you.

In moment so cold, I'm here to tell you are not alone.

I suffer.

I endure.

I overcome.

With these words let this be done.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Here's The Antidote

Oh I got the antidote.  
Oh how bad do you need it?  
Would you still be willing to eat it, if told you.  
Oh if I only told you..  
Here comes the invitation into darkness.  
A madness with ears ringing to the point of bleeding.  
A heart still sinking.  
A sudden complication and so slows the breathing.  
Oh I got the antidote.  
Oh only if you'd be willing to take it..  
Oh I got the antidote.  
But only if you don't fake it.  
My love taking it nice and slow.  
Oh how far are you willing to go.  
The depths of eyes through which emotions that just don't show.  
Fairytale do sometimes come true, it all depends on what your willing to do and go through.  
Words stuck on repeat.  
Oh I got the antidote.  
So how bad do want it?  
Don't you know it's free.  
Oh I got the antidote.  
A cure to a sometimes very painful disease.  
A twisted love sick cripple.  
Here the cane I walk on.  
It allows me float above the clouds.  
It removes the faceless shroud.  
It breaks through the mirror of doubt.  
It silence's all screams and shouts.  
Oh I got the antidote.  
A hypnotic path to the sweetest of dreams.  
So tell me how bad do you want it?  
Oh how bad do you really want it?  
Oh baby do you really want it.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Heres To You

Here's to you.  
Here's to you.  
Here's to what you do.  
Here's to what you shall never put me through.  
Here it comes.  
Are you ready?  
Are your hands steady?  
Can you look my way without looking to the ground?  
Feelings of pity we have them both.  
But I can overcome it.  
Like all the others you'll never be anything more to me.  
There's no sincerity in the games you guys play.  
Mean what you say, or don't say it.  
Your not a player.  
I won't be another fools hero.  
I'd rather be a zero.  
Then be a slave to the wisp of a women scorn.  
I'll shed only tears for whats real.  
Let it not be of a suggestion, of that's which is no longer a temptation.  
Crazy life is with the occasional twist.  
It's like one those misshaped mirrors.  
Your fat your skinny anything but you really wanted to be.  
But this is okay.  
Because this day has ended with a bang a new one shall begin.  
So here's to you.  
Here's to you.  
Here's to you and what you shall never put me through.  
A cheers to something already long gone.  
I never question whether I was wrong.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# He's Got An Addiction I Can'T Cure

I will hold my ground.  
I will not make one complaint or sound.  
Relinquish the control.  
Dieing slowly all alone.  
A personal endeavor.  
Acting out as a fool would only do.  
With expectations running out so quickly.  
What will you do now?  
What will you do now?  
That you have pushed me away for the bottle.  
For just one more swallow.  
Angry and miserable and nobody to hate but yourself.  
Regret is easily forgotten with another reaching of what is on top of that shelf.  
I pick you up only to watch fall right back down.  
You take a swing at me and I just walk the other way.  
I'll see you on a very sobering day.  
I know you are waiting on and wanting the company.  
But not when you hate, not when your slurred words are nothing but pure  
venom.  
So say it again I hope your happy.  
I never took a damn thing from you that was not given freely.  
Let god be the true judge.  
Say it with me all will be forgiven.  
But even at that the thoughts of what I know still it crosses my mind.  
Things won't change.  
Once an addict always addict.  
A promise that is but an impossibility to keep.  
Oh but I swear.  
A repetition of a constant repair.  
But this time you just cant fix it.  
This time I won't just forget it.  
This time is not like all the times before.  
Your second chance came and went.  
And now I only see what is relevant to the here and now.  
I hope you are proud.  
Let the guilt eat at your soul.  
For I regret nothing.  
The only mistake was not doing it sooner.  
Trust is not as easily given to those who betray no matter the reason.

No matter how good the flavor or season.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# He's Tied Up In The Trunk

An obligation to protect.  
It is something he will regret.  
Here's the rope just tie him up and leave him in the trunk.  
I'm tired of hear him blather on and on.  
This caged birds song shall never again be heard.  
Yet alone see the daylight.  
We've got to move fast for the cops will after us.  
He's one of them an undercover detective.  
Our mistake will be our gain.  
We didn't know, but now we do.  
So we can't kill him.  
But make sure he's found in just enough time.  
Barely breathing but alive.  
It gives a very limited window to get out of dodge.  
Or we will have to feed hydrate and give him some air.  
This will risk exposure and our chance getting caught goes up.  
But, But what?  
Just shut up we're on the clock so lets go, go, go! ! !

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hesitation

I say again pick you poison.  
Either lose her or her.  
The fork in the road is so uneven.  
Filled full of so many disguises.  
Why can't I see this through.  
A beautiful let down is over due.  
Oh so which Cinderella fits this shoe.  
Why can't they both be true.  
A lie sits in my heart.  
I don't know where it leads.  
Or how to even to try to proceed.  
I heard of the saying theirs plenty of fish in the sea.  
But how do you pick one over another when their both great lovers.  
Matches made in heaven.  
And then the clock strikes eleven.  
And unlike in the fairy tales.  
I don't got another hour.  
Anytime now I'll lose them both.  
For I can't be two poeple at the same place.  
Such is a dishearten chase where the stakes were so high.  
At the end sits the prize.  
Not a double cheat.  
Not full of deceit but instead uncertainty.  
A now I must make a phone call and choose.  
I'm sorry but someone has to always lose.  
If not me then its you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hey There

Hey there little boy.  
Hey there little girl.  
Hey there my dear miss  
Hey there my good sir.  
Hey there to everybody in the world.

It's so easy to say.  
To communicate this way.  
The proud and elegant speech.  
How many can it reach.  
What can it possibly teach.

Hey there little girl.  
Hey there little boy.  
Hey there my dear miss.  
Hey there my good sir.  
Hey there to the entire world.

Now tell me does it fall on deaf ears.  
Do we only shed empty tears.  
Do we resist the urge to respond only out fear.  
Or is there something more.  
Something down deep.  
Seated right before me in your soul.

Hey there little girl.  
Hey there little boy.  
Hey there my dear miss.  
Hey there my good sir.  
Hey there to the entire world.

After all we are all the same.  
Made up of nothing but blood and skin.  
Our emotions range from within.  
But ultimately we all just want to know we are not alone.  
Someone out there is just like me.

Hey there little girl.  
Hey there little boy.

Hey there my dear miss.  
Hey there my good sir.  
Hey there to the entire world.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hey, Hey, When My Golden Bird Fails

When my golden bird fails.  
Hail oh hail.  
The storms coming in.  
Tear down the sail.  
There so frail.  
Dreams turn into dust before your eyes.  
You must compromise.  
Between heaven and hell.  
Listen I think I hear church bells.

But hey hey.  
When my golden bird fails.  
There will be more deals.  
Still I will prevail.  
The thoughts in my head have gotten stale.  
I think I need to steal.  
Oh the adrenaline I feel.  
I'm on my knees.  
I stand then kneel.  
As if there might be something of a higher power out there.  
But I shall not compare.  
I wear soul on the outside never looking in.

But hey hey.  
When my golden bird fails.  
I shall exhale.  
I shall come out of my shell.  
Show you my power.  
It's my dying hour.  
But my mind has goes sour.  
Tweak it a little.  
Take another pill.  
So you don't lye awake for goodness sake.

All when my golden bird fails.  
All all all when  
but hey hey  
when my golden bird fails.



## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hidden Hero

Please leave me in the dark.  
For invisibility leaves not the same rules or heart.  
Abiding by ethics all my own.  
Let the hero stay hidden.  
Greater deeds can be done.  
A shadows walks more quickly.  
With no cape to hold him back.  
No judgments accept his own in faceless acts.  
No pain or pleasure in what he does.  
The greater good is a silent dream.  
Digging a shallow grave to be both someday buried and remembered.  
But no not now.  
Time needs not to be proud upon the vanity's succulent pale blue lips.  
Some times it is better to be careful who you kiss.  
Sympathetic, but without consequence of the here and now.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hidden Motivation

A hidden motivation arise out of thin air.  
Was it always there.  
A hidden veil of secrets.  
The cloak and dagger kind in nature.  
A face with no features.  
Rough is the skin we are wearing.  
Not to be easily penetrated by just anyone.  
It takes a certain amount of trust.  
An invasion through looking eyes.  
What are they searching for?  
How could I ever reveal my something more?  
Just enough kindling to light the fire.  
Coming close just to be warm.  
A cold touch becomes to much.  
Trying to hide my face.  
Somethings I just don't want you to see.  
A darkness deprived.  
It feels so suffocating.  
I want to speak but nothing comes out.  
I can hear you say in your head how aggravating.  
How do I break through these walls he has built.  
So sturdy and strong, hold in the pain so far gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# His Everything

If one can't laugh at their own faults their is most certainly something wrong.  
Keeping yourself from reaching the boiling point.  
Oh how does one hold on to such virtues.  
With wings he flies.  
Painting a portrait of the skies.  
Trying explain it all though his eyes.  
And sometimes people still people don't understand he does not desire attention.  
He is just trying ease his pain, his suffering, his everything.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# His Last Breath

Oh the blood drips.  
Oh the blood pools.  
How did we get here?  
How it come to this?  
A little game of pick your poison.  
Is it wrong to say I like the way this one taste.  
A sickness to embrace.  
Why does it feel like I'm hugging the tree that has stabbed me.  
Oh adrenaline how it gives me so many thrills.  
Dying every single day, just another marker in an empty grave.  
It's always calling me to stay.  
It's always hoping I have finally lost my way.  
Just give in.  
Absolute surrender.  
Mind, body, and soul.  
I'm shaking.  
These chills are making me lose all control.  
Playing a game of 8 ball pool.  
One final scratch.  
My lips getting really blue with this batch.  
Oh the desires they hatch.  
A dreamed reality, a science fiction addiction.  
A premonition through the flames.  
A lose cannon going a little more insane.  
Is there any regrets, as the lights final dimming hasn't come yet.  
Stuck inside a projection wheel still waiting for someone to push that button.  
Just one more time.  
Meeting the eyes of the divine.  
A glowing whiteness that make everything feel fine.  
The final breath.  
A mere whisper compared to the rest.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# His Last Moments

A stone skipped across the water.  
The memories spread across this lake.  
Tears of joy stuck in moments of laughter.  
Living life like a firecracker.  
Yeah he's back.  
Strike a match and just watch waiting in so much anticipation.  
But guess what he's changed.  
He's not that same man searching for his claim to fame.  
The dying tree is giving birth to it's very last seed.  
Reaching out seeking to touch the sun before he dies.  
And it is everything, the most important moment for him.  
Living like a shell with no soul.  
Some last words then it's time to go.  
Energy disaptes.  
The wood ignites, and the reminates of ash blows away.  
Gone with a flickering of light.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# His Mystical Powers

Go ahead bite me.  
All that you will taste is flesh blood and skin.  
I am human as human can be.  
I'm no demon underneath.  
And I beseech you to stop acting so.  
Hey look it's the alien from out space.  
In all his glory.  
In all his disgrace.  
His mystical powers we can devour by the hour.  
I feel like a mix of sweet and sour sauce.  
I'm frequently accosted like freak not of this world.  
A dabble in all the paints look at all the colors as they swirl.  
It is a pearl by any other name.  
A unique flaw that can never be of the same.  
So the comparison that is made will just never due.  
Deny it, but I still hear you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Holding Hands With The Devil

You made the rope you're expected to hang yourself with.  
Now as you try to squirm and twist yourself out of it.  
Let me ask do you regret it?  
Did you live the good life if only for a very short time?  
Money to destroy.  
Money to control.

Oh in this god forsaken world.  
So many treasure troves buried deep within the sand.  
All one has to do is dig.  
But it would go so much faster with the right tools.  
How about I loan them too you.  
A debt can always be repaid.  
Come on man what do you say?

Holding hands with the devil.  
He says lets go play.  
You say okay.  
He says follow me this way.  
Let me show all the reason why you shouldn't pray.  
An end to all your suffering but it is only for you.  
Once the choice has been made their will be no turning back.  
For god abandons those who abandon him.  
So lets live in this pleasure of sin.

Are you strong enough to say no?  
Are you strong enough to say I won't go?  
A temptation forever in your face.  
The forbidding fruit has a sweet taste.

It is the empty escape.  
Feel nothing, do nothing, be nothing.  
Completely oblivious.  
Why would you ever want to know?  
As all the knowledge will bare the human pain.  
Don't pay attention to me for you're right I am completely insane.  
As much as evil has no definite name.  
Constantly changing and conforming to its environment.



It is the chameleon.  
It must blend in.  
Never to be discovered.  
Buried deep within the sand.  
Will you be the one to dig it up?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hole In The Ground

When you and I are homeless and on the streets you'll know why.  
Thank you fat cat's dressed in such fancy suits for showing us what real suffering  
is like.  
Can we have some more?  
How about a kick on the way out the door?  
Wow I implore your greedy effort to humiliate and destroy.  
Tell others you were the forecasters of our doom.  
When in all truths of the matters.  
You created the gloom.  
Cast a shadow over everything.  
Made it our faults for not listening to you.  
When in truth we had no choice in the current fiscal situation.  
What a revelation.  
To blame the ones who work that they don't spend enough.  
Then take their jobs and homes.  
How do you sleep at night.  
How much comfort does that much greed really bring.  
How am I suppose to pay my constantly rising bill for my lights.  
Oh that's right no need to worry about it with no house.  
I'll become a rabbit and dig a hole and live in the ground.  
Come get me when some senses are found.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Hollow Be Thy Poets Name

when they speak of monster that is me  
in every metaphor as they speak  
an ugly monster with a beautiful of soul  
angry ashamed and in love all at the same time  
knowing not what to do  
I'm so confused  
I've have heard the saying 'what do have you lose'  
But do you know how deep I bury this?  
It's kept under lock and key constantly  
Like one of my deepest darkest secrets  
If only I could shed this layer skin  
Then I could be that real man you've always wanted  
So I go on wanting and forever hurting  
In my poems converting every feeling into faces and places  
Everyone is about you in someway  
Yeah pieces of you lie everywhere  
Yeah even still I care  
Hollow be thy poets name

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Hollow Bullet

The hollow bullet pierces the skin  
Something dies within.  
The angel of mercy will not visit here today.  
Thoughts of prayer go out without a doubt.  
But they go unheard as the children are gathered together and butchered.  
Execution style.  
The rape of the women occurs as their husbands watch.  
Oh so powerless.  
Finally the men are beheaded.  
Horrible acts that no one wants to admit happen or have ever bare witness too.  
A gas chamber in the mind.  
It is so suffocating.  
One can no longer breath.  
Once seen a man can no longer be the same.  
So much shame bottled up inside.  
How can one swallow so much of the pride?  
The existence of ones soul subsides.  
What was once their is no more.  
Can you see this man's blank stare?  
When you look straight into the devils eyes he can devour you.  
He can eat you alive.  
To understand you must meet one who survived.  
Not many now.  
Most dead and gone.  
And sometimes I believe that is for the best.  
Finally they have found rest.  
Death relieves their unrest.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# How About You?

Trying to move you with the simplest words  
But I know I can not.  
Trying to describe every sound, sight, emotion.  
But I know I can not.

Perfecting the moment.  
Dragging you in kicking and screaming if I must.  
Showing the human side of me.

No not the monster your use to seeing.  
No not on some foreign oasis.  
Right here in a place I call home.  
Trying to break apart from the loneliness I feel.  
Trying to make it not so real.

Distancing my self from the raging tempers.  
Distancing my self that which is the pain inside me.  
When painting with these pastels, why is it I don't feel any better?  
Like an unwritten letter, I can't stop.  
For some reason that can't explain I must keep writing.  
Is it a sign I'm still fighting with these demons within?  
In the end will I ever beat them?  
Or sign my surrender on these dotted lines?

To know is everything to me.  
And I just don't.  
An answer to the secret of yesterday is not today.  
Whispers that keep moving farther and farther away.  
Oh no now where did they go?  
They were all I have ever known.  
I am all alone.  
Alone.

Trying not to cry out in desperation.  
Trying to be competent.  
An escalation to do the best I can for me and no one else.  
Yeah you heard me right as I walk down this lonely old street flipping everyone  
the bird.  
I don't need you, but I wouldn't mind meeting you.

Conflicting emotions, with indecisive and jittery actions.

I want it, but I'm not sure and I know I don't have the cure.  
How about you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# How Can You Call This A Democracy?

Media black out

Were becoming another Russia

A communist state in which speech is halted

With a government hiding their secrets.

A election campaign

And the people voting don't even know

How can you call this a democracy?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# How Do I Explain?

How do I explain?

With words so tactful that remain

I'm trying not to go insane.

Not to insult or blame.

Sometimes there is a need for change.

I'm sorry that I rearranged

Look at what it has become.

The colors are still the same.

Like a desert flower in the plain.

I still hear you complain.

How could you do something that disfigure and maim?

I promise that is not my game.

Intentions misguided not to defame

But to rename.

Like a title to fame.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# How Do We Change?

Dear ladies, and gentlemen.  
I will not save you or be your business partner.  
I am a hateful American when it comes to certain issues.  
I am not a trusting at all.  
I'm as flawed as the next human being.  
These letters you keep sending me will not change me.  
The irony is I would love to be humanitarian.  
But without the financial backing.  
It will never happen.  
I must change things with words.  
And knowledge that keeps me up at night.  
Thinking about the next thing I must do.  
And again you tell me story so sad and it is most likely true.  
But denied by your government.  
For what you speak of is not suppose to exist.  
Unofficial is a word I understand all to well.  
For politics have a way of making things disappear.  
Fear is a dangerous thing when it is not in their hands.  
They use it, but don't want to be a victim of it.  
Propaganda, by denial is the name I shall give this.  
It pisses me off, makes me angry that truth is as much a weapon as lies.  
Where does it end?  
When do your country men come to defend?  
Up hold a name so proud.  
This is who we are.  
This is what we stand for.  
We sleep among the streets.  
We know of no homes.  
An higher education lacking.  
A constant hunger for food we don't have.  
Crime and violence rampant.  
Corruption shovelled up and thrown in your face.  
Knowing of no escape.  
How do we change?  
This is a question I ask all.  
For the answer are not simple.  
They never are.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# How I Ended This

I'm free of your disease.  
I can say what i please.  
Infetagio in the heart.  
Agony.  
Misery is my symphony.  
The music sounds so sweet.  
It lures you right in.  
Time has come to an end.  
No more fictitious lies.  
No more carving into my eyes.  
The blood rises.  
Through the body.  
The head is ready to implode.  
Or collapse with in.  
A life built on sin.  
Evil is my name,  
pain is my game.  
Welcome, to my nightmare.  
There will not be another warning.  
Stay away. I'm melting the day.  
With the words i say.  
Its an unending play.  
Everybody has a part.  
Even if its too rip out someones heart.  
Write on the dotted lines.  
Say your name with a promise.  
Its already broken.  
And the consequences could be dire.  
But i didn't make it.  
So i will not break it.  
I will drift into another rift.  
Somewhere i can better use my gift.  
And that's how i ended this.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# How Is That Exactly?

A women told me today to move on with my life.  
I don't know if I ever can.  
I don't know if I ever will.

Maybe not in so many words.  
But still.  
And time to continues to stand.  
Not giving an inch.  
If it was only such a cinch.

Self esteem, fades then your okay.  
Suddenly your brave and need no one.  
Dependence is a reflection of either needs or love.  
And sometimes both.

Being alone purifies the soul.  
In a way only a monk or hermit could ever understand.  
Oh or social outcast.  
A freak of nature.  
The awe inspiring beast.

Looks don't attract but turn away.  
But in a different way.  
He's a criminal, sorry mam but I've never had even parking ticket.  
Yet you see me trying make it quickly across a red light.  
I'm surprised she didn't scream officer saying I was going try to rape her.

Just plain selfishness.  
Why would I ever look for that.  
When I had something so much better, lost it, and ran.  
I was so scared.  
Now I just don't care.

A mask of many faces.  
A face full of all different colored braces.  
Maybe it's my fathers fault that I try to hold my self to a higher standard.  
I mean running around 13 or 14 kids surely don't help.  
I understand why I feel the way I do.  
But I don't know how to fix me.

Tell me how is that exactly?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# How The Lover Chooses

Forever to be the home of heaven in which we all wish to rest our head.  
Together even happily ever after death does us part.  
Souls intertwined and attached.  
Bound by a pact.  
The kinda deal that one would never want make with the devil.  
But love acts and once started it can not be stopped.  
A flame that burns eternal.  
No matter what one does it can not be extinguished, put out.  
A once in a life time kind thing.  
A smile, a kiss, a touch.  
A lovers path to lust.  
Theirs just never a enough.  
Even as our bones decay and turn to dust.  
A must of musts.  
In a course of multiple follow through's.  
As if say upon every fork in the road, I'll always take the one to be with you.  
Committed beyond the greatest commitment.  
A promise lock deep within.  
And in this life you march on as if everyday is precious and new.  
Cause time is always short.  
Even when one is lost in the moment.  
They still know what they have to gain and lose.  
And this is how they choose.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Human Extinction

The invisible.  
The cloud floating on bye.  
How many are counted.  
Better yet how many are not.  
Just another apparition.  
The ghost that seems so familiar.  
Does it bare any relation, not in status, or blood.  
But in correlation to the common occurrence of something so trite.  
And if that is true why is it these words need repeating?  
Contradictions of that in which we teach as much how we teach.  
A memory to serve.  
A mistake to preserve.  
The stone glazed in the sun.  
Attention must kept or soon it will resemble that which is considered rubble.  
Concrete dust blowing away day by day.  
The time eater always leaves its mark on those that are the least resistant.  
Sometimes I do not think we even really understand any historical significance.  
For if we did, we would proceed much more caution.  
No rush when dealing with a steady hand.  
A brush stoke must be tuned and refined.  
Rhythm must be learned.  
A spinning wheel then special the touches before the heat and paint.  
A kiln set ablaze.  
This is not just art but the human spirit.  
And we ignore it in so many ways.  
We destroy it because we care about the individual more then the entire  
population.  
Selfishness on global level.  
The world is ours but that does not mean any single individual should try to take  
it all for themselves.  
For me is our great weakness.  
And one day not to far it will cause our defeat.  
Complete extinction.  
A species wiped out like the vermin it let itself be.  
Denying the truth till the very end.  
He who knows no compassion, only knows death.  
We are not gods, but generations of a single existence.

## Ace Of Black Hearts



# Hypocrisy

No one speaks for god.  
No ones tongue is clean or pure enough for his words to bare.  
Utter nonsense is all hear.  
Preaching and teaching under his name in marked sects.  
Like like little projects they are built each differently.  
The rules are changed for the people not for god.  
Faith is a matter of hope.  
Not a matter of going to your daily sermon or communion.  
Maybe a little prayer.  
But we don't owe god any more then he owes us.  
A give and take relationship.  
Not a place to pay millions of dollars to erase our sins.  
Relax I don't know the exact number, that is what one calls an exaggeration, or  
an educated guess.  
Either way it has nothing to do with what is morally right.  
Giving a little money isn't a hard choice.  
Stopping the cheating, stealing, lieing, ect. is the difficult one.  
Just put your head in the vice.  
That will suffice.  
No I'm not nice, who said I had to be?  
So you want me to now pay the same price.  
All crimes considered equal.  
I don't think so.  
There is a order to crimes of morality.  
The more you feel guilty the worse the crime it is.  
Again this is my opinion not gods.  
I don't pretend to speak for any being I don't know.  
Nor deny there existence.  
For our understanding beyond this world is very limiting to say the least.  
I support neither claims directly Creationism, Darwinism.  
A matter existence that came to be, when, where, and how.  
Don't you see?  
It will be a question for years, and they will be doubts regardless how throughly  
any of it has been proven any which way.  
It is as controversial as it gets because it dismantles most christian religions  
directly.  
What do you mean god didn't create humans?  
That really gets there blood going.  
How could they ever insinuate?

Relax and turn your head and nod.

Who knows we could have been dropped off by alien beings as slave labor too.

I think you get to upset by all of it.

Just keep reading the bible, listening to your priest and you'll get through this.

Our maybe you won't, maybe you'll be a convert and go to monastery to become a monk.

Blind faith can never be debunked.

But that faith should never extend to converting others by forcing your views on them or pretending your speaking for god himself while committing so much hypocrisy.

We can't expect others to follow what we do not.

A leader is not the one pointing everyone in 'his' right direction.

Instead he is one offering help to those who can't help themselves with no intent of benefiting.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Accept The Gift

Sending in the trojan.  
Forces come undone.  
A mission of peace lay beneath our feet.  
Do we accept?  
Do we reject?  
With the gift poison.  
I swallow knowing I might die.  
A sinners price.  
A roll of the dice.  
Someones got to make the gamble.  
An attempt to unscramble.  
Please help, don't make me the only one.  
A wasted sacrifice.  
A unending season of ice.  
Blowing till it brings us to our knees.  
Begging the angels please.  
Mercy upon me, mercy upon my enemies.  
To much lost not enough gained.  
A solid footing of loss.  
Sliding straight off.  
How long will I fall?  
How sudden will be the stop?  
Bottoms up.  
I accept with open arms.  
An Image of a body that already spread.  
I can make chalk lines if you want me to.  
Describing exactly how it happen.  
I dare not deviate.  
For that is me.  
In a distant future.  
Cold lonely grave.  
But no will notice it for days.  
Rotting as the mice eat away.  
At least they didn't go hungry.  
But did it have to happen this way?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Am Man

For if there is a god he should be angry.  
We waste a precious gift everyday that he gave us.  
As a boy I'm looking through a window so small.  
Only hoping I can understand it all.  
Knowing not of certainty, but of uncertainty.  
With do diligence I absorb it to understand for I am man.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Am More Than Willing

You know you are just so beautiful.  
More special than the garden on top of the tallest sky scrapper.  
More special than floating around in a ship look down upon this earth.  
No matter words or verse.  
Discovery of love.  
Discovery of the caring angel who captured my heart.  
It sits there locked in a jar.  
I tried to pick it many times.  
But there is just no escape.  
She has me exactly where she wants me.  
Right now she could crush me.  
I would embrace it like a desired kiss.  
An inebriated state.  
A mind not quite right.  
Setting off some more dynamite.  
It was indeed a magical night.  
And I don't think I can just let it go.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Am The Lesser Of Me

I don't know why but I feel there is a ghost standing next to me.  
His head held higher.  
Like he is better version of me,  
A presence so perverse.  
Introspection.  
A mirrors, mirror of a reflection.  
Double vision.  
Accomplished and successful.  
A man not so desperate to just make it.  
Crawling on the inside just to feel alive.  
Touching the live wires just for the pleasure.  
Give me pain, give me something.  
A man so weak.  
So scared.  
A little boy in the corner crying.  
Falling into a dream.  
But it is not me.  
It is not who I ever wanted to be.  
A monster in human skin.  
Flesh with no soul.  
Where is my bodies control?  
A constant convulsing.  
Violently shaking.  
Blurry tears do drip.  
Each one is a near miss.  
How much do I have left.  
Time factory of mass production.  
Seductions lips speak of the untouched and untasted.  
I have not yet lived.  
An absence of birth.  
A plague, a disease, a dirge.  
Long ago these paths walked diverged.  
He is my hero.  
The better man I can never be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Am The Man Of Behind The Mask

I am the man behind the mask  
As only I can understand  
One day I shall show you  
But today this is something I can not do  
Not because I don't want to  
But because the time is not right  
For the world is not ready for me  
As I am, Who I am, Why I am  
Thousand of questions and the answers come only so slowly  
Another servant of the lowly  
With I tell you with utmost confidence  
That what I say only hold relevance to the here and now  
So please don't throw in the towel  
To give up, To give in, To something you know nothing of  
I am but mere messenger to some  
A man shrouded behind words that are not written so well  
A pretense for facing hell  
I am the man behind the mask

Ace Of Black Hearts

## I Believe(From The 60's)

Even though I'm so young.  
I still feel so ancient.  
Like I was meant to be born in 60's  
I believe in honest hard work.  
I believe in chivalry.  
I believe in taking ten paces before before you kill someone.

Yes I use modern technology.  
But so does grama.  
Some things will not change no matter the gadgets.  
How the game is played is still the same.  
Only the technique has changed.

Even though I'm so young.  
I still feel so ancient.  
Like I was meant to be born in 60's  
I believe in the right protest.  
I believe less government is progress.  
I believe we must protect all our freedoms.

No matter if theirs a gun in my face or not.  
You will not silence my speech.  
You will not rob me or my family.  
No matter who you are.  
I never encourage violence accept to defend oneself.  
No matter the impeding army.  
Or the repercussions of such actions.  
It has never been about self sanctification with me.  
Protect those you love.  
Let only god be the one to judge.

Even though I'm so young.  
I still feel so ancient.  
Like I was meant to be born in 60's  
I believe in honest hard work.  
I believe in chivalry.  
I believe in taking ten paces before before you kill someone.

Yes I use modern technology.



But so does grama.  
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Even though I'm so young.  
I still feel so ancient.  
Like I was meant to be born in 60's  
I believe in the right protest.  
I believe less government is progress.  
I believe we must protect all our freedoms.

The cosmos is spinning like never before.  
In a tall tale destiny I will explore.  
For it's my right as a pursuit of happiness.  
Let me have my inner peace.  
Let me have my warm place to sleep.  
Let me afford not to forever starve.  
Stop paying farmers off.  
No more crops this year.  
They have to be destroyed.  
Light the fire and just watch them burn.  
The thoughts of this bring a sickness to the pit of my stomach.

Even though I'm so young.  
I still feel so ancient.  
Like I was meant to be born in 60's  
I believe in honest hard work.  
I believe in chivalry.  
I believe in taking ten paces before before you kill someone.

Yes I use modern technology.  
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Like I was meant to be born in 60's  
I believe in the right protest.  
I believe less government is progress.

I believe we must protect all our freedoms.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Can'T Stop You

I'm sorry I just don't care.

I won't indulge in anymore of these kind of thoughts.

You are still trying to hurt me.

If you take your own life, I will not feel responsible.

Not responsible at all, that how you forced me to first talk to you at all that and the threat of a false accusation of rape twice because I wasn't going to continue to talk to you.

Don't think I forgot, or will forget.

You are not leaving me breathless.

You are leaving me disappointed, I thought you knew better.

Suicide is never the answer.

No woman is going to win a mans heart this way.

Such a threat is just ignorant.

You deserve no respect because you haven't earned any.

If you go through with it, I really don't know how to stop you.

Because I have no phone, and doubt the police there would believe me anyways.

Just some fruit cake.

Yeah that's me.

Futility in all it's glory.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Do Not Know The Right Words To Say.

Extreme emotion  
A child has died.  
On a day of pride.  
How could someone?  
Aren't we all parents?  
Don't we all understand?  
Yet evil has taken him away?  
In the place of so many faces.  
A day to remember.  
A day to forget.  
A day to regret.  
Mourning comes and life must go on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Do Not Recognize Your Authority

There is no safe haven for me nor will there ever be.  
Laws to entrap free thinkers like who?  
Questioning the very establishment of authority.  
Shake the tree and see what falls.  
A poisonous fruit, and plenty of it.  
Fermented and already too rotten.  
A liquidation of the mind.  
Drunkard, please continue to fry it and become a subordinate of the  
conglomerate.  
Are we all walking with blindfolds wrapped around our eyes?  
Ready to put it around our necks on a given order.  
Yes Sir, Oh Yes Sir.  
Not sure your use to this kind of solute.  
A blur on ones hand stuck high up in the air.  
Take your money and shove it.  
Please excuse me for it makes good toilet paper.  
At least before I oh, oh, oh, burn it.  
I am not a commodity that can be bought and sold.  
I will not build your walls.  
Instead I will shout tear them down.  
We shouldn't be hiding so deep underground.  
Out of the darkness comes the scapegoat that did nothing wrong.  
Set an example, set a precedence, create a martyr for the cause.  
Eyes are now wide open and watching.  
Enrage people are gawking.  
Activist should never be punished for a sit in.  
You have no right, a constitution has been rewritten.  
For the nation not the people.  
Call anyone who is civilly disobedient a terrorist.  
Kiss it, I won't back down.  
Put the hand cuff on now because I will never keep my mouth shut.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Don'T Have The Strength

Why can't that be me.  
Sitting there catching dreams.  
One after another.  
A place to rest my head.  
A place to take cover.  
Tired of fighting for the hopeless.  
Thoughts of giving up.  
Maybe its time for a change.  
One where I wouldn't have to rearrange.  
Or leave everything behind.  
All I left I have is mind.  
My one last escape.  
My one last embrace.  
A man who can't even love himself.  
Satans son couldn't be so easily out done.  
Look at what I have become.  
A creature of loneliness.  
A creature of darkness.  
Why do falling stars have to fall so hard?  
Why does it have to hurt so much?  
Pins and needles down to the touch.  
Grabbing a hold of that crutch.  
Trying so hard to stand straight up.  
But I just can't.  
I can't even pretend to keep up.  
The strength is no longer in me.  
Fighting back but it is not mattering.  
Beat and staggering.  
Getting dizzy, so woozy.  
Sick to the stomach.  
This is not me.  
This is somebody else.  
It can't be.  
Does anyone even hear me?  
Everything is going black.  
Sight failing.  
What is next.  
I'm so helpless.  
I have nothing left.

Not another confession.  
That's just a distraction of the eternal pain.  
It won't simply go away.  
It is almost welcoming and inviting.  
A twisted sensation, is better then feeling nothing.  
Nothing at all.  
And to think it came right after that fall.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Don'T Recognize Him

Ambition is the horse I rode for things that never came.  
The foundation of change.  
Dreams in a small note book thrown into the fire.  
A backpack a little emptier.  
Weight shouldered for way too long.  
Voices in my head asking me was it really worth it.  
Cast away.  
A shadows dismay.  
Fortunes shine even in a clouded ray.  
Disassembled.  
Breaking it all down.  
Walking through a mirror backwards.  
Reflections that consume.  
Gloom disenfranchised.  
Not part of upcoming story.  
Faces no longer recognized.  
A stranger in my own body.  
Who is that guy.  
Not me, not me.  
Unending declarations with so little clarity.  
The fog never lifts.  
Choking on illusion that is not even mine.  
Invaders of the mind.  
The medication does not solve this disorientation.  
Balance lost by the ear or foot?  
Perspective in the form astral projection.  
Look down on the inner being.  
How can this be?  
The man I never wanted to be.  
But still here I am.  
Squandered, minuscule, minute.  
Raising my imaginary glass.  
Cheers to the castration.  
Emasculation.  
Criticizing every decision I make.  
Oxygen fed through the tube straight into my mouth.  
I just need to breath.  
For a moment.  
Only for a moment.



This is the disclosure of all eventualities.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Dream Of Possibilities

Can regrets exist after your dead?  
Can you be awake while sleeping in your bed?  
An existence of something so fictional.  
Until it is seen do we believe it isn't real?  
In a dream can one steal?  
Bringing back a memento from a far away place.  
It feels as distant as outer space.  
What we desire is not always what taste.  
A euphoria in every escape.  
Is it possible?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Give You My Soul Through Pain

Who wants my honest soul?  
I want to be free when the devil is in control.  
How much would you give up to buy it?  
How much would you give up just to try it?  
Let the astral projection begin.  
Breath in, breath out.  
Picture your self in this unholy body.  
Then let the soul draining commence.

I will put up no defense.  
It is an absolute surrender.  
It is an absolute sacrifice.  
In the upright 5 pointed star with a circle with candles surrounding.  
A ritual to a perfection.  
A Wicca call to the powers of nature.  
From the earth, fire, water, wind, and lastly the spirit.  
Inflict pain to make it stronger.  
Brighter, and more powerful.

Strip the body bare,  
Let artificial cloths not shield what's really there.  
Rise up, stand up, you need be ashamed it was the we were all made.  
With our own weaknesses and strengths.  
A unique complexion shall be inscribed upon each every living creature.  
No matter if of seems inanimate or not.

Who wants my honest soul?  
I want to be free when the devil is in control.  
How much would you give up to buy it?  
How much would you give up just to try it?  
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From the earth, fire, water, wind, and lastly the spirit.  
Inflict pain to make it stronger.  
Brighter, and more powerful.

But the true power is the power within.  
You can feel it pulsing through veins with every single beat.  
Your heart can never be compromised.  
A man will love till his dying breath  
Your mind can put you in clouds when your feet are solid on the ground.  
Seeing a reality not in existence yet.  
The gypsy curse some say.  
The mumbles of an old man getting grey.

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A ritual to a perfection.  
A Wicca call to the powers of nature.  
From the earth, fire, water, wind, and lastly the spirit.  
Inflicting pain will only make it stronger.  
Brighter, and more powerful.

The fireworks are constantly going off.  
They light up then slowly die.  
This is life in its simplest form.  
And why does it ever have to be any more complicated then that.  
Like a like a little I wish upon these stars.  
Hoping it get easier.  
But in all reality I know it never will.  
But I do still try to enjoy my seldom and few far between frills.

Who wants my honest soul?  
I want to be free when the devil is in control.  
How much would you give up to buy it?  
How much would you give up just to try it.  
Let the astral projection begin.  
Breath in, breath out.  
Picture your self in this unholy body.  
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Your heart can never be compromised.  
A man will love till his dying breath  
Your mind can put you in clouds when your feet are solid on the ground.  
Seeing a reality not in existence yet.  
The gypsy curse some say.  
The mumbles of an old man getting grey.

But the true power is the power within.  
And some things can be just given.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Just Hit Ignore

You want to talk now?  
Well that's now over  
Time went and gone  
And you were hating all along  
How did that ride turn out?  
Well I got off soon as I could  
No way of reaching me now.  
Hope your proud  
Here have the key to my heart  
You can keep it  
I don't need it  
Not where I'm going  
I'm just so sorry but I'm not slowing  
I've seen everything you were showing  
Quite offensive  
Quite tempting  
But where was the passion?  
The love has been lost in your pretty eyes.  
Hey I'm just being another one of the guys  
You know the one of those that wakes at sunrise  
To kiss you goodbye  
Yeah it's the forever kind thing  
And the phone rings  
I just hit ignore  
I'm just so sorry girl  
Not if you were the last women in the world  
Not even for the very last pearl  
Star studded, and dressed up with no where to go  
Well darling I'm going to the ball and it's not with you  
Even after everything we've been through  
Hated every moment of it  
I want to answer the phone if only to say shove it  
But I just hit ignore  
I just hit ignore

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Know

If I smile, and say I never loved you in that way.  
Would you believe me?  
If I told you I cried, because you tried kill your self.  
Would it feed your ego a little more?  
I know it's you.  
Tell me does that scare you?  
A secret identity already revealed.  
How many others do you still have hidden.  
Worry not because I have desire the contact you anymore then I have to.  
This is just to let you know I know.  
Don't even think about sending a single message to me you obsessive psycho.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Know A Man

I know a man.

Who does everything for everyone and expects nothing return.

Burning away the night sky.

Working till the day he dies.

There is so much love in his eyes.

There is never enough time.

A task overwhelming.

Taking over where you left off.

A promise of the selfless.

Memories of your younger days.

As age wears you thin.

You are still not ready give in.

Forever holding on to the towel.

Never willing to let it go.

I know a man.

Who does everything for everyone and expects nothing return.

Burning away the night sky.

Working till the day he dies.

There is so much love in his eyes.

There is never enough time.

Mercy of the angels.

Hardiness of a father.

Pushing me to go even farther.

When I need help you are always more than willing.

A priceless soul your building.

Lessons learned, lessons taught.

Some things just can't be bought.

You never blame me you know it's not my fault.

I know a man.

Who does everything for everyone and expects nothing return.

Burning away the night sky.

Working till the day he dies.

There is so much love in his eyes.

There is never enough time.



Sickly you become as the clock keeps on ticking right on by.  
But nobody cares.  
They still have the same expectations.  
And your delivery's take a deviation.  
People get pissed cause your not as fast.  
You want to pull down your pants and say kiss my white a double s.  
But you hold your tongue.  
For you know when all is said and done.  
They'll have to just deal with you.  
They at this point just don't have a clue.

I know a man.  
Who does everything for everyone and expects nothing return.  
Burning away the night sky.  
Working till the day he dies.  
Their is so much love in his eyes.  
Their is never enough time.

You now have reached the end.  
You look into my eyes.  
And say I hope I have taught you well my son.  
Cause it won't be long.  
The reaper coming to take me home.  
I'm sorry but its now where I belong.  
Don't cry now.  
For you must keep moving on.  
Listen here boy, this has become our song.

I know a man.  
Who does everything for everyone and expects nothing return.  
Burning away the night sky.  
Working till the day he dies.  
Their is so much love in his eyes.  
And their is never enough time.  
Their is never enough time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Live To Sin

A purpose so fitting that if it was true.  
I could not deny it anymore then the tides coming back in.  
But with a stroke upon my own ego and a wicked grin.  
I'm here to tell you I live to sin.  
I live not for you.  
Your impression upon me is not permanent.  
It is not concrete.  
As much as it has changed me.  
I'm still coming into my own.  
Just think about this if it wasn't you it would be somebody else.  
Damn these clones.  
They look like me.  
They talk like me.  
They even walk like me.  
But their just not me.  
Too many mes not enough yous.  
Here let me grab my eraser and lets see if yet again I can be the savior.  
Or how about being infamous player.  
Cause I'm damned if I do and I'm damned if I don't.  
Keep saying no you won't.  
And just watch me.  
In the absence of reverse psychology.  
Just maybe their something wrong with me pathologically.  
I'm no doctor so how could I really know.  
But I know what fills me up.  
Complete, whole, and in control.  
And that's not you never was.  
Compliments have gone to your head just because.  
Reasons that will baffle.  
A mind that makes no sense.  
But still I feel no resentment.  
Anger inside with a deviant intent.  
A smack upon the head with thoughts of revenge.  
But whom would I be avenging?  
Myself nah I most certainly would not and I do say this with utter confidence.  
A selfish endeavor would not be so clever.  
So watch as I pull this lever.  
And every thought put upon this page disappears without a single ounce of rage.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Need Not Be Ashamed

I really thinks it disturbs some people when correction are made.  
Being ashamed of perfection that yet does not take.  
A lesson to learn.  
For those so concerned.  
As if one of lower education should hide in a corner.  
Never to come out.  
Never to be seen.  
I've only ever finished the 10th grade.  
Though I got a piece of paper that says I passed the High School equivalent.  
No college degree.  
Just a love for an art.  
A passion is where I start.  
No I don't think I'm smart.  
An ego just gets in the way.  
Swallowing ones pride.  
I'm of the ignorant and something I will just not deny.  
So I stand before you still with my head held high.  
And try to defy the rules abound.  
The rules that surround.  
Satisfaction without a sound.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Say Don'T Worry I Don'T Believe In Suicide And Neither Should You

I say don't worry I don't believe in suicide  
No matter how much it hurts on the inside  
From the deepest darkest depression  
I still have hope from the faceless  
This is my heart and it so priceless  
Like obsession I keep getting asked the same question

I say I don't worry I don't believe in suicide  
Never even tried  
They are enough risks in this life  
Why ever give up on ones self?  
No matter many how many times I fail  
I will keep coming back so strong  
No their is nothing wrong

I say I don't believe in suicide  
Yes I have cried  
Who hasn't at a time  
Does that make me out of my mind?  
I tell you here and now I'm fine  
With verses that rhyme

I say I don't believe in suicide  
For to take a life so precious even your own  
Is just so wrong  
It shakes me down to very core  
A sadness forever more  
The greatest intentions galore  
I am of this world  
And I won't just let go  
Don't you know?

I say I don't believe in suicide  
Still friends unbeknownst to me come out of the wood work  
They start talking only to realize their is nothing wrong  
For my soul is still here all as one  
I live the bad with the good as everyone should

Sometimes I feel so alone  
But we all do  
Does that make me a man living on the edge?  
Not by any means

Just listen to me as I say I don't believe in suicide

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Snapped

Like nails on a chalk board  
Like the rattling of a plastic bag  
Like a paper being creased repeatedly and then suddenly teared  
Like a squeaky mouse constantly being squeaked  
Like toy fire truck with the buttons forever being pushed  
So irritating  
So aggravating  
A cover my ears sensation  
It turns in to headache  
And it keep going and going  
No stop in sight  
My head is spinning  
I just can't take it no more.  
And bam I snapped.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Stand Tall

I stand tall.  
Time to take off.  
Ready set go.  
Oh don't you know?  
This is my show.  
Mine, mine, mine from the depths of the greed from the supposed truly divine.  
Corruption is my conquest.  
But I still stand tall.  
Pride comes before my fall.  
I'm sorry to say i want it all.  
Everything I can grab or nab.  
Ambition is its name.  
It can be a very dirty game.  
Get ahead over, under any way through even if it means I have to hurt you.  
Human nature at its best and worse.  
An objective that will not change.  
Point your finger and blame. It's always someone Else's fault never your own.  
A repetitious scapegoat with no name.  
No claim.  
Just another little dirty stain on society.  
So I stand tall.  
Cause I'm taking it all.  
I will breach the pearly gates.  
I will escape the fiery pits.  
The suffering must end.  
It's not something I plan to defend.  
I just want too win.  
Gambling is all about knowing when to get in and out without any doubt.  
So I stand tall.  
I will have it all.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# I Still Visit Your Grave, Atleast In My Head.

Welcome to the star studded story.  
It is beautiful, in all its glory.  
A stimulation to the mind.  
A mixture of time.  
Shook up and bled dry.  
A vampires night.  
Sucking the souls from angels.  
But only because I have too.  
Without substance are we even alive?  
You say you've changed.  
I say how much was it?  
What price did you pay?  
The feeding lines get longer.  
With your hand out I smack it away.  
Favors owed but not to you.  
A plague is infecting me.  
Like standing in a cold as hell rain completely naked, no where to go, no where  
hide.  
Shivering.  
Devouring.  
All consuming.  
Empty inside.  
Breathing cyanide.  
Your poison is killing me.  
It's been so long.  
Since I heard request from the dead.  
Monumental and complex.  
Unimportant and becoming so vexed.  
In this moment.  
If I had only a wish.  
Like an as if.  
Creating a division.  
Caught up in vicious net.  
Doing my damndest just to break free.  
Silence the voices.  
Just shut up and get out of my head.  
A heart floundering.  
Whats right for me, isn't necessarily best for you.  
A separation in space.

You have been replaced.  
A sign put up saying hiring and firing.  
Endless circles.  
Rotating the get up.  
With a dress to wear.  
Crossed into despair.  
Danger, danger, oh beware.  
With complacency I'm sitting on the stairs.  
There is still such a hill to climb.  
Making inaudible sounds like a mime.  
What is it to be confined?  
Even with excuses given, not I shall not be living them.  
No I have survived the ordeal.  
One time is more than enough.  
You think you got it rough.  
Maybe you do.  
But with tears of pain.  
I won't be part of your front load of complaints.  
Like an addiction I have been quitting.  
No I won't be missing.  
We tried and it just didn't work out.  
No doubt about the here and now.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Swallowed The Darkness

I'm hating myself for all the right reasons.  
Yet I feel so wrong.  
I think I've changed the seasons.  
I think I've swallowed too much of the darkness.  
Everything is a haze.  
I feel as if have been stuck the land of confusion.  
And it's not amusing.  
They say follow your heart.  
I've seen where that road leads.  
And its quite dark and scary.  
It makes me very weary.  
I use my head screw my heart.  
Let it bleed profusely.  
Let it turn to stone.  
Let it, let it, just let it alone.  
I'm hating myself for all the right reasons.  
Yet I feel so wrong. I think I have changed the seasons.  
I've stop trying to please.  
Shes just another tease, and its just not worth the sacrifice.  
I'm am ice.  
I have to stop being nice.  
Every thing comes at a price.  
Twisted, sicking, invigorating is a temptation such as this. Ignorance is bliss.  
I wish I was lost in that mist.  
But being things as they are.  
I'm just not up to par.  
Courage is not far.  
But I'm humble before it.  
So humble before it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Tell You Now I'M Not The One Who You Think I Am

Being of the top I never wanted  
Take it, and be gone satans son  
For I am not who you want.  
Of great intellects I'm not  
I see my self as a hack  
Because someone says your good  
This is not what I do  
Only as a hobby I keep telling you  
But no one listens.  
No one ever listens.  
In time it is something I shall not be missing  
Let them be the poe's  
Let them be the blake's  
Let them be the shakespear's and frost's  
For I am not them and care nothing for the fame  
I hate it, as Bob Dylan hates his fans  
I tell you now I'm not the one who you think I am  
I most of all hate the censorship that comes with it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Want It To Just End

You put the knife in my hands.  
The damage has been done.  
Break me down.  
You're sleeping so sound at night.  
And you wonder why I can no longer stand the lights.

Keep all these feelings locked inside.  
Deepness among the monsters is this fight.  
A child's reign.  
A concoction designed for the insane.  
A invention of a demented mind.

Just get the hell away from me.  
Complete disgust.  
No room to escape.  
No time to dream of yesterday.  
Serenading me in all these faded nightmares.

Stop with all the distractions.  
Just let me enjoy what is left of my peace.  
My walls are closing in.  
I can't stop them.  
Moonlights melting waves.

I'm still trying to be brave.  
Though all this pain.  
Though all the cuts across my soul.  
Blacking out the suns climb.  
No sign of rising above the swing of the blade.

I want to cry.  
I want to die.  
Pieces, and pieces of me.  
Scattered among this broken frame.  
Do you even remember his name?

Already forgotten.  
Love is rotten to me.  
Each time I give in.

They take more and more.  
Robbed, emasculated, weaken, defiled.

This time what is it you are reaching for?  
Here is my blood, bottoms up.  
This time you don't even got to make the cut.  
These thoughts won't just drop or shut up.  
I can't get you outside my head.

I need a moment, a moment to take myself away.  
A final peace.  
One that you can't stop or take.  
Hours of hauntings leave me constantly awake.  
To scared of what I might see this time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Will Never Be Your Hero

You're dying in water.

I can still hear your mute screams.

'Why won't you come in just to save me? '

'Not the hero I thought you'd be.'

'Death too chilvary.'

Abandon your pretentious lies.

For I'm here just watch as you ego wraps you up in knots.

As the plot thickens.

Not going to play the fool.

No, no those are your rules.

'Why are you being so cruel? '

'When you said love is forever who did you mean if not me? '

'How can you not intervene in my most desperate moment? '

'What harm would come from it? '

'I mean it's what you always wanted.'

Put yourself on display, release all phermones you want.

It's still an act, a trap has been set.

Bait so elusive, it's not really even there.

Smoke and mirrors.

I'm not a prize that can be won by forsaken desires.

The fire that burns is truth, and it keeps me warm no matter how lonely it might seem.

'Can you say didn't enjoy all the we spent together? '

'Can you say you didn't like the way it felt? '

'A rush from within like all weight your carrying was being released.'

'So alive, like a little boy with a brand new toy.'

'Your eyes lit up every time you were next to me.

'And now your abandon all that because I slept with another man in a subtle moment of weakness and uncertainty.'

'My intention have not changed; I never made any promises.'

But even without words you did.

Some things can not be forgiven.

He was my best friend.

Maybe someday he would have been my best man.

But not now the trust has been broken.

And I'm over it, over him, over you.

Moving on to two loves lost.

A price that does not bare repeating.

Once was enough drying up the tears of this broken sky.

Remembering that all that was once good will eventually die.  
Time is precious and shall not waste it.  
Pain fades, but consequences come with mistakes.  
And this shall not be mine.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# I Will Not Hesitate

With fire and ice it ain't about being nice.  
Spirit devised.  
The golden prize.  
Doubled down.  
Swimming so you don't drown.  
Hearing those voices and sounds.  
A play upon a disheveled earth.  
A verse to right the curse.  
A climatic end to the summer scene.  
Cold lake crystal clean.  
Time to be mean, unsympathetic.  
Prolific, the prophet flips a coin.  
Tell me which side will you be on.  
The one who hesitates, or the one whose all in.  
Oh god may we be forgiven for our trespasses.  
For the time is now.  
I am just man, doing what I can.  
It's about more than just survival.  
It has to be or it's a life not truly lived.  
Calling dibs.  
Hoping the man behind doesn't have a shiv.  
For when your hand is held out your never looking to be pulled back down.  
The worse feeling in the world.  
And the stone is skipped.  
How many bounces this time does it get?  
No matter, I'll live with it.  
Never satisfied with unused mind.  
Testing the bounds time.  
How far can I truly go?  
Just one more show.  
Oh, Oh no, no.  
A creeping wind blows.  
Will this be the one to take me.  
It better not, because I'm giving this all I got.  
All I got

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I Will Over Come, With Adversity In Full Swing

I will overcome.  
With adversity in full swing  
I will rewrite it all.  
Including who I am.  
Destroying the victim  
Becoming the savior.  
There is just no victim here  
Never again.

Listen to me a I scream.  
My lungs are exploding.  
No more mere whispers.  
No more falling on deaf ears.  
Killing every once of doubt.  
Dedication with greatest sensation.  
A fabulous celebration.

I will overcome.  
With adversity in full swing  
I will rewrite it all.  
Including who I am.  
Destroying the victim  
Becoming the savior.  
There is just no victim here  
Never again.

My soul burns as never before  
This is my new heaven  
This is my new hell.  
And all I want is more.  
An undying hunger as the clock strikes eleven  
This is no longer my dirty dusty old shell.

I will overcome.  
With adversity in full swing  
I will rewrite it all.  
Including who I am.  
Destroying the victim  
Becoming the savior.

There is just no victim here  
Never again.

I'm no longer a man in hiding  
I am a man now confiding  
With every secret we go deeper  
The mountain is now getting steeper  
So I tie my boot  
And I ready my rifle to shoot

I will overcome.  
With adversity in full swing  
I will rewrite it all.  
Including who I am.  
Destroying the victim  
Becoming the savior.  
There is just no victim here  
Never again.

My dreams are in my sights  
My passage with spiritual rites  
Bound to nothing and no one  
Oh the possibilities that have come  
Everyone looks better than the next.  
I am attacking another T-Rex.

I will overcome.  
With adversity in full swing  
I will rewrite it all.  
Including who I am.  
Destroying the victim  
Becoming the savior.  
There is just no victim here  
Never again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Ice Burns

Let the ice burn upon my skin.  
Oh how I need to feel it yet again.  
Yeah get inside my head.  
Twist and turn me from the outside in.  
You don't have to manipulate me baby.  
I'm more then willing.  
In the heart you think your stealing.

Maybe that's what I wanted, with the pain you tried to deliver.  
Sorry but you lost a friend.  
I warned you from the start.  
Before we went any farther.  
Attachments, have to be numbed.

Let the ice burn upon my skin.  
Oh how I need to feel it yet again.  
Yeah get inside my head.  
Twist and turn me from the outside in.  
You don't have to manipulate me baby.  
I'm more then willing.  
In the heart you think your stealing.

But what is it you really think, your feeling.  
With tears in your eyes you say goodbye.  
You met the white knight.  
And now you meet the black knight.  
I warned you that we shouldn't go that way but you do not listen.  
I can't be a friend to someone who so easily can rip some ones heart out.

Let the ice burn upon my skin.  
Oh how I need to feel it yet again.  
Yeah get inside my head.  
Twist and turn me from the outside in.  
You don't have to manipulate me baby.  
I'm more then willing.  
In the heart you think your stealing.

What is done is done.  
So I had to walk away.

Pretending it was okay.  
Accepting my own self inflicted wounds.  
No tears in my eyes, but still it aches.  
So I have to be cold.  
This has grown old.

Let the ice burn upon my skin.  
Oh how I need to feel it yet again.  
Yeah get inside my head.  
Twist and turn me from the outside in.  
You don't have to manipulate me baby.  
I'm more than willing.  
In the heart you think your stealing

A warning from him but I already new.  
Be done with you.  
Another wasted sacrifice.  
It meant nothing but caused so much pain.  
Like nails on a chalk board.  
It drives me insane.

Let the ice burn upon my skin.  
Oh how I need to feel it yet again.  
Yeah get inside my head.  
Twist and turn me from the outside in.  
You don't have to manipulate me baby.  
I'm more than willing.  
In the heart you think your stealing

You cheated and I know.  
A confrontation we had.  
He said he didn't do it, but I knew it.  
He didn't care, and neither did I.  
I attacked him at my front door.  
By bringing that women right to my home.  
That was the last night I ever spent with her.

Let the ice burn upon my skin.  
Oh how I need to feel it yet again.  
Yeah get inside my head.  
Twist and turn me from the outside in.  
You don't have to manipulate me baby.

I'm more than willing.  
In the heart you think your stealing.

What would you do in my shoes?  
If she wanted to be suddenly wanted to be just friends right after you heard  
about him.  
So be it, I'm done with you.  
I can't be friends with such a person.  
Sell you soul girl I don't even care.

Let the ice burn upon my skin.  
Oh how I need to feel it yet again.  
Yeah get inside my head.  
Twist and turn me from the outside in.  
You don't have to manipulate me baby.  
I'm more than willing.  
In the heart you think your stealing

I wouldn't even dare, at a betrayal to myself.  
You crossed the line.  
Hope you survive.  
Upon your families money.  
Never holding your own.  
Claiming to be all alone.

Let the ice burn upon my skin.  
Oh how I need to feel it yet again.  
Yeah get inside my head.  
Twist and turn me from the outside in.  
You don't have to manipulate me baby.  
I'm more than willing.  
In the heart you think your stealing.

Bring him, and watch him steal everything.  
You did it already before.  
The broken door.  
Hurt me once more.  
Let me not be that man.  
Let it end before it begins.

Let the ice burn upon my skin.  
Oh how I need to feel it yet again.

Yeah get inside my head.  
Twist and turn me from the outside in.  
You don't have to manipulate me baby.  
I'm more than willing.  
In the heart you think your stealing.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# If He Kills My Moon

The moons eye has been blackened.  
She looked so wrong when I saw her last.  
But I know, I know, I know.  
I can't save her, I can't even stop it from happening again.  
It would help if she would just listen.  
Subjects just better left alone.  
But its so hard to swallow it down.  
Threaten his life just won't work.  
Because he's a cop.  
A man in blue,  
Your suppose to be man of honor.  
To protect and serve.  
Then you go home and beat your wife within inches of her life.  
That just isn't right.  
She keeps making excuse for him.  
The fault is all and only his.  
And to think you soon gonna have his kid.  
What are you now three months?  
Will that be the decider.  
The clincher that makes finally makes you get the nerve to leave and put out a  
order of protection against him,  
I know what your afraid of.  
Because he is cop he will get away with breaching it.  
I will take a stand against him if when and you break it off in that way only,  
I am your friend.  
But intill you do for yourself I can't help you.  
As much as I want too..  
I got others to think about in my life.  
Behind bars I wouldn't do anyone any good.  
There is a time and a place for everything.  
Given it I would smile laying him out.  
Take out all the aggression built up inside over the years.  
Some days it just feels like my head will explode.  
Meeting mr. closure.  
Shaking hands, and do the dance.  
Being prepared for the have to.  
Choice is convenient but not always there.  
Seeing despair from the inside.  
Fears the holy ghost.



Broiling a pig roast.

Pressure applied in every way I know how.

All I do is hope and pray it doesn't come to life and death.

I will kill him.

Put in his grave to stay.

Sitting in jail, wondering if I could have done anymore before it got this far.

Looking up to the sky at night and knowing there will never be another light so bright.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## If I Only Had A Little More Time.

Dear sir, will you read and comment on my poem?

I think if I have time to with so many request most of the time I just read poems as a see them on the website.

Can we do that instead.

Or how about I browse all your poems and pick one that catches my eye?

Why can't I choose when I have the time?

It's not that I don't like these authors I really do.

I would read everyone they wrote given a chance.

But my goodness I work 12 hrs out of the day usually.

And if not working I'm either helping friend repair his home from the flood, or building another computer from old junk computers, or I'm writing.

Can you see how I have a hard time fitting that in always on a constant basis?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# If I Only Knew How

Inventing the machine to travel through the space and time.  
To the day before you lost your life.  
I can save you.  
Somehow somehow.  
Don't tell me it will be okay right before you die.  
Oh a love that will survive till the end.  
A prayer to God is sent.

A delusion of you still standing right next to me.  
Your sweet smell still envelopes all my senses.  
Your soft touch I can still feel.  
The ghost of yesterday forever haunting me.  
I open my eyes and your all I see is you.  
In my heart and mind.

The sounds ring out as I hear the wind chimes.  
I love you oh yes forever and always I do.  
How I do I drown all this pain out?  
A angry approach.  
I want to scream and shout at anyone willing to listen.

The gash, the grief, and the knowledge of the one I loved is now deceased.  
Crawling into the darkness.  
Never wanting to come back into the light.  
So afraid of the exposure.  
All I need is some closure.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# If My Poem Upset You, I'M Just So Sorry

If my poem upsets,  
I'm just so sorry  
No need to worry  
Your not speaking anyways  
And that's okay

If my poem upsets,  
I'm just so sorry  
Anger begets anger my friend  
Deny it till the end  
But were like snakes each with our own venom

If my poem upsets  
I'm just so sorry  
Here please hand me a tissue  
So I can wipe the floor with you  
You have no clue

If my poems upset  
I'm just so sorry  
I won't impersonate  
I will speak my version of the truth  
Let loose

If my poems upset  
I'm just so sorry  
But you don't have read, or concede  
Just breath  
Count to ten and it will be fine again

If my poems upset  
I'm just sorry  
But don't insult me with your self gratification  
Your better then everyone else  
To hell with you

If my poems upset  
I'm just so sorry  
But what is done, is done

You don't even know me  
Yet you hand your opinions like candy.

If my poem upsets you  
I'm just so sorry  
But I didn't mention your name  
You weren't dethroned or defamed  
Point the finger and blame  
By all means please do

If my poem upset you  
I'm just sorry  
But forgiveness is isn't mine to give  
So its live and let live.  
Deny me some of that beautiful constructive criticism  
Still I won't miss it

Ace Of Black Hearts

# If Only The Choice Was Mine

Hear my voice.  
I have no choice.  
The shelter is gone.  
Oh how it blurs, twists, and torments.  
The burning sun of another forgotten dawn.

Hear my voice.  
I have no choice.  
This time the fog won't lift.  
This time the angel won't forgive.

You died way too young.  
I imagined it so different.  
Give me another bottle.  
Give me another pill to swallow.  
Mourning in my own way.  
I can still hear the last words as if to say...

I'm not angry, I'm just in pain.  
Missing you every single day.  
They say with time it will fade.  
But what if I told you it's not what I want.  
Memories stuck on a hamster wheel.  
Running in a sickening repetition.

Hear my voice.  
I have no choice.  
Losing the battle from within.  
Facing a dragon without my fury and fire.  
The candle light is dimming this dire hour.

Hear my voice.  
I have no choice.  
From the cradle to the grave.  
Always too late.  
Putting on the thorn crown once again.  
Wearing it proudly because I own my mistakes.

I'm facing a demon with smoke and mirrors.

And the image couldn't be any clearer.  
A reflection of who I was but not what I become.  
The shadow of a childhood friend.  
Still it is sinking in.  
Choking on the tears and fears.  
What does this mean for me?  
How do I ever fill this void that has taken hold.

Hear my voice.  
I have no choice.

Hear my voice.  
I never had a choice.  
An actor from behind the scenes is pulling all the strings.  
Some people call her destiny.  
I find it hard to believe in such a thing.  
You my dear, and beloved friend are at the gates of the beyond.  
Now I must find a way to move on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# If Only To Suspect

If only to suspect that, that hasn't been conquered yet.  
With feeling discontent the words are mentioned.  
Like the forgotten invention.  
The art of prevention.

If only to suspect that, that hasn't been reached yet.  
With a smiling face I'm going to another convention.  
A man on a mission.  
With thousands of people who are just not listening.

Can you hear me now?

Ace Of Black Hearts



## If The Camera Breaks..

Do you want to take a picture?  
Fine go ahead, with a clicky click, click take.  
Wait, hang on a second I didn't put on my smiling face.  
Now try try and try.  
For with my ugliness the camera might just break.

Do you want to take a picture?  
Fine go ahead, with a clicky click, click take.  
Wait, hang on a second I didn't put on my smiling face.  
Now try try and try.  
For with my ugliness the camera might just break.

If it does don't expect me pay.  
And if you have pour gasoline on yourself, light the fire and jump out 10 story window just to get the images out of your head.  
Just don't expect me to feel guilty.

Do you want take a picture?  
Fine go ahead, with a clicky click, click take.  
Wait, hang on a second I didn't put on my smiling face.  
Now try try and try.  
For with my ugliness the camera might just break.

Do you want take a picture.  
Fine go ahead, with a clicky click, click take.  
Wait, hang on a second I didn't put on my smiling face.  
Now try try and try.  
For with my ugliness the camera might just break.

Don't say I didn't warn you if the camera it breaks.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# If The World Makes It, It'll Be Because We Saved It

Writing another fast song.  
Writing another slow song.

Passing the time.  
My head is spinning then it is gone.  
A long overdrawn sad tragic goodbye.  
Painting the glorious skies.  
Heavens rebirth.

Wheels ground down to the bare rims.  
Sparks flying.  
Putting axles right in reverse.  
Full speed, cockpit ready.  
Heart like a rock, solid and steady.  
My mind is a pouring fountain of the perverse.  
An simulation, to the starvation.

Enduring through it all over and over again.  
This story has no ending.  
No perfections, or pretty meaningful quotes.  
It is something I wrote.  
Not to gloat, but the truth to burn.

Images invade my dreams.  
The changing of the sun.  
When will it finally come?  
Watching the world come undone.  
At the seams.  
We need a quick patch job.  
It is to keep it going.  
Don't worry if the boats leaking keep rowing.  
We have more then enough time to make it ashore.  
Risks so great, and we underestimate.  
There is no map to where we haven't traveled.  
Blind folded, dizzy, and swinging at a donkey full of candy.  
All to have a good time.

Running ourself ragged each and everyday.  
Hunger like a plague it is spreading.

Equal and fairness in the hands of so few.  
Who gets to decide for you?  
What if I told you I don't want to?

The bad guy in so many eyes.  
A man without a conscience, without a soul.  
Tell me why he should be the one in control?  
You say well at least he ain't bias.  
No your right he hates everybody the same.

So many names.  
Masked demons.  
Walking dead scourge.  
A million dotted splurges.  
A walk in front of cameras for all to see.  
He is neither ashamed or remorseful.  
He just ripped you off and he is all smiles, and denials.  
Nah your right he would never do that.

But I just think you got some smoke in your eyes.  
Burning right through the disguise.  
Because his words are just not that smooth.  
Feeding egos like fires.  
Don't give them to much or they will get way to high.  
The point of no return.  
How far is it?  
Have we already reach it.  
Do we even care?  
This is our one and only shot.  
For the sake of all humanity.  
If you even get this message...  
If you can even hear me.  
Let me be the voice forever stuck on repeat.  
We can prevent so much.  
I've seen both worlds.  
Cast through a shadow of the horrible storms.  
Scarred mother earth, but she still lives.  
Breathing, and providing the life that still exist.  
It is our choice.  
It has always been our choice.  
The path to self destruction is not so far off.  
We already started on the journey.

And it only gets worse each year.  
Soon this world will just disappear.  
Let me ask you, can you live with that?  
A satisfied temporary bliss.  
So much wasted.  
So much precious.  
We can still save it...  
We can still save it...

Ace Of Black Hearts

# If You Couldn'T Get It Right The First Time

Some say redemption is easy.  
But when your hands are so bloody.  
How can you just wash them clean?  
Like it never happen.  
Completely innocent you say.  
Then where was your vigilance while it was happening?  
Ignorance is a excuse without reason.  
We should never accept it with a hand shake and a smile.  
Bliss is only temporary.  
Consequences must be faced.  
Pain you must taste, before it can be truly felt.  
Some say we only have to live with the hands we are dealt.  
But we trade these cards for better ones all the time.  
For some it requires hard work.  
Others they bully people for them.  
And yet even more stoop to thievery and manipulation.  
A prize sits upon the highest roof top.  
All you have to do is push this other guy off to get it.  
Can you do it?  
All for something a little easier.  
Convenience sits at mans door step.  
He will lie for it.  
He will fight for it.  
He will kill for it.  
And finally he will die for it.  
Effort requires energy the lazy people of the time don't have.  
They envelope their minds false and half truths to only feel a little better.  
Build up the broken self esteem so it can be broken again.  
A repetition in tiresome lessons.  
Some will just never get it.  
You don't do something because you have to.  
You do it because you want to.  
Getting up early in the morning.  
Shoving a cup of coffee into your face.  
Going to work, to come back to your own home.  
Seeing some one stuck in the snow, will you help them?  
Or pretend you didn't see them so you don't get delayed.  
Time matters to some too much when comes too money to be made.  
How about if you see some women being brutally attacked.

Will risk your life to save her?  
And what reasons sit behind it?  
Are you so fearful you say screw her and just let her die?  
Are you so desperate you'll use it as a attempt to get laid.  
'Hey now that your alright lets go back to my place.'  
Is that your pickup line?  
Or you actually a caring person when one is need?  
Pleading for just a tid bit of help.  
Selfishness is not only described by things you do for yourself.  
But as things you do for others that also benefits you.  
You have made many trades and left most of your guilt behind.  
Even with the world so you think.  
All the scores have been settled in one fell swoop.  
No going back in for seconds.  
If you couldn't get right the first time.  
Then your just wasting my time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## If You Got Nothing Nice To Say...

I can't help it.  
It's the way you write.  
It feels like a robot.  
So scripted.  
A non native speaker.  
Dreary me, I wonder what is in this beaker?  
Could it be the perfect solution?  
Should I really encourage your resolution?  
Or should I be the honest critic?  
I hate to admit it but I just want to forget.  
Escape feeling morally obligated to a given response.  
When the horror is so pronounced.  
No, no please do not ask me.  
For my opinion matters not.  
Just do what your heart wants.  
Even if I can't bare its awful sight.  
I'm sure someone will find delight in your bizarre sunlight.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# If You Have Not Lived

An unfortunate set of events and circumstances.  
A tragedy in its truest form.  
Memories so cold yet they are still warm.  
Some say his death could have been prevented.  
But I know not how one could stop the stars from aligning that night.  
Digging into the past can be traumatic.  
Digging into the past can also be fantastic.  
A heart felt thought of who you were back then.  
What you did, who you loved.  
A fun time that got blurred as you moved on.  
We drift from one life to the next.  
Sometimes one is more innocent of the mistakes made.  
Ignorance is never a valid excuse if abused.  
Repetition is the music that continues to beat.  
Destiny is an eye opening ride so just take a seat.  
Take it all in.  
Be completely aware of all our surroundings.  
Take part in it.  
For we know not how long it will last.  
Time leaves the the wind still.  
A motionless body of a image that happen so fast.  
No control over what we will see when we close our eyes.  
To tell ourself otherwise is just another lie.  
Putting colors into the skies  
We not only must survive, but must put meaning to what we left behind.  
What is an explanation without reason?  
How many times will we see these changes in the seasons?  
We will not know if its of a life not lived.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# If You Need A Reminder Just Look In My Fridge

I remember you, you and you.  
But that's all I do.  
Don't think you can invade my life.  
When you are no longer part of it.  
And you will never be again.  
That storm has come and gone.  
I've watch too many dawns by myself.  
I picked up too many of the pieces from your aftermath of your destruction.  
It is not a reluctance.  
It's a absolute refusal.  
Only a black flag waves.  
The absence of all light.  
The negative energies, the negative auras I can feel them when you come  
creeping around my front door.  
Baton down the hatches it is time to prepare for war.  
That is all feel.  
Fire before I get caught in the cross fire.  
They will be no more warnings shots.  
Just get the hell out of here.  
Let god give me the hand of fear.  
And drive it right into your hearts.  
Yeah I'm just crazy enough that I might just kill you.  
With a 16 gauge or a baseball bat take your pick.  
If you want pain I'm more then willing deal it.  
If your looking to steal I'll cut off you hands and keep them in my fridge.  
You say I'm making a mountain out of a mole hill.  
Well I say you only have ruin someones life once.  
And if your going in seconds.  
You are probably going to regret it.  
With a pirate hat and a squawking cat who it sits on my shoulder every night.  
Her name is paws.  
aaarr, just fire those cannons.  
Sink that ship from a distance.  
Because the closer it gets.  
The uglier it will be.  
A sorry sight to see.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Ignoring A Belligerent Drunk

The man won't stop drinking.  
Picking fights with his wife every night.  
He thinks it is not an addiction.  
He thinks it is not an affliction.  
But I know better I've seen it before.  
I've been down that road of misery, malcontent, depression, and anger.  
To live without it is the sobriety that I think he needs.  
But the only way to accomplish this is going broke indeed.  
His wife could leave him and he wouldn't even take notice.  
He is at a loss.  
He doesn't know how to treat his friends.  
He wasn't always this way.  
He picked up a bottle and never put it down.  
The alcoholic is no better then the heroin addict.  
Their both out to destroy themselves and everybody else.  
Sure their methods in the way it enters the body are different  
But the effects can be equally catastrophic.  
When the junky gets clean they will be alone and not easily trusted.  
When the alcoholic gets sober they will be alone and not easily trusted.  
Some mistakes once done are not so easily undone.  
An excuse is only valid if it wasn't self induced.  
Otherwise you are responsible like it or not.  
With expectations abroad.  
I can say I have taken the higher road.  
It is sometimes lonely but it is the one I have taken.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Ignoring The Oncoming Train Wreck

A calculated decision.  
The time is right.  
Wounds closed up and healed.  
Looking for something real.  
Looking for something close.  
Not willing to chase a ghost.  
I'll never forget what you said.  
I hope for the rest of life you regret it.  
You'll never receive even a passing glance, or a simple hello from me.  
He was my friend, but he was the father of your son.  
I know he loved you and wanted someone to always look out for you.  
Too bad the feelings weren't mutual.  
I'll light the match if only to watch you burn.  
So your alone, some people get what they deserve.  
Like a tick you suck the blood from all others who are near you.  
How dare you disgrace his name while he rest in a grave.  
It is something I will never be able to forgive.  
But it something I will be able to forget.  
Meet my love, she is just as much a pistol as me.  
Two loaded guns versus one.  
Could you even imagine.  
Next time you hear from me will be never.  
So hope you read my very last letter.  
Because the friend you use to be went through an emotional shredder.  
All that is left is an emotional disconnect.  
I'm happy your a train wreck, it's about time you pay your fine, it is not a  
physical price that owed.  
It requires an emotional toll on your soul.  
No good deed goes unpunished.  
And just remember I no longer care.  
Your on your own.  
As I've already shown.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I'LI Show You The Darkness

Once upon time.  
As if the Cinderella story could actually ever be.  
Just get away from me.  
Death surrounds as anger engulfs.  
Simplicity is not what it seems.

Can you feel my presence.  
Is the aurora so strong.  
The stench curdling milk evades your very being.  
A disgusting taste that almost no one craves.  
But I do, I do.

Out to destroy.  
Out to watch the entire world burn.  
Let the eternal flames that light my way.  
A shadow hints at all these signs.  
So many names with x's on all of them.

Another one down, who's next?  
Torture with images instilled as your memories.  
This how I suffered.  
Can you feel it?  
Do you want some more?  
As if once is never enough.

And the repetition follows as the heart grows colder.  
I got icicles hanging off my chest.  
I got too many sins that need to be confessed.  
Repentance is out of my reach.  
No matter what is done.  
I deserve much worse.  
The black spirit that continues haunt.

Scars from what use to be wings.  
Demon child to be.  
Evil incantations whispered upon the night sky.  
Blood stains defile this knife.  
My soul darkens a little more.  
For I know it's history.

Let me show you, let me breath the poison straight into you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I'LI Take It! ! !

How do we get signal with your phone?

'Well sir, you must go outside. Stand on your head. Grab the phone with your foot. Bring it down to your head, and start dialing with your other (foot) s toes.'

Oh is that all?

And how much do you want for it?

'30\$'

Really why so cheap?

'Well sir so we can sell you malfunctioning products, in mass quantities.'

I'll take it and another.

No lets double that.

Nah, I want a dozen.

Oh can you wrap them each in a little pink bow?

'May I ask who you're getting them for? '

My lawyers, so I can sue your ass.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Illiteracy Versus Ignorance

The difference between illiteracy and ignorance is some people make choices that they regret for the rest lives.

And live in a state of denial rather than admitting they made the mistake.

While other accept it as a mistake and learn from it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Illusion Of Delight

The ghost of october.  
It makes me so damn sober.  
With words it's just over.  
The fire, the sassy little flame that dances before me.  
It sings of unknown fortunes to be told.  
Gripping life with a choke hold.  
I am destiny.  
Come on just breath it in with me.  
Oxygen, scented with the dirt and trees.  
A world of how things could be.  
I'm willing to give it shot.  
It's all I got.  
One more kiss and this is it.  
At one time we did imagine it.  
At one time we all have lived it.  
It being the creature with all of these unusual habits.  
Look there goes the rabbit down a shallow looking hole.  
Come on lets go after.  
So much fun, under, over, intermingle inbetween.  
Just dance with me baby.  
A rhythm set on repeat.  
A sigh then scream.  
A little itty bity voice laughter then.  
A tear drops fall in agony.  
The pain of infamy.  
I can still hear those words, god she is so pretty.  
But who exactly is it I wonder as we meet.  
She says take a seat, and let me tell you a little about me.  
A god given mind, a purpose behind those tiny blue eyes.  
With how many words can I describe.  
My illusions of delight.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# I'M Another Asshole So Thank You

It is true when you're are happy

You're are happy.

Why should anybody deny you in the pursuit a forever happiness.

If you've found it never let go.

Cause if you do, you'll be of the one that poem refers to.

Another side of the rubix cube in which emotions are the follow through.

I'm another asshole so thank you.

~Dedicated to another poem written by another author.

~John Bastian

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I'M Just Another Writer Of This World

A lot of you are better than me.  
Yet they see fit to put ahead of you and I don't even know why  
As one I am not trying to reach for the sky  
I'm just trying to get by as we all are.  
I do not have the talent of a star.  
I just write what comes from heart.  
We are not different  
Yet they divide us apart.  
As if I can reach people the way you can.  
I say no man, I can't  
You know of words I'm only slowly understanding the meanings  
So why is it, that as I write this I'm the one achieving  
That's right put the undereducated guy in the front  
Have him falsely lead this pack.  
Well that is not my pact.  
In the face of humility I bow before a crowd  
Knowing only that I must learn  
As I have to earn money to put food on my table.  
You take down my book.  
That one day just maybe will  
I say how dare you in all affection you've shown me  
Still you attack my pride and joy.  
I'm just another writer of this world.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I'M Moving On

Today this is to all of you  
Who knew me and what I went through  
I'd say how could you.  
But that is just not me anymore  
Instead I ask where are you now  
Are you of the proud

Today this is all to you  
Who knew me and what I went through  
I'd say why did you watch and do nothing  
But that is just not in me anymore  
Instead I rather open the door for you for once more  
I'm here to help

Today this is to all of you  
Who knew me and what I went through  
I'd how you watch me suffer like no other  
But that is just not in anymore  
I'm not here to settle old scores  
As one might think  
But instead tell you what I've learned  
From such a cruel world

The weeping willow tree cry's as the souls die  
She sags but yet is still strong  
I think she has moved on

The weeping willow tree cry's as the souls die  
She sags but yet is still strong  
I think she has moved on

Today this is to all of you  
That knew me and all of what I went through  
I'd say why did you put my face in the dirt when it hurt the worse  
But that's just not in me anymore  
Those wounds have longed heal  
As all that left is the faded scars  
Its a constant reminder of who we are.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# I'M My Own Prisoner (Revised In Line Form And Viewable)

A demon walks free in my dreams.  
Is it right he does so?  
So many answers I shall never know.  
Always alone in surroundings so compounding.  
How do I wash my hands clean?  
They continuously bleed.  
It's like I have sickle cell anemia, but psychologically.  
What is my methodology behind it all?  
If I keep helping reaching out through all the crowds, does it make it easier?  
What is it and do I control it?  
Is love that powerful.  
Can it rule hate?  
Can anyone relate to the these thoughts I constantly contemplate.  
An empty soul behind an iron gate.  
Locked away forever never be set free.  
It's irony that I'm my own prisoner to protect the most evil and vile from harm.  
Most can't do what I'm doing they would snap like itty bitty twig.  
Does that make me the better man?  
I definitely hope it can cause if it don't I'm already damned.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I'M Not Coming Back Down

Come on take flight, ride upon the angels wings.  
The spirit flies, the soul is held up so high.  
I can not come down, for I don't know how I would get back up.  
To this level, to this height, looking down at the stars of the night.  
They are set among the pitch black void.  
I can't let flames or fire destroy.  
To much chaos in that world.  
It is a constant Apocalypse.  
A welcome change, for whom benefits.  
No longer having to suck down demons kisses.  
Somethings no matter how hard tried still can not be enjoyed.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I'M Not Day Dreaming

But if it is so honest why is there a need for what isn't yours?  
Intentions mean nothing here.  
It is not about fear.  
It is not about losing something.  
It is about what is right.

Notoriety means nothing to me.  
I rather do good work in the shadows than do nothing in the spotlight.  
But I will not be a horse someone else rides in on.  
No sir, I do not desire the help or company on this lonely road I travel.

I'm smart enough to know when I'm being used.  
I see the clues.  
Like little footprints we all leave our trails.  
Some get caught in the act and still think they can pretend it never happens.  
Sometimes I wish for their day of reckoning.

But I try to put it to the back of my mind.  
For they are better things I can do with my time.  
Then day dreaming about vengeance on a silver platter.  
As if it would make my life in any way easier.  
A commodity of ideals that will not flatter.

The opposition sees me as weak.  
And I see their very existence as bleak.  
And they're waiting for the opportunity to attack.  
No matter if it is in the back.  
But I won't react or lash out.  
Calmer cooler heads prevail.  
And in these waters I have already set sail

Enemies are made in both the time of peace and war.  
But at least in times of war you know who they are.  
You don't have to be so careful of who to trust.  
For allegiances have already been made.  
And this is not the case.  
It is something I've already had to face.  
A mistake, a regret, by what shouldn't be so easily given.

## Ace Of Black Hearts



# I'm Only Human

I'm only human.  
Nothing more, nothing less.  
I confess, I'm so fataly flawed.  
It's time to make the call.  
Avoiding it for years.  
Fears have been building up in these blood soaked tears.  
And I can't seem to wash it off my face.  
Like scars they remain to stain.  
Camera ready set go.  
Now you final meet my ghost.  
Just remember, I'm only human.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# I'M Ready To Go.

I'm ready to go.  
Take me to heaven.  
I'm ready to go.  
End my suffering.  
I'm ready to go.  
Let me stop all this blubbering.

I can't help anyone.  
Wish I could.  
The grave of the good.  
As much as I need to know whats not understood.  
Conclusions so sour sometime I wish you would.

I'm ready to go.  
Take me to heaven.  
I'm ready to go.  
End my suffering.  
I'm ready to go.  
Let me stop all this blubbering.

I've look into the abyss so many times before.  
This time their is no going back.  
Me and the angel of the death have a contract.  
With blood as the ink it has been signed and sealed.  
I'm sorry but I no longer want to feel.

I'm ready to go.  
Take me to heaven.  
I'm ready to go.  
End my suffering.  
I'm ready to go.  
Let me stop all this blubbering.

My emotions ride me like a hound.  
Biting at my heels.  
A heart that isn't real.  
Watch as another layer of skin I peel.  
I stand then kneel.

I'm ready to go.  
Take me to heaven.  
I'm ready to go.  
End my suffering.  
I'm ready to go.  
Let me stop all this blubbering.

Wishing for something I can never have.  
Denied the right as stars shoot across the twilight.  
Beating myself up on the inside.  
I'm so ready to so ready to die.  
I'm so ready to sail the skies.

I'm ready to go.  
Take me to heaven.  
I'm ready to go.  
End my suffering.  
I'm ready to go.  
Let me stop all this blubbering.

But something won't let me.  
A conscience.  
A destiny.  
Thoughts of the angry.  
They pour into me.  
It should be my choice.  
A echoing of my voice.

I'm ready to go.  
Take me to heaven.  
I'm ready to go.  
End my suffering.  
I'm ready to go.  
Let me stop all this blubbering.

I'm ready to go.  
Take me to heaven.  
I'm ready to go.  
End my suffering.  
I'm ready to go.  
Let me stop all this blubbering.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# I'M Still Smiling

The song is not over till I say so.  
I painted the river that is flowing.  
So go ahead and try to destroy it.  
Do it, do your worse.  
Happily ever after.

Too soon and not long enough.  
The stuffing is already coming out.  
And this bear was just sewed up.  
You defiled all my hard work.  
How dare you, think I'm ever gonna stop?

A heart beat is not something that just drops.  
It takes time, a hill longing to be climbed.  
Above running through the grassy meadows.  
You can't destroy this day.  
No matter how hard you try.

I'm still smiling.  
Till the day I die.  
You can't just kill what is inside.  
The sleeping giant.  
You made him all the larger.  
With your words already forgotten.

Fortune grows in the stormy snows of tomorrow.  
Hate me, love me, just don't ever get close to me.  
Your touch is poisonous.  
Your spirit is ravenous.  
It just won't let up.  
Even with a good meal fed.  
A vulture of the unending feasting off both the live and dead.  
Do the rotten taste better?  
Why can't you just control your self and try not to hurt anybody else?

Ace Of Black Hearts

## In A Bed Of Thorned Roses

In a bed of thorned roses. Always try to love those closest. Even with pain so unbearable. I will deny the attraction. Its this immense chemical reaction. I wish I could say I love you. But you look the other way. Hate me today, hate me tomorrow. Oh how I wish the sorrow wouldn't make me feel so hollow. Cold am I till the day I die. I would cry if it allowed me heal. What is real? How should I feel. Protecting myself from a fate unknown. So alone. Raise in a broken home. I'm fighting my soul for control. Its mine damn it I'm too close to just let go. To only know something a little less shallow. Where are my values. Ive been suck in a machine that keeps asking, more change please. Climbing over the shoulders of great men. Thank god for what I have been given. Pray that this isn't the end of a friend. If so I blame it on my god damn ambition. It created a barrier around me. It wont let anybody in. Nothing will be ever be forgiven. Not even worth trying. Because my heart already dieing. In a bed of thorned roses

Ace Of Black Hearts

# In A Place Where Two Realities Can Not Exist

Like an only child please feed him.  
Quell the fury of his never ending tantrum being.  
Stop the heart from bleeding.  
Cut it off at the source.  
Out of the mind.  
It doesn't exist.  
Meditate and just think.  
If wants are needs then their wouldn't be anything left for you and me.  
Infinite of everything.  
An physics impossibility.  
To give you must take.  
To take you must deny.  
A shadow reining upon the glorious sunrise.  
Blocking us from feeling those powerful rays.  
Who will save the day, when two realities can not both exist.  
Someone will suffer upon your pleasure.  
You will suffer upon someone else's pleasure.  
Written in a letter hidden deep buried beneath the heavens.  
It speaks of so many truths.  
So search and you just might find it.  
But you still will never be able to prove it.  
So it is a reality never accepted.  
It is laying out in the open but still it will be rejected.  
Another concept has just been intercepted.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# In My Heart

Faint are the heart beats.  
Faint are the very last breaths you will take.  
Preparing myself for it the best I know how.  
Forever is the love you have given.  
In gods grace I pray for your safe transition and passage.  
From one life to the next.  
You will be sorely missed.  
Distance may divide, but still common spirits do collide.  
Angels of sorrow somehow always seem to survive.  
And hear comes another tear drop.  
This one is for you.  
They are all for you.  
You are the best I've ever known.  
With a style all your own.  
No matter our differences.  
And all the indifference being projected.  
I've always liked you.  
The good ones are so hard to find.  
We have had our moments.  
But that doesn't change this.  
The connection.  
Some shining stars move way to fast.  
Becoming a distant fading light.  
I wish I could have known you more personally then across a screen in electronic waves.  
It is a regret on more then one occasion I have met.  
I have felt it so deeply.  
Death does not value time, nor rhyme.  
It doesn't matter how unfair it seems.  
Whining about it won't get you anywhere.  
So this one goes out to you.  
You know who you are.  
And know you'll always be in my heart.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# In My Mind I'M Already Gone

Drowning out every single sound.  
I don't want to hear any of it.  
Just let me slumber in my mind for a time.  
And maybe when I come out I will be fine.  
But you can't force it.  
Like to love in the darkest days.  
When the pain is so extreme.  
A needle in between my spines vertebrae.  
Trying so hard to recuperate.  
But the wounds are still so raw.  
A strategy to find my way through this over grown forest.  
Which is which with so many doubts.  
Fear is everywhere.  
And I'm not just prepared, I was never prepared.  
Walking into the lions den without single weapon.  
How am I suppose to put up a proper defense.  
Sometimes this world just doesn't make sense.  
Climbing in between the fence.  
Hoping I don't get noticed.  
Just the average guy walking on by.  
Just wave and say hi.  
You will never see me again.  
Never see me again.  
I just don't stay in one place long enough.  
Before you know it I will be gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# In My Secret Garden

In my secret garden...,  
I shall present to you the things that I enjoy privately the most.

In my secret garden...,  
I shall present to you the most horrible times of my life.

In my secret garden...,  
I shall tell you who I love.

In my secret garden...,  
I shall share with you the most happiest times I have ever known.

In my secret garden...,  
I share both my political and personal opinions.

In my secret garden...,  
The stories will not always rhyme or make sense at the time.

In my secret garden...,  
Their will be ramblings that one will not be able to understand.

In my secret garden...,  
Their will be questions unanswered.

In my secret garden...,  
Grows a tree.  
Only time will tell if it is truly meant be.  
The flow destiny.  
Riddled with flaws that cause a due pause.  
A hesitation in a time of meditation.  
Will it reveal a revelation?  
With time as the contemplation.  
I leave to you nothing but mere thoughts.  
Straight from both my head and heart.  
With patients as my virtue, I still might never have my true start.  
A unfinished, undocumented, and incomplete works.  
Even with the greatest dedication I still at times get stuck.  
It is as much a mental block as rotten luck.  
I've always said it comes waves.

And it does, I can't turn it on and off as I like.  
It chooses when and where.  
I write both in love and in despair.  
Some times this leaves the dependability up in the air.  
But it will not stop me from living as one lives.  
To take in the moment, draw it on a canvas, and describe it as my own.  
Most of the time I do this all alone.  
For theirs something wrong with me.  
I enjoy my silence.  
I enjoy my seclusion.  
I enjoy my indifference.  
Wrong as it is, I think I've been hurt just too many times.  
To go back and make the right friends to make a better ending.  
My happily ever after has always been disaster.  
And I credit no fault but to my own doing.  
I will never live upon a such a lie or illusion.  
I was a fool with a big heart.  
And now I am a fool with no heart.  
Nothing in between so it seems.  
A redemption that will not be redeemed.  
In many ways I have come clean.  
Rid my soul of the guilt of a lot of dirty deeds.  
In this I feel better no matter what is achieved.  
Goals to high, and I just can never focus on one thing.  
A master nothing but the emptiness I have created for myself.  
Like a bed in which I have been forever in a slumber.  
So many ask so much of me.  
And it gets so complicated  
It's like take number.  
A overwhelming feeling.  
I'm swamped and I'm making a little to nothing in headway.  
With this my lord I pray you will take me to a different place.  
One where I fit in to the common race.  
An ugly uniqueness, in which I'm sure any compliments shouldn't be given.  
Trying to make so many decisions.  
Which ones matter the most?  
Triage upon a battle field.  
So many wounded soldiers.  
Will I ever be able to bring them enough closure.  
Just let tide take me back out to the ocean.  
Float away into the unknown and uncharted waters.  
Just maybe there it will be a little calmer.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# In The Eyes Of An Modern Day Aristocrat

Coverage deciding and yet meaningless.  
Who are you but a mere shadow held with little regard.  
Still it doesn't stop them from their approach.  
These little cockroaches lets crush them.  
Here's a million give it to the men with the guns and lets sit back and watch the fun.  
For your personal entertainment we proudly present.  
More like resent the fact, of being bought.  
But of the choices that sit before us what can one do.  
A deluge of propaganda and plausible denial-ability.  
Responsibility what is that?  
It is not our fault, it is but the squatters of this meagre society.  
They bring nothing to table, so we are holding all the cards.  
And we will play them as we see fit.  
You can't do nothing about it like it or not.  
So just watch as we take your home and make you sleep on street like the dog you are.  
Money talks, and the poor must walk.  
While we drive in prestigious cars.  
Maim and marred they aren't even fit sit in our presence without being cleaned up.  
Disgusting and homely.  
We are so much better then them.  
For we stole everything they had without them even taking notice.  
Not even a blink of an eye.  
So we don't have to make any compromises.  
We've earned every penny by an illusion of a given credit.  
So tell me do you regret it?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# In The Name Of Who?

I never thought of my self as poet.  
I just wrote things down till the heart was content.  
I never thought of myself as a writer.  
For my stories never have an ending.  
They continue on and on.  
An enormous decent.  
In to the deep dark abyss.  
An emptiness that just never can be filled.  
Eating it all up only hoping all my wounds will eventually heal.  
But they never do,  
A million people who I can relate to.  
I know exactly what your going through.  
I know of all the crimes of this society.  
The wrongs that can't and will never be made right.  
But with a pen at least I can put them under the spotlight.  
A pointless attempt to make difference.  
A constant account of those things that will forever be in vain.  
The crash of another plane.  
It has seen better times.  
It was so under maintain.  
Yet the expectations were so high.  
Bound for failure before it even lifted off.  
A blitz upon the night sky.  
Then we investigate as if we didn't have clue.  
A permanent lie infused.  
You can fool ones mind but never the heart.  
It can look right through you as if you were made of glass.  
An inner reflection.  
A mental dissection.  
A resurrection of those who never died.  
They have only been compromised.  
Bought sold and told what say to make everything so okay.  
Oh how the writers of this generation have written so many death sentences.  
So much power in their hands and they don't have clue.  
Completely oblivious to anything that revolves around you.  
Of course they do.  
It doesn't pay to save the world as much to destroy it.  
Mind control devices in ink and blood.  
Social paths behind the helm of an entire country.

Wars for profits sake.  
Prices envelope our an entire being as we take.  
A man being crucified upon a simple stake.  
Not because what he speaks is untrue.  
But because of what the truth could really do.  
He voice echo's till this day.  
In his name we pray.  
Not understanding why he couldn't stay.  
In a worldly world their was never room for a man like him and never will their  
be again.  
He wasn't a prophet, but an honest generous man.  
Said to be a healer.  
But I believe above all else was the words he spoke which scared his country  
leadership the most.  
Enough to provoke his cruel killing.  
A soul looking to be fulfilling.  
In this life and the next.  
A promise in deeds done we shall confess.  
And then they are the rules we created to oppress.  
As if being an individual was a sickness.  
A man must be able to make his own decisions.  
Now matter how large the societies division.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Indecently Exposed

I'm sorry madam but you can't feed your baby here.

You have to go into the dressing room or leave the store.

'How dare you, your a guy, you have bigger boobs then I do, and I can see them right through your clothes.'

'I really think your the one indecently exposed.'

Ace Of Black Hearts



## Indian Giver (Unfinished)

An indian-giverr is a name I know all to well.  
But in nature their is no such thing.  
What she gives she can also takes away.  
Why can't human beings do the same.  
Well when promises are made.  
Presumptions are created,  
And then disappointments are inflated by the reclaiming of that was never really  
theirs.  
A loan is agreement that the value of of an possession will be returned in one  
way or another..  
The lack of respect for those we consider our brothers,  
Why would you ever say sure you can have it.  
Then retract the entire statement.  
Why did you make it in the first place.  
You say you did not know.  
Then you intentionally deceived by giving what you had no knowledge if really  
could be given.  
And now you want to be forgivien by the same ones who you betrayed their  
trust.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Infallible Research

As a mad scientist.  
I'm doing my research unknown and unheard of.  
Failure after failure till my hearts content.  
An invention of perfection.  
An invention of dissection.  
A changing of complexions.  
Like Frankenstein it is another resurrection.  
It is alive and electrified.  
All in the secrets of anonymity.  
Who am I?  
Where and why am I doing it?  
Explain yourself with law baring.  
The legality of morality.  
It's okay it is another infallibility.  
The wrongs are done unbeknownst to any one.  
All in the name of a higher knowledge.  
The wisdom of experimentation that isn't hurting anyone.  
A belief in the normality of reasoning.  
Predicting the changing of the seasons.  
From hot to cold in so little time.  
When the success comes you will dine upon my home made wine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Inside These Hollow Walls

The mood of writing.  
The music inside your head.  
Can you not hear it because I can?  
It sways me, it portrays me.  
It even betrays me.  
Telling my secrets in a rhyme and rhythm.  
If you just listen you will understand.  
No matter the pace.  
No matter the place.  
The context of an inner medium.  
The siren of deep, with wisdom to keep.  
Whisper from beyond the grave, placed upon such a fickle stage.  
A change could come from any direction at any moment.  
Separations of thoughts.  
With a knife I start to cut.  
Take my pain, take my hate, take my love.  
As sick and twisted as it might be.  
I am left emotionless, fully drain yet so happy.  
Give me the unending sounds of the entire universe.  
I will write till my hand bleeds.  
It is not greed, it is relief.  
It is traveling in to a different reality.  
Not that this one is so bad.  
But some experiences can be only visualized.  
For there are things that can never be reached.  
Our arms are just not long enough.  
Mr. Rubber Band Man, doing his stretch again.  
An exercise of the mind.  
Continuously fighting.  
There can never be a good enough ending.  
Not to this.  
Not even if one puts in a thorough effort.  
Training for the great Olympics.  
As if it is a continuous competition.  
But your adversary is right in the mirror.  
Oh the reflections, dissecting the thoughts of perfection.  
It can not be to a infinity indefinitely.  
The melting of truly morbid scene.  
Words are plastered all over our pretty walls.

With little care, with little re-approach.  
But how do we do it so much in so little time?  
The cost of a pen and some paper.  
Shooting down a monster with some lasers.  
But the reality is all you are doing is trying to work out problem within you.  
A conflict of inner self.  
Placed upon the highest shelf.  
Oh how each time I want to reach for it so badly.  
Again and again.  
Repeating and expanding the sights to see.  
A child playing simple little tricks.  
Throwing stones and sticks.  
The window was broken.  
But now it is fixed.  
A magical sensation it becomes.  
Because somethings can be undone.  
Even if in some contexts they can not.  
All you have to is give it a shot.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Invited To Dinner

I'm sorry my daughter, but honey you are no longer going to see him.  
'You can't stop me! ! ! '  
'You can't lock me in a box forever to be a prized possession.'  
'My spirit is meant to be free, as my heart is meant to desire.'  
I can, you watch me.  
I'll have him locked up and thrown in jail.  
Sleeping with a minor is a grave offense.  
'Oh my god you can't do this.'  
'First off you'd have prove it.'  
'So you'd have a bunch of doctors poking and prodding me just to keep him from me?  
'That is just wrong on so many levels.'  
'You have yet to give me a valid reason not to see him.'  
'Daddy I'm no longer your golden little girl with pearls.'  
'I am a woman you are going to have to accept it, I never said I was going marry this man, at this point we are just dating.'  
'Why can't you just be okay with it? '  
'Love him, because I do.'  
Need I remind you, you have been hiding him this whole time.  
I only found out about him, because of a jealous friend.  
You want me to trust your choices when you don't trust me.  
You know it is a two way street.  
Fine, invite him to dinner so I can formally meet him, then I'll make my decision after that, but no promises.  
'Thank you, thank you daddy so much.'  
'I promise he won't disappoint.'  
I know that is what I'm afraid of.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Inviting The Wolf

Fake, Charlton

I'm sorry do you want something from me?

Can't you see I 'm busy?

Of course not eyes have to be open for you to see.

Fine then go play with the sheep.

And worry when wolf comes.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Is He A Hero Or Just Another Villain?

Compliments aside.

I know you see your self as the hero.

All narcissist do in their own little fairy tales..

Somebody's got be the villain.

Let that be me.

Let me signal your defeat.

When the angels come marching in.

They will ask me what is it you think you have done?

It was just.

It was just.

My heart is not bleeding no not for him.

He was a liar destroying our entire society.

He was a cheat stealing our souls one at a time.

Good intentions gone awry.

As blood continues to forsaken the sky.

Seeing through the all seeing eye.

Trying to keep my head held up high.

A clout in the form of a disguise.

The ultimate sacrifice, with the ultimate backlash.

Compliments aside.

I know you see your self as the hero.

All narcissist do in their own little fairy tales..

Somebody's got be villain.

Let that be me.

Let me signal your defeat.

When the angels come marching in.

They will ask me what is it you think you have done?

It was just

It was just.

It was just.

It was just.

Forever stuck in the moral obligation of self justification.  
A world where no jury or judge presides.  
Not of your peers but for your peers.  
A vigilante of the criminal sort.  
When it comes to a last resort.  
Tell me are you one that can pull that trigger?  
Daggers forever invading the mind.  
The bomb is still being primed.  
Their's a fight going on for complete control over this world.  
Tell me have you yet picked a side?

Compliments aside.  
I know you see your self as the hero.  
All narcissist do in their own little fairy tales..  
Somebody's got be villain.  
Let that be me.

Let me signal your defeat.  
When the angels come marching in.  
They will ask me what is it you think you have done?

It was just  
It was just.

It was just.  
It was just.

Now watch the walls crumble.  
The shape shifters are pedaling ever nearer  
No where to run now.  
A new crown on your head is placed.  
Hold it in disgrace  
Drink the blood of your fellow man.

Yes you killed him.  
Yes you killed him.

But it was just.

The words here are placed forever to stay.



But it was just.

Compliments aside.

I know you see your self as the hero.

All narcissist do in their own little fairy tales..

Somebody's got be villain.

Let that be me.

Let me signal your defeat.

When the angels come marching in.

They will ask me what is it you think you have done?

It was just

It was just.

Why can't you see it was just?

ITTT WWAASSS JUUUSST! ! ! !

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Is It A Fruit Of Love?

But without some kind of physical attraction.  
How will this go with a conversation of human interaction?  
A pale complexion turns fair.  
And suddenly it's hard not stare.  
Like candy you lay there.  
Waiting to be eaten.  
A fruit to be plucked by something I would call love.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Is It Possible To Be Free Without Morality

I was brought up to believe in this country, believing that this is the country where we are truly free. How does one truly define freedom? A question that indeed must be asked again. Indeed there are many varieties and avenues in which it travels. From religion standpoint, from an political stand point, from a foreign stand point, from a kids stand point, from class stand point, from an institutions standpoint, from an individual standpoint. It a logistical nightmare to even try to define it in a paragraph or two.

□

Freedom is the holy grail we all cling to for the right to do what we want as long as it doesn't impede on others such rights. But how do we define this impeding? This vague interference that no one in this country seems understand. From the individual all the way to the top we are impeding on each other. In fact we made it into a competition. Where the winner is the one who impedes the most. The desire to be better off then another human by destroying there rights. We are taught this from very young age in very simplistic ways. T.v. promotes it everyday, in advertisements, movies, t.v. shows, even reality t.v. ect.

Fair and equal opportunity, again is very vague and is very limited in scope in this country. To succeed somebody must fail. That is how I define it. It does matter how they fail. We are not taught the importance of that. The importance of integrity. Do you buy the home that was just illegally foreclosed on by a bank, do you ignore the fact of what they did and continue on your marry little way to the perfect utopia. Or do you walk away from the deal of a life time knowing you did the right thing or even better yet do you buy the home back for them because you don't see it as equal and fair.

This is the crossroads of morality and indifference. We live there every day. Some doing what ever they can to help, while others doing what ever they can do to hinder others. Freedom is constant battle, not because it can't be won, but because people ignore importance of it. If you ignore it will go away mentality.

While it concerns a minority, the majority could care less even those living poverty that was caused by the very denial of any and all freedoms. Why is that? because they either believe they can't do nothing about it. Or believe what they have been told over again and again. It is a race to finish line with people armed with every weapon they can get there hands on to give them the competitive edge. It doesn't matter who gets hurt, or what is lost in the process. This is the

world as I see it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Is It Wisdom?

When guidance is sought some would say all you have is ask.  
While not all the answers will be given.  
Some must be discovered, after a due given search.  
To give up, is to admit living was a lie.  
What is the one thing we all seek and try to defy?  
That we will eventually die.  
We have our blessings and our curses.  
A voodoo doll, or miracle is not needed.  
A continuation of all things large and small.  
Looking through a rose covered glass ball.  
A layer is peeled to only be repeated.  
With history forever synced.  
A musical with the same beat.  
It's importance is not yet really seen.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Is The Impersonation Creditable?

Impersonating me will do no any good.  
No matter how much the anger tells you should.  
For that was how I was born.  
This body was created from the ashes of a previous life.  
I made it stronger and tougher.  
Able to withstand multiple blows.  
A lot less ego and a lot more confidence.  
And let me tell you I am a azz at times.  
A damage to my credibility.  
Come on now, what creditability do I actually have?  
Other then what I type what do you really know about me?  
The fact is I'm not so important that I should be impersonated for the bad or  
good.  
Have a conversation with me if you have a problem, otherwise your wasting your  
time cause I don't even care.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# It Comes In Waves

For years to come.  
There will be a reality that must be faced.  
That must be embraced.  
The game has changed.  
I only thought a war could bring on such fate.  
But now I can see the apple for the tree.  
For the elderly this has become dire.  
I'm sure for nobody in no way was this to be desired.  
They say the median age is just phase.  
But I just don't know.  
The health of the world under a galactic microscope.  
Class decides like never before.  
Do you have what you need for the invasion you can't see.  
Self sufficient comes with new meaning.  
We loaded the gun, now we're running, racing, trying to save as many as we  
can.  
But the bullets are still coming.  
Till a few months ago we still thought we were gods among insects.  
The fall was hard, monuments crumbled, as the last bit of pride died.  
Finally understanding with the right wind entire populations, species can be  
wiped from this planet.  
So desperate for a simple answer, a one word cure.  
Still under the illusion that science can solve every problem faced.  
But sometimes time burns the forest before enough water can be brought to be  
bare.  
Am I scared, is something that repeats.  
But of course, but not enough to give up in despair.  
Even if we are so unprepared.  
Sometimes a battle must be fought and lost, so we can buy time to be ready for  
the next.  
And I can only hope we are.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# It Is A Risk Well Worth Taking

My vulnerability is yours.

My temptations is yours.

A union in the body and mind.

Just the smallest connection creates a fire.

It feels as if the flame will forever burn.

But then it dwindles and goes out.

The time can be infinite.

It is a risk well worth taking in the art of love making.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# It Is Not Your Choice, It's Ours.

No more, no more.  
Can you hear us?  
Are we yet loud enough?  
War ravaged, we're just tired of it.

Lies and deception.  
Violence never ends violence.  
Only in peace can we all prosper.  
The war drums are empty, hollow, and faded dreams.  
Saving the world.  
Crimes against humanity.

No more, no more.  
Can you hear us?  
Are we yet loud enough?  
War ravaged, we're just tired of it.

You send your own daughters and sons if you want it.  
You take the taxes from your own pockets.  
Not the people of this republic.  
The blood will be on your hands.

No one else to blame.  
We said no and you didn't listen.  
Reason can not achieved, if there is only one solution, one conclusion.  
More dead, this time even the soldiers are protesting.  
We are not defending ourselves.  
We are encroaching on others freedoms.  
No matter the atrocities committed.  
It is not our place to dictate it in this way.

No more, no more.  
Can you hear us?  
Are we yet loud enough?  
War ravaged, we're just tired of it.

No more, no more.  
Can you hear us?  
Are we yet loud enough?

War ravaged, we're just tired of it.

Tired of it, oh just tired of it.

How many lives are lost everyday in this turmoil?

And for what?

Just a little more oil?

In name of another country who doesn't even represent us.

It was there terrorist who attacked us.

Yet we never once put the blame there way?

Instead we invade a country that had nothing to do with it.

How do you justify it?

Our leaders are the war criminals.

Tried and convicted in Malaysia.

Yet we wouldn't dare send them there.

They claim they drop bombs in the name of democracy?

But whose democracy exactly is it?

There peoples or ours?

A misrepresentation.

A false flag of instigation.

Doesn't it just make you elated?

Torture, agent orange, sarin gas, depleted uranium shells, and white phosphorous we used.

Yet we think we have the right judge.

Where are the sanctions on us?

Spying on all countries and our own.

Breaking encryption, to steal corporate and state secrets.

Back doors is not a new invention for the nsa.

Chasing after whistle blowers to the ends of the earth.

Poisoning our own people under the guise of feeding the whole world.

Genetic guinea pigs.

Labs rats who love there corn.

No more, no more.

Can you hear us?

Are we yet loud enough?

War ravaged, we're just tired of it.

No more, no more.

Can you hear us?

Are we yet loud enough?

War ravaged, we're just tired of it.

War profiteering ends today.

Secretly sending both guns and chemical weapons there way.

Who benefits?

Time to come to the table.

Declare a ceasefire or else.

You will not be in office next term.

No matter the smear campaign you spread against your opponents.

We will be very vocal.

We will make sure every last one of you is out.

This is our country.

Not yours.

Represent the people or get out.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# It Really Doesn'T Matter

You say your ugly, i say it doesn't matter.  
You say you have a dark past,  
i say it doesn't matter.  
You say theirs overwhelming responsibility,  
i say it doesn't matter.  
I don't believe in walking away when things get hard.  
In fact they are my spark to continue my march.  
Through thick and thin where to begin.  
You say you don't have a way.  
I say it doesn't matter.  
You say that you cant give back what you would like.  
I say it doesn't matter.  
You say, you say oh it really doesn't matter,  
I live one day at a time.  
Choices will be made that will save the day  
but hurt me financially.  
It doesn't matter Choice will be made  
that will set me back in my expectations.  
It doesn't matter,  
It really doesn't matter.  
Its well worth it.  
To see the beauty that  
you have placed before me.  
Oh how its worth it.  
To settle down and not be looking to be found.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# It Takes Extreme Pain To Find True Love

Lies are hollow and never ring true, to the heart or mind.  
With eyes you can't see what is within yet it's there.  
Deep are the breaths of despair.  
A charlatan riding the long lost train.  
I don't know where it leads, neither do you.  
Perhaps it best that way.  
For ignorance is the bliss of another forgotten kiss.  
Did you really mean it, maybe it shouldn't matter if you on past it.  
Daily is deception, once in a life time is love.  
Is it worth it? Pain in trades we barter for the compassionate soul.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# It Was A Thunder Storm

Yet another storms comes.  
The thunder crackles.  
The rain falls.  
And the wind starts blowing.  
Under the darkness of night.  
The dog starts barking.  
Who's their?  
No one  
but he still barks.  
As if evil is waiting outside.  
The cat's hide under the furniture  
So scared of what I do not know.  
It comes  
It passes  
Then it goes  
To another place  
A place far off  
That I do not know of  
It was a thunder storm.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# It Was My Time

Come on why won't you let us in.  
Just little more personal.  
I'm so sorry I just can't.  
I prefer if you just keep your distance.  
Everything I touch turns ash.  
And can't let that ever happen you.  
All I do is destroy  
I love you too god damn much.  
I can feel you like an angel touch.  
The pain is sickening.  
The expression I can't describe with any amount of words.  
But I still I can never show it.  
Not the way I want too.  
I'm invisible and I will always be.  
A call to destiny.  
I hear her and I come running.  
Just stunning.  
And as I watch all these stars melt right through my hands.  
The tear drops start to fall.  
Everyone is so precious for in them is a reflection.  
Of things that could be.  
But I will never be that happy.  
Like a like little boys crush.  
But theirs so much more to it.  
A future so grim for me.  
Why would bring anyone else down.  
I'll be the only one that drowns.  
As I'm gasping for air.  
Please don't try and save me.  
Theirs nothing left to be saved any ways.  
All inside is already dead and gone.  
A constant numb sensation.  
A surrendering of all and just letting go.  
This night I will not survive.  
Soon I will be in my paradise.  
A heaven of heavens.  
Just remember, it was my time.

## Ace Of Black Hearts



# It's A Craps Shoot

To explain how I'm writing the story ever step of the way,  
should give others ideas.

This is joint journey for those who both believe  
everyone has a right to learn, and teach.

I'm not one to preach, but when thoughts come before me.

They must be written down,  
so they can be thoroughly and properly inspected.

Wisdom can be gained, only when  
what you believe has been corrected.

Like a child I skim through, absorbing it all.

Rolling with the dice with opinions so vague.

Its a craps shoot and I'm here to play.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## It's A Weed

Greed is like a weed once planted it can forever grow without a single seed needed to be sewn.

It kills all the beautiful flowers and vegetables and takes their stead.

About impossible to kill.

Then when it comes to the great harvest theirs nothing left.

A barren waste land is all that seen for miles.

A sight completely surreal.

Defiled by this grotesque entity that bares no use to us as human beings.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# It's Got To Be Better Than This

A burning bleeding heart.  
Falling in to the flames.  
A face full of dirt.  
The sting, the hurt.  
The question of what we really deserve.  
A search through pages.  
A mental set of stages.  
Acting upon a really big stage.  
But it all feels to real to me, to me.  
An echo that is forever repeating.  
Never have I felt so cheated.  
Look at all these happy people.  
Why that can't me?  
Why isn't a place for me to fit in?  
Why must I go on searching?  
A lost puppy has better chance of getting adopted.  
It must be I'm just so ugly on inside, so ugly, so ugly.  
Bruised and broken.  
Battered and confused.  
What the hell is wrong me?  
Why do I feel so much heart ache?  
When will this go away?  
When will I be able happy in the sun among the summer breeze?  
Without a care in the world.  
Give me bliss it has got to be better this.  
Give me bliss it has got to be better this.  
Better then this, better then this.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Its Not Over

I'll say what you won't  
Why because your afraid  
Their just ratings  
Their just of those people your hating  
Faking for the sake of entertainment  
That is what you become  
Sellout by what they want  
Look at me as I flaunt my you know what  
I just honestly don't care  
Let my words hang in the air  
Let critics come  
For ill be waiting  
Ready for the debating  
When it begins  
And words flung  
I'll expose every flaw I got  
This is what I've been taught  
With honesty I'll undress myself and show the world  
Then I'll say now what did you prove  
be careful with words you choose  
because I have nothing to lose  
I've already fallen so far from grace  
I've done so many things with disgrace and distaste  
But when I believe in something  
I won't give up when under attack  
Here let me turn around so you can dig your claws in back  
What that's not how you expected me react  
Well stereo type that  
I've been held back for to long  
And now I've been given wings  
I'm so ready to soar  
Even as I'm licking my wounds so sore  
The war of the worlds  
Some are out to destroy  
I'm out to stop you any way I can  
With a mission of the damned  
With my blood soaked hands  
I done more then my share of hurting  
But only if for the greater good

Never stopping and question if I should  
I've come to far second guess myself now.  
So when I take duck my head and bow  
Its not over  
Its not over

Ace Of Black Hearts

## It's Not Perfect.

&lt;/&gt;Sometimes the artist makes a fools mistake.  
A contract that demands plenty for so little.  
Me personally I do this for free currently because I have a job that pays the bills.  
It is a hobby to me, always has been.  
I work with my back, shoulders, arms, as well as my hands.  
Time limited sticks me behind so many others.  
Yet I don't care, for I do not desire fame and fortunes.  
But instead actually enjoy what I do.  
I feel as if I making glue that holds a painting together.  
The creation of something all in ones mind.  
A satisfying feeling envelopes me as I write them one at a time.  
A victory upon this paper, this is something I indeed savor.  
I do reread and reread trying to perfect each and everyone of them.  
But for the sake of being correct.  
Even though I know each one has its own flaws.  
That is what make it really unique.  
Even when the favored critique tells I'm wrong.  
Sometimes thats the way I still want it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Its Ours, All Ours

Notes written in blood.  
The intention of a malcontented suicide.  
Medication for the kids.  
Regretting the one life we live.  
Its ours, all ours.  
We got nobody to blame but ourselves.  
A little self discipline for every one of the sins.  
Pray and just hope your forgiven.  
Take it to the grave.  
This the one life we must save.

Notes written in blood.  
The intentions of a malcontented suicide.  
Medication for the kids.  
Regretting the one life we live.  
Its ours, all ours, Point the finger,  
call out a name. Its the blame game.  
It never changes. action and reaction.  
A contradiction with every word we speak.  
Take it all in.  
Accepting everything the way it is.  
Stop the self mutilation and the persona that goes with it.  
Pain all in measure.  
It amounts to a count that has no meaning.  
Every time it gets worse.  
Notes written blood.  
The intention of a malcontented suicide.  
Medication for the kids.  
Regretting the one life we live.  
Its ours, all ours, all ours.  
Giving up the most precious gift.  
Caught in the rift. Overacting to get it right.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# It's Over

I don't want you.  
You're just too much.  
Will you please just shut up.  
For a minute.  
Will you listen.

I don't want you.  
No I don't want you.  
Your not my friend.  
Your not even...  
When are you going to leave.  
Don't make me do this.  
I just need a reprieve.  
Not enough distance between us.  
You said you loved me.  
Then you got caught sleeping with him.  
Now you me expect to take you at your word.

I don't want you.  
You're just too much.  
Will you please just shut up.  
For a minute.  
Will you listen.

I don't want you  
I'm not dumb.  
I'm not that young.  
Time is wasting.  
And you are so aggravating.  
I would say I hate you.  
But right now I just know even what to feel.  
So unreal.  
Somebody wake me from the horrid dream.  
A goodbye so it seems.  
A packing of your bags.  
Leaving what we once had.  
You better not be here when I come back.

I don't want you.



You're just too much.  
Will you please just shut up.  
For a minute.  
Will you listen.

You hurt me so bad.  
Broke the trust.  
And it stings.  
Things do change.  
Just not you.  
Not the first time.  
Not the last.  
Quiting the habit before it gets that bad.  
Attachments already gone.  
I'm just so numb.

I don't want you.  
You're just too much.  
Will you please just shut up.  
For a minute.  
Will you listen.

I don't want you.  
Know I will always love you.  
But I just cant be with you.  
The things we put ourselves through.  
And you wonder why I have trust issues.  
It is not jealousy if it is proven.  
Downing a bottle rum as I come undone.  
An angry inebriated state.  
Breathing fire tonight.  
No everything isn't alright.  
She did it again.

She did it again.  
She is always doing it again.  
Nothing steady.  
Nothing heavy.  
A solid foundation.  
Always free as bird.  
And I just can't handle that sleeping around.

I don't want you.  
I don't want the open relationship that is needed.  
To make this work.  
Just kicking the dirt.  
I can't change you.  
Never could.  
I stopped trying and I knew you would.  
It's over.  
It's over.  
I don't want you.  
No never again.  
Please remember my words.  
Because I'm serious.  
It's over forever.  
There is no going back in time.  
My forgiveness has all been used up.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Its Part Of Humanity(In Response To A Poem Titled: The Lonely One)

We are all the lonely ones at some point in our lives.  
Some for the entirety of their being.  
So we build these fires that draw in all our desires, hopes, and dreams.  
If only to reach a single one.  
In it is a little bit of that happiness among all the sadness and misery.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# It's So Simple

Lets not complicate this.  
Keep it simple.  
No need to get all emotional.  
Just let the love shine right through.  
There is nothing I would rather feel.  
There is nothing I would rather be.  
Don't you see?  
You are all I need.  
You are the air I breath.  
My lifeless body has been brought back from the edge.  
I was so dead to the world.  
So cold.  
One more time.  
Can you hear me.  
Are you listening.  
Can you feel the butterfly kisses.  
Your hand pressed against mine.  
An ecstasy slowly building up.  
With my tears of pain.  
I'm finally happy.  
For me.  
For you.  
For each other.  
Why is it I feel like we have always been these long lost lovers?  
I'm this hopelessly romantic.  
And I can help it.  
Attached to this moment.  
Forever and only.  
A wish granted and I'm not even sure I'm that deserving.  
But I will earn it.  
Bare with witness to me on my knees.  
With my eyes looking straight at you.  
I'll make my promise.  
Do you accept?  
Always by your side.  
I'll never hold you back.  
A honest and true friend till the very end.  
Heres a rose I picked just for you.  
I will disclose everything.

No lies will ever come between us.  
Fully open and willing.  
A partner in crime.  
I finally have one.  
It's been a very long time.  
Thank you for all of this.  
You won't regret any of it.  
A good time each and every day.  
I will never just walk away.  
Holding on so gentle, so strong, so long.  
I don't want to ever let go.  
No neither of us are alone.  
Thank you for being my woman.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Jealous State

With my truth I can only react.  
I must keep my eye on that pretty shining ball  
For utmost attention must be held.  
And here is where the devil dwell.

With my eyes still intact  
I must see past the fall  
With steel I must weld  
Welcome to the angel whose entered hell

Welcome he was  
Always as the veil was put upon ones face  
In the past are things we wish could erase  
Its a very distant escape

How you got here is a simple just because  
Maybe it was the speed in which you took on this race  
With every word you only bring upon yourself more distaste  
Maybe I have entered another jealous state

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just A Little Bit More Color

I play my part with human heart  
I play my part in the guilt of the centuries  
I play my part with the great hope of the ever lasting.  
When my emotions soar,  
their who I am, and as defiant as I am.  
With opinions so different, words go a skew,  
You say I can get through.  
I say I know with every encouraging word I show.  
I come knocking but not to learn but to teach.  
You are already knocking not to learn but to teach.  
We are similar indeed.  
My ways differ but are the same  
I prefer to build someone up over talking about myself.  
I only do it if must, an in this conversation we have discuss  
So what about you, what life peril have you overcome.  
Why do you feel the need to be the righteous one.  
It shows you know that, I see it, as a book I've already read.  
the question is will you let me in as i did.  
We all have our fronts and code of arms, that protects us every day. Sometimes  
we need to hear it.  
You'll be okay.  
And every thing gets brighter and adds a little more color.  
So my friend thank you for the wave lengths of color.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just A Man Trying To Save A Life.

Stand back please. I must stop the bleeding. Who are you? Just a man trying to save a life. Be of use, and get me some towels. We got to put pressure on this wound and stop it and possibly save a life. With redemption on my side i perform surgery. With gods blessing i go in and try to heal. With regret i sometimes fail. We just lost another one on the table. I'm just a man trying to save a life. I claim no special title. I claim no special power. Just some observation, some common sense, and actually giving a damn. Excuse me I'm just a man trying to save a life. Got another one that needs to go under the knife. The gentle touch means so much. Its treasage. Bringing order to this chaos. Just a man trying to save a life. Save a life.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Just Another Conspiracy Of Controversy

With a new year, the feeling is suppose to be of renewal.

Re-energized, and hypnotized.

We want change hails a leader in a foreign country in some foreign language.

What a metaphor.

In the truth leader wants more and stricter oppression.

There is no protection in law from this, and we were fools to ever think we could stop it from happening said a historian, who has left his country for fear of reprisal from the one who speaks of change.

Attack my character, attack my dignity, but never attack my freedom.

When fear takes over, and innocent minds can no longer be pardon.

You have a problem.

The black horse rides in but he does not wear cloak he doesn't hide who he is, in fact he use that very aspect against you.

Cover ones eyes and they will follow you to hell at least in till they realize it is hell.

The big question is continually ignored.

That responsibility of a leadership, is not what to do in the best interest of a nation, but instead its people.

Poor to the rich.

The celebrity to the homeless.

The small business and corporations should not play part in that.

It is a crime to pay a police officer for his favor.

It is a crime to pay a judge for his favor.

It is a crime to pay a jury for there favor.

Is it so hard to believe that the same rules should apply for the politicians?

I mean after all they are the ones that both pass and draft laws that are executed by the judge and decided by the jury.

You pollute any piece of democracy, and it is no longer a democracy.

It fails and oppression is created, it may be slow or fast.

It may be said it is for your own protection, our/your nations protection.

But what is it they are protecting, a way of life that they themselves have stolen not for the people but out of fear of the people.

How does one continue to lead in a country where there is shelf life of a politician position is limited.

Of course why not become the wheel that greases the cogs, with no expectations of responsibility.

Do it under the pretense of business, and no one will question it.

I mean if business is good for me, then it must be for you.

So under this name I stay in control, draft laws presented with money and call it

lobbying.

Come on now put this amendment up for vote, just stuff one more earmark in it and it will be perfect.

Now that this has been tested a couple times and we know it works we must take a step further, lets pass legislation to control both the media and people.

But we must do it under a declaration war.

We will call it the war on terrorism.

We must get the CIA, to fund foreign tribes to attack us we'll sneak it in a top secret bill with top secret clearance.

And we will create the perfect storm.

We will pass legislation, to protect banks from oversight.

Then we will crash the system, by investing in too many shady deals and make tons money off of it and then get paid by the government also.

Now next we will put an act of surveillance on ordinary citizen of this country, under the guise of funding our over seas wars.

Next we will black the media out on a bill that allows us to detain our ordinary citizens without due process under the veil of terrorism and oversea wars.

Now that a shooting in a elementary school has occurred we will blast it all over the media to get the citizens to disarm themselves.

We don't want any violence occurring in opposition of our newest bill.

Of course how much of this is being decided by lobbing is a very good question.

Either we have some very stupid, or corrupt politician.

Either way we are not informed or conspiracy theorist.

When facts are bought and paid for.

The flow of information becomes so diluted that one can not tell what is the truth and what is fiction.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Another Jon Doe

Emotions on a paper  
A pen to mend  
The wounds so sore  
Will it ever go away  
Not today  
All I got is me  
And that's not what i need  
Give in to the greed  
Give in to the deceit  
Here let me sign the receipt  
I have bought the devil  
My face has become yellow  
The taste is stale  
The mind is frail  
Bail out  
No more chances  
No more  
Were not settling scores  
I'll take it the way it is  
I have no need to forgive  
All I need is to be able to live  
Breath some air  
Fall in love with despair  
The roads getting pretty thin  
Watch out for that next bend  
Going to fast  
Time just needs to slow  
Its a snails race  
Can you keep up with the pace  
Or will you forever be erased  
Out of sight  
Out of mind  
No such thing as rewind  
Put on the shades  
Or you might go blind  
Clarity  
Its heavenly  
When your moving  
Its so easy choosing

Never stop  
Or those chalk lines might be where you drop  
Another investigation  
Such an aggravation  
Forget who he was  
Never mention  
Just another Jon Doe  
And that's how it go's

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Another Name On A Stone Above A Freshly Dug Grave(Revised)

Boiling the skin.  
Something is breaking in.  
Murder on the mind, murder on the mind.  
No it will not be fine, never again.  
Livid with thoughts of revenge.  
A sickness on a binge.  
Hurt turned inside out.  
Silent are the shouts.  
Whispers with the lights out.  
Pathological chronological methods of madness.  
Can it be stopped this time.  
Or will we again pass it off as just fine.  
Emotional suicide.  
It brews on the inside.  
Beneath what the eyes can truly see.  
No true motives.  
So comfortably numb.  
A slip of the knife and it's done.  
It's easy to kill and so hard not to.  
Accidentally, intentionally, randomly, pathologically, precisely, decisively, does it even matter?  
Not to those so closely acquainted.  
Like a next neighbor they live it.  
They breath it in every waking moment.  
Their is no mistaking it.  
It washes over them without pause.  
Sometimes it's slow.  
Sometimes it's fast.  
Sometimes it's agonizing.  
Sometimes it's heart wrenching.  
Sometimes it's painless.  
Sometimes, sometimes, but still it always ends the same.  
Just another name on a stone above a freshly dug grave.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Another Of The Broken With No Soul

Another conversation with woman behind the camera  
Shatter the glass  
Run for its a hail marry pass  
Again I want to save you, as if your actually in danger  
You give a daily night show  
But I will just not go  
You offer it for free as if that even matters  
You tell me about a threesome as if it that just for starters  
You sick pleasure is a disease  
Just stop trying to victimize me  
The heart felt scorn held inside comes to the rise  
For I have had a friend who had to trade her body for a place to stay  
On a constantly daily basis  
Finally I gave her a home at no cost of her own  
I wanted nothing from her  
This was the weirdest circumstance I have ever been  
I could have had her any way I wanted  
But that's just wrong  
She was my little sister in heart and mind  
So I tell you women  
Your sickness is on the inside  
There is just something not right about you  
You spiffed up your words so brilliant  
Only to defile yourself with what your trying sell  
These wounds won't heal  
Prostitution through a screen with a voice and a name  
Just another of the broken with no soul

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Another Submission

Back to put my hat in the ring once again.  
A man with a mission of a given submission.  
Trying to craft something not so novel.  
Maybe it is the only place I really truly fit in.  
Being part of something bigger than my identity.  
With so many attempts, and still being resilient.  
A march through fires with utmost confidence.  
Maybe its just more delirium.  
Because every time I return I pose more questions than answers.  
An art with no compassion for the feint heart.  
A work in progress from the start.  
The story book growing from within.  
Always it is a question where to begin and end.  
Sometimes it is as simple as if the words fit.  
Rerouting the now and again bad habits of roads previously traveled.  
Some gifts can only be picked up in the trenches.  
No one ever said it would be easy.  
But it is me and all I want to be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Another Voice

The golden promise.  
The crutch to our society.  
Chained to a bed post and no where to go.  
Prisoners by choice.  
Prisoners by the echo of my voice.

Can you hear it now?  
Can you hear it now?

Starvation of both the body and the mind.  
Robbed by the truly blind.  
The undeserving kind binds you and me.  
Together till we see our hell.  
A walk through the shadows to where the soulless demon dwells.

A paradise written by liar and built of an ungodly fire.  
A heart so full desire.  
And no where to put the energy, the ambition, the premonitions.  
I can still see them even in the dark.  
I'm so afraid they will never stop.  
I close my eyes in the hopes when I open them again I can actually see.

Castration to that mutation, abomination.  
Don't trust him, never trust him for he is one of the forsaken.  
And just maybe I am.  
A leader of the damned.  
But a damnation of who?

Who will fall and who stand tall?  
How could I ever forecast such a thing.  
I'll never justify your reasons.  
Or get another one to join one of your legions.  
A war to be free.  
A right to believe in humanity.

We are not slaves.  
We do not belong in a cage.  
Can you feel my rage.  
Good then you can hear me loud and clear.



I will not bend to the way of fear.  
I will always love those close and hold them dear.  
Try it, go ahead just .

A manipulation of the minds.  
The words traveling through time.  
Who will they reach.  
Another convert to preach.  
The corruption of a system that will soon fall.

An empires garden has fruit to be picked.  
Pick them in till their is nothing left at all.  
No more tending of the abandon rose as her leaves wilt turn brown and become  
crisp.  
Dust to the wind.  
Becoming another earthly creation.  
Maybe it will have the wholesome goodness the last one didn't.  
It was a mistake just admit it.

Why can't anyone admit it?  
Why are we trying to forget it?  
Erasing ones own mind for a blissful existence.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Drown

I'm sorry I'm no longer around.  
I'm sorry you can no longer hear my foots steps as they hit the ground.  
You angered every inch of me.  
Go ahead live in your sin and filth.

All I got left to say is  
Just drown.  
Just drown.  
Just drown.

It's getting harder and harder to keep your head above the same water.  
No I'm no longer using my foot to hold you down.  
This time it's your doing all on your own.  
My hands washed clean.  
I have done this so obsessively.  
For I can't stand to have a spec of you left on me.

All I got left to say is  
Just drown.  
Just drown.  
Just drown.

You still try to reach me.  
But I'm just so far gone.  
As that phone rings.  
Oh I know that number oh so well.  
I'm not answering it.  
The person on the other end can go straight to hell.

All I got left to say is  
Just drown.  
Just drown.  
Just drown.

Beg Satan for a greater mercy then I could ever give.  
For all the things you did.  
I just never can forgive.  
A vulnerability you can no longer breach.  
I was weak.

But now the walls are made of stone.  
I built them all alone while you were sipping drinks upon your favorite beach.

All I got left to say is  
Just drown.  
Just drown.  
Just drown.

Oh how I so wish you would disappear forever.  
Instead of this constant nagging.  
It is getting to be flat out harassment.  
I let go so why can't you.  
A normal parting of ways.  
That just can never happen.  
Not another constant reminder of days past.  
Why is it we always want the one thing we can never have?  
Such a drag.

All I got left to say is  
Just drown.  
Just drown.  
Just drown.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Leave Me Alone

Do I look of the needy  
or of the greedy  
Why would one offer such things  
Why can't people just leave me be  
Don't they see  
I have all I want or need  
right inside me  
So with angelic touch I have to say no  
Just leave me alone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Just Like All The Rest.

Just like all the rest, oh girl what have you been through. How can you say such things when you don't know. Hasn't he told you. I'm a train wreck. A man looking for a little substance in my life. And again you say like all the rest. Girl you must be so blessed to say that to me. For i know what i need and so must you. Cataclysmic was the time when we met. I was weak, so were you. I was looking for somebody. So were you. Still i hear you say just like all the rest. I must confess. When worlds collide. And tears fall that we try to hide. Always the better person. So rehearsed. So well versed. I can say just like all the rest. You left in such a mess. And you will still never know. You got to give someone a chance before you just let go. Just like all the rest are words i shall never forget.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Make It Stop

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger.  
Just make it all stop.  
I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger.  
Just make it all stop.  
I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

Fist flying.  
Object Throwing.  
Door Slamming.  
Here's my pause button.  
Cranking up the music and start jamming.  
For its my only way out.

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger  
Just make it all stop.  
I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger.  
Just make it all stop.  
I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

It forever sits upon a child's mind.  
Was it something he did?  
Is that why daddy smacks mommy around?  
Is that why mommy brings a different man day after day.  
Which is my real father.  
A bastard by definition.

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger  
Just make it all stop.  
I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger.  
Just make it all stop.  
I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

With a needle in her arm and she does not wake.

What am I to do now.  
Do I call 911 in the attempts to save her.  
These questions constantly stir.  
A life in a melting pot.  
I wonder how I will turn out.

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger  
Just make it all stop.  
I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger.  
Just make it all stop.  
I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

Now shes sitting in the bath tub.  
Slashes across her wrist.  
Blood soaked water.  
Is their any way I could have prevented this?  
She is ready to die.  
And as a child I'm ready to cry.

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger  
Just make it all stop.



I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

Just make it stop.  
The stillness in the air.  
The shattered mirror just sitting their.

The hate.  
The anger.  
Just make it all stop.  
I can't take it no more.  
The constant ringing upon my ears.  
The blood curdling screams I continuously hear.

Just make it stop.  
Just make it stop.  
Just make it stop.

~Being a good mother is the most important thing in the world.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just One More Day

Always one more day.  
With nothing left to say.  
I'm not afraid, even at the pointed end of gun.  
Sometimes all we want to run.  
But something stop us.  
And I don't think it is because we're incredibly brave.  
Too stupid to save.  
The flawed love we all crave.  
Another close call, another close shave.  
Please stay.  
Always just one more day.  
Time ever expanding, without any limits or the possibility of mending.  
The request neverending.  
Listen to me as I say this is just another unqualified opinion.  
Not either from one of devils unfortunate minions.  
Pin upon the wall with cross and all.  
Oh the silence of the very last phone call.  
I can hear her still say.  
Please just stay.  
Always just one more day.  
But that will not be today.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Pull The Trigger

Stuck in a rut and not sure how to get out.  
They say get off the junk, but I was never on it.  
An elevation in the escalation of the center piece.  
The pearl glows as it twirls.

Oh I once knew that girl.  
I once knew that girl.

But where she went I just don't know.  
The flying sauce experience with a disappearing act.  
One plus one then subtract.  
Bad habits.  
An itch to put a stitch where it just doesn't go.  
Being all glorified and nothing to show.  
Heaving a hoe back and forth.  
Whats is beneath this earth?  
I know the body has got to be buried somewhere.

A closet full of just more empty space.  
A seclusion to what escape?  
The statue moves does it scare you?  
Abandoning all methodological reasoning.  
Cranking up the seasons.  
A little spice with so much bitterness to spare.  
Just look at his angry glare.  
The evil eyeball staring you down.  
Does the heart start to pound?

The lost can never be found.  
The victims faces are all around.  
They make no sounds.  
No screams ever come out.  
A void that just eats at me.  
Make these images go away.  
Get out of my head.  
Pull the trigger then he'll be dead.  
Then he'll be dead.  
Dead, Dead, Dead.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Rest

A day of rest must be given its due  
For in it, clarity will come shinning through  
Another creation can began anew  
Tear drops wash across my face  
When I think of all you do  
So much hard work  
Shirk no duty, no chore left untouched  
You have finished so much  
And for this, today I shall make lunch

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just So God Damn Sweet

Hit that, taste that, just so god damn sweet.  
Imagine that. Going in the depth of the soul.  
Giving up all control.  
Becoming a slave to the mined.  
No need to justify. Just live it as it is.  
No need to worry about it if you will be satisfied.

Hit that, taste that, just so god damn sweet, imagine that.  
Take a chance, take another glance, being pulled in.  
Hypnotized and memorized all at the same time.  
Stir the perfect blend of just go damn fine fine oh oh fine.

Hit that, taste that, just so god damn sweet.  
Imagine that. No more good byes. Here to stay.  
Here to lift the spirits so high above the sky.  
Coming out of the shadows to bring the sun to your eyes.

Hit that, taste that, just so god damn sweet.  
Imagine that. The best moment of all time.  
Live it then rewind. Do it all over again.  
Soon or later you'll win.

Hit that, taste that, just so god damn sweet.  
Imagine that. I will break free. I will be me.  
Its my party. Its my choice. Its my voice.  
So sincere, so secure, so strong.  
Right where it belongs.

Hit that, taste that, just so god damn sweet.  
Imagine that. Today we meet.  
What a treat.  
First impressions lead to a succession of the best lessons of life.  
Hit that, taste that, just so god damn sweet.  
Imagine that. Are you ready to meet the real me?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Under The Skin

A hint so subsequent.  
As if today will be the only one.  
A one of a kind in like minds.  
Bringing down the cloudy and stormy skies.  
Whom am I to argue its revelance in a enviroment I have no control over.  
The rolling dream, jumping from one room to the next.  
The pages are always out of order.  
A backwards drift.  
Always leaving it more mift then to begin with.  
Making sense of a dellusion that seems so real.  
They leave ghosts in there image.  
As if to say I was really here.  
But is here the same through someones eyes as there mind?  
Reading on a celluar level.  
Calling out to what some call angels and devils.  
Calling it hells bells with a empty notation.  
For its description could be of infinite possibilities.  
An unknown number thats has yet be reached and never will be.  
Tarot cards will give us good read into these child like demons.  
When does the snake not blend in with the grass?  
How can we still deny the existance of its natural habitat.  
For a baseball needs a bat.  
A good smack and that is that.  
To reach the end is to reach the begining.  
Even in the simplest decisions.  
All the provision are already provided.  
A soul that continues to divide and collide.  
A battle for oneself, with oneself, in oneself.  
Sparks become the paints of both the sinner and saint.  
We are all sculpting him or her  
doesn't matter the gender, even if its an idea to which we surrender.  
I am both the savoir and offender.  
This is the human soul tossed in a blender.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Just Walk Away Now

Lets see if I can piss someone off.  
I got a list names.  
Time to make a request.  
Certainly you do jest.  
Do I look like I'm kidding.  
This ain't ice rink in which I'm skidding.  
Fall down, and whoopee.  
That was fun lets do it again.  
Better yet lets not.  
Teeth in the mouth do start to rot if not brushed.  
And your foulness, is worse because your are trying to spread the disease.  
Yes it is intentional.  
Deny it all you want.  
But I know.  
You can not handle the stifling of egos.  
I have some super glue if you need it,  
Just put it on your lips and they will be sealed.  
Better then the hand over foot in mouth stretching.  
I know you like talking dirty.  
I heard it from a little birdy.  
Blackmail you don't say.  
And what makes you think thats okay.  
Honestly, you should stop picking fights with an unknown enemy.  
Nothing to lose.  
Here I'll cut off my own legs just so you can't win.  
There is no surrender.  
Here let me put your heart in a blender.  
Grounded to pulp.  
Stirred to oblivion.  
I will deliver a kind of pain that just won't stop.  
So your best move is to just drop it.  
Before you get really hurt.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Just Want To Know

They never seen me coming.  
No not today and not tomorrow.  
Capturing hearts and minds.  
Holding them in blue translucent glass jar.  
A reserve for when I really need it.

Fighting till I got nothing left.  
Which is never.  
An Aries in and out.  
And this gemstone glows.

Fire of the tides.  
They continuously burn.

Anger motivates.  
Anger can devastate.  
It just a matter of control.  
What to do with all this magical energy.  
Who can I can help upon my shoulders.  
Let me lift you up and see the world.

A free ride to be frozen.  
A mere clipping of time.  
It's all that is ever on my mind.  
No need to rewind.  
Just push play.  
Well continue where we left off.  
Which wasn't so bad.

So bad, so bad, so bad, so bad.

So bad, so bad, so bad, so bad.

Do you still remember that park we went to?  
The one with the exotic fish and the giant turtles.  
Or about that trip on the beach.  
Collecting seashells.  
Listen closely and you can still hear the ocean waves crash against the sandy beach.

Its all we ever had.  
A time when love is never enough.  
A catalyst to the ongoing storm.  
In silence reason and motives do sleep.  
We must wake them back up.

I still can feel you skin up upon mine.  
Silky smooth, with the gentlest touch.  
I can still see your expression.  
When you were mad at me.  
And I loved it, just as much as I loved you.

It didn't matter as long as we were together.  
I had more reasons, then you can count.  
Settling down upon the mountain.  
It is the place till this day I still call home.  
You couldn't be with me, take the risk I'd did.  
And I forgive you for that.  
I did that a long time ago.

Winters cold and summers humid.  
Laying in the grass starrng upon the sky.  
Watching the flames passing me on by.  
I wish only to grab them for one moment.  
So I can know what no one else does.

Will I ever see her again?  
Does she now even remember who I am?  
The broken and blind.  
I'm still not over you I guess.  
And I don't think I ever will.

I just want to know is this the same way she still feels?  
The same way she still feels?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Keep Them Coming

What's a matter don't you like me?  
Don't you like what I got to say?  
Well that just makes my day.  
Ha ha, la de da.  
Some don't, some find me repulsive.  
Some find me offensive.  
Some think that I actually care.  
And maybe I do.  
But only to a certain extent in a certain context.  
Look at this he just got triple d implants.  
And hes smiling as the people stare beware.  
This is me getting over the hate without a solemn word or debate.  
Maybe your right in your opinions, but if you don't share how will one ever really know?  
Fragile ego, I'm still writing don't you know.  
One more time.  
Oh oh one more time.  
A negative plus 1.  
Sounds good.  
Message understood, maybe I'll do better next time.  
Maybe I'm just not you cup of tea.  
Might be that whiskey I spiked it with.  
Damn man, don't you know how bad your breath is.  
Maybe that's the way I like it.  
Oh baby loving those bright lights.  
A notion of commotion sent in my direction.  
Dirty deeds with a pale complexion.  
A slap on the rump under dissection.  
Maybe this guy desire a good hump.  
Bumpy, bump.  
I don't know the man or woman behind the shadows.  
The question is do I even want to.  
They seem so certain.  
An opinion that can't be changed.  
Name calling under a veil of secrecy.  
Hope you don't mind if I take that as a compliment.  
Obviously I'm doing something right.  
Bucking the twilight.  
Hell yeah, just remember to keep them coming.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Keeper Of Secrets

Here you want my black little book have it.  
Secrets revealed.  
No more, no longer mine.  
No more, no longer time.  
Carry the weight and do what you will.  
Destroy lives.  
Send back the tides.  
I'm leaving today.  
Revenge is not something I want to go through.  
Keeper of the peace.  
Packing up his personally property.  
All this time you can thank or hate me.  
But I told no one except that black book.  
She was my confessor.  
Of all the words I heard.  
The sleeping around with friends.  
The child that ain't really his.  
The fight he didn't really win.  
The 30 year old all but virgin.  
Every one sits in there.  
Because all I do is listen.  
Non stop, non disclosure of friendships.  
Go ahead it all yours.  
Burn this whole town to ground.  
I'm sure there is more then enough.  
Playing both sides of the fence.  
But at least I was trying to keep the peace.  
Tell me what are you going to do?  
Not giving into it?  
The black book, the one that was never suppose to get exposed.  
So naked, maybe I was never wearing any cloths.  
So vulnerable.  
Time for my long overdue escape.  
See how they do without the keeper of all these secrets.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Kids Will

Corruption of the mind. Innocence burnt away in time. A childhood dream. Creating so many demons. Forever fighting. Never willing to start dieing. Always denying for the sake of surviving. Peace spits upon your face. Saying you never can have me. Keep reminding yourself it isn't a race. No matter the loss of so much dignity. Their is still plenty. Self respect for the reject. The consent burning pride. Brings you to the point of suicide. Thoughts of razor blade across and down the wrist. Remember kids its always down the road. Do it right unless its to feel pain. Some have a sensation-able appetite for just that. Its a horrible embrace. To know you cant do any better. Its like never finishing writing that letter cause you think it pointless. Without reasoning, without meaning. Is that something you are willing to start believing. Well not me, not me, you hear me! I will not leave it to what one would call destiny. I will dropp the bomb. I go to where i don't belong. I will take over what should be already be mine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Killer Illusion

Just another soldier of fortune with words as his only and last weapon.  
The blood runs deep with the secrets he keep.  
Speaking to the quiet night sky, apostle please come already and just kill me.  
For I'm guilty and accept my fate.  
So why the delay?  
The drama has already been play out in this land of unguided, unjust futility.  
Dreaming of the so distant moonlight memory.  
A shadow of a circle that marks an early grave.  
A subconscious travel of the depraved.  
Yes I did that, and amidst the all the demonic laughter.  
Something was felt that just won't go away.  
A dagger from the inside.  
Weeping sorrows, captured in a photograph of a bloody scene.  
To describe the mutilation of delight set upon light in a blazen gold fire.  
Something is not right, no soul should take pleasure out such a sight.  
Self analyzing, self medicating, difiblerating.  
Somebody just breath for me.  
Take this empty vessel, encase in a unbreakable vault for the evil can never be  
free.  
Empty eyes circle clockwise outside of the mind.  
Looking through the viel from behind.  
Perspectives continue to change.  
Rearranging what could construed as derranged.  
Just becareful because this man could snap at any time.  
Even as he is walking right past you.  
A victim by trade, a victim by previous heart break.  
Just remember he will always be delight to meet you.  
A smile and some charm.  
So what could be the harm, with already mentally disarmed.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Killing An Angel With Swollen Pride

Their is the good times and the bad  
How could have things went so wrong  
Nothing left for me  
Killing an angel with my destiny

Watching in agony  
Nothing I can do to relieve her misery  
The bleeding I can't stop  
I think I hit an artery  
So fatal  
So lethal  
Death defying  
Mind blowing  
No looking back  
Wishing against my own existence  
Take my life  
Take me  
Oh please just take me

Theirs the good times and the bad  
How could have it went so wrong  
Nothing left for me  
Killing an angel with my destiny

Its destroying everything as far as the eye can see  
All for something I might just be  
Not for my wants or needs  
Basic survival  
Destroy all your rivals  
Still I don't feel liable  
The important things stick like glue to you  
Don't tell me you don't know who

Theirs the good times and the bad  
How could have things went so wrong  
Killing an angel with my destiny  
Nothing left for me

Twenty years disappear



Nothing left to hold on to so dear  
Look into a mirror  
Only to have a ghost look back  
Forgetting all the facts  
Living in the past  
This will eat your soul away  
Till to the end of your days  
Even if you pray  
You still can't stay  
Because your not okay  
The heart gets torn apart  
Ripped in two  
Fed to the confused  
Guess you lose

I have killed to many angels with my destiny  
The devil got me  
I have killed the angels  
I killed them all  
All because my pride came before my fall

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Killing The Mind And Time

Killing the mind and time. Mentally broken. Helpless in a cage full of rage. So many stages deformity. A slow and painful process. One day you'll remember nothing. Its better then the dark places you walk now. Be the strength when their should be none to be found. Everything is coming down. Killing the mind and time. A constant presence of a life that's rewinding. Undermining the logic of decades. Slow the pictures fade. Staring in the nothingness. Your body still here but your already gone. Play the guitar, play your song. To forget is so wrong. Killing the mind and time. I rather be blind. Then be one of the constantly confused. Words come out but they make no sense. The absence of the here now. You are asked, 'who current president is? ' They say j.f.k. This becomes such a horrible day. Killing the mind and time. This curse continues to get worse. The basic abilities go. Self deification. Public masturbation. No clue of the truth. A nightmare in which their is no cure. Yet its being constantly searched for. Million for the cause. But we are only able to slow it down. A pathological breakdown. Regrets that will stay in the back of my head. Put on my happy face cause you are not yet dead. Killing the mind and time.

-Dedicated to families who have someone who has had strokes, has vascular dementia, alzhiemers, or a similar brain condition which cause them to forget.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Killing The Ravens - Chapter 2: To Bernard(3rd Rivision)

Anyways where was I? oh yes were entering the town of Bernard in search my thieving apprentice. A thief with powers beyond your imagination. He would indeed be a tricky one to catch, But you must do what you have to. I wouldn't say he squandered his powers, but they were more important things at hand then stealing to feed the cities orphans. And I would make sure before it was all said and done they were well taken care of. How you you might ask? well that you will find out soon enough.

Across this narrow cobble stone bridge I slowly and patiently walked. To the left a river that flowed, magnificently. The natives called her Silent Storm. An ancient and magical giant beast she was. She called to the gods I miss you in a language only the eyes could read. She was so peaceful at places, but the climate of other places was a swift giant current I would not like to be in. A monsters jaws on which she held so tightly life itself.

I can not the take time here to dream. I must keep moving for timing is important. For time if of a destiny that turns into a fate must be of that time that it has been made. With one word I proclaim, at the same time it is still a choice of destiny. I know I should not meddle in things that are beyond my own being. But if the knowledge is their why would you let the world go to waste? Some would say screw some future I won't be in. Well I think of the ones we love, and the ones they will love. I tell your life matters not in the scheme of things unless you change something. Some do wonderful things. Some choose to take horrible actions. I take the one I believe for the greater good. An opinion that has come past and died.

Continuing my fast pace I begin to see the end of it and two toll men. When I say toll men, think of the criminal sort. Not ones taxing for the kingdom. For these men didn't dress the attire. They both wore a light brown hand made tunic, a belt holding a coin purse, and thieves knife. Their pants were mere rags compared to the rest of their cloths. Even the shoes were worn, not to the point of being useless. But more to say they were well traveled. These were as I put gruff men, not cleanly shaven or well groomed in any way. As I got closer I could tell they both weren't very tall and didn't have any meat on their bones. Which means they're are probably in the wrong trade, or they were forced into it. Men can be worms, in which you can get them to do bidding for you. I have seen it many times, and have learned to use it to my advantage. For if services have been

bought, then all you have to show them that you have an easier and better life lying on your side. These two men called out halt where you are. We will come to you, present your papers then you can pass. Papers meaning who I am and my ancestry, my papers say I am a traveling merchant/chemist of three generations from west noble. A town renowned for famous alchemist. Not that I would need it because again, these weren't mean of the kingdom. I was beginning to think they were of the spying sort providing information for somebody but the question was who.

As they got closer I could smell the whiskey on their breath. As soon as I started to speak they froze. Men of the conspire and drunkenness, you will not get to see papers in fact you will never leave this bridge if not with me. I need use of two men of your sorts, the pay will be good, the work will not be easy. But the other option is to be stuck on the bridge where you not be seen for the rest of days. Each with their own company you will keep. Till grey and old you'll die out of despair. I can't have any informants bare false witness.

They both reached for their daggers only to realize it was already to late, for they would not move. Forever bound by my thoughts they were stuck. Now even more angry they came running at me only to hit a wall inches from my actual body. With that they fell completely stunned, it was as if the world they have known came undone. You could see the fear in their eyes. I say to you two men who waste your attacks causing no bodily harm to anybody but your self. I'm not here to kill, or hurt you. All I ask for is a little help after this you'll be free to do as you wish. But my advice is you follow me to end of this. Otherwise I can't guarantee your safety. Not from me, but others who want me dead, and anybody associated. Take pleasure in that I give you a choice, not much of one but others would do much worse.

The men got with stunned looks upon their faces. The awe inspiring awe as some would say. I don't know why but I have that effect on people. Surprise after surprise as it happens. 'What are your names? , I questioned.' The first man spoke up squeaky voice, 'Renald Sith'. Then what be considered a mere deep grumble came from the second man, 'Gregory Nox'. Which If I didn't have extremely sensitive hearing I wouldn't be able to understand. 'Well then men', I spoke in celebration 'this is your town. You know you way around and were all tired so let find an inn to shack up in, and possibly have have a drink or two. We were on the way to catch a thief whose name I didn't even know. They did not know it yet cause I preferred to tell them as little possible.

The men got up with stunned looks upon their faces. The awe inspiring awe as some would say. I don't know why but I have that effect on people. Surprise

after surprise as it happens. 'What are your names? , I questioned.' The first man spoke up squeaky voice, 'Renald Sith'. Then what be considered a mere deep grumble came from the second man, 'Gregory Nox'. Which If I didn't have extremely sensitive hearing I wouldn't be able to understand. 'Well then men', I spoke in celebration 'this is your town. You know you way around and were all tired so let find an inn to shack up in, and possibly have have a drink or two. We were on the way to catch a thief whose name I didn't even know. They did not know it yet cause I preferred to tell them as little possible.

On the edge of the bridge was three dirt roads. One one following the river to the west and east. Another road went southeast as split off from the first road at the bridge. The third went straight south heading into farmland unknown to me. This was my first time to this town. So I most certainly needed these men guidance. Both of them were following behind me fighting about something, I'm sure what. But I thundered, 'SILENCE! ! !', as if I controlled the sky itself. 'Ren and Greg if may call you by that, which of these three roads leads to Benard? ' I questioned. Ren was the bolder man by far. He spoke up right away, Sir if I may, 'if we enter town with you with out reporting to our superiors we are all dead men.' I responded back with slight hint pleasure, 'don't you worry about that appearances are deceiving they won't recognize you even looking directly looking upon your face.' 'While were on the subject, who is it superiors are looking for? ' This time it was Greg that responded in an angry manner might I added, we're not traitors that can be bargained and bartered with at wizard whim of the likes of you! ! ! ' I spoke calmly, coolly, and collectively 'just remember whose hands your in. If I want you dead I can let them kill you for me. I'm not asking you to tell me who your superiors are but who they are looking for. For I might be looking for the same person.' Ren spoke again with even more courage well their is this thief that threaten all the destruction of kingdoms upon the release of his powers by the green wizard. We are to kill the thief on sight.' This did not bode well for me, for it meant they already knew I wasn't dead. Or at least they knew part of my plan. 'Tell me ', I said quickly. 'What have you heard of this wizard. Greg mumbled, 'Well everyone knows of Nicholas Ashton great speech of how he killed him with 200 of his greatest generals.' 'Is this propaganda and a trap? ', I wondered. For I must be prepared for such a scenario. I must be prepared, that this might not go my way on time. If not, I didn't fail. But I will have to get somebody else who changes and fights against this leadership. An apprentice, someone to take my place is what this is about.

'And of the thief? ', I question as we picked up our pace, because I feared he or she might already be caught. I know right how can you know gender of your soon to be both savior and destroyer? Let's put it like this it wasn't included in the prophecy. Ren catching up said with almost humored laugh and with a

very unbecoming grin, "That is the trouble, we've had report after report of this thief, but nobody as of yet has been able catch him. He is very slick indeed and apparently knows the catacombs of the city very well. I further interrogated him, asking how he knew it was him. Because he said there no way that female could put so many soldiers in the infirmary. There are now recruiting, because of how much trouble he has caused.30 injured, and 2 still missing. This has been on going for over 3 months still no results.

As we got ever closer I came to realize this was no small town, but a medium sized city, with 20 foot wall surrounding it on 3 sides. The rock wall was made of all shapes and size. This was telling me it was both built in hurry, and by the resources that immediately available nearby. From what I understand this new and didn't use to be here. The fourth side didn't matter because it was huge cliff that dropped straight in the ocean about 100 feet down. Though for some reason on edge sat wooden spikes face out ward as if they were expecting a attack from the sea also. Fortified is understatement. I wouldn't be escaping that way or would I? There was imperial port along a road right next the city. At least six warship from what I could tell harbored here. Three dual docking station and ship on each side. Eight mutations bunkers and 20 military barracks scattered around this location. Now I could tell by this it was Drystone army by both there flag and there armies armor and clothing. Why the desert people were invading this far north I had no clue, but in time I'm sure I would. It was probably yet another attempt by the old tribes to overthrow the ravens. Ruling entire nations through pure influence can be a dangerous business. This seems to be the first sign of good news in a long while. If they are distracted, it might give me my opening I have long been waiting for.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Killing The Ravens - Chapter 3: Catching The Thief(Revised)

Come back the women screamed at the market chasing after this scraggly looking child. He was holding a bag of what looked like a fruit and vegetables. Their was most certainly enough to feed a whole family for weeks. Yet he was running as if he wasn't carry anything. Indeed this child had an interesting talent. And he disappeared just as the women caught up with him. She was stumped, confused, searched the area for little bit then scampered off grumbling something of the nature I will get you yet you damned little thief. The child reappeared right after the women left in a place she look. He indeed was a soon to be the wizard of a illusion. He was in the middle of a three way alley way with houses adjoining on all sides. And in the middle street he walked and knelt down to grab something, and up popped a wooden hatch that till that point was not visible to the naked eye. He climbed down cast iron grate latter that lead down a four way stone corridor. He took the path directly across from the latter. It was narrow and seemed to go on for miles their was no light to make of. Finally upon reaching end their was heavy steel reinforced door which a torch was held in serpent like wooden holder that lit the way. Three different were visible upon this door, each one more complex then the next. One required a set of three keys, One require a special combination of sequential 10 numbers. And the last required 16 certain symbols, which I'm sure had some specials meaning.

As he entered all these children ran up to him. All speaking at the same time so that one could not understand a single word of what they said. He start passing out the food acquired from his raid. They were all orphans who lost their parents during the war. Their was 30 of them in total. They would not go hungry if he could help it. But try as he might these were both trying and dangerous times. The harsh winter has made food quite scarce. The market has been closed down for weeks that how bad it was. Today was the first day in a good while of selling such goods. And the prices were quite steep. Not something a young boy could afford. Do we accost him because he stole to survive?

As I approach the town gates benard with these two men, I thought to myself would they vouch for me? Or would they cause more conflict? Could I avoid hurting them? Would I have that option, that choice?

Ren & Greg I spoke both calmly and quickly as we were closing in on the gates, Here are your papers. Ren you are now Nicolas Boone. And Greg you are Alexander McNeil. You are now my apprentices, who will do my bidding without question. If you don't, you will be exposed as imposters, and Nick Ashton will

have his men hunt you down and capture you. He will torture you in ways I'd rather not think about. Eventually you will die, but not until he is satisfied he's got all the information you know about me and my plans. Nicolas(Ren) Spoke first, so let me get this straight were just trust you, and hope like hell nothing go's wrong? What guarantees do we have? What you risk do share with us in this endeavor? And how did you come by these papers?

And did you know you were going to need them? Well simply put it is not going to go wrong, as long as you follow my guidance. And I have put more into this then you will ever know. And I knew I was going to run toll men on the bridge I just didn't who they were going to be. I could explain to you how I knew this but you would not believe me. For in somethings only a people like me can comprehend. And the papers were forged by a friend of mine, he is the best forger that I ever known, and I have utmost confidence in what he has provided me.

As we got closer their I noticed this town was more like a fort then an actual town. It was surrounded by a brick wall 20ft high all the way around with catapults, and watch towers sitting every 15ft. It looked rather new which surprises me with the war supposedly being over. Such an investment means they are expecting to be attacked in the near future. But by who or what was the question. Maybe they weren't allies with Nicholas Ashton after all. Or maybe Nicholas Ashton was expecting this attack and had it built. It definitely peeked my curiosity and hopefully I would find out very soon.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Killing The Ravens - Chapter 4: The Green Wizards' Last Quest Part1 (Second Revision)

'The meeting is going to be soon, we need that amulet ready. How much longer is it going to take this wizard?' Sire, three days he said to get the last scroll he needs. Good, 'just make sure you kill him after the task because we don't him warning the other wizard. 'Yes, my king and just like that the short little man walked out of the royal tent. It was made of red silk, with an emblem of a golden dragon on it. It was huge. This tent could have housed 50 men with ease. It was at least 1000 feet in circumference. They had all kind of regal materials, clothes and food. This man, this prince was a glutton, by a general standards. His soldiers were barely being fed. A pompous leader, who was betraying his people every day. But he had the ear of Ashton so it didn't matter. All who opposed him right now died, at least till the task at hand was complete. Then he would lose favor, and his head would be soon sitting on the block.

□

Now there was not just one I needed for what I was planning on doing but three, including one in that very tent. They did not need to know that, it wasn't for the original tuning spell but something a little more spectacular. I needed the wizard to seem to dead in a place he wasn't to do that require a bit more of illusion. Granarok was friend mine, and I couldn't simply let him be a piece in their chess game. He would have got killed after the mission was accomplished. The ravens would have made sure that. That is the reason I am meeting this servant of theirs. Because I'm still not sure on how they planned on doing it.

□

How it all started I was I raven woods. A mean place, with vile creatures all about. There was a caravan traveling straight through with out a sense fear from a single one them that were with it. For all merchants this was a taboo place to travel. This was a place to go around via down the Chambermaid River, or over the Red Rock Mountains. Either way was time consuming, but to travel here was almost guaranteed certain death. Even us wizards and magic users of all kinds had to be careful traveling through here. For even if the creatures didn't kill us, they would alert the raven that there was an unwelcomed magical being in there woods. And nothing worse then getting a group them to come after you, with the creatures following there orders.

What made creatures so dangerous was not only there ability to teleport, fly but also the spawning points. What I mean by spawning points is there were dark portals little throughout this place. That once a creature was killed it would reappear at those spots as nothing had happen. That was why I was here. To

figure out how to destroy the portals. For if they could be destroyed the creatures would no longer be such a threat. They have existed for centuries long before the ravens took power of this place. And that another reason to figure out how they did that. And if the collecting of souls they have been doing in there tower has any connection with it.

They were rumors of ancestral burial grounds somewhere in this place. And I was given a map on it's possible by a traitor to there kind. But I still was not sure if it was trap or not. Though I will say that on this map, the portals were marked at the correct spots.

Gilligan, was his name. He was the one leading the caravan with winged black stallions through this place. He wasn't very big, but he looked too gruff to be a child. He was most likely gnome from the red rock mountains. You would hear this constant crack of the whip and him yelling faster. He was in hurry, but in these woods those kind of noises could be especially dangerous. From what I sensed he was not alone, there were three others in this caravan. I was following close behind but still out of sight, for I knew I could not save them if there were attacked, though I might be able to create enough of a distraction that might be able to escape, especially at the speed they were going.

You know I never like these woods, ' he grumbled to somebody in the caravan. 'And a reply was made by older yet famine voice, 'We have no choice, they would send those creatures into the mountains if we would not do there bidding. They murder us all with out a slight hesitation. Maybe so, but it would take them time to do it. For our mountain golems are very similar in nature. We should have delayed this until that time had come. I'm not sure why care so much about these old prophecies. From what I can see, they ruling the entire world with very little effort at all.

□

Suddenly at of nowhere a erie voice spoke, we need to know how to kill him before he destroys our empire. And to invade your mountains would take too long. So to get you woods like this is a real treat. I will watch my creatures rip your insides out with pleasure. You need not travel any further you will die right here. And with the whole forest went completely black it was if light was no longer aloud in. And in that moment I knew the reason for it. These creature could not see very well during daylight. This was a very power blackout spell. I knew I would have only one shot at this. Because once they knew I was here too they would all come, and I can't over power them all as much as I wanted to. "Lomunisious" and a light so bright surrounded the caravan. 'Mark, mark retreat.', and poof the entire caravan and I were gone. I just hope it was not late and I didn't bring any creatures with me. But regardless I felt I had no choice, I

had to see what this prophecy was about, and why they were so eager to get their hands on it.

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# Killing The Ravens - Chapter 5: The Prophecy(Revised)

Every one claims they can predict the future, but few actually understand what changing the future could actually do. There are more moves then can be known. An indefinite number of decisions that only exist because of one decision.

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What happen when one starts getting these prediction right? There was old woman that lived in village of kiln, it small village of mainly farmer that resided of an extremely old volcano. It was no longer active. It hadn't been for a very long time.

□

The volcano was known mount red rock, it was one of the biggest ones I had ever seen. Though that might not be saying much, for I am not as well traveled as one would think. Going up the first part mountain there is very little woods, trees, life. It seems like a very desolate place till you get past elevation of 3000 ft or so. All that you see, is red clay rocks littered about every where. It was like entering another world upon making this climb. It was a steep one at that. At some times of the year it wasn't possible by normal means.

□

But this gnome territory and they had hidden passages and caverns all through the area. And kiln was once place that couldn't be reached without there help. Because was it sat was on isolated plateau in which it was straight drop down about 5000 feet down in all different direction. There was a cave was in the middle of city. It name was oracle cave.

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# Killing The Ravens - Chapter 6 The Mark Of The Soldier

Those soldiers, those god like figures in these times of war and tyranny. What if I told you of what they truly represent, wasn't at all what you think. The courage of the ignorant. Just following orders. I hear that excuse again and again. Give me a chain of command, and I'll tell you what is wrong with it. How it could be undone from within.

Some say that is not possible, the influence at the top is too powerful. With words of law and cruelty handed down those who disobey. How can you change it if designed in such way. Simply put when the sheep awaken from their slumber hell will reign on a very select few. That is the price of demanding complete obedience without question, without morality. Murder in the act of good faith and trust, is nothing more than the successful politics organized crime.

When an entire population starts to question it, it will rip at the seams. It is not a question of fact, but of time. And at the present, the hate, the anger, the rage, has already reached unfathomable portions of this society. It is seen among the battlefield every day, we are just too blind to see it. Or maybe it is we don't want to.

An example of is a general who was willing to die, knowing he would not catch, but free me. In fact he is the reason I'm still breathing. He made the ultimate sacrifice. A choice of conscience. A choice of prestige. One with honor when being surrounded by slimy slippery poisonous snakes. It could not be done with sparing him, he knew this. He was given alternatives, but he felt the mission too important to abandon it at the last moment.

His name was Douglas. He was a long time childhood friend, and I never wanted it to come to this. He moved through the ranks of the military forces rather quickly with my help. The art of an elaborate illusion. Winning the heart and minds of pure evil.

See the ravens, distribute a device called the mark among their soldiers. Upon killing someone, it instantly imbued the object with their dying soul. Giving you some very powerful magic, and for each one you acquired the powerful you became. There was a catch of course upon the object being destroyed the user would die and their dying forever to be held in prison in the ravens tower. Also it would kill all who surrounded the soldier by a distance of 1 foot per soul. So it was

also very dangerous to try destroying those devices. As such they carried with them at all times.

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# Killing The Ravens - Chapter Unknown: Battle For The Ravens Tower(Revised)

The mans cloak hung like the mist upon the river in an early morning. His eye were dilated, his pupils a very dark shade of red. His stare was angry. He was more then angry. Nothing but pure hatred for everything and anyone. He was going to kill me. The storm clouds were gathering and there wasn't much I could do. I had failed in my single utmost important mission.

The thief had died, he died in vein to save me. And instead of going back into the shadows. I came into the open. I wanted my revenge. I deserved it. I could taste it. Ultimately I was far too arrogant my own. And it would cost me so personally, it already cost me so much pain. Too many I loved have already have died and for what? Did his power weaken over the people no. No my disruptions were but a mere ripple upon a vast ocean. He had stopped all my plans at the cost of 4 of his 6 conjures lives. I thought a one on one confrontation with him I would surely win. But I underestimate him severely, his tactical maneuverings have gain him so much power. His endless entrapping of dying souls. Truly the only way I could beat him was too destroy his overly fortified tower.

And that was where I was heading. Traveling camel back across the desert. It was scarey because if I destroyed this tower I would surely be killed. There was no way I could get far enough away in time. There were too many souls. In the millions surely over the years. And even if I manage it, what would become of Ashton? Would he survive, or would it kill him like it did his soldiers? I just did not have enough evidence that this would work. A fools endeavor indeed. Yet still I proceeded hoping into the darkness for a whisper of light. All I had left was my insanity of courage.

It was getting dusk, I would soon have to stop and set up a camp. And as I stopped 6 Arknoids appeared above the next set of dunes. They already knew I was there and I'm sure they were already warning there master. But too my surprise they turned away as suddenly as they appeared. That had me worried, was a trap being set somewhere ahead. And if so would I be able to avoid it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Killing The Ravens - Prologue: The Green Wizard Must Die(Revised)

Fortunes told of the wizard of the green  
Dead so it seems  
But is he really?  
An elaborate hoax.  
With wisdom the poison will be swallowed  
An apprentice so silly  
With squandered powers on which he chokes  
A destiny will be made.

As his eyes turned black he spoke coldly, 'Victims are we all, and this is the way it must be.' He motioned towards himself, and this green mist poured out as if it was coming from his body. Of the hundred soldiers that surrounded him, none survived past this moment. They all dropped dead instantaneously. All that was left was a tiny bit of flesh and bone that littered the ground where the soldiers once stood. What nobody was realizing that while he was speaking he was casting a spell. So when he broke the bottle it would not kill him too. And it did not he survived it but nobody knew it. And they were no witnesses, just an after account, an report of the bodies being found. And it said the wizard was one of them.

This moment in time is known as the death of the green wizard. This marked the end of a long drawn out war, that has been going on for more than 30 years. The insurmountable losses were unknown in this time. Estimates have been guessed to be in the millions. This included all races the most vile and evil creatures known of existence. Some think their deaths should not be included but none the less to give an accurate account all must be counted.

Some of the vile creatures included Dank, The Berlock, and Arknoids. They stole many lives, in hell of a flurry attack. This was called evils night. Not a lot records exist of it because of how much was destroyed. How did people survive? Can we say magic, luck, and a blessing from some higher power? Why say something we are not certain of? Why give a name to an unknown idol?

Its kind like asking for the name of the soldiers as individuals. Where did they come from? How did they get there? Will one ever know?

I'm dead, I had to die as the green wizard did to stop and ultimately end a war.



Tell me if you had that kind of power and influence you would not put upon a fake and very elaborate death. A non existence life is sometime a better one anyways. Now I know what I did was unpleasant to most. Some would probably go as far as saying killing all those soldiers was unnecessary an a abuse of my power. But before you judge those soldiers were generals who killed more innocents then I care to count. With no leniency to any men, women, and even children died at their merciless hands. I watched them burn both towns and cities alike all for my power. I could do nothing to them for if I did I would have endangered those I swore to protect. They were suppose to be meeting me for plans to overthrow ash, but obviously they never wanted that or they were to afraid of ash because how powerful and ruthless he was, they figured me to be the weaker one, the one that wouldn't kill unless he absolutely had to. Well I kind of did, there wasn't much choice. But I did know that before hand, though they didn't I know, I already knew.

How do you kill soldiers who are raiding a city without hurting the civilians with in? It's a difficult task by itself. Add upon that they held my family and friends hostage. If they were all in one place it would make what I have to do now easy. But that's not the case. None would be grouped together for fear of my retaliation. They were afraid of me more then I was them obviously. Now the true leader is still alive. A wizard like me, pretending to be an adviser of royalty pulling and manipulating all there strings. I don't blame him for that. If he lied in the open like me. I would have killed him long ago. Their has been too many attempts on my life was by his ill forgotten hand.

Now with me dead I could move about as I please. Walk through areas I otherwise I could not. I have many enemies. Of them quite few were mere assassins. They lived it and breath it. Any opportunity they would take it. For it was a pay check. It put food in their mouths, cloths on their back. It is what I would call a very dangerous cat and mouse game.

The town of Bernard is just in the edge of a gallant river which borders the Noradic Kingdom. It is a logging town surrounded by farm land as far as the I can see. It is small and quaint yet very crowded. In the center its house upon house and shop upon shop for a good 5 blocks then it spreads out into manufacturing landscape. Production from the farms, then to the manufacturer, then to the shops and homes.

One might I ask why I'm here? Well because my soon to be apprentice home is here. News is also of good value here. What has happen, and who it happened to. But lets go back first for a moment. We are skipping a very important part of the story.

A rider approached where the incident occurred a day ago. He was galloping in a hurry. He got thrown from his horse when first came across what was left the bodies. He didn't expect so many I don't think. He hopped down off his and pulled out an amulet that was putting off a strange glow. The amulet was made golden chain that attached to silver like metal that encased a blue cut gem. This device was ancient and rare device developed for one reason. To find wizards, it would only work if I was alive and near. By near I mean within a hundred miles, of this area. It was suppose to be specifically tuned to me. Meaning it was suppose find the green wizard and nobody else. How do I know this? Well because I tuned it myself to not find me, but to find a wizard that was already dead. That tuning was complicated process, it required me to hunt multiple rare scrolls with special incantations on them, and it required both something important from the wizard and his blood. Which made things interesting, who knew it was going to be so easy acquiring an already dead wizards blood. But finding the wizard blood that is another story for another time.

If I wouldn't have tuned it, it would have went off whenever any person with magical powers was in the area. We couldn't have them thinking I was still possibility alive. I even planted a dead corpse that was stabbed by the general magically enchanted sword. I dressed him a green robe, put rare staff in hands. It was one that drew its energy directly from the earth. It was too bad, but such sacrifices were necessary. I needed them to think I was dead. Hopefully they wouldn't try to kill the prisoners right aways.

Or my plan would soon be discover and ash would be extremely pissed off.

Anyways the amulet was to go solid white if there a wizard around. It didn't and after this small man with the amulet circled the area three times he hopped back on the horse and speed off. It looked like he was taking a count of the bodies. Like he knew exactly how many should be there. Good thing I acquired that corpse I guess, or we would be back where we were before. I don't know if I could pull that off a second time. Nor do I think I want to.

I'm sure your wondering what exactly I used to kill them. It wasn't wizard magic believe or not, it was a potion. Alchemy is a powerful magic all by itself no wizard needed. That mist was a form of concentrated rare poison, it was like an acid upon the entire body. The only reason I didn't die is I cast a wind wall spell before I shattered the bottle. The mist couldn't reach my body. The mist was instant death to anything it touched. I wasn't sure it was going to reach far enough but it did. I guess I will eventually have to get to explaining the nature of magic. But for now I will hold off it is not the time to be teaching others the way of wizards just yet.

This potion I kept in a clear magically reinforce vial. It was clear so I knew which one it was. This poisonous liquid look like white water, with a glowing pink flower in the middle trying to escape. It was a mix of multiple deadly flower extracts, bone meals, animals blood, among many other things. To reveal the exact combination, is to reveal an apprentice hard work. Alchemy is art, a science, and to learn the secrets is both unfair and not right. In time I reveal some of the secrets but again not just yet.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# King's Denial

A job so unsteady.  
A kid just trying to make it on his own.  
The bills pile up.  
The desperate get even more desperate.  
For some it seems as if their will be no relief.  
The commander and chief speaks with a such a smile.  
Is he in denial?  
Or does he not care what happens right underneath feet?  
It is his command.  
It is his watch.  
So he saysss  
The man has no clue.  
A puppet with a mouth piece.  
Keep telling them what they want to here.  
Ease their concern.  
For you'll never be able to ease their suffering.  
His intentions have been blurred.  
People know and are in a stir.  
They thought of him as their friend.  
Now he turns his back.  
Now he walks away.  
A parade of nothing but failure and discontent.  
Promises were made.  
People lives were at stake.  
Robbed of all their dignity.  
The prisons are already full.  
We can't afford any more.  
Where oh where are gonna put all these people.  
Like refugees they walk the street.  
They are hungry.  
They are just looking for something to eat.  
In the soup kitchens their is not enough go around.  
One dinner then on your way.  
The doors then close.  
I'm sorry we ran out, not today.  
A burning sensation in the stomach.  
The kind of hate that decimates the human soul.  
Do you really blame them for losing their cool?

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Knight In Distress

Traveling the river of roads.  
And then the heart explodes.  
Can't be moved no matter how mighty the flame or torch.  
Love, and loss.  
Rippling across the countryside.  
Oh how quiet were those nights.  
When we up look up at skies glimmering stars.  
Holding each other in our arms.  
Dreaming, always dreaming with not a care in the world.  
If I could have one wish, oh I how would want this once again.  
The very last kiss.

But with blood as paints.  
There was a battle between a knight and saint.  
So noble, and indestructible.  
So innocent yet with the truth comes so much power.

A debt of gratitude, a dash of regret.  
Of the fisherman's boat from which the net has been cast.  
Time to pull it in yet again.  
Yes lets see that worthy catch.  
Want to make a bet?  
It will never quite meet my expectations.  
Just another replacement.  
And I hate myself for it.  
Each and every time.  
Just another lonely good bye.

But with blood as paints.  
There was a battle between a knight and saint.  
So noble, and indestructible.  
So innocent yet with the truth comes so much power.  
So much power.

Feeling so manipulated.  
Just get out of my head.  
How come the dead don't stay dead?  
Straight out of a zombie apocalypse horror flick.  
They walk among us.

A reminder of who are the real victims.  
Slashes across the wrist, a empty whiskey bottle and 24 pills.  
A trip down memory lane.  
Running from flashing lights.  
So blinded by the shock and awe.  
Surprise, surprise, he comes the rising sun.  
And with it dawn of it.  
With dawn of it.  
And the whole kitchen sink hits you.  
Oh the pain.  
Cactus spines running across the skin.  
From the outside slowly making there way in.  
All you can see and feel is self destruction because your luck has just run out.  
As if a timer was set.  
And it just happens to go off now.  
Now, now, now.

But with blood as paints.  
There was a battle between a knight and saint.  
So noble, and indestructible.  
So innocent yet with the truth comes so much power.  
So much power.

And now that I have finally got past this nightmare.  
You come back in all your grace.  
In all your disgrace.  
Filling my head with twist and turns.  
Pity me so deeply desperately.  
But I won't.  
That is a position I have made in stone.  
I would rather die alone.  
Die alone.  
Alone.  
Alone.  
It echos through hollowed out caves of our past.  
This just isn't happening.  
Because I won't let it.

But with blood as paints.  
There was a battle between a knight and saint.  
So noble, and indestructible.  
So innocent yet with the truth comes so much power.

So much power.  
This time let it just devour.  
For my heart is no longer in it.  
A sweet taste gone completely sour.  
Let it be the final hour.  
Let the threats be real.  
The moment of impact.  
Bent and crushed steel.  
A wound that just won't heal.  
Just won't heal.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Lashing Out

Without a doubt.  
No second guesses.  
The raven lashes out.

Silence condemns.  
Not approved.  
But by whom.  
What gives you a right to judge.  
Forgiveness that smothers.  
Suffocation coddling me like a foreign invader.

Without a doubt.  
No second guesses.  
The raven lashes out.

Without a doubt.  
No second guesses.  
The raven lashes out.

Without a doubt  
Without a doubt.

Whom am I to argue.  
Even with the senseless.  
Not my fight.  
Not my birthright.  
Abandon the assumed position.  
Retreat to previous addictions.  
The common cold affliction.  
Recovery.  
Just give me my moment.  
And I'll show you.

Silence condemns.  
Not approved.  
But by whom.  
What gives you a right to judge.  
Forgiveness that smothers.  
Suffocation coddling me like a foreign invader.

Without a doubt.  
No second guesses.  
The raven lashes out.

My day has come.  
My penance is on the run.  
Full circle.  
No objectivity.  
Complete and honest bias.  
Some views can not be changed.  
The mountain will not move.  
Will not budge.  
How sweet is that fudge?  
Even a tasty morsel has little influence over me.  
For I am and always will be free of the chains that once tied me down.  
From the sky to the ground.

Without a doubt.  
No second guesses.  
The raven lashes out.

Without a doubt.  
No second guesses.  
The raven lashes out.

Without a doubt  
Without a doubt.

Whom am I to argue.  
Even with the senseless.  
Not my fight.  
Not my birthright.  
Abandon the assumed position.  
Retreat to previous addictions.  
The common cold affliction.  
Recovery.  
Just give me my moment.  
And I'll show you.

Silence condemns.  
Not approved.

But by whom.  
What gives you a right to judge.  
Forgiveness that smothers.  
Suffocation coddling me like a foreign invader.

Without a doubt.  
No second guesses.  
The raven lashes out.

One last time.  
Of one body and mind.  
Whole with a splintered ego.  
Sometimes it's so hard to let go.  
But not this time.  
This time, this time.  
And the window gets smaller.  
So much smaller.  
No backing down.  
The perfect escape.  
Just the right fit.  
Tightening the knoose on someone else.  
You might hang for this but not me.  
Not me.

Without a doubt.  
No second guesses.  
The raven lashes out.  
And that raven is me finally.  
Lashing out.  
Oh lashing out.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Last Blow

I'll make you a promise, if you promise me.  
Yeah a mutual agreement.  
Sometimes these kind of things are needed in war.  
Yeah we've have been both really ugly.  
Worst then getting a divorce.  
I don't want your things, and you don't want mine.  
Yet I there are days I want destroy everything you own.  
A big bonfire roasting some marshmallows and hot dogs.  
I mean if you going have one you should have some good food with it.  
But what I'm burning is my own stuff  
We need to stop this.  
Mutual assured destruction.  
Such is a deterrent.  
I'm leaving after today.  
And you must agree you will not follow, and I won't come back.  
The parting impact.  
A flaming body straight into the chest.  
But somethings must be done.  
No matter how twisted you feel on the inside.  
Soon I will be free of these knots, this is the last blow I will be delivering to you  
for the rest of your life.  
For the rest of your life.  
Know I did I love you at one time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lay Down And Die

I'm still standing strong.  
You just cant break me.  
No matter how hard you try.  
I will not lay just lay down and die.  
With so many happy endings,  
&#305; just want mine. Your out there,  
&#305; 'm out there.  
Can &#305; t not be any simpler.  
Lets get together and  
Just have a good time.  
For &#305; ts all we need.  
To live &#305; n harmony.  
I'm still standing strong.  
You just can't break me.  
No matter how you try.  
I just won't lay down and die.  
With so many happy endings wheres mine.  
Don't patronize me by saying everything going to fine.  
For &#305; already know.  
So lets get going.  
Move with the stars.  
The signs are already there.  
So don't despair.  
The energy &#305; s already here.  
Cherish the moments as they won't be anymore.  
I'm still standing strong.  
You just can't break me.  
No matter how hard you try.  
I just won't lay down and die.  
With so many happy endings.  
Where mine? Getting so far,  
Losing all sense of time.  
Breaking the rhythm and  
How things sync and rhyme.  
Just for something new,  
Just maybe something very special so &#305; t seems.  
What &#305; s our destiny?  
Its kind of scary.  
Are you looking right through me.

I'm still standing strong.  
You just cant break me.  
No matter how hard you try.  
I just won't lay down and die.  
Oh oh die, die, die  
I wont lay down and die.  
With so many happy endings.  
Wheres mine? Wheres mine?  
All &#305; want to know &#305; s where &#305; s mine?  
Huh? Huh? Yeah yeah oh yeahhhhhhhh.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Leave This To Real Men

Hide behind your pride.  
Tell them that tonight is the day they all die.  
Death is all around me.  
Their just no way to get away.  
Not tomorrow or today.  
The man says i'm just trying to change my life.  
As he gets thrown right back into captivity.  
No good deed goes unpunished.  
Hate the perfect lovers.  
Cause they're just so god damn perfect for each other.  
Let jealousy sliver right on in.  
Its hiding right beneath the skin.  
You just cant win with these feelings within.  
The man says i'm just trying to change my life,  
As grabs the knife and tries to stab someone.  
Listen to me hes a dangerous man.  
Here a plan get going run as far you can.  
Leave this fight to real men.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Leaving By Starlight

I don't need you to understand.  
Please don't ask me to explain it again.  
We left that very night traveling by the road of the stars.  
The timing was right, the timing was perfect.  
Without regret I never got married.  
Forced into servitude, and slavery.  
Get out the whips, get out the chains.  
That is what it was to me.  
Freedom is only a blessing if you notice it.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Leaving This Man Alone

I'm still working  
Always working  
For the next bill, no time for thrills.  
Sir you must head in to those hills.  
Mine till sun comes down.  
Just to make it home in time to go to bed.  
Far away is where I'm going again.  
The benefits within.  
The wounds are slowly healing.  
Agony, I love it here and love it their.  
Making a life out of despair.  
Have to do what you have to do.  
Surviving just to make it through.  
I got you, you, you, and you.  
A million different conversations.  
I smile with aggravation.  
What a revelation  
Look at me now.  
Just keeping my head above the ground.  
Anyway I know how.  
With heaven, lord let me just make it to the skies.  
Time just flies by.  
With wings it soars.  
Come on now.  
I will march upon the fields like anyone else.  
I am man and I don't give a damn.  
Not cause I don't want to.  
But sometimes you just have no choice.  
Echo's, echo's, echo's my voice.  
For life is precious, and sometimes their is no time to rejoice.  
Let the heart beat, let the sweat pour.  
It's the only way I like it anymore.  
Another no reward.  
A master of nothing falls on his own swords.  
A little of this and that.  
Always moderation.  
Even on my own free time.  
I trying to figure how to make the green.  
Ugly as sin.

Where does it end.  
A new job doing the same thing.  
Sometimes it must be gained.  
A man of the insane.  
With no complaints.  
Not a saint.  
I know where I stand, and I know where,  
Oh echo's echo's echo's my voice, 'you do'.  
No argument here.  
To each their own.  
So just leave this man alone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Leftovers

A simple poison will never do.  
In this world in we are here to destroy.  
Each and every dying moment.  
It is the only way and case in which we survive.  
The parasite is life.  
Natures unbecoming bedside side manner.  
Leaves most creatures to suffer, but not us, oh no we have out smarted her.  
And one day we will kill her and our selves, in the same selfish act.  
If we can't exist no one should.

Colder then the dead.  
Hotter then the dead.

Colder then the dead.  
Hotter then the dead.

Bleed mother earth.  
Just die.  
Taking our secrets to the grave.  
A society of the truly depraved.  
Building the biggest tomes.  
Etching our names in all this stone and glass.  
Do think it will make a difference when our time comes?

Colder then the dead.  
Hotter then the dead.

Colder then the dead.  
Hotter then the dead.

Bleeding hearts need to be fed.  
False hope feeds this undying fire that we have set ablaze.  
We can't accept somethings we just don't know.  
Mapping out everything as we understand now, NOW, NOW.  
There is only the present, and we believe somewhere in it lies our future.  
But what if there is not one.  
What if we are just a disease that has out lived its time.  
In the schemes of things we are very small in both stature and size.

A plan will be devised.  
And proof will become the secret to prestige, solve the riddle to the quota be  
famous and celebrated.

Colder than the dead.  
Hotter than the dead.

Colder than the dead.  
Hotter than the dead.

Destined to be destroyed by own arrogance.  
Just because I can do this, does it mean I should?  
A drain to the system.  
We got a leak, dear boy seal it before it too late.  
Going down in flames, flying in the metaphor of a jet plane.  
A synonymous crash and explosion, the end of existence not just for us.  
But also of all other life that be.  
A legacy doesn't exist through ages of all time.  
A disruption of the very space continuum.  
As if we could, as if we should.

Colder than the dead.  
Hotter than the dead.

Colder than the dead.  
Hotter than the dead.

Because death no longer exist.

Colder than the dead.  
Hotter than the dead.

Colder than the dead.  
Hotter than the dead.

An absence of that which manifest is absolute nothingness.

Colder than the dead.  
Hotter than the dead.

Colder than the dead.  
Hotter than the dead.

What will be left?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Legal Corruption

So let me get this straight the NRA is upset it cost so much to buy a senator.

'Yes honey that what's the article in New Yorker says.'

Have they no shame?

They even mention senators names.

What was there intention anyways?

'I think they wanted to shed some light on lobbying if you ask my opinion.'

'Isn't that a good thing? '

Well most certainly, but I don't think there lobbying groups will be able buy anymore senators now.

So the left will finally get there background checks when the bill comes to the senate again.

'And is that really such bad thing? '

Well no I don't think so, but our states should really do something about lobbying thing.

I mean there is got to be a way to block campaign donations and gifts with state legislation.

Or at least put a cap on it so a senator can't be really bought.

'That ain't going to happen, you think politicians would ever allow it? '

Maybe not but it should be at least tried.

'Honey, that would ruin someones career to put up such a bill.'

Well it is better the doing nothing about this legal corruption.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Let It All Burn

Riding the waves of premonitions.  
Maybe your right, maybe your wrong.  
I no longer care.  
You gave up on me long ago.  
And now I'm giving up on you.

The broken hearted are departing.  
Setting sail for a new found trust.  
I don't blame you, I've just had enough.  
Trying to cross the divide.  
Trying to see eye to eye.  
But the flames just carry to high.  
Their might be clearing in the sky but I can't find it.

And I can no longer afford to waste time.  
Riding the waves of premonitions.  
Maybe your right, maybe your wrong.  
I no longer care.  
You gave up on me long ago.  
And now I'm giving up on you.

Being sucked down in the turmoil at the gates of hell.  
I can still hear all those cross words.  
As if I can make this work.  
I've been down this road before.  
I know where it leads.  
I know what the seeds grow,  
I know you will reap what I sew.  
Oh no, no no no no.

And I can no longer afford to waste time.  
Riding the waves of premonitions.  
Maybe your right, maybe your wrong.  
I no longer care.  
You gave up on me long ago.  
And now I'm giving up on you.

I was once an open door.  
But now that is closed.

Can you feel the coldness of the frigid ice.  
That's my heart.  
It no long bleeds.  
Not for you.  
Not ever again.  
With all the discontent as you keep trying.  
Still I'm not moved.

And I can no longer afford to waste time.  
Riding the waves of premonitions.  
Maybe your right, maybe your wrong.  
I no longer care.  
You gave up on me long ago.  
And now I'm giving up on you.

I made my sacrifices.  
Wasted as the blame.  
Are you going to do the same.  
Follow suit, follow the leader.  
I'm no leader of yours.  
I never held your cure.  
Deny it and they want so bad.  
Till it is what they can have,  
Then it becomes dull.  
A lust upon the soul.

And I can no longer afford to waste time.  
Riding the waves of premonitions.  
Maybe your right, maybe your wrong.  
I no longer care.  
You gave up on me long ago.  
And now I'm giving up on you.

now I'm giving up on you.  
now I'm giving up on you.  
now I'm giving up on you.

I'm sorry but the choice is mine.  
Not like last time.  
You took me down to the ground.  
Kicked and spat at me in my rigid face.  
Oh how I wish it would have erased every thought of you.



But the heart drifts and the mind wonders.  
That becomes our number one blunder.  
A calamity marked by thunder.

And I can no longer afford to waste time.  
Riding the waves of premonitions.  
Maybe your right, maybe your wrong.  
I no longer care.  
You gave up on me long ago.  
And now I'm giving up on you.

A loss is a loss.  
No matter how you word it.  
Put it in a big captions on it if you want.  
You have become so distant.  
An after thought of things from the past and things that didn't last.  
It wasn't that I took things to fast.  
As embers burns slow after the flames die down.

And I can no longer afford to waste time.  
Riding the waves of premonitions.  
Maybe your right, maybe your wrong.  
I no longer care.  
You gave up on me long ago.  
And now I'm giving up on you.

Ashes float down like rain.  
These are my memories of you.  
These were my promises broken and stolen.  
As if I could be that super man.  
Super human abilities that melt you away.  
So sorry but that just not me.  
You say you loved me.  
I say when I must of miss it.

And I can no longer afford to waste time.  
Riding the waves of premonitions.  
Maybe your right, maybe your wrong.  
I no longer care.  
You gave up on me long ago.  
And now I'm giving up on you.

And now I'm giving up on you  
And now I'm giving up on you  
And now I'm giving up on you

And I can no longer afford to waste time.  
Riding the waves of premonitions.  
Maybe your right, maybe your wrong.  
I no longer care.  
You gave up on me long ago.  
And now I'm giving up on you.

So just let it all burn.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Let It Be Out Of Love Not Notoriety

In a radical race with all kinds of characters.  
Their is no single one that takes all the cake.  
Though some get larger portions then others.  
If you getting a good helping why not go for seconds.  
A reality that as time changes so will those favorites.

I will be here even after your gone.  
Writing my good old songs.  
Rhyming to my favorite poems.  
It is the love that stays never the notoriety.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Let Me Ask A Question

Let me ask you to share for the point sharing, is that an objective?

Victim or not, stories must be told.

Not for sense of position.

But maybe just to let people know your living.

Everyone has their own misdeeds to proceed as false claims.

You hear of them everyday.

Are they connected with the objectives?

That really depends on the person.

As individuals we are all different.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Let My Poetry Seem Lamé

Clearing out the gutter.

Enough leaves will clog up ones gutter.

The cars engines spit and stutters.

Rev it up, take it for drive.

Now that it is so brand new do you still see it as the same?

A little more lamé, that's good bad things come with fame.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Let The Bleeding Heart Be Destroyed

Do you hear me yet.  
Such a simpleton.  
Such a quaint ugly little man.  
Dropping names out of the darkness.  
Where did they come from?  
Where did he come from?  
And why is he here now?  
What could ever satisfy the need of reason?  
The logistics of a screwed up disease.  
A simple sneeze, and it spreads like an uncontrollable wild fire.  
The echos of it will bring you to your knees.  
Digging a knife straight into your mind.  
Trying to block out the blood curdling screams...  
But nothing works, nothing ever works.  
So desperately wanting feel nothing.  
Becoming the emotionless brick.  
Building the walls of emptiness.  
Becoming the king of voids.  
Another bleeding heart has been destroyed.  
Watching everyone turn into the ash of the past.  
Prayers be with those soon to be forgotten.  
And then hes gone, then hes gone.  
The dark cloud can never be lifted again.  
A veil made out of pure steel.  
Locked up tight.  
With eyes wide shut we try to rebut.  
But it is already too late.  
It is always too late.  
Forgiveness for who?  
He does not need it anymore.  
Apologizes grow with the sickness of this rotten sycamore.  
But we do not understand, it is too late it does not grow anymore.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Letter Of Recovery(Revised)

I'm writing the recovery.  
A formula that once again brings things together.  
I can still hear it in my mind.  
How can this be?  
It just don't make sense.  
Every single defense.  
Reasons with the seasons.  
Liars trying to be appeasing.  
Save the pity.  
I'm writing a recovery.  
An equation that maps the constellation.  
Stars do tell as you swell.  
Getting brighter by the day.  
Taking everything moment by moment.  
Retracing you steps.  
Knowing where you went wrong is half the battle.  
You cant fix it but, still a lesson or two can be learned.  
Ignore me, pretend like I'm not there.  
I don't care.  
It still doesn't stop my recovery.  
Recoup and move on.  
Go on.  
Do tell.  
Please don't yell.  
For it's a simple mistake that causes the heart to break.  
Just read this letter and everything should start feeling better. It's my recovery,  
I'm writing the recovery as I'm making each little discovery. Perfection takes  
time.  
And I got my whole life to make things right.  
So just sign on the dotted line.  
And in the end of my little letter of recovery will bring the everlasting happiness.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lexy

My dog Lexy  
Such a precious member of the family  
She bring me up when I feel so down.  
She is only 7 years old  
And distemper is making her cold

A sickness in which there is no cure  
A sickness in which hurts me all the more  
three to twenty one days  
is the time in which a decision will have to be made  
put her down and end the suffering  
or take the chance that she fights it off

She is my dog  
She is so pretty, obident, and energetic  
Or at least she use to be  
Its pathetic with all the cure in the world  
That we still have to watch those we love die  
It was her time some would say  
Does that make any more okay

She is my dog Lexy

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Liberation Army

Here they come, get ready to run.  
A solar flare that burns.  
A page of history that turns.  
Speaking of bad times like there is a rewind.  
Getting sucked in, and the picture swirls.

This is the liberation army here to set you free.  
Showing you all the things could be.  
So don't give up, never give up.  
No matter how short the rope.  
No matter how far you have to fall.

Grab your pitch forks, grab your guns, grab your bombs, but only as a last resort.  
If it can be avoided, it must, for the cost is too high.  
A mother sheilding her baby boy being burnt alive under the fireworks of a midnight sky.  
Atrocities of war, the images can't be unseen.  
Neighbor against neighbor.  
Oh where is our savior in our darkest moment.  
A place of genocide, I remember do you.  
Mistakes bound to be repeated.

This is the liberation army here to set you free.  
Showing you all the things could be.  
So don't give up, never give up.  
No matter how short the rope.  
No matter how far you have to fall.

Spreading hate like it's already too late.  
Pretending it's complicated, when it boils down to vanity, greed, and gluttony.  
When this combination comes together it's over.  
Decay, corruption, a failing empire.  
Watch as it struggles, watch as the buildings crumbles.  
It's what that comes after that's important.  
Do we repeat something so bleak?  
Our do we change the way we treat our fellow human beings.  
Life is a luxury that should never be taken for granted.

This is the liberation army here to set you free.  
Showing you all the things could be.  
So don't give up, never give up.  
No matter how short the rope.  
No matter how far you have to fall.

This is the liberation army here to set you free.  
Showing you all the things could be.  
So don't give up, never give up.  
No matter how short the rope.  
No matter how far you have to fall.

One act of kindness is all takes.  
A step in the right direction.  
A projected future, a protected future, this could be us all.  
For generations to come.  
Could you imagine witnessing a settlement on mars.  
Just remember that is not that far off.  
The technology is so close, so if we can just hold on.  
Incremental change.  
And impossibility that became.

This is the liberation army here to set you free.  
Showing you all the things could be.  
So don't give up, never give up.  
No matter how short the rope.  
No matter how far you have to fall.  
No matter what, we make the choices that determine it all.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Liers Come In All Shapes And Forms

To say we don't lie is a lie. Its human nature to do so. In fact we do it so much that sometimes we dont realize we are doing it. Even at subconscious level we do it. Look at the books we write for instance, fiction is nothing but a fantasy world we live in. A lie isn't evil itself, rather its the motive behind the lie that makes it good or bad, harmless or detrimental, helpful or hurtful. So remember this when lieing, ask yourself who can it hurt, what can be gained, who will it help, the greater good is the way I view it and we all do it. We should truly try lessen how much we do. But at the same time eliminate the ones that do no good. That's all I have to say I think..

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Life With A Rolled Up Dollar Bill

Its just another moment. Its just another story. Its just another worry. The aggravation of knowing so much, and being so powerless. It creates a void that must be filled. So you lean back on bad habits. Take another pill. Crush cut and line em up. Rolling up another dollar. Bout the best damn use for it. If it wasn't illegal i would say burn it. I'm looking to be numb. I'm looking to be drunk. I'm looking to get f\*cked up any way i can. I'm sometimes my worse enemy. They say practice what you preach. Such contradictions in words. its quite absurd. I scream stop me and no one comes. Careless whisper in the night. A constantly moving twilight. The lighting effects are dizzying. My head is spinning. I just want it all to stop. Off to never ever land they say. Some believe that it makes it okay. Well I'm here to say, the hell it does, the hell it was, the hell with the because. Reasons change with the season. And where i was for it, now I'm against it. Indecisiveness uncertainty brings nothing but misery. Skip all the pleasantries, and tell me what you are gonna do. You have no clue. But it doesnt involve me. Party with some fake coffettii to celebrate distant years to come. It was a good run, but im done, it lost its fun and flavor. And i feel if I'm staving off vultures. Each wants a little piece of me. But none will ever have it. As such i need the pills to remove all the pain. It hurts to say it but sometimes you should no better. Hate her, hate him, hate them all for what they stand for. A liar with such a pretty face. What a disgrace. Ohwell just f\*ck it like any other day. I can only pray my persevernce wins in end till then the life i shall live will be good. Feel no pain. Give me the drugs, give me the pills. All for the thrills. All for something no longer real.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Lifes Name

Feeding the desire.

Turning blood into water.

Such a beautiful wasteland.

Finally quenching the fire.

A clock still ticking all the way down to the wire.

Life so short, yet so exotic.

A precious gift that we are no so easily willing too just let go.

Go ahead give her a name.

But know that won't change a thing.

Snuffed out as quick as she came.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Limits Not Known

Defining the limits of the sky.

Is it light of the sun that bends?

Is it the air that moves in currents of the wind?

Is it molecules combining and separating?

In what bounds is it clasped?

By what jaws has it been grasped?

Or is it truly endless?

Matter all large and small.

A universe, a planet, a comet, a moon, depictions, descriptions.

Which ones will suffice?

Which ones will never do?

Who is to decide?

Who is to preside?

A heavenly portrait.

Is it simply what the eyes see?

Going beyond the veil of secrecy.

What is that we hold to account?

All these worldly doubts.

An endless infinite definite pre-existing place.

It was before I got here.

And it will be still long after I'm gone.

Who am I to judge the nature of others views.

For I very well could be wrong to.

With limited time, and limited understanding we try to explain the impossibility of our very own knowing.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Linux Concept(.Svcpd)

Name: Standardize Version Compatible Package Deployment.

Goals: 1. Make All Software On Linux Compatible By A Version Standard.

a: By this if you name something name\_x.x.x.(1) and something else of the same version will not conflict with it. Only the number in the brackets will be important for this standardisation. Allow the software creators, programmers, and designers to state what stage the software is in. Why because I believe good organisation will produce better coding. Not just clean code, but clean files that call upon that code.

b: The inner compatibility is important an key. Why are Linux competing against each other? Why is it not a joint effort in it's entirety? Now I'm not speaking of their design or how something works by itself but with other and completely different software. Now imagine for a second if you wanted something that wasn't on you current os (Operating System) , but was on another Linux. Wouldn't it be nice if you could install their package. Without having to rebuilding the source to a package, compiling natively, or having to worry about if it will conflict with any of your currently installed files.

Now the third part of the version number name\_x.x.2.x Let it describe the hardware it will work with. Let this number be tested and proven before it is given and if it not let the number clarify what hardware it is for and state it hasn't been completely tested yet. Thus the alpha betas what ever you want call them. Now the second number let it define a controlled listing of bugs/errors. And let the very first number describe the current version of the modification in code or design.

Next let us add another number x.x.x.x -x

To describe any unavoidable conflicts in detail and to keep a listing of them of files in a specific version type.

Another thing I want from this packaging software.

Is the ability to covert packages between different types.

And upon conversion I want it automatically generate this version number. I want to it access a database and return a number that describes everything I listed above. I want the user to see what will work, what won't, and explanation why other then just an error code. Or a compiler code. We need to make Linux

more user friendly. But not in the eye candy sort of way. But instead in the usability way. Make it to where you can almost install any software on Linux within reason. I want to make it where the design of an operating system is more important than the window environment.

And it is already happening for a lot of operating systems already have multiple window environments installed.

Another goal is to have the software packaged to no matter what software environment it is installed it calls upon files from that environment and has a GUI interface of that environment. And it not to be necessary to install a different environment for it.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Linux Is All About Choice

Linux it's unheard of.

What is that?

An operating system that's has both versions for sale and free.

They work on all computers old and new.

Theirs so much variety you got no clue.

Just check out this site will you.

Yet their barely used.

Why I do not understand.

When theirs is a demand to cut the budget.

Why are paying through the nose for Microsoft products.

Most say but what about all our fabulous games?

Linux has some too.

You say but is it even close to being as user friendly.

I tell you hear and now I get no where near the errors, bugs, and problems that I dealt when it comes to windows.

Their is both linux mint and ubuntu.

Which I have say about anyone could use.

The Point and click is their but unlike windows I have the power to fix a problem through the terminal if I need to.

Plus it is completely customize able and opensource.

I'm a linux user

And for me its all about choice.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lisa?

You remember Lisa right?  
The girl with sparkling eyes.  
Lustrous lips so plump and red.

She was just so perfect.  
In every way.  
Not a day goes by.  
Where I'm not sick about what I did to her.

You remember Lisa right?  
The girl with dirty blond hair.  
With moves of a summer dream.

She was just so perfect.  
In every way.  
Not a day goes by.  
Where I'm not sick about what I did to her.

Real and true.  
All the way through.  
And now she barely notices me.  
Like an annoyance to be flicked away.  
I deserve it after all I did.  
I can't temper my anger.  
Like seething vengeance.  
It continues to lash out.  
Smashed, bashed, beating a brick wall.  
What does that really accomplish at all.  
Stammered, stalled.

You remember Lisa right?  
The girl who was 23.  
Walking on by with all the star studded confidence.

She was just so perfect.  
In every way.  
Not a day goes by.  
Where I'm not sick about what I did to her.

I can still remember my last words to her.  
You either leave him or we can no longer be friends.  
An ultimatum, verbatim.  
Dry and repeat heavily.  
Unsympathetic, and cruel.  
But it was what he did that through for me loop.  
Not her.  
Red and spinning.

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The girl with sparkling eyes.  
Lustrous lips so plump and red.

She was just so perfect.  
In every way.  
Not a day goes by.  
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An ultimatum, verbatim.  
Dry and repeat heavily.  
Unsympathetic, and cruel.  
But it was what he did that through for me loop.  
Not her.  
Red and spinning.  
Seething foam come out of mouth.  
Look out this dog is mad and will attack.  
But no matter the way I acted the end result would be the same.  
Because I could no longer handle hearing about all the things he did.  
So hard to forget.  
Even harder to forgive.  
Prodigal son born and it all came undone.  
Like a thread meant to be unraveled.

You remember Lisa right.  
The girl who was all smiles.  
Not single day when she wasn't in some kind inner turmoil, and bliss.

She was just so perfect.  
In every way.  
Not a day goes by.  
Where I'm not sick about what I did to her.

The reality is sometimes we have choose.  
And choices that are hard are the ones that there is no wrong or right.  
Someone please show me the guiding light.  
I have been too long in the darkness.  
Has the abyss already swallowed me?  
Am I living in it for eternity.  
Seems that way.  
But maybe that because of what I have done.  
It keep coming back like infinite haunting.  
The task keep becoming more and more daunting.

I do remember Lisa even if you barely talk me, unless her ex wants something.  
Breathing heavy, foam come out of mouth.  
Look out this dog is mad and will attack.  
But no matter the way I acted the end result would be the same.  
Because I could no longer handle hearing about all the things he did.  
So hard to forget.  
Even harder to forgive.  
Prodigal son born and it all came undone.  
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Has the abyss already swallowed me?  
Am I living in it for eternity.  
Seems that way.  
But maybe that because of what I have done.  
It keep coming back like an indefinite haunting.  
The task keep is becoming more and more daunting.  
I do remember Lisa even if she barely talks me, unless her ex wants something.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Listening For The Music

The chaos both brings and takes away life.  
It is electric in city so rampant at night.  
Among the countryside calmness presides.  
Natures melody differs so much from place to place.  
A high tempo  
A low bass.  
Music beats throughout the world all you have to do is listen.  
Do your hear it?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lite It Up

Lite it up  
Lite it up  
Lite it up and let that candle burn.  
The fire is inside me.  
Forever part of me.  
Call it destiny.  
Call it fate.  
A fickle swing of a pendulum.  
A motion set.  
A writing in the stone.  
I'm not alone for I have you.

So just lite it up  
Lite it up  
Lite it and let that candle burn.  
Down to the very last.  
It was always part of my past.  
It sanction me to the starvation of the mind and soul.  
I just lost control.  
I faced it head on.  
And thats when I met you.

So just lite it up  
Lite it up  
Lite it and let that candle burn.  
It will never die.  
Nor will my scarred heart.  
Memories washed apart.  
No longer do I doubt who I am.  
As your man I take a stand.  
For I must protect the love just met for you oh you.

So just lite it up  
Lite it up  
Lite it and let that candle burn.  
One last time.  
Digging into my own mind.  
Finding every travesty.  
Destroying the illusion of a fictitious fantasy.

Oh baby, oh baby this is for you

So just lite it up

Lite it up

Lite it and let that candle burn.

The body moves

The friction ceases.

Its a set of multiple releases.

Everything that soothes.

All for you.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Living A Life Outside His Shell

You are all my muse.

Listen to this recluse as he describes the way you lived.

He thrust himself right into it.

His identity is now yours.

Not stolen, but changed, morphed, warped.

Becoming his own being, his own creature of sorts.

Living a life outside his shell.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Living With And Without Love

Hey just shut up listen. I got a story to tell. Its about something I know so well. Love my friend to the bitter end. Sadness is greatness for it means you've felt it for very long time. When you lose it, you become lost in the darkness of humanity. And you must search for it, because then you have nothing. Its life without hope or a future. You'll be devoured by waves. The pain you feel means your alive. Means you shouldn't lay down and die. I was their multiple times and guess I survived. Blood is thicker then water. You don't have to be a martyr for the cause. You just have to live life the best you can, and hope that the ones you truly care about understand. No need to demand what should be a given. A prodigy I'm not, but their are certain talents I got. So I must shape them, work them. Put them to where I can live with true substance. Satisfy not only others but yourself. Put back if you must but never be afraid to go bust. Unless its beyond your means. For love can be a forever or daily kind of thing.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Locked Away In A Sinking Ship

The cobwebs will not go away.  
A continuous memory lasp.  
Where am I, who am I.  
Thunder in the sky with no sound.  
Is this where the heartless are bound?  
The ground shakes as I am standing still.  
Is this the song unsung?  
Is this the forgotten hum?  
The forbidden melody that only knows how to destroy.  
God's wrath wrap up in tiny a little toy.  
With a shriek why is it I am so overjoyed?  
A single giant wave to employ.  
Discovering so much with so little distance traveled.  
Another ball of yarn to unravel.  
And this time to upon reaching the end I still will not be satisfied.  
A tasteless demise to an otherwise beautiful sunrise.  
Smoke and mirrors upon images that were really never there.  
A deep feeling of despair just from a breath of the tiniest bit of fresh air.  
It's not some mind blistering foreign equation.  
It's really not that complicated.  
So simple it is making even my eyes so unevenly jaded.  
Creating a why can't that be me kind of maniac with no morale regards.  
A tip of the hat from another an office rat.  
Steady hands can still overreact.  
A chance never given, is not a memory not worth reliving.  
Forgiveness excludes those who have no one to forgive.  
Even if floating upon a sinking ship.  
Crash landing in another ditch doesn't teach one how to change the pitch.  
No matter how bad the itch.  
The real then cast creating the perfect tempo.  
Defining, and redefining whats living just beneath grass.  
And sometimes it just happens way too fast.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Locked Away In His Own Mind

The agony of this stress.  
A monotonous task.  
The barer of bad news.  
Signed crosses, set clues.  
Comatose with laced black shoes.  
Dressed for the day of the dead.  
Voices keep screaming its all in your head.  
Images framed and faded.  
Sadness deepens and escalates.  
A melancholy in the pouring rain.  
Mentally stable but in vain.  
Suiting a fancy.  
Suiting a desperation.  
A mind made of glass.  
And it shatters so sudden, so fast.  
Nothing to say, words so silent and still longing.  
A ghost still haunting this empty cabin.  
A rocking chair that ever stirs.  
How is one to soothe this anguished soul?  
If it could even be possible.  
Dreams of darker side.  
Visions that bring us both together to the divide.  
Joining hands in a mass suicide.  
Loss and love that intertwines.  
A belief in something deeper.  
Dungeons without there keepers.  
Roaming and wandering with no direction.  
Conclusions with no perspective.  
Sensitivity to that which leaves the imagination in question.  
Orders abandoned with no purpose or objective.  
A dissection to very pale complexion.  
Colorless, emotionless, stunned and completely numb.  
Sticking your head under the axe waiting for executioner to bring it down.  
But it never comes.  
So you look on with a blank and empty stare.  
Your right to assume he isn't all there.  
So far gone, in another universe, in another reality separated by pain and disgrace.  
No comfort could console this broken spirit.

The senses leave his body absolute motionless.  
A tube stuck down his throat for he does not desire nourishment.  
Anything solid is regurgitated, yet in no way is he physically disabled.  
He is zombie without basic instincts.  
He torn between two separate worlds.  
Not allowed to leave his mortal being.  
A field bitter, barren, yet filled with foot of snow.  
If only he had a way to become completely unglued.  
Wishes, potions to subdue.  
Legal documents white washed of his desires.  
Coined phrases leaving him attached to wires.  
A unwanted frozen life without any point in still living.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Locked Within A Jar

I'm capturing this moment.  
Savoring it for my life time.  
The anguish of the backwards clown.  
All smiling faces turn upside down.  
All because of me.  
As I walk out of the room I know I did right.  
They created a sickness.  
They created a blight.  
They created the most ugly sight.  
A monster must be shown.  
A monster must be known.  
If that's what I am.  
Let them be ashamed.  
Because I'm happy and laughing.  
At one time I was a child in a dark corner crying.  
No defying the very fabric of a legacy.  
That wasn't even created by me.  
I most certainly lived it.  
But their the ones who threw the stones.  
Tore me down to the very core.  
And when I thought it couldn't get any worse.  
They applauded for more.  
Cheers to the one who hurts this little boy.  
Bloody laying on the ground absent of all his clothes.  
A not so nice birthmark exposed.  
He's so dirty just give him the hose.  
Don't touch him, who knows what you might get.  
Now all they see is regret.  
It's not my fault.  
I would be their friend if I didn't know how it would end.  
Take him for all hes got then leave him to rot.  
Trust is not freely given but earned.  
Don't ever think I forgot.  
Because I haven't.  
And now I stand before you as a man.  
Proud of who I am.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Locking Her Up

Psychotic, neurotic.

Something wrong with the brain.

Poor girl.

I think we need a doctor.

And not the kinds that performs surgery.

The head shrink.

Hey don't blink.

Don't think.

Don't contemplate.

What do you mean?

See that bed there with straps?

That where you will be soon shaking and convulsing.

Let me be free so I can kill myself or others.

Most certainly we will get right on that.

As soon as you can provide us with the proper key and authority.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lonely Goodbyes

Here his body lays.  
His name remains unnamed.  
No claim to this world.

I told you didn't I?  
I warned you didn't I?

Not in a grave of freshly dug dirt.  
Not under a monument made of stone.  
Yes he did die alone.  
It was his way always.

I told you didn't I?  
I warned you didn't I?

I told you didn't I?  
I warned you didn't I?

A guitar sitting right next to him.  
Imagine all the songs that went silent.  
Leaning upon a rotten tree completely exposed and decaying.  
Becoming one with the earth.  
I can still his very last verse.

I told you didn't I?  
I warned you didn't I?

But you didn't listen.  
After all why would you?  
He was just a stranger to most.  
No family except for the occasional ghost.

I told you didn't I?  
I warned you didn't I?

Nothing to hold on to.  
What is material if you can't take it with you?  
Giving up that which become nothing more then dust.  
And I can still hear people questioning what is all this fuss.



Just another dead man.  
Really is that all we see?  
Are we that blind to simply believe.  
If his life isn't directly connected to you then he just doesn't matter.  
How did you factor that into the current situation?

I told you didn't I?  
I warned you didn't I?

But a man with no heart I suspect won't suddenly grow one.  
It's like hoping for a garden without any seeds throughout the entire spring and summer seasons.  
And when water runs dry you'll claim you did try.  
If it sounds like I'm angry maybe I am.  
But it isn't directed any which way.  
Mourning a loss while nobody else even see's it is aggravating to say the least.  
Here's to you the ignored deceased.  
Tuned out for happier thoughts.

I told you didn't I?  
I warned you didn't I?

This will happen to you too.  
Especially with that kind of attitude.  
I still wonder how someone who claims to be so astute can be so rude.  
The backlash will come due.  
The misfortunes of karma stuck on you.  
Goodbye my friend, for the ironic bitterness of it has finally come to an end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lonely Motives

Taking a fall, taking a tumble, for the sake of the moment.  
How hard is it resist, a turned cheek raw and red.  
An actor in training, practice upon the staging.  
A promising lie put upon the fading sunrise.  
And god only knows why?  
Motives unclear, what's under that hood?  
Fear, insecurities, anger, justice for an imagined slight.  
Why don't you confront that bully outright.  
Instead of diminishing your credibility.  
You might be surprised by their reaction.  
A retraction, a apology, a person looking to be noticed by you.  
Attention deprived.  
An aching lonely soul just looking for a comic relief.  
A laugh to get you by.  
Been there, no need for knee jerk reactions.  
Not so serious, a casual interpretation.  
A game being played behind the scenes.  
Foreplay to test your limits.  
Wheres the line?  
Whats too much?  
Whats not enough?  
How do we balance ourselves?  
A question of values, being morally objective.  
The intention was never to make you feel defective.  
Socially awkward, come on dance with me.  
Dance with me and finally be free of needing to be the enemy.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lonely Nights

Loneliness, is hard quell.  
And you'll do anything to feel something else, anything else.  
Meaningless sex.  
A temporary bliss at best.  
Getting drunk, partying to the crack of dawn.  
And still you wake up alone, so alone, so alone.  
Putting on some tunes to try and break this horrible mood.  
But it just won't do, won't satisfy.  
Feeling abandoned by both family and friends.  
Hoping this rope has an end.  
Even if its around your neck.  
Taking some happy pills, and still you want to cut your self with a razor blade.  
Anything to feel.  
So numb.  
The great escape.  
Jumping in the forbidden lake.  
Please I just want a little more time before I have to go back into my lonely, very  
lonely mind.  
It coils around me.  
A blanket that has never kept me warm.  
A snake that wants to swallow me whole.  
Devoid.  
Absent of life.  
Silence that is so defeating,  
Clawing on the glass pain.  
Please know my name.  
Pretty please I'm on knees begging for some company.  
Even if feels wrong, it feels so right.  
And it will be another one of those nights.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lonely Old Man

Their is this lonely old man.  
He's not a people person.  
What he says is not well taken, or understood.  
With money, he offers a hand.  
With a promise of friendship, he asks for help.  
Without services being paid.  
He just wants to be another one of guys.  
But he's a boss who provide a service himself.  
How can he expect being paid, and not returning the favor especially when a constant wanting of this help on a daily basis?  
A friend is a give and take relationship.  
And he just does not get this.  
This is the reason you do not mix friendships or family with business.  
Someone always ends up getting mad.  
A friendship lost becomes one you never had.

~ To my boss as a reminder that as much as you want to be your friend I can never allow myself to be yours. This is a pawn that will not move. At least not to be used.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lonesome Ranger

I'm traveling in this beat up pick up truck.  
The back seat door doesn't even open up.  
Each and every day I have no clue where I'm going.  
But still I'm on my way.  
To new air, new places, new faces.  
How do you do stranger?  
I feel like the lonesome ranger.

Working along the highway all day.  
People driving by saying all kinds of things.  
Asking the occasional amonish and farmer for one or two favors.  
A place to park the trucks, a place to get up and start.  
One, Two, Three, and it's ready set go.

I'm traveling in this beat up pick up truck.  
The back seat door doesn't even open up.  
Each and every day I have no clue where I'm going.  
But still I'm on my way.  
To new air, new places, no faces.  
How do you do stranger?  
I feel like the lonesome ranger.

The night comes and the sun is gone.  
The stars mark the way.  
I can see the city lights before I arrive.  
God their so bright.  
Which bar am I going too?  
With the money that has been made.  
It is time to celebrate.  
The weekend has come and soon my brian will be gone.  
Hooking up with another one stand.  
Cause nobody want to be with a man that is never home.

I'm traveling in this beat up pick up truck.  
The back seat door doesn't even open up.  
Each and every day I have no clue where I'm going.  
But still on my way.  
To new air, new places, no faces.  
How do you do stranger?

I feel like the lonesome ranger.

From the mountain, to the backwoods, and rivers, down to the valley of Pennsylvania.

I would never leave this place not for all the gold in the world.

A mix of every culture, from the all these Catholic Yanks, to the invading spanish and indians, to rednecks that seem more backwards then the ones from the south, to the everlasting Mennonites.

The whole state is covered in all kinds of trees.

So much variety a place that always makes me happy.

I'm traveling in this beat up pick up truck.

The back seat door doesn't even open up.

Each and every day I have no clue where I'm going.

But still on my way.

To new air, new places, no faces.

How do you do stranger?

I feel like the lonesome ranger.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Looking For More Then Just A Friend

Feelings of guilt hit me like a ton of bricks.  
More weight on my shoulders.  
Another burden I have to bear.  
I swear, I feel like I'm getting older  
I can see my grave in 20 years  
Your killing me  
Driving me to drink  
Hey stop and think before you speak  
Unless it's important you better not  
There is no love for you anymore  
Not like back then  
I can still taste what was never there  
All it brings is despair  
So beautiful you are  
But yet there is something more deep I think  
You seem so sweet  
Honest as you can be  
Why do I feel something is not right  
Break it off  
Break it off  
Before I get hurt  
Or something much worse  
It comes in waves  
This ocean is making me a slave  
I pave the roads and build the bridges for you  
Then leave before I get deceived  
Your welcome but not really  
Your just being silly  
I think not  
I can read the body languages  
I'm only nice to you to relieve my pain  
That is you  
Venting  
Unrelenting  
Aggravating  
Complicating  
The so simple  
Either your going to be there, or your not  
I still had to fight

To make sure I was right  
Have to get burned to be certain  
Lesson learned  
Now I know what I urn was never really there  
Cold as ice  
I have made another sacrifice  
This one wasn't so nice

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Looking Through The Window

I try to look away. I'm trying to forget those days, when the lights were a little more bright, when the sun smiled down upon me. I was so happy. But not now, not even with a pen. To write it away. What a game I play. Work to forget. Party with no regrets. Such a hypocrite, with all the words said. No going back. There is no contract. I set them a fire so long ago. Do remember 96 and all the snow. We built our castles, with no idea of the hassles. It took so much so we could live comfortably. We didn't, we didn't, we didn't know. I wonder how it would have changed if I did. Could of, should of, would of is utter nonsense. There's a pile over there. Try not to stare or compare. So what if life isn't fair. Don't you dare. Such a hypocrite. Do the best you can. Damn them all. Don't let this be the cause of your fall. Walk that tight rope. Never look down. So full of hope. Hope gives the less fortunate the power to change everything. A voice is heard over, under societies reach. Tell me, tell me have you been here before? Tell me, tell me what's the score? How much is too much? Greed is factored by the necessity to live beyond ones means. What do you need to give. Everyone constantly is taking shots at you. Like you really know what your doing. Choosing the forsaken over the forgiven. So be it. I hope one day you see it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Los Alamos

Over years it has been earthly science, versus mother nature  
Los Alamos is the new frontier  
Nuclear is the power of madness  
Nuclear is the power of sadness  
Controlling  
Sustaining a worldly world  
Fending off an evil child to bare  
Fire runs rampant  
Fire says it is mine  
Not the next time  
Eyes watch in horror  
Anticipating the worse yet to come  
What is it this time that will be undone  
Abandoned for miles  
Sorry sir but it will be a while  
For we made a mistake  
For we are hiding things that can make the heart ache  
Worse then greed is the secrets in which you deceive  
A mutation of the sun  
A cancer of fire fill the air  
Water ruined and forever gone  
Yet alone all the homes  
You are the Los Alamos

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Losing All Sanity

Trying to make it.  
trying not mentally break.  
every direction i go.  
its always a no.  
one day im gonna blow.  
Can i be a skit z?  
can i be crazy?  
when push comes to shove i will go nuts.  
but only if defending those i love.  
yeah i feel resentment but it doesn't bring me to my knees.  
at least not yet. signed with a feeling of blood soaked regret.  
I'm just trying make it. cant you see that.  
but still i don't know i can take it.  
denial after denial and not even an ounce sympathy.  
not that i desire pity. but come on if you please.  
I know theirs is nothing wrong with me.  
except maybe a loss of dignity.  
even i can't deny it.  
for thiers is a dark stain on my heart.  
will i forever marked?  
a tortured soul.  
Yet i feel as if im always in control.  
Is the world truly mine to take?  
Or will i continue on my path of mistakes.  
I'm just trying to make it.  
if someone would help me.  
feeling kinda of desperate.  
feeling kinda lonely.  
oh oh oh yeah yeah yeah god must really hate me ha ha.  
what was i ever even thinking.  
Maybe i was mentally breaking

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Losing Yourself(Revised)

The music drives me,  
Into a cationic state.  
The numbness slowly fades away.  
Trying to forget all the bad.  
If only not to lose all the good.

Little by little  
A tit for tat  
Another broken contract  
The water seems a little too murky  
I think just maybe I'm too worrisome.

Grind the flint and steel  
Create that spark  
Make you mark  
Because soon it'll be dark  
Covered in absolute blackness.

An outer body experience  
Astral Projection  
Just another reflection  
Locked in a mind so deep.

We are our just memories.  
They stand all around me  
Unabiding.  
Some what hypnotizing.

I still try to fight it.  
Just kick that dog off  
Whose really after my bone?  
I rather do this alone.  
For its when I'm at my strongest.  
I build on it,  
Mold it,  
Shape it,  
Into so many forms.

Like a shadow it follows

But its not to be seen  
Unless its by my means  
I usually don't give in.  
But this time it wins  
Stolen by selfish endeavors.

A fool am I.  
Till the day I die.  
Never question the power of suggestion.  
It just works.  
Sometimes it's in horrible, and indifferent ways.  
So I stay away.  
Till I feel like one of the unbroken.

I just can't look back  
For all the things I have said  
I can't retract  
Even more so the way I was acting  
Insanity is a plea for pity  
All the way down to the nitty gritty  
And I can't have that.

For I have what I need  
That's my dignity  
And it I needs not to be forgiven.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Loss Of A Good Man

A loss of a good man.  
By witness he takes death in his own hands.  
No sorrow is felt.  
No excitement is felt.  
Nothing is felt again.  
A rotten corpse with movements still intact  
A soulless pact  
The devil knows  
He is running this mans show  
With temptations of the heart  
Stolen and broken  
Crushed beyond the means of psychological recovery  
He's no new discovery  
He's both a victim and prey  
Not for reasons that can be understood by you or me  
He contemplates everything around him  
With a complete and utter sensation of indifference  
No one and nothing matters to him  
He is the loss of another good man

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Loss Of A Home

In the course my life I have seen many things  
But nothing prepares you look into the faces of families who lost everything  
Their is not sadness but strength and perseverance in their eyes.  
It just material I keep telling myself  
But its more then that it is a home a family made  
A history love that makes a location what it is  
My dear freind picked up one her lost photograph and balled cause it was of her  
grandfather who is now dead  
Their scared not of the loss material but of a loss of their home

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lost Ego

A empty promise set upon sunset blvd.  
A single wish that never makes it to the shooting star.  
A claim to that which doesn't even exist.  
Smoke among a pitch black horizon.  
If it is not visible is it even there?  
A fickle placement of stones.  
A monument soon to crumble.  
And what will be left, a single thought, an conversial idea still standing?  
I keep telling myself they are just words.  
Syllables slung together at a moments notice.  
And as time almost stands still, a tired rabbit will only run under extreme duress.  
Strapped to a straight jacket in a lazy boy chair.  
Feeding the punishing blows of a very lost ego.  
Can it ever again be found in all these overwhelming shadows?

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Lost It All

Raising a glass to the forgotten.  
So captivating.  
A world hesitating.  
Cheers to you.  
Cheers to the paradise providing.  
A shattered mind confiding.

A path of destruction.  
A tornado blowing on by.  
Everything that was important me gone.  
I hate everyone, and anyone.  
No love left for me in this god forsaken place.  
An emotional disgrace.

No tears will fall.  
Not for what I have lost.  
Family and friends.  
Where does it begin?  
Where does it end?  
A life worth taking?  
A life worth breaking?

Trying to understand but you just can't  
Extreme emotional distress.  
A train wreck.  
An entire picture of poison.  
And so many glasses yet to pour.  
That sweetness is so you enjoy.

The promises dead in the water.  
The engine has went cold.  
No reason left to keep going.  
Mountains of sorrow.  
No time for mourning.  
To many loved all at once.  
All gone, out of this world.  
Robbed of a possible vengeance.  
All I have is the sting of remembrance.  
An sudden awe, a sudden shock.

Like every plate in the house has dropped.  
And they have all shattered at once.  
Those are the pieces I am yet picking up.  
Just leave me alone, to wallow in my own silence.  
I don't deserve that kind of caring from anyone.  
A slap in the face.  
A desire for violence.  
Anything to make this not real.  
Angel just kill me, take my heart for it has already has been ripped apart  
anyways.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lost Smile

Such strange concept, meeting under these conditions.  
Oh smile have I found you?  
Where have you been all this time?  
Hiding under a rock in someone elses mind.  
Can I just say I love everything thing that's wrong with you.  
I'm the hopeless romantic trying to avoid sinking the titantic.  
Iceburg ahead, lets take control.  
We can do this as one.  
Souls united, a fire the humbles.  
A kiss that makes us completely vulnerable yet so indestructable.  
Can you not feel the power?  
It burns from the inside.  
We're alive and we know it.  
I keep hearing the words don't blow it.  
There is the voice of reason in my head.  
It's stern but steady.  
So sure, so certain.  
Pulling away lifes' final curtains.  
This time I will marry you.  
Let this love shine all the way through.  
My vows to god, a cross above my brow, I shall never forsake.  
You just blow my mind away.  
So this poem is too you, because you have brought me something not so new.  
A smile long forgotten.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Love Is Devout

The daily fight.  
The human souls ignite.  
The fire burns in the twilight.  
Stars so bright.  
God please, give me your might.  
Your strength. I promise I'll wait.  
Does my heart have what it takes.  
The true divine.  
Drinking some red wine.  
Celebrate life, celebrate death.  
Celebrate this worlds mess.  
Only confess when you truly need forgiveness.

The daily fight.  
The human soul ignite.  
The fire burns in the twilight.  
Stars so bright.  
God please give me your might.  
Patients, sir I salute you for having such courage.  
On the brink.  
Can you feel the energy surge.  
Splurge, control yourself,  
and you want the most for  
it could make you into a forever haunting ghost.  
So carefully tip toe.  
Cause eggshells are just below your feet.  
And you could slip as you run you know.  
Waiting can be constant agony.  
Its driving me right into the clouds.  
Come hell or high water  
I shall be devout.  
You are forever mine even as time passes by.  
I don't care how or why.  
There will be no compromise.  
Love lasts even after you die.

The daily fight.  
The human soul ignites.  
The fire burns in the twilight.

Stars so bright.  
Oh oh tonight god please give me your might.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Love Just Is

It is a question then has boggled minds for a very long time.

There is no right or wrong answer in how you feel.

It just is.

If you have to ask why then you are missing the point.

For love is a mysterious creature who won't reveal her secrets easily.

Acceptance of love is so much better then questioning it.

For if you are putting an earthly reasoning behind something so magical.

People have killed over it.

People have killed themselves over it.

People are enslaved to it.

Love Just Is

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Loves Biggest Critic

It's so scripted.  
I can't help it if I sound like the worlds biggest critic.  
A cynic.  
A question mark upon the pages of time.  
Tell me now can you meet me eye to eye?  
Come on lets together put our hands in the fire.  
Does the heat make you cringe.  
I've always been ready and waiting.  
Time to stand up.  
Time to leave your mark.  
No matter how small it might be.  
It doesn't matter as long as it is honest.  
Don't ever lie to me.  
Not today or tomorrow night.  
Trust is the very foundation of what is right.  
If you can't handle it, please do get out of the light.  
Because only angels can shine at least in my eyes.  
Opening the book of secrets.  
Please do read it from the front to back.  
Exploring the memories of my mind.  
Tell me can you feel them?  
Are they hovering all around you?  
How can it be anything but pure emotion?  
Pure devotion.  
A passion that is anything but void.  
A ghost of love always comes riding in on its great white steed.  
It still gallops at the same speed.  
Not too fast, not slow.  
The perfect written flow.  
It echos.  
At a hearts faster and faster beat.  
Soon the butterflies do retreat.  
The awkward becomes so comfortable.  
Suddenly we are connected.  
It is as if we are one.  
In sync even in the way we breath.  
And in this moment.  
And in this moment.  
Is nothing but pure ecstasy.

Because you made me finally believe.  
In anything.  
Nothing is impossible as long I'm with you.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Loves Breath

Love forever torments those who feel her breath.  
It is like icicles upon the skin.  
It is something you soon will not forget.  
It aches of regret.  
But yet even with it so haunting it is something we still all desire.  
A burn caused by a great fire.  
And to one who truly feels this I do truly admire.  
For he is king with the words that he sings.  
As tiring and trying as it might be.  
Still it something he needs.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Loves Exposure

To expose your love for her in such a way is sometimes exhilarating.  
Even more so then the secret love know one is suppose to know about.  
Light the flame and let it burn for all eternity.  
Let the embers never fade but glisten and glow the brightest reds, oranges and yellows.  
Just remember a flower has only so many petals.  
So if your rejected with sincerity.  
Don't obsess just move on to the next.  
If to be or not to be is the question,  
Let the answer be of it's reflection.  
No matter how fair or pale of a complexion.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Loves Necessity

I wrote this for you, as if you actually hear me.  
Move, can you feel it?  
Move, can you taste it?  
Embrace it like the sweetest mouth in places that excite.  
Bite as if a nibble is a temptation for something more.  
Rolling around on the floor.  
Understanding on how two souls become one.  
Even if it is for only a moment.  
Let us make this the rest of our lives.  
A world of passion confides in our deepest darkest desires.  
Moving beyond the minds simple pleasure.  
A even motion, let be complete an utter devotion.  
Let the seductions lead me every which way.  
In and out of control.  
Dominant and submissive both.  
No master or slaves in these acts.  
We must become one.  
Exhilarating, breathtaking.  
Taking it to the wall, up and over the table.  
Be careful you might fall.  
Whisper upon the ear.  
A slight moan, of that which only a facial expression can describe.  
Compromise both in body and mind.  
But only strength of heart can continue on in insanity.  
And that is loves necessity.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Loves Rejection

And even with loves rejection, it still allows you to move on knowing you did the best you can.

Not another ghosts demands.

Who haunts you forever with the thoughts of not knowing.

A heart which will always be glowing.

Beating faster.

Beating stronger.

In a confession of words.

A mockery of the absurd.

But still once it is done the joy it brings can never be undone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Lowly Servant Still Waiting Outside The Castle Walls

With rabbit ears given.  
You think you could hear me any better?  
A whisper dark.  
A wistful dream.  
Sounds of the pouring rain.  
They keep drowning me out.  
Maybe if I screamed at the top of my lungs.  
Ignored and unabated.  
Slightly agitated.  
An itch that needs to be scratched.  
But no matter what I do, there is no way of reaching you.  
Perched high upon your castle.  
Your the queen, and I'm just a lowly servant.  
Social boundaries.  
The elite like kicking me as a daily routine.  
Look at there teeth pretty white and so clean.  
A royal upbringing.  
Never getting there hands dirty.  
How could I ever even try to cross such a divide.  
Wishful thinking.  
Secret to confide.  
Maybe to a priest.  
Because he is man of his word.  
Not like a lot of my fellow low lives.  
They'd stab you with your own knife as soon your back was turned.  
Experienced it first hand.  
That's what being an honest man living in poverty gets you.  
Like a slave, to those cheating you out of everything.  
But I don't begrudge anyone any of it.  
Because they need it more then I do.  
I've been in the deep water for long awhile.  
I could swim for miles.  
Let the current take me.  
Let it break me.  
That fearlessness is only felt by those who have nothing left to lose.  
You don't even have a clue.  
A sweetness because I want to, never because I have to.  
I would cut my own throat first.  
Hey we just ran that man over, put it in reverse.

Double dipping for good measure.  
Here is a penny it is my only treasure.  
Found it laying along the road heads up.  
I've always been told that means good luck.  
Here take it, maybe it will shine a little better for you then it did I.  
I don't care about anything, that can be called person property.  
We don't own it, it owns us.  
Attachments long shredded up.  
Someday just maybe, I will make in those thick walls.  
But not by any means that devalue who I am as a person.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Luring Prison(Revised & Extremely Extended)

So you think you got what it takes.  
And the talent breaks.  
Arms and legs shattering.  
A headless battering.  
Mindless chattering.  
Elaborate shackles.  
They stretch beyond confining limits.  
But every time your brought back.  
Put in your place.  
Picture in the dark, cut and paste.  
Its not enough for the thoughts to be erased.  
Living in a refuge.  
A lone isle.  
Nobody can find you.  
No not ever.  
A masked heaven.  
An obvious hell.  
A heart to compel.  
Do as I tell.  
With words walking.  
A wonder of who is really talking.  
The demon inside me.  
Can you see him?  
Eyes sparkling behind closed doors.  
Crossing the marsh and moor.  
How far do we reach?  
Drilling through the divide.  
Maybe someday I'll make it to the other side.  
Never enough time.  
A dream for the blind.  
A spell to bind.  
Locked down.  
Cannibals fighting for my body.  
Just something else to eat.  
Desire please do retreat.  
Because I can't live with this futility.  
This futility.  
Drifting into another reality.  
So much frailty.

Brittle, heated then frozen.  
How much torture can any man take?  
Dropping through the cracks created by an earthquake.  
If you don't see me, maybe it is because I don't want you to.  
A soul held in with glue.  
Spill some paint thinner and let it be free.  
It is better then having to die alone.  
A man thrown off the ledge.  
Dirt rises above this stone.  
Freshly dug, with all the hard work and love.  
I miss you and I'll see you soon in the same measure.  
Lighting fire to the past.  
Escaping at last.  
Goodbye my friends, each one a symphony of distant memories.  
Peace by the music you hear.  
It still is singing in my ear.  
A whisper claiming to be me.  
Clamoring with joy for where we're at.  
We are at.  
A melodramatic over beating heart attack.  
White on the black.  
Dosed with all colors of light.  
Something shown to be bright.  
I will follow it through all the unending nights.  
For I'm am still in this fight.  
Even if it seems like a senseless aggravation.  
It is not an egregious error.  
No not desperation.  
A inclined wish to climb through the already opened window.  
But fully aware of where such a temptation might lead.  
Walking upon a tight rope.  
Carefully proceeding.  
No I don't know when the water will be again receding.  
A welcoming trap.  
Yes I walked right into it.  
But somethings cant be helped.  
Feeding the addiction, the affliction.  
It is not a matter of simply getting over it.  
Musical chairs with no seats.  
Just a gander, just a peek.  
Flamboyant dirty dancer.  
Somebody has to be the prancer.



With raindrops as the pattering of fast feet.  
But knowing it will never be complete.  
Done, over, sober.  
Weakness subdued.  
There is just no way of getting away from you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mad Twins

Chaos spins.

The twirl becomes these mad twins.

Both full of hate.

Both full of rage.

A lust to inflict pain.

To understand the truly insane.

A desire to destroy that which brings peace.

Desecrating the newly decease.

A morbid curiosity of what has got way out hand.

New discoveries, become like moldy stale bread.

Once good but they no longer sustain them.

A single thought pours through there bloody hands.

A conflicted motion with the flip of the wrist.

One has been silenced while the other lives.

The institution will never subdue, reform, or morally impregnate.

It suits our needs just as it does his.

With thoughts of safety as a mind game which we will never win.

Four moves behind, and it is still his turn.

And with the tic of the clock he is already ready for the next.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Make It End

Repetition.

The beating of the drum.

Words loosed upon forbidden lips.

Just one more kiss.

Just one more time.

Over, under, feet tripping, body set upon a blunder.

What if I told you I liked it?

What if I told you the nail you drove in my chest was the best thing I have ever felt?

Open handed slap me.

I can still hear those whispers, as if your were in the very next room.

Horrid it becomes, in the coldness I have been undone.

Stripped naked.

The hearth is no longer so welcoming.

Sitting by a long dead fire.

Who can I blame but myself.

A egotistical selfishness.

That's is me, when comes to getting on my knees.

Oh please one day lord do forgive me.

For the courage for this I lack to go back.

Facing bitter the music.

The dance of a loner.

Castration upon the soul.

Senseless circles.

In every round about way I'm just not okay.

But that's not what I say.

To keep it strong, to ingest all that is wrong.

Teardrops turn into the rain over a cane field that has been burning for such a long time.

I don't think it will be ever cured.

No matter how sweet it gets.

Past moments full of regrets and hard earned sweat.

What we deserve is only what we can muster.

And I just don't have it in me, no matter how hard I try.

Inhibition, premonitions of the fallout from my ultimate fears.

If I'm gonna die alone let it be known.

I lived best one ever can.

In the moments where one should take a stand I never flinched.

I may of blinked once or twice.

These thoughts wash over me like ice.  
A sinners price.  
Some not as nice.  
I embraced the fact the best I could.  
Knowing not where it would lead or how to proceed.  
And I thank all those who gave me the time.  
For it is very precious, no matter how much we really think we have.  
Lost in dreary grey clouds.  
How do I escape, when do I get my break?  
A life of servitude but for whom?  
In the theory of all being fairness I still don't believe.  
Thrust upon chaos and deceived.  
Lied to time and time again.  
Some days oh how I wish it would all just end.  
A closed book soon to be forgotten under the collection of such dust.  
How do I get all these cobwebs out of my head.  
Without losing the pieces that are still holding me together.  
Feeling for the fallen angel I met once before.  
Give me hope, give my wings.  
To sail the sky on the greatest of dreams.  
Please take my disease, my sickness upon which I love watching myself bleed.  
Make me not wish for such cruel sensations upon my skin.  
Eliminate the thought of pain in which I so much depend.  
Please somebody just make it end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Making It Real

I was once told to make it real  
Well here's the deal  
It is I feel  
No deviation off this rugged course  
With remorse its sad to see someone try to explain it to me  
What I already see  
You got talent and wisdom  
But you just don't how to use it  
You abuse it.

I was once told to make it real  
Well here's the deal  
I try to better myself every day  
With a sense of moral guidance  
And absolute faith  
In the dark world I embrace  
So let me make my stance  
My standing pose  
For it is mine as you have yours

I was once told to make it real.  
Well here's the deal.  
I'm not here to please or get on my knees  
I tell you what I want when I want  
Like it or not  
Its my power to overcome  
Its my hour to be done  
To waste with a smiling face

I was once told to make it real  
Well here's the deal  
Have you ever been told your trying to hard  
Well I'm not  
Everything goes  
Everything flows  
Like magic  
Its something I've always known

I was told to make it real  
Well here's the deal  
The battle is already won  
It was kinda fun  
But now it on to the next  
Never let limitation of a closed mined  
Waste too much of your time  
Accept them as the are  
Which sometimes isn't very far  
But don't make the measurement if they don't reach the par  
Let them think there better  
With another well written letter

Well I do make it real  
And with this its my deal

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Making Love To An Angel(2nd Revision)

A smile so sweet.  
The secret places in which we meet.  
You are my true confidant.  
We leave a trail of misery.  
Screwing you in your back seat.  
Nobody can ever know.  
Cause you are my little dirty secret.  
But still the best when I need it.  
Going down, and going to heaven at the same time.

Making love to an angel and you know it.  
It feels so damn good.  
Who would shy away?  
And all I have to say is that guy must be gay.

The taste of your lips, so bitter sweet.  
The secret places in which we meet.  
Again you on top of me.  
Your controlling me and I like it.  
They just no denying it.  
Oh baby, you know just what to do.  
Holding it all in, and knowing just when to let go.

Making love to an angel and you know it.  
It feels so damn good.  
I wish it would never end.  
Let's give it a go again and again.

Those words coming from you sound so sweet.  
The secret places in which we meet.  
It's so right.  
All day and all night.  
The claw marks you leave on my skin, create a burning within.  
All I want is more.  
We got to have it rough.  
Never enough.

Making love to an angel and you know it.  
It feels so damn good.

Perfect with every touch, to every desirable shape.  
She is a goddess.  
Can anyone relate?  
Its our everlasting escape.  
Oh baby I'm making love to an angel you know it, and you know it.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Making Them Run.

So I don't meet your standards, you don't say?  
Please give a little more detail, I promise you I won't easily offend.  
I'm still trying understand the madness of young woman who says she has a  
boyfriend anyways after contacting me wanting to be just a friend?  
Maybe that was my intention, so how did I do?  
How rude and egotistical did I seem?  
When did you make this decision?  
Don't hold back after all you prefer twitter(Deletes Your Account When Asked To)  
and facebook(Continuously Violates Your Rights) anyways.  
What did you think of this place was?  
A place for literature or a steaming pot of pheromones?  
Am I writing poems, because I think it will attract some great woman?  
Come on use your head seriously.  
This is not a dating site.  
That didn't even enter my mind, till I ran into people like you.  
Who thought you could bait and hook men from across the world.  
Come to find out we are not so easily baited or infatuated.  
It required more work then you were use too.  
And now you just give up so easily.  
Just when I thought game was getting fun.  
I want you to hold this white flag when you run.  
Let others know we won.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Manipulating Ways

The evil man holds my friend hostage.  
By threaten my job.  
A financial hold.  
I told him to not worry about me.  
But still he does.  
This monster will pay.  
Their is a time to strike and a time to delay.  
I told him to do what he needs to do.  
I will not be angry by his actions or reactions.  
No holds bar when it comes to friends.  
I will not let him suffer not under your thumb.  
Go ahead and point your gun.  
You better be prepared to shoot.  
For I'm not afraid of you.  
Or your manipulating ways.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mans Darkness

A million writings and I'm still going.  
Its again going to start snowing.  
Turbulent are the skies.  
The practice of the dark arts.  
Is tearing my soul apart.  
If the old man dies. Havoc will I seek.  
A mission in which there is no stopping me.  
I'm angry and I know my enemies.  
They are building an army.  
They want me, dead or alive.  
In darkness i shall take cover till the next sunrise.  
I have nothing left. I gave it up all seeking the true good in life.  
Instead i continuously get stabbed with a knife, of malcontent, jealousy, rage, A  
forever covet of some kind.  
No I'm not any more religious.  
I'm not one of the Christians.  
I'm my own man.  
Making a stand.  
When others don't give a damn.  
Whether its righteous or not, it i still got.  
A belief beyond what is said.  
Seeking the power to give the dead true peace.  
A child on his knees saying no please.  
Genocide lining up with the trees.  
We turn away pretend it didn't happen, or justified in some way.  
Indifference is our disease. Someone save me please.  
Lets change our history.  
Pages can be rewritten.  
We have the power of forgiveness.  
We have the power of deliverance.  
Some times its so hard to protect those who wont protect themselves.  
Trying to be a saint not the angel of darkness.  
You can only lead the sheep if they will follow.  
Trying to show your heart isn't so hollow.  
But still I choke as I take in the poison meant for you.  
You are creating this madness.  
You are creating our sadness.  
A bad habit is destroying me from the inside.  
Call it no pride.

A little would do you some good.  
Standards, and despression is a strange question to be asking.  
But the wisdom of it might help you make it somewhere, instead of a constant  
despair and a need for a repair.  
A daily fix.  
The antidote and the creation of your sickness at the same time.  
You probably think I've lost my mind.  
But I tell you know I'm fine.  
My emotions I'm controlling.  
If i lose it, its only to get my second my wind.  
Until I'm dead and far passed on.  
It will not end.  
I am Aries and I'm fighting for what I believe in.  
No matter the mistake, or heart ache.  
It's the path i shall take.  
I will not mentally break.  
I ll show you a heart on fire.  
A heart full of my desire

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Manufactured Images

Master plan.  
Built upon match sticks.  
Watch it all burn away,  
Fading fast.  
Nothing good lasts.  
Why is that?  
Moral objections.  
Obscurely rejected.  
Specimens of good conscious constantly dissected.  
Perfumed sprayed to mask those full of deceit.  
A mold built out of concrete.  
Here is perfection, take it because it is just not me.  
Not a man I can ever be.  
Living in a ocean full of sharks.  
Such a small fish, no one ever even notices me.  
Sometimes I thank god for this.  
Just a fly resting on an empty wall.  
Soon I will be long dead gone.  
And in the pessimistic moment of choking on life as I know it.  
I'm still thinking it is my one and only chance so don't blow it.  
A rue to a set thickness.  
Some spices for flavor.  
These ingredients are not possessions we should savor.  
They are not how we got here.  
No not the form of transportation.  
Just an illusion in the form sensations.  
Can you still taste it?  
Desires over indulgently.  
To the grave, clean shaved and dressed in black.  
No picture of the past life.  
Inheritance is not something we get to keep.  
A moment frozen time.  
We are all just trying get by.  
In a godless world to survive.  
Too many goodbyes.  
Each and everyday wasted.  
Where is the communication.  
The connection, the bond, that makes us all one.  
Born from the same strand.

Raised by similar helping hands.  
Spoons and shoes of all different sizes.  
Equal, to what standards, to measuring stick?  
Millimeters or Miles?  
What scientists are behind this?  
For and against.  
In articles odds are placed just for the gambler of a routine habit.  
543 to 1 come on that is guarantee win.  
Especially when you look at the names on the pay stubs.  
Corporation of whom?  
If it is defined as a person then I wish to not exist.  
Because I don't want to be a slave to an entity for an eternity.  
Living in a nation claiming divinity.  
The devils are in the details.  
Don't sign on the dotted lines with the dollar as the pen.  
Fighting from the inside of the corrupt desolation.  
And to think the majority are supporting it.  
Completely for it.  
No complaints, by the sinner nor saint.  
Just a zombified body moving without reason.  
A brain baked and seasoned.  
A dish served to all.  
Swallowing it down in pleasure.  
The edge is getting closer.  
Walking backward on the sky lights.  
Pay attention, or you'll be the next to fall.  
Into the factory.  
Conforming you to their reality.  
And with possession being nine tenths of law.  
Suddenly there is no real existence at all.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Marching Orders

A common misconception is the need for more and more money.  
Dissected and injected like a need to feed.  
Vampires of deceit until fully depleted.  
Set upon the plantation of my Eden.  
Paradise among the parasites.  
Think this is radical, then why did you come.  
Say goodbye with morning sun.  
And poof your gone.  
No reason to piss and moan.  
Every single day.  
Diabolical is the convenient life of luxury.  
Eyes wide shut, metaphysically not even here.  
Sorry if it seems like I don't care.  
But attachments of slime aren't that easy to just wash off.  
It is a give and take relationship.  
And if you can't understand something as simple this.  
Then just walk into my brick wall.  
Because you'll never get to know my soul.  
Latching out for any form of control.  
Sorry but my show is open all.  
Come as you like the more the merrier, like a disease carrier.  
I want to share my sick and twisted philosophy to as many as I can.  
Sing your tune, and I'll sing mine.  
But realize they will never rhyme no how hard we try.  
The stars just don't align, pieces that can never fit.  
We are just too different, worlds apart in the very same room.  
And indifferent silence when the fighting is not going on.  
Setting off the atom bomb.  
Then all emotions are drain and gone.  
No love lost in a single of instance of passion.  
Boiled down, as a change in fashion.  
Like the dress?  
Wearing it like you were made for success, I'd rather not pretend to be  
something that does not easily digest.  
To explain all the reason is to count grains of sand in an hour glass.  
But with one last breath, at the top of your lungs, with mightiest sound of drums.  
Drowning out every positive thought across my entire globe.  
Instead of smiling at what you have.  
And now you will never have it.

I'm not responsible for you any single way.  
Never made the promises of today or yesterday.  
I live for now, always have.  
Your parents and you know where each other are at.  
Go ahead call on mom and daddy.  
Start packing, getting the suitcase ready.  
Because those marching orders are coming.  
I will not be putting up with anymore of it.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Marigolds Taken From The Dirt

Hey Lily.

I read the headstone today.

And I think to myself how is this going help

They say I need closure.

It is too much weight for any one man to shoulder.

Tell me why I feel so silly, talking you.

I hope only somewhere you can here me.

Happy birthday my darling.

It was fun while it lasted.

But you were stolen from me.

And there is no going back.

Hey Lily.

These marigolds are for you.

You always hated over priced store bought flowers.

You rather put your hands right in the dirt.

Tumble through weeds.

All to get what you need.

Happy birthday my darling.

It was fun while it lasted.

But you were stolen from me.

And there is no going back.

Hey Lily.

I hope you not mad.

I met girl, they tell me I need to move on.

But I never forget.

The best times I with the person lying 6 feet beneath my feet.

You'll always be my favorite.

Happy birthday my darling.

It was fun while it lasted.

But you were stolen from me.

And there is no going back.

Happy birthday my darling.

It was fun while it lasted.

But you were stolen from me.  
And there is no going back.

Oh there is no going back.

No matter how hard I try.  
I can still taste your lips.  
I can still hear your laughter.  
I can still feel your touch.  
Some days I want to join you.  
Meet you where the stars collide.  
But I know what you'd say.  
I don't believe suicide.  
Even now your still keeping me together.  
And I'm not sure I even deserved it.

Hey Lily.  
Hey Lily.  
So glad to see you again.  
The voice traveling through the void and dimensions.  
When I come here I know I'm never alone.  
Even on days so cold.

Happy birthday my darling.  
It was fun while it lasted.  
But you were stolen from me.  
And there is no going back.

Oh there is no going back.

No matter how hard I try.  
I can still taste your lips.  
I can still hear your laughter.  
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But I know what you'd say.  
I don't believe suicide.  
Even now your still keeping me together.  
And I'm not sure I even deserved it.

Oh I don't deserve it.

I never deserved it.  
My one and only Lily.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Marry - Go - Around

On the marry-go-round.  
Baby spin me around baby around.  
In circles we go. Its a balancing act.  
Give and take.  
Dusk till dawn.  
God how this is fun.

On the marry-go-round.  
Baby spin me around baby around.  
So dizzy and i want more.  
Riding it all night long.  
The energy never gone.  
Every single time you make it feel so damn good.

On the marry-go-around.  
Baby, spin me around baby around.  
I'm loving every minute of it.  
Its love of the best kind.  
God you are so fine.  
Above the divine.  
The taste of wine on your breath.  
You and i know exactly were doing.

On the marry-go-around.  
Baby spin me around baby around.  
Going to town, in every possible way.  
Please hush there nothing to say.  
Just lets take this all the way.  
One more time, just one more time.

On the marry-go-around.  
Oh baby spin me around, baby around.  
Jump up and down.  
Hands in the air, hands on the ground.  
In the perfect embodiment you shall surround.  
the whisper of sounds.  
On the marry-go-around.  
Oh baby spin me around, baby around.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Martyr

To the martyr I ask did you look into the childrens eyes  
Before they died.

For a cause, just because, oh if only he was.

No reason can justify the death of so many innocents

When you meet will you repent

Ask for forgiveness from all those you sacrificed

If you would have sooner realized

You'll be hated

Not celebrated

From those who once loved

And from the god above

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Masked Invaders

Midnight tomorrow.  
Promise me.  
With these hollow words of healing.  
A soul concealing.  
In the darkness, what is we hide.  
The evil side.  
The bomb blasts.  
A bloody massacre.  
The city burning and all I have left is you.  
Is you, is you.  
Over and over and over again.

Crossing the divide.  
Through a child's eyes.  
What is that they see.  
In this war torn country.  
Rubble, shelter where can we really hide.  
A roof falling in on me.

History lining our geography.  
Civilization in chaos.  
How we can call this the better nation.  
Pride is a very hard pill to swallow.  
Especially when all we do is destroy.  
Families poor or rich doesn't even matter.  
A place where class is thing of the past.  
Factions with political and religious motivation.  
Killing without hesitation.  
Invaders holding no set flags.

Midnight tomorrow.  
Promise me.  
With these hollow words of healing.  
A soul concealing.  
In the darkness, what is we hide?  
The evil side.  
The bomb blasts.  
A bloody massacre.  
The city burning and all I have left is you.

Is you, is you.  
Over and over and over again.

The rise and fall.  
A call to arms.  
A union as human being.  
We should stand together as one.  
Oppression, can you feel the the hatred.  
Suppression, nobody can ever know what happen here.  
Silence them all I don't care.  
Orders from the top down.  
Money burning under the candle light.  
Atrocities happen everyday.  
Why should anyone actually care.  
The echoes feed this unending pain.

Crossing the divide.  
Through a child's eyes.  
What is that they see?  
In this war torn country.  
Rubble, shelter where can we really hide.  
A roof falling in on me.

Soaking wet in the pouring rain.  
Hunger overwhelming.  
No food, clean water.  
Disease running rampant.  
But the gold is still lining there pockets.  
Sold out to the highest bidder.  
Worse then any kind of slavery.  
War crimes underneath this cloaked veil.  
The mercenaries keep coming.  
More and more.

Midnight tomorrow.  
Promise me.  
With these hollow words of healing.  
A soul concealing.  
In the darkness, what is we hide.  
The evil side.  
The bomb blasts.  
A bloody massacre.



The city burning and all I have left is you.  
Is you, is you.  
Over and over and over again.

The country is now gone.  
A wasteland.  
Time to leave.  
There is no saving it.  
Years of rebuilding by a leadership that doesn't even belong.  
Corporation wait for there chance to buy and dump.  
Cheap labor a constant.  
Military restrictions, and protections.  
A global dictatorship.  
Ruling countries from the beyond there borders.  
A flagship of disorder.

A conspiracy, thinly and corruptly orchestrated.  
It won't stay a secret forever.  
The plan is not bullet proof.  
Fanatics will take it so personally.  
And you'll wonder why...  
Well you have been compromised.  
Somebody read between the lines.  
Behind the lies.  
A dream beyond the thickest clouds in the sky.

Midnight tomorrow.  
Promise me.  
With these hollow words of healing.  
A soul concealing.  
In the darkness, what is we hide.  
The evil side.  
The bomb blasts.  
A bloody massacre.  
The city burning and all I have left is you.  
Is you, is you.  
Over and over and over again.

Crossing the divide.  
Through a child's eyes.  
What is that they see.  
In this war torn country.

Rubble, shelter where can we really hide.  
A roof falling in on me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Matters Of The Heart

Those who give love receive love is the thought.  
Indeed in practice it should.  
But sometimes it doesn't.  
Sometimes your completely ignored.  
Others times you get that look.  
You got to be out of your mind I'm so much better then you.  
As if anyone actually ever could.  
Love is only returned if it is believed that all are equal in giving and receiving.  
Matters of the heart are light feather.  
When one believes we all in it together.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Maybe I'M Just A Lost Soul

Nothing personally, but I'm one of those people that thinks it is not god that needs my kind words, or love but other humans.  
He gets, my prayer, my faith, my despair.  
But to live, I must believe there is something I can do for the people here before anywhere else.  
Not in the sky, not in molten lava.  
Time is precious and should not blatantly wasted.  
If god rejects me for it.  
So be it, I will have live with that.  
But I will not watch others suffer in pain in vain.  
It's a crying shame we have more people that love God then there very own.  
A screwed up twisted embrace.  
A practice that grinds at my very bones.  
My heart aches for so many, so many who are all alone.  
No comfort, no solace, no angel without broken wings.  
Maybe I have lost my way, or maybe it is you who has traded your love for your faith.  
When deaths comes, I will smile and say I did all I could.  
He will ask me why I didn't you love god more.  
I will say because my fellow man, woman, and child was more important.  
He will ask me aren't you afraid burning in hell for all eternity.  
I will say most certainly but fear is no reason to abandon humanity no matter the credence or god.  
Enough have already have done this.  
I will not be another one of religions shameless victims.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Maybe In His Imperfect Image

But if we lash out are we not doing it in his very imperfect image?

The same it can never be, as much as we are both human I wouldn't make it in the range for you to hear my whisper of despair before people started glaring at me with menacing eyes.

Disgust because I don't follow the same rules you do.

Keep the faith, but never assume we are all the same.

Because I am the moth that has been touched by the flame.

Morality is my only guide, like a monk there is no name I particularity worship.

Because naming seems to bring out so much hate, that is something for you debate.

But don't compare for that brings judgment down upon us all.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Meeting My Destiny

My god it's another panic.  
The heart is racing.  
The eyes begin to twitch.  
I can't breath.  
I'm so scared of what will happen to me.  
A coward when I see the fall.  
Here it comes.  
Time to brace myself.  
This will hurt, hurt, hurt.  
The wound carved so deep.  
I'm am a son so lost.  
With no father to teach.  
No guidance at all.  
In everything golden.  
Why do I feel so lost.  
Like fire I burn.  
Urn for my something better.  
Where ever the heart leads.  
Digging a hole so deep.  
Ready to lay down go to sleep.  
In the forever kind of dream.  
I can still see my demons.  
But their getting farther and farther off.  
I beat them to the top.  
Now I'm ready to take the leap and fall.  
Plunge.  
And everything starts to zoom.  
See you all later.  
Back to the bottom for me.  
I ready to meet that destiny.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Meeting The Girl Between The Stars And Moon (Part 1 - Unfinished)

Between the stars and the moon.  
Is something special.  
A window into our future.  
A window into our past.  
What if I told you I'm meeting someone.  
Right there.  
With a spaceship I'll fly.  
Zoom, zoom.  
Yes I stole this magical broom.  
It is not my fault you know.  
I had a break down on 86 and 1st.  
It stalled and the cars started honking.  
People started screaming.  
Threatening to get out and beat me with an inch of my life.  
Lucky for me I seen this witch robbing some kids.  
So I got out and while she was distracted.  
Hopped on it.  
It was like nothing I ever rode before.  
I nearly went head first right off the damn thing.  
She was running right behind me muttering some curse.  
So I had to hurry.  
And if I wanted to make it there on time I didn't have time to later on stop and get a flurry.  
Driving it is a little more complicated then I originally thought.  
Hitting magical gears just right, have you ever tried?  
Speeding off like bat out of hell.  
With radio playing jingle bells all the way.  
It was kind of creepy.  
I must say.  
But seeing as it was only a broom if the cops do catch me.  
It can't be considered either grand theft auto, or larceny.  
Finally I got to the place.  
This place was weird like a dull floating rock.  
I never thought it would be easy to land.  
But this thing had automatic parking and did it for me.  
I wasn't sure how to lock it up.  
I only hope no one notice it.

For I didn't have a way back, and I wasn't sure my girl had the time to help me out.  
There was valet waiting, he asked me for my name.  
Then he said follow me, and I did.  
'So this the first time you been here? ' asked the valet.  
No never been here before in my life.  
Tell me do I have anything to worry about.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Meeting The Horizon

There is the sinner and the saint.  
Oh the battle between the angels and insects.  
The grey matter is all that left.  
Absurdities of all kinds.  
Look there at the creepy crawlies that have survived.  
Why don't the vermin just die?  
Why struggle for that which needs no control?  
The backlash of morality, is someone is needed to be set as the example.  
With no direction the sheep will get lost so it is thought.  
But isn't it the choice that which defines a conscious?

A guilty heart gets torn apart.  
The weak apologise, the strong know it is due and is a given.  
Sorry oh so, sorry.  
As if that will make our mistakes somehow easier to live with.  
A prayer and hope to be forgiven.  
A wish to be loved in a lonely and cruel world.  
A shoulder that is so cold.

Lean on me if you so desire but I can't guarantee you I will lean back.  
It is a expectation that all humans should love each other.  
That is not possible atleast in this world.  
Maybe there is some far far away place in which that is the case.  
But I wouldn't know because I have never been there.  
Will I ever see this beautiful utopia, doubtful.  
It is the search for something that just doesn't exist.  
So we have to be satisfied for that which we already have.

This world is a machine full of indifference.  
Everyone is just trying to make there own emotional connections.  
There is more like me, I know there has to be.  
A scene that keeps repeating.  
In this life there is no such thing as cheating.  
It is a fight all the way, or you will just wither away and die.  
Looking for the place the where the horizon meets the sky.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Meeting The Requirements

No respect for intentions.  
Honest or not.  
A welcome sign on the doormat.  
But enter only if the requirements are met.  
Don't worry too much about it.

A victim of what?  
Society's mark.  
Shelter thinnly veiled.  
We really don't want to harbor you.  
We just have no other choice.

Breadwinners are the best cheats and the cons.  
It is a matter who they can rip off.  
Without conscience for a little convenience.  
Needs without really needing anything.  
Proclamations of the utter most importance.

You must listen to me speak because I'm special.  
Well aren't we all?  
Very unique with our own personal flaws.  
Nothing more mundane.  
Quite simply ordinary.

Where is the sophistication we have come to love so much?  
With intrigue being sucked right in.  
Part of the moving mirror.  
Its reflection never in the same place.  
To catch it you must consider this a race.

What advantage do you have with feet on the ground running?  
Is there an extra skip in your step?  
Something that motivates, something that inspires?  
Do you hear voices in your head?  
Chanting your name, cheering you on?

Encouragement from the ground up.  
Hear have a hot cup of tea, but becareful don't burn yourself it is full.  
Tipped over and singed.

From the waist down.  
Jump out of your seat like it wasn't expected.  
I did warn you, you just didn't listen.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Melancholy Of Profoundness

A melancholy of profoundness  
A mystical sensation of innovation has come over me  
It's the Gaia tree  
It gives life to that was once dead  
And it's bringing out the best  
All I want is replace the distain, the hate in my heart  
With compassion  
Help mankind in such a way that's everlasting  
Fearing the repercussions of past actions lies in my way  
Waiting anticipating my every movement  
So I finally found the courage to repent  
Forgiveness is but on the rise  
The grey skies are just another disguise  
Trust no one  
Being constantly numb is done  
Over under any way to get through to the other side  
Where the sun shines a little brighter  
The burdens are getting lighter  
Shedding off the layers of what has become my skin  
But in truth it's my demons  
For every time I screw up I just walked away  
Pretend like everything is okay  
Hoping the memories will fade  
But instead they turn into jade  
A solid stone  
Melt my soul  
Cause I'm tired venturing this life alone  
Help is for the asking to most  
But I've been ostrich sized like a ghost  
Forever haunting those who disgraced me  
Another euphony has come and gone  
I have a feeling it won't be long  
Till my sacrifice pays off  
It's a cost I had to pay to keep my head above water  
So deep  
It's constantly sucking me in  
I 'm drowning in my own self righteous bullshit  
Perfect is but a mistake that has yet to be made  
So why wait why contemplate or debate

Chances or what it is that makes us  
Who we are today will not be the same tomorrow  
Welcome to my horror  
Welcome to my lack of honor  
So cold that I wonder why I'm not already dead  
Cause all serenity has driven me to search out an ends to a means  
Wash my hands and come clean  
I won't make a plea or disagree  
This is an absolute surrender  
Of a defender for what was thought right or wrong  
Never questioned where my emotions belonged  
Constantly detached from my body  
So this is definitely my melancholy of profoundness

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Melted Rose

God melt this rose, because it is too beautiful.

I can't stand looking at something so pretty.

I HATE IT, I HATE IT.

Because I can not love it.

Angels leaving for better things, then mending broken wings.

You changed the world for me, you showed me I could still feel.

Now I again go it alone.

Now I again go it alone.

Because that was all ever that was ever met for me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Melting Pot

To travel with you would be so amazing.  
Welcome to the universal hazing.  
Clouds engross my entire body.  
It feels as if I'm floating.  
No worries, no cares.  
Completeness in a stress free environment.  
It is so hard to describe it.  
At least with words.  
Each moment I'm just spinning.  
Dizzying, I think I'm so in love with you.  
And I don't know what to do.  
So many wild choices, so hard to calm all my inner voices.  
What is right among this anxious flight.  
Butterflies crawling through my very being.  
Wanting you in ways in that would be both obscene and beautiful describe.  
Just the sound of your voice stills my ever bleeding heart.  
So much in common with a tiny bit of frictional rub.  
Mentally and physically simulating, how long has it really been.  
Still counting those days in shades of grey.  
Tell me do you really want this?  
Do you really mean it?  
Do you love me, the way I do you?  
Honesty and freedom is all I want from with you.  
I couldn't haven't any other way and be with you.  
I know it will be difficult.  
My journey has never been easy.  
Some expectations just make me queasy.  
But sometimes it is just works.  
Beating back the fear.  
Just knowing that feeling my dear.  
The explosion of emotions running rampant.  
Happiness is never been so simple or clean.  
No expedition in this complicated process.  
Just one moment at time.  
A future of no rhyme or reason.  
A life together with changing of the seasons.  
Getting older, getting wiser, starting to understand what I want, what need, what  
I desire in my dark devious little heart.  
And I think I you can give to me, the question is can I give it you.

Can I satisfy you the very same way.  
All really can do is try, and live my life.  
I don't want have to change for you, I want to change for me.  
To be that person I've always want be honestly.  
No matter where this goes, where we end up remember I will always love you.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Mental Invasion

Even if you pretend I'm not here.  
I still have not disappeared.  
I will not ever be anyones' ghost.  
Forever a feeling that's haunting.  
A task upon me quite daunting.  
How do I not step on so many of these egg shells.  
Everyone is inflicting a new kind of pain.  
This is driving me insane.  
Going down in flames.  
Red are my eyes.  
Bloodshot and compromised.  
The demon lies deep inside.  
He hates everyday.  
He wants to kill just for thrills.  
Trust me these feelings are real.  
Inside me the monster still live.  
In the mind denied the right to forgive.  
The hearts turn to ash.  
It drifts away so fast.  
It becomes as dust in the wind.  
No guilt, no regret, this entity has never been met.  
Always hiding in the dark.  
Dormant and in hibernation,  
Just waiting for the right moment to be reawaken.  
Then anyone and everyone will die.  
As many I as can be taken down.  
The wolf howls at the full moon.  
Lets all know he's coming.  
It is the reaping of souls, better start running.  
Or be prepared to be imprisoned in a cage of solid block walls and the thickness  
of concrete.  
Oh you will admit defeat, as I dine upon the blood as wine.  
Getting drunk off the wounding.  
Bite it off and never stop chewing.  
Like a dog at his bone.  
I will not let go.  
Not easily discouraged,  
Constant emotional surges.  
A lightning's exposure.

Electricity runs right through all my veins.  
Oh the energy It brings.  
Therapy upon the brain.  
Dressed for occasion.  
It is another mental invasion.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mere Chaos

They say the way the world will end every now and then  
Listening to me my friend  
Just don't worry about it  
Paranoia devoid s you.  
Like a spell cast over us  
Fear mongering is fear mongering  
A conspiracy is neither a tried or proven theory  
Our science is changing everyday  
Out with old in with the new  
But hey man that was of good use  
Oh well it is junk now  
Already forgotten just collecting dust  
We can always go back they say  
But do they?  
Or is it more of the next best thing.  
We call it innovation  
I call it an unproven foundation  
Improve upon what's already their  
mere building blocks made of air  
Just as the thought cross this page their is a new craze  
People so lost in the daze  
Hey the man says its okay its just another phase  
Soon it will gone  
And with the dawn will come the new  
No routine, no order in all this craziness  
It is but of mere chaos.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mere Shadows March

Welcome to the shadow march  
Longer then longest lines of the undying  
To many reasons never enough answer  
here another  
here another  
why the did this happen to me  
why did everybody give up  
when i was at my weakest  
now ill shall surround myself with those who are silent  
no ill intent  
none want revenge  
they just want to be avenged  
given the respect do'ly deserved  
as we all do we want those who wrong us to make it right  
a little give then a little take  
welcome to the shadow march  
Longer then the longest lines of the undying  
to many reasons never enough answers  
here's another  
here's another  
why did you screw me over  
was it out of pride  
were you looking for a fight  
was it just not my night  
or was it not yours  
doesn't matter who's right  
you still weren't the friend in the end  
traitor like many by the color within  
the true ignorant  
are those who believe there's something for nothing  
every thing comes at price  
even the best gambling man  
still has to roll the dice  
so tell me what did you sacrifice  
what did you lose this time  
welcome to my shadow march  
longer then longest lines of the undying  
to many reason never enough answers  
here's another

here's another  
who's to say what i would have really said  
inserted words are as common as your daily bread  
open your mouth get ready to be fed  
all the lies, all the cheap shots  
enough is enough  
lets see what you really got tough guy  
are you really ready to die for the small things  
the minuscule things  
Welcome to the shadow march  
Longer then longest lines of the undying  
To many reasons never enough answer  
here another  
here another  
why did this happen to me  
why did everybody give up  
when i was at my weakest  
now ill shall surround myself with those who are silent  
no ill intent  
none want revenge  
they just want to be avenged  
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are those who believe there's something for nothing  
every thing comes at price  
even the best gambling man  
still has to roll the dice

so tell me what did you sacrifice  
what did you lose this time  
welcome to the shadow march  
Longer then the longest lines of the undying  
to many reasons never enough answers  
here's a answer  
here's a answer  
this is it now its over  
like the four leave clovers all picked all gone  
the pound of hammer sounds as  
nails go in the coffin  
and your body lies underground  
welcome to the shadow march  
Longer then the longest lines of the undying  
to many reasons never enough answers  
here's a answer  
here's a answer  
this is it now its over  
like the four leave clovers all picked all gone  
the pound of hammer sounds as  
nails go in the coffin  
and your body lies underground

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Message Of The Great Doers

A message of the great doers of the good  
Could bring about great change  
Or It could destroy and maim  
If the message is not understood  
Its like leading a child into the dark woods

A message of the great doers of the vain  
Will always remain the same  
In distaste and depravity lies their game  
Looking for nothing then more fame  
Look at me, for I am here for all the world to see

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Met A Girl

Met a girl, oh so fine. She was always looking for a good time. Drove me out of my mind. The way it is. Its hard to say. But i cant forgive. Three strikes your out. I care too much to let you do it around me. Don't you see. I just cant deal with it. Presumptuous is to think, i ll get u tanked so you can use your body the way you want too. Met a girl, oh so fine. She was always looking for a good time. Drove me out of mined. Distanced by her self destructiveness. They say again and again ignorance is truly bliss. Well in this case it is. They say live and let live. Just stay away and that's okay. With indifference as my knife i stab you with heart ache and heart break. The tears fall and theirs no way i can catch em all. Met a girl, oh so fine. She was always looking for a good time. Drove me out my mined. It feels like dying over and over again just beneath the skin. Is their really a god or heaven. Sick is my stomach, a constant churning. A need to help. My heart beats, as the blood pours. Oh wounds so sore. I want so much more. Then some are willing to give. I will not relive the same thing ever again. This is one of those times i cant win. Full blown, retreat. The pain is too much. The love is too much. Enough is enough. Met a girl, oh so fine. She was always looking for a good time. Drove me out my mind. But that all ended that night. I said what others whispered. I was honest and i know it had hurt. It hurt me much worse. Its a curse, i have no fear. Espically when it comes to someone i hold so dear. I rather just disappear then have you near. Too much, its going get rough, too much, it's just too, too much

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Midnight Prayer(Revised)

I want to know why it feels like I'm wasting my time?  
Is their anybody out there?  
Am I out of my mind?  
Please show me a sign.  
A sign that shows me I'm fine.

Like a wounded child I hide in my corner waiting for that oh so perfect day.  
Tell me that days here.  
Has it come and gone?  
Is there no more second chances?  
If you only knew how I felt.  
But you won't even listen.  
Not even for a second.  
The world has been broken.  
It's just no longer working.

I want to know why it feels like I'm wasting my time?  
Is their anybody out there?  
Am I out of my mind?  
Please show me a sign.  
A sign that shows me I'm fine.

It's my midnight prayer as I close my eyes.  
Waiting for the next sunrise.  
I hope it comes soon now.  
I'm just so tired of waiting.  
It's been over three years now since we've gone our separate ways. And I still  
feel your presence.  
Everywhere around me.  
A ghost of material things,  
Just burn them all away.  
And just then it may be okay.

I want to know why it feels like I'm wasting my time?  
Is their anybody out there?  
Am I out of my mind?  
Please show me a sign.  
A sign that shows me I'm fine.

Weathering the storm, holding your own.  
But nobody can do it all alone.  
There comes a time when you must swallow your pride, and embrace the love of others.  
It can't hurt that bad can it.  
Just because your so strong, doesn't mean you have to be so dumb.  
I scream, scream, and scream I'm here to help.  
But still you don't hear me.  
Forever on deaf ears.

I want to know why it feels like I'm wasting my time?  
Is their anybody out there?  
Am I out of my mind?  
Please show me a sign.  
A sign that shows me I'm fine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mind Control With The Mind Still Intact

Beliefs can not be turned into truth or fact no how hard one try to.  
Most of the time they come straight from the heart.  
And as much as many people would like it their not all are the same.  
You want clones you must first kill the human soul.  
You want absolute control.  
You must dominate with nonhuman power.  
You must release absolute darkness and let it devour.  
Until their is nothing left.  
But an emptiness abiding.  
Thoughts become so terrifying.  
They become non existent unless their not your own.  
A black hole to anyone that struggles or fights back.  
Mind control with the mind still intact.  
That would be quite a feat.  
That would be quite an act.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mind Reading Expectation

How could one know a person just by looking?  
Observation so keen,  
No matter how simple you think is.  
It might not be.  
That stranger sleeping on the cot in the street.  
Might be a college student doing a case study of what it like to be homeless.  
Appearances can be so deceiving even an under achiever.  
Who you didn't think had it in him.  
To change one ways.  
You can only follow one so far down the road.  
Ultimately you have to live for you self.  
Looky their that's a priceless gift waiting upon the shelf.  
Do you have the reach?  
Will ask for some help?  
Relying on somebody else.  
Even ones personally can be change and influenced by others.  
One is not faking if it's a course just started.  
Don't assume how long before they will be departing.  
For those kind of mind reading expectation can be so disheartening.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mindless Zombie With A Heart

But without a mind or brain what would we be but mindless zombies.  
A heart will not move if it can not think.  
Imagine all your breath held in an oxygen tank.  
Time so limited what would be your first thoughts.  
I bet it wouldn't be of Steve Hawkins.  
Even as smart as he is.  
Flawlessness is not a embodiment of the mind.  
Family and friends would be my first.  
Because I think with my heart.  
And with my heart I think.  
They are what makes me, me.  
A uniqueness with no obscurities blocking the view.  
A clown wears his mask upside down.  
If only to get one smile it is worth while.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mirror, Mirror

The roller coaster of predictability.  
Can you see it coming.  
With words of season can you make it any easier to swallow.  
Pushing play on the record tape recorder.  
Stopping to take note, if similarities do exist.  
Let's make a detailed comparison, a detailed compilation.  
Are we playing loopy loop like little children.  
See who can be the more stupid the fastest.  
A head spinning, with such calming effects it should be considered some kind  
madness.  
If it is not a disease what is causing that disturbing laughter?  
So giddy among a horror show.  
Descriptions given there due.  
Blood spattered upon page.  
Are they nothing more than coordinated ink blots.  
A dash of hate, a dash anger, a dash of rage.  
Is love such a sick and twisted kind of thing.  
The sentiments of resentment even exist after one's death.  
And forevermore the soul does rest.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Misdirection

With honest intentions I can not lie.  
In a paradox below the darken sky.  
Accusations of the sly.  
Fingernails pry to open their coffin.  
They try recruit help in a devious way.  
To cast the shadow of a different light.  
When your not to blame everything is okay.  
But they are no shinning stars.  
Not with flaws exposed in cruel an unjust manner with no foresight.  
Jealousy does not create fairness.  
But instead backfires in your face.  
Creates demons in your place.  
Humility will always overpower it.  
For perfection is but limited to the human imagination.  
An ego will meet rejection no matter how fare the complexion.  
Scoff at what I'm saying if you want, make your taunts, put them in a box, wrap  
and put on it a pretty little pink bow.  
Tell everybody you know what is inside.  
For secrets are only meant to be kept when someone has something to hide.  
Ask me something that has been verified and if it is true, I won't deny or make  
some plausible or implausible excuse.  
Why should justify myself to a absolute stranger on rumors, or hearsay by telling  
them a diluted, boring, story.  
When I have leave out everything so personal.  
Then I become no better the one spreading the affliction.  
Leave it rhetorical, let it not become another musical.  
For your entertainment.  
The amusement park has closed.  
Can't you read the sign?  
It's after hours please just go.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Misinformed

There out to get me.  
Those are words said to psychologist over and over again.  
Maybe he's not so crazy after all.  
A realization stirs.  
It has slumbered for way to damn long.  
Big brother looking over your shoulder.  
Only for your own good.  
It must be a clerical error.  
We never did that.  
A pardon from what truth, what fantasy?  
Chasing after illusions and demons.  
It so obvious.  
How can it be any clearer?  
Here is some Windex if you need it..  
How can you not see the mics and cameras sitting right next me?  
I know.  
I hear the wow really.  
As if, your a blooming idiot.  
It has been going on for a very long time.  
Recording privacy.  
Data digitized, and organized.  
You have been compromised.  
Now tell me who really are the bad guys.  
When the corruption is in the walls of your own house what do you do...  
Tear it down and build it again?  
Clean it from the top to the bottom?  
So many exits.  
Which door fits.  
A paradoxical choice.  
Use your voice.  
Speak up because we still can't hear you.  
Sorry my music is blaring but you're just not important enough.  
How does it feel to be ignored so belligerently?  
And you thought you were special.  
Guess money doesn't buy everything.  
Outraged, nah you don't say.  
I thought you were well informed.  
Tell me now how did you miss the passing of one of the most scrupulous laws?  
There are only those not informed, and those misinformed.



Being lied too, it happens all the time.  
Why not, does it not feel good?  
You are too guilible.  
And I'm a bit paranoid.  
I don't swallow just anything.  
I'm picky eater.  
I have to know both where it can from and all the ingredients.  
Then if I feel satisfied.  
I knew this for a very long time.  
But I never spoke up.  
Because I don't want the label of being crazy, even though I may just be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mislabeled

I was born on the wrong side of the tracks and there is no going back.  
It's like hey as a matter of fact.  
With the shallowness only skin deep.  
A rebel with a cause.  
Always in trouble without due pause.  
A hey but it isn't my fault.  
No responsibility at all.  
No respect for the men dressed in blue.  
Corruption all the way through.

I was born on the wrong side of the tracks and there is no going back.  
There is just no going back  
It's like hey as a matter of fact.  
With the shallowness only skin deep.  
A rebel with a cause.  
Always in trouble without due pause.  
A hey but it isn't my fault.  
No responsibility at all.  
No respect for the men dressed in blue.  
Corruption all the way through.

Who we are, who we are not.  
Stereotyped bliss.  
Pucker up here comes the kiss.  
Tell me is that something you missed?  
Ink already dry.  
Signed sealed delivered.  
Addressed with so much complacency.  
You are just mad because I'm so happy.  
A thought passes on by go ahead and grab it.  
Why can't I be like that?  
Why can't you?  
From where I'm standing there nothing standing your way.

I was born on the wrong side of the tracks and there is no going back.  
There is just no going back.  
It's like hey as a matter of fact.  
With the shallowness only skin deep.  
A rebel with a cause.

Always in trouble without due pause.  
A hey but it isn't my fault.  
No responsibility at all.  
No respect for the men dressed in blue.  
Corruption all the way through.

What do we let define us.  
With a limited abruptness.  
We must stop this.  
A choice has been given.  
Die fighting.  
Or live without really living at all.  
Take your prejudice and just shove it.  
Tell me now?  
Don't you just love it?  
A chance to show them all they are wrong.  
They are so wrong.  
Swallow your own pills.  
Stop tossing the over my hill.  
A clean sheet, to rewrite the ending.  
Tattoo me, give me a good old branding.  
Tomorrow I will be standing no matter what...

I was born on the wrong side of the tracks and there is no going back.  
There is just no going back.  
There is just no going back.  
No oh no, no...

It's like hey as a matter of fact.  
A life intacted.  
My life is still...

I was born on the wrong side of the tracks and there is no going back.  
It's like hey as a matter of fact.  
With the shallowness only skin deep.  
A rebel with a cause.  
Always in trouble without due pause.  
A hey but it isn't my fault.  
No responsibility at all.  
No respect for the men dressed in blue.  
Corruption all the way through.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Misleading Literacy

What is the purpose behind literacy?

It's not a question of authority in the words they speak

But instead what do they teach?

The falsification of a past history can be misleading, of this I can totally agree.

Does this mean we deny them the equal right to write.

Because they lied about their qualifications.

I have no degree, I have no money, therefore I don't get seen.

I could be the best in the world but still you won't even look at me.

So comes the defeat.

But in deceit some succeed.

To survive by being a cheat.

If I'm not accomplished some day I might just be.

If patients is given its dues.

But it is a question of who can afford to.

Those with a true virtue do.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Miss Nebraska

Met a girl from Nebraska  
She was a family Friend  
She helped out when shes can  
One day that all came end

I took her out for dinner  
I bought her favorite skates  
We both worked  
And had not much time to spend together  
We started dating

But one weekend she wanted to go visit her family  
On a bus we went  
To Lincoln  
I never bought the ticket for our way back home  
I figure this was a good place to start on our own  
Oh how I was so wrong  
First thing when we got their she asked if I had any thing against crack  
I was not sure how to react  
Their went her paycheck and mine  
The bank account was to unwind  
I was completely out of my mined  
Finally I hit broke, with just 200 in my savings  
This was an absolute joke

So I left a note, telling her that I loved her but I couldn't do this ever again  
With that I hopped on a bus back home  
Knowing again I was all alone

So tell miss Nebraska as my family now call you how does it go?  
Within this weekend I spent over 1000 dollar for crack addiction, affliction,  
She definitely had a sickness.  
This was the last time I ever went to Lincoln Nebraska

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Missing You Still My Dear Friend

Missing you my dear friend.  
When will I see you again?  
God only knows the way this life shall go.  
We drifted apart so long ago.  
Riding the clouds.  
Floating up and down.

Missing you still my dear friend.  
When will I see you again?  
We had our dreams.  
We had our enemies.  
They were one and the same.  
We got older and we changed.  
A plague of ill forgotten promises on my end.  
Someday I hope I can be forgiven.  
I've been walking this road.  
God its has gotten so cold.

Missing you my dear friend.  
When will I see you again?  
Not tomorrow, not this year.  
Maybe the next.  
Sometimes I get so vexed by things out of my control.  
I can play my hand of honesty.  
Put on a fake smile and say cheese.  
To those who treat me as if I'm diseased.  
The ill forgotten soul.  
Where is it now?  
I will not bow to the bounds of an agreement of achievements  
I have not seen yet.

Missing you again my dear friend.  
When will I see you again?  
We were mere children trying to predict the hand of god.  
Who would have known what was in store for us back then.  
We had no alternative motives then to help each other get a little further.  
A break is what we needed.  
I failed where you succeeded.  
Now I cling to those demons.

Trying to find the reasoning.  
Trying to find why life was so misleading.  
A heart cut open and bleeding.  
You were protecting me from myself.  
You were my hero a savior and the greatest I ever have known.  
I blew it with a dramatic leave of absence.  
I blew it with the guilt of a thief.  
I watched it burn in my head with dread.  
For I knew I was no longer under you wing  
I was in for a drastic change.  
It was my re awaking of where the wrong path can lead.

Missing you still my dear friend  
So many year have pasted and still I remember our moments.  
They were every thing I see as golden.  
But now it harder and harder to go back.  
Face the truth.  
Evil am I for in my hand the sword lays.  
What words can be spoke to make it okay?  
Never can I or will I forget those days.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Modern Day Surgeon, Or Dr. Frankenstein?

'DOCTOR, DOCTOR, You just cant be serious? '

Yes, yes its all a big joke to some.

Outrageous, and complete insane to others.

Ethically bankrupting to even more.

These days I try to avoid eating my daily moral fiber anyways.

'Why are you doing it? '

'What is the motivation behind all this maddness? '

Think of what it'll mean for paraplegics, or people with muscle dystrophy disorders, and diseases.

Even if it is only the first in a long line evolution of this kind.

'You know doctor some are already calling you the modern day frankenstein.'

But of course we are always afraid of what we don't understand.

A century ago just attaching a finger would have been shunned by the entire medical community.

But us surgeons attaching things is what we do.

We have gotten really good at it.

No where near perfecting it but we are learning each and every day.

There are so many problems we face with this, yet this day and age it is possible.

We have many tools in our arsenal, that didn't exist 30 years ago.

'Well then why not try it on monkey first? '

Because like all other transplants some are in desperate need of one.

'So are you refering to the head or body, it's just curiosy speaking? '

It's not so funny to the man who's dying and willing to risk it all just to live one more day.

'So when will the first procedure begin? '

That is a good question, the estimates times are between two and three years.

It take alot of time plan and research on how to remove and attach a head in under 1 hr.

Not to mention the need to aquire the funding for certain tools that without it wouldn't be theoretically possible.

'So money is an issue? '

Of course it's an issue, it always an issue.

But also laws of certain countries could play a part too.

'So then you don't even know the hospital in which it will be done? '

Yes, but even still we already have 30 year volunteer from Russia.

It will happen, and hopefully be somewhat successful, it is just a matter of the exact time and where can't be pinned down yet.

'How much will the surgery cost? '

11+ million dollar is the estimated figure.

'How much stranger then fiction can it get? '

I suppose not much.

'Well god speed, god bless, and good luck, because I believe you will need it.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Money Is A Very Evil Friend

When a man is not use to receiving help from a true friend.  
He offers gifts of all kinds.  
He's afraid that they won't stick around.  
He has only known monetary friends.  
So when somebody refuses his gifts he thinks he did something wrong.  
He next move is thank them repeatedly as if he was asking for forgiveness.  
Money is a very evil friend.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Monkey Blood

I cut myself to share my monkey blood.  
To show you what we're all made of.  
I'm no different than you.  
I'm no better than you.  
Then you, then you..,

Still everyday you question it.  
A gift god has given.  
Someday hopefully I'm forgiven.  
A blessing totally taken for granted.  
But at the time I had no idea how special I really was.

I cut myself to share my monkey blood.  
To show you what we're all made of.  
I'm no different than you.  
I'm no better than you.  
Then you, then you.., I

Love is all the same.  
No matter the face or name.  
Their is no better claim.  
In this life not everything is a game.  
Still sometimes we lose, even when everything is done right.  
Wishing for a little more guidance with a little better insight.

I cut myself to share my monkey blood.  
To show you what we're all made of.  
I'm no different than you.  
I'm no better than you.  
Then you, then you.., I

A shadow appears where I once stood.  
It grows as the sun rises.  
It moves as I move.  
It is their till I walk inside.  
It is a mirror image of all that is true in this world.  
It hides when you hide.  
It is brave when you brave.  
Standing strong, even when I'm so weak all emotion nearly gone.

I cut myself to share my monkey blood.  
To show you what we're all made of.  
I'm no different than you.  
I'm no better than you.  
Then you, then you.., I

I cut myself to share my monkey blood.  
To show you what we're all made of.  
I'm no different than you.  
I'm no better than you.  
Then you, then you.., I

We're not so different after all.  
Beauty in the eyes of the beholder.  
A shallow hal syndrome.  
A sickness I will not condone.  
Equals in everything good and great.  
They are always more than enough reasons to celebrate.  
For in this life there is still plenty of breaths to take.  
And in this life there are still plenty of mornings to wake..  
And in this life ohhh ohhh,  
And in this life ohhh ohhh you still have a smile even if it is only sometimes.  
Trust me when I say every thing will be just fine.  
Even when it's not.  
An uplifting of one's spirit.  
I give you strength.  
I give you courage.  
I give you everything I have without a single regret.  
Even upon the abuse of it I'll still never regret it, no never.

I cut myself to share my monkey blood.  
To show you what we're all made of.  
I'm no different than you.  
I'm no better than you.  
Then you, then you.., I

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And in this life their are still plenty of mornings to wake..  
And in this life ohhh ohhh,  
And in this life ohhh ohhh you still have a smile even if it is only sometimes.  
Trust me when I say every thing will be just fine.  
Even when its not.  
An uplifting of ones spirit.  
I give you strength.  
I give you courage.  
I give you everything I have with I single regret.  
Even upon the abuse of it I'll still never regret it, no never.

I cut myself to share my monkey blood.  
To show you what we're all made of.  
I'm no different than you.  
I'm no better than you.  
Then you, then you.., I

I cut myself to share my monkey blood.  
To show you what we're all made of.  
I'm no different than you.  
I'm no better than you.  
Then you, then you.., I

Finally the last cut has been made.  
Their nothing left to show.  
And now I must go.  
Oh please don't easily forget what I told you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Monks Quarters

Cleansing the soul.  
Becoming something of debate.  
A confession of both in and out.  
Let no fear preside.  
Yet be humble before the tide.  
Who is it we are truly trying impress?  
Letters of writ, explaining our acquisition.  
For pride you can't hide.  
Better not to be sacrificed.  
For a nobler cause that doesn't really exist at all.  
Manipulation can be done to those who don't freely express.  
A warped conquest on self indulgent opinions.  
We must see past this, no matter belief or faith.  
We must have set rules to follow.  
Growing a tree not so hollow, not so rotten.  
For many truths conflict, and we must not become part of them.  
An distance between us and everything that is not natural.  
Beauty should never be hidden, or forbidden.  
A culture sickness of daily profit, created by a foreboding lust.  
A shunned people out of disgust.  
Mounted nails do eventually rust.  
Pictures in frames eventually do start to fade.  
Years, and years of change.  
Time is not an obstacle either in front or behind us.  
We live with one realm, one place, no matter what its name.  
Accepting no mans fate.  
Identity is something we own, and must never let it own us.  
Never should having a conscience be a crisis.  
But even this should not lead us to violence, no matter rhyme or reason.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Morals Of Mans Creation

To all the gays, lesbians, and straights  
I say you have your sexuality  
With preferences of eventuality  
Do deny it, makes you a liar  
To let someone else deny you it, is being the pacifier  
To force it upon someone else  
For a self indulgent stroke of your ego  
Its not right  
Just let it go  
What does religion have do with it?  
God loves us all equally  
It's mans book that says its wrong  
I read it if only to understand where it belongs.  
It's nothing more then a history book in which some lessons can be learned  
To claim its the only one  
A fool you've become  
A prejudicial closed mind, not of our time  
Acceptance comes so slow  
Rejection after rejection  
You are constantly being denied of basic rights  
That we all should have  
It make me sad to here of love that doesn't exist  
When it really is  
Abandon the morals of mans creation  
Create your own  
And call that place your home

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Morbid Thoughts

Yeah I have violent thoughts sometimes.

Does that make me a violent person?

I think not.

As a sickness these thoughts bring humor to my heart.

Yes I laugh at a dream of beating my boss in the car over and over again in repetition indefinitely.

This is because he does 110 in a 55 like the song and I don't why except I do. He might be suicidal, and might want to die.

Yes I laugh at a dream of a yodeling cat tied up in a plastic bag slowly suffocating.

This is of course because she won't stop yodeling.

These morbid thoughts last mere seconds, acting them out would scar me for years.

A conscious that would disappear.

I do feel both pain and guilt.

Even if at it seems at time as if I don't.

Am I reassuring myself or you?

That's a question that needs to be asked.

I know I'm not crazy it is everyone else.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Morbid Thoughts About A Yodeling Cat

So how would you like to die cat?

Would you like it now or later?

I got a plastic bag here with your name on it.

Just put it in, tie it up, and watch it suffocate.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## More Than Just A Shadow.

And as dream dies.  
A fading sunrise.  
A compromise between this world and the next.  
A confession in front of the good book.  
I've never been much of a believer.  
In an age of the war between heaven, and hell the sacnity of my soul dwells.  
Not sure where to go from here.  
Fear becomes a rot that needs to be surgically removed.  
Doctor, doctor, the bleeding will not stop.  
Head between your knees until you drop.  
And the plot thickens.  
Twisting the words that have been written.  
Leaving you hanging in the wind.  
Naked, exposed, helpless, and so vulnerable.  
And that's the way you like it.  
Driving down a rocky road, with nitro-glycerin in back.  
Ready to explode.  
It's all or nothing.  
Living for the danger, a junky for the adrenaline.  
Is is just another high.  
Are you chasing me, beyond the divide?  
Or does the mirror lie.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mother

The mother is the one whose to suppose love her child above all else  
Never become a hindrance  
because of her loneliness  
because of her unrest  
A sad state of a fare it is to see your mother go crazy  
Lose her marbles on at a time  
And then she gets violent  
Not in the physical sense  
But verbally, like a viper she becomes  
With moods ever changing  
Sleep deprivation ever rearranging  
We have names for this  
All mean the same  
Shes of the golden age 50  
She tries to hide it  
She tries to fight it  
She tries to deny it  
But it is menopause

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mothers' Love

It rips at the soul the way only a mothers love could do.  
The freshness of it is yet of the autumn dew.  
Trees start to turn the colors of reds, yellows and orange.  
And then is the sadness in which it comes. the first brown leaf being crumbled up  
and blowing away.  
It becomes dirt and creates something new.  
A little baby sprout is growing from it.  
It carries but the very features she has.  
One day too, she'll become like the freshness of the autumn dew.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Moved

An outside attraction only will bring temporary satisfaction.  
The eyes wonder,  
But does the mouth move?

A soul unglued.  
A disconnection from the whole world.  
The lust will turn into dust.  
Your fleshy body will rust.

Digging for buried treasure.  
Diving for the biggest pearl.  
But the heart is not yet moved.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Moving With The Clouds

Put it in reverse.  
Hold up, say what..  
Grievances splash and wash over me.  
But it does no good.  
I'm already clean.

Words don't fail me now.  
Thoughts running along the pavement.  
No turning back now.

Distilled discolored clouds.  
It wants to rain but can't.  
My life on a single fine thread.

Now and always.  
Thoughts running along the pavement.  
No turning back now.

Regret, haven't felt it just yet.  
Monumental heart ache, some days.  
Reminders to the lips of angel.  
But I'm still making even if it is barely.

Now and always.  
Thoughts running along the pavement.  
No turning back now.

A mirrors purest complexion.  
Truth in its utmost glory.  
Asking my self can you take it.

Just one more year.  
Just one more month.  
Down to the very last day.

Just one more hour.  
Just one more minute.  
Down to the very last second.

Words don't fail me now.  
Thoughts running along the pavement.  
No turning back now.

Saved by luck and the grace of god.  
Just bow your head nod.

Now and always.  
Thoughts running along the pavement.  
No turning back now.

No, No, No...  
No turning back now.

Now and always  
Thoughts running along...

Words don't fail me now.  
Don't fail me now...  
Now and always.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Murder Of The Mind

Can you taste it.  
Like a blood silhouette.  
Lest you forget.  
A ghost in the shadows of regret.  
Just burn it, burn everything.  
Lit the torch, watch the flame.  
Till there is nothing left, not a single name.  
Writing away all the pain.  
Riding this empty train.  
To lands unknown, to lands unshown.  
To a place where no map knows  
Come and find me, Come and find me.  
But never to save me.  
Death has no hold.  
Not with something so bitter sweet.  
A grave stone in which I'm etching somebody else's name.  
Never was I, and as the words slip away...  
Can you taste it.  
Like a blood silhouette.  
Lest you forget.  
A ghost in the shadows of regret.  
Call it a crime, and dive right the into grime.  
Losing all thought of time.  
For the clock was always met to unwind.  
A thread so find.  
One slight tug, and it comes apart.  
The souless walk in the dark.  
Can you taste it.  
Like a blood silhouette.  
Lest you forget.  
A ghost in the shadows of regret.  
I can still hear the tune.  
Somethings aren't so easily removed.  
Another sculpture that needs to be smoothed, soothed.  
I can still hear that tune...  
Can you taste it.  
Like a blood silhouette.  
Lest you forget.  
A ghost in the shadows of regret.

Flaming flying insects.  
Awakening the dead.  
The starving child still waiting to be fed.  
Stories of usurpers with way too much blood and gore, and always asking for more.  
Never to be satisfied.  
Only to be crucified.  
Can you taste it.  
Like a blood silhouette.  
Lest you forget.  
A ghost in the shadows of regret.  
Dried, hung out, and fit for a noose.  
Pulling levers for the sake humanity, so you say.  
But who will be left when you go away  
Who will defend the well honored or honorless princess.  
Empty words are so worthless on the front-lines.  
Do preach to the quire, because we too can sing, but it doesn't change a damn thing.  
Can you taste it?  
Can you taste it yet?  
Like a blood silhouette.  
Lest you forget.  
A ghost in the shadows of regret.  
And just maybe you haven't heard him just yet, just yet..  
Can you taste it.  
Like a blood silhouette.  
Lest you forget.  
A ghost in the shadows of reget.  
In the shadows of reget..  
Only regret...

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Music To My Ears

Music to my ears  
Losing all the fears  
Where they go?  
They just disappeared  
If only a moment.  
It must be savored  
As if it was a savior  
The sanity within  
It is where it begins and ends

Welcome to my world friend  
I live it everyday  
With every word I say  
Its a dream  
I have created  
Destinies be fated  
Emotions so jaded

Music to my ears  
Losing all the fears  
Where they go?  
they just disappeared  
If only a moment.  
It must be savored  
As if it was a savior  
The sanity within  
It is where it begins and ends

Never let it stop  
It is hope beneath my cloths  
It is my strength  
It is my everything  
It grows bigger every day  
So please follow me this way  
And maybe I can share  
In your moments of despair

Music to my ears  
Losing all the fears

Where they go?  
they just disappeared  
If only a moment.  
It must be savored  
As if it was a savior  
The sanity within  
It is where it begins and ends

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mutation

A misguided sense of therapy.  
Voices that keep rambling on and on.  
Roll the bowling ball as many times as you want.  
And watch the pins to continue to come back up.  
Without it some of us our nothing more then a fish tossed ashore.  
Soon to die and be harvested as someones next meal.  
And the bell rings, this time it is my turn.  
I will spin the wheel of chaos and let the pieces land where they may.  
Rotted corpses as the words I leave to lay.  
Eating a prayer or two only to regurgitate it and spin it another way.  
How quaint, how ordinary, how uniformly ornate.  
Thoughts docked a row, and tied in a pretty little pink polka dotted bow.  
You do the sowing, and I'll do the reaping.  
Throw him under the bus, and watch the body over time decay.  
Disintegration, eradication, degradation.  
Assimilate to the unabated.  
Here's the bad seed be sure to water it very frequently.  
An irregular adaption to ones environment.  
A moth that can no longer be burnt by flame.  
A wild beast never to be tamed.  
A train wreck way ahead of its proposed time.  
Read my mind, show me how good your really are.  
My darkening little star.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Ace Of Such A Black Heart(Revised In Line Form)

Dear you know who.  
I'm writing again.  
For better or worse.  
My card has been played.  
Its my ace of such a black heart.  
Forgive me for I don't look my best.  
I've been through some stress.  
Its what I use when I need to confess.  
Its what, its what I use when I'm abused, confused.  
No matter how much you hurt me I'll never lose.  
For my mind is mine.  
Rain or shine, everything will be fine.  
But I must go I'm running out of time.

Dear you know who.  
I'm writing again.  
For better or worse.  
My card has been played.  
Its my ace of such black heart.  
It never sways. No matter, how many hip hip hoorays.  
It takes it place like a disease.  
The fuel, the fire.  
To burn, to urn.  
What you want is what you need.  
Just to breath, just to see.  
Again and again.  
I ask forgive me for my miss deeds, that lies in the malcontent of my heart. Be  
careful how hard you fight, how succulent you kiss.  
Because love takes you, makes you, breaks you.  
Tares you in two.  
I'm fighting myself.

Dear you know who.  
I'm writing again.  
For better or worse.  
My card has been played.  
Its my ace of such a black heart.  
I think I should of stayed.  
But that wasn't the way.

You keep telling me it'll be okay.  
But I know what I gave to the depraved.  
I feel so indifferent.  
My body goes numb.  
I was dumb down the very last bone and now I must deal with this alone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Addiction

Its an addiction, and there is no stopping it. Writing what could be considered books. Remember their looks, down to the very last detail. Fiction or fantasy, the stories envelope my very being. I become part of it. Drifting in and out. A catatonic state. A slap in a face. And i hear the words wake up. If only others could see what i see. The colors mean nothing, without them you will compensate. Draw a picture full of words. That brings to life all that which relates. Sometimes its angels, sometimes its demons. But there is always something that can be learn from it. It is my history of my memories written in fantasy. Coded to protect those i speak of. No matter what they did. I do not name names. Or create false claims. At times i might seem insane, and just maybe that's what i want you to believe. So i don't draw to much attention to my self. Be simple, yet so complex that people around you become vexed by your action. Feed them sh\*t and keep them in the dark, as was once said to me. Don't bring strays home you can't feed. Don't start something you can't finish. Don't believe everything you hear. There's a lesson in every aspect of life. I'm still just a kid compared to someone twice my age. And i feel as hard as I've had it, that man still knows more and is wiser. So remember even if such a person treats you like sh\*t. Still you must not lash out against them. But instead try to understand them. For we are all ignorant of something. To think we are better then others is flawed no matter who you are. To be shallow is a mistake in which i will not participate. Let them die not ever knowing who you really are. Or what your really about. Is a very lonely existence. To have expectation dashed in such a way is cruel and unjustified but it happens. There's a first for everything.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# My Angel (In Response To A Poem Called My Knight)

Sometimes what we love the most will never see the light.  
Not in a way most people understand.  
A occasional midnight cry that is only heard through words.  
A plea for help and understanding.  
A calm steady hand in need of a little bit of mending.

That angel still whispers to me on a scarce night.  
One where the wind blows a certain way.  
As prayer for a better day.  
With the stars glistening under the twilight.  
And the flames burning bright.  
I don't need her.

When the stars dim and the fire fissile out.  
When the darkness engulfs my own since of being.  
She is my angel and she is always there waiting.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Appetite From My Emptiness

I got an appetite.  
It's burning for everyone of you.  
It matters.  
It has to.  
Gotta keep going.  
Got deploy my own method to madness.  
Yeah rewire this.  
Think in a all of suddenness.  
Just absolutely craziness.  
Yeah I see bliss.  
It sits on the other side.  
As memories subside and become part of your life.  
Then that knife slowly moves away from the rope.  
No longer is the fall so high.  
All pain subsides.  
No longer a need to hide behind close doors and walls.  
Boundaries no longer exist.  
No longer a social outcast.  
Acceptance of a eventuality.  
It's not destiny.  
It's fate.  
Can anyone relate.  
In the way in which this world I contemplate.  
Everything is at stake.  
Feeling every ache.  
Here is your plate today.  
Eat your fill or isn't real.  
An emptiness.  
An appetite.  
Here's the deal.  
I'm just a man.  
Just like anyone.  
Trying to live my life the best way I know how.  
Trying to overcome my own doubts.  
Writing for the understanding.  
In this world I'm demanding.  
Everything and anything.  
From every taste, touch, feel.  
With every new sensation.

I need another one.  
Cause it only makes me feel a little more good.  
Experimentation a man once said to me.  
I believe that's true, but in a different sense.  
There are certain occasion's where one must take a risk.  
A chance to get hurt.  
A chance to deliver a letter to someone not yet known.  
Hello my friend.  
Its nice to hear from you again.  
How are you doing in that far away place?  
How is your little escape going?  
Listen to the release.  
A heart felt emotion.  
Slow is the commotion.  
Peace and tranquility.  
Look at how easy that is.  
All because I got an appetite.  
Eating it all up.  
Please say tonight will never be my last.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Beautiful Refuge

It has gone quite.  
Where did everybody go.  
Oh alone in this world.  
An understanding with a promise.  
A sacrifice with a price.  
Straight through the gates hell.  
Locked captive forever to be held.  
There is no key.  
There is no way to be free.  
Four solid brick walls.  
Their closing in.  
Their shrinking.  
And I'm suffocating.  
Accepting and almost enjoying every minute of it.  
A sickly need to be by myself.  
Hiding my heart high upon a shelf.  
I need it for nothing else.  
Solitude oh my beautiful refuge.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Book Of Legends

I can't control this.  
The power burning inside of me.  
By definition I shouldn't even be.  
But I keep coming back.  
For one more.

Just give me an encore.  
The world resting on my shoulders.  
It's my turn to take a bow.  
To be proud.  
Even with accomplishments so few.

The heart is in right the place.  
Speed at the right pace.  
No time to accept any disgrace.  
Wasting away inside.  
I'm still alive.

I got keep fighting.  
Keep on writing.  
Through decades, the paints change there colors.  
Some lighten others darken.  
Nothing exactly the same.  
But I can't complain.

It is like riding a bike now.  
No way to forget how.  
So shine the shoes, iron those quartero pants, putting on the suit and tie.  
Transforming myself.  
Becoming something of a legend.

Maybe I don't even exist.  
But it doesn't feel that way.  
So serious.  
Breaking it all down.

Being so happy all the time.  
Falling in love with my angel each and everyday.  
Defeating another challenge each and everyday.

It is my book of legends.  
And I'm the only one can write it.  
No one else.

Taking my place, mirroring my face.  
Just not possible.  
Even in the chaos of the worse storm.  
This is the jacket I have always worn.  
See the tag, it has got my name on it.  
My name on it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Cancer

A little more has died  
A life so disguised  
A million masks  
One for each day  
So happy  
I got all the answers  
One of them is my cancer

A world full of blood  
All for what we call love  
So we can fake it  
So we can take it  
It's all ours

A little more has died  
But at least I can say I tried  
A million tasks  
One for each day  
So busy  
No time for answers  
I already got one, Its called cancer

A world for the innocent  
A road to the oblivion  
A mouth full of razor blades  
So cut up  
Mangled by the verbal  
Some words are best left unsaid  
Better for the undead

A little more has died  
A child wonder why  
A million people have asked  
One for each day  
So much agony  
Looking for all the right answers  
But I got is this cancer

Another tragedy

An accident that can't be undone  
A noose hanging off the wall  
A phone rings  
But nobody's there to answer the call

A little more has died  
Another lost soul has been denied  
A million that will never last  
One for each day  
So angry  
No more answers  
All I got left is my cancer

Ace Of Black Hearts



# My Chance Gone

Always in line and that's for a time.  
But my patience is growing thin.  
Something eating at me within.  
I missed my chance to dance.  
To fly in a way I have yet to do.  
Think you know me you don't f\*ck you.  
That's the way those who fake it will always be.  
Games. To the very end. I will not defend a false pretense.  
A lie that will wither me away.  
No that will not be okay.  
Don't come expecting me to open my heart.  
A fools cruel joke.  
Your on your ends, no way out.  
Looking down when you should be looking up.  
So just shut up before you make judgement.  
I'm cold because I was made this way.  
I care not when your in dire straights any more then  
if you weren't. Its sink or swim. Get use too it.  
Control or be controlled. Its my life and  
I will not make a sacrifice it at the whims of others.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Choice

Once upon a time there was a bunch of crowded streets.  
Hustling and bustling, so busy.  
Everyone so happy.  
Except for this single child.  
He walked with a limp, but it wasn't natural.  
More of a pain upon the mind.  
He was the child who would get into constant fights.  
He would always lose, but still he wouldn't throw a punch.  
Still he stood up for others.  
Protection in self sacrifice.  
A harden quality.  
I won't employ harm, but I won't allow it either.  
That was what he said to himself.  
I have nothing to prove.  
I owe no one an explanation for the black eyes or bruises.  
Because it was my choice to take them.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Credence

No bother just explaining it without really explaining it.  
Its Metaphorically Speaking  
Metaphorically preaching.  
Its my candle I light every night.  
Not yours or the authors.  
So to burden someone with something I can carry.  
Why I ask?  
No I will not share the bag of bricks.  
For guilt burns, hot to the touch.  
Carrying a coal as if its my own soul.  
Maybe it is.  
We are all victims.  
To that which what I call life.  
It hands us cards and tell us to play.  
I doesn't have to be fair or equal.  
We just have to do the best with what has been dealt.  
Like it or not who we are is who we are.  
We can't change  
but only make it better with each heart felt letter.  
I have my words  
Just as he does.  
I'm not jealous or envious, for doing it non stop is torturous.  
Because I do it too, but I need it as this feeling that I have keeps me going. Like  
I was always meant to do this.  
Cursed with this side ways verse.  
I see it backwards hovering in the air.  
Its just up there.  
It stares right back at me.  
And then comes to my finger tips, or my lips, or a pen moves to the paper with  
strokes so fast.  
So in a sense it will never come to pass.  
For it is how this talent was created.  
What is given can be so easily taken.  
So I must use it every day.  
Even if it hurts.  
My time, my pleasure to unending measure, so mistakes won't be repeated.  
Great is my credence.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Darling Please Don'T Go

My darling you have such beautiful eyes.  
It's too bad with the last kiss goodbye.  
Never to see you again.  
Once wander always a wander.  
Every place is your home.  
But nowhere is where you exist.  
Among the shifting mist serving your ever delicious dish of fantasy and make believe.  
Tell me my darling do you not ever feel alone?  
Ever feel that emptiness deep inside?  
A heart crumbling.  
Can't hear any of the words because of all the noise.  
The mountain has fallen.  
Just mere mumbling.  
What did you say?  
Did you mean it?  
You just don't understand who I am.  
By the practice, or by all the different lands?  
Moving the stand to a better spot, want to see another magic trick then come with me and I'll show you the galaxy.  
In all it's grandeur, if only I could...  
My darling, oh my darling some day when I'm grey and old I hope to see you again.  
And maybe then we can travel off into the sunset.  
But for now, I have my place.  
Feet firm, feet made of stone.  
They will not move, because I still have my little attachments.  
Family matters to me more then you know.  
I can not just pick up and go.  
No, no, not like you, for I'm not free and I don't pretend to be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Dear Mistress

My dear mistress  
You put on your make up  
You put on your fancy cloths  
Your services paid for in good dues  
Dirty laundry in high places is kept  
Every night inside the soul is wept  
But still you go on yet  
As you have always done  
As you are doing right now  
As you always will  
Past  
Present  
Future  
Till you're used up goods  
All alone  
Nobody wants you  
Nobody ever wanted you for you  
With an sensational appetite to violate you in every way  
One after another  
Running a train of the elite  
Money you come to love so well  
Will be your hell  
For upon acquiring it people come at you for different reasons.  
To take you for everything you have  
My dear mistress  
I can only pray for your forgiveness

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Desolate Desert

I leave a pool of water in my wake  
The water turns black  
Contaminated by all the proclamations  
You'll do this  
I'll believe it when I see it  
Not like you ever needed too  
This has become so cut throat  
The wall is protecting the moat  
Do you really think things were alright  
Maybe I'm just a little uptight  
What is right is right  
At least for tonight  
Tomorrow is tomorrow  
Lead my heart an I shall follow  
Roasting another fellow like a marsh mellow  
Suffocating you with a white fluffy pillow  
I think I have gotten shallow  
A point of no return  
Moving on  
Our song has begun  
It'll last for awhile  
But sooner or later all that's left is a broken smile  
The rage of the blood thirsty crocodile  
Held inside  
The soul has died  
Prides comes before the fall  
So come on make that call  
To the unknown  
The wind is blowing me down  
The body beaten  
The sounds that make angels cry  
The loss of love in all their eyes  
Their is no compromise  
No middle ground can be found  
In this desolate desert  
Bird of a feather  
Flock together  
At least till a change of weather  
The ugly duck just had enough

Lost  
Out of a home  
So alone  
Getting sick  
Becoming a prick  
The body gets so cut up  
Living on the edge  
Make another please  
People fall  
Others get it all  
Moneys never a factor  
Its the reactor  
A time bomb waiting to blow  
Then it goes  
Time to rebuild again  
Nobody ever wins

Ace Of Black Hearts



# My Disease(Revised, And Title Changed)

Speaking straight from the heart.  
When your world falls apart, who do you turn to?  
Who is your angels with wings?  
With every new day comes a new mystery that needs solving.  
Answers are not opinions, but major decisions.  
Here is another one.  
Like candy I'm handing them out.  
For if I can't fix this place, maybe then I can at least I can fix myself.  
The need to be needed.  
I'm bleeding on the bedroom floor and I've been here before.  
It's the power of my own self destruction.  
My reluctance to let anyone else in.  
For I live in sin and I feel so dirty.  
I just can't get clean.  
Words so obscene can't even describe me.  
For I've got multiple personalities.  
Major mood swings.  
From happy, upset, depressed, angry, to absolutely crazy.  
So many emotions swimming in my head.  
Death I welcome most days.  
I'd offer him a drink but I don't feel I have the time or he will stay.  
Got to keep moving so that for moment I feel slightly normal.  
Living a life that actually makes sense.  
Yeah right, I'm swimming in a false pretense.  
A naive narcissist that's what I am.  
Or maybe I'm just one of the dammed.  
Fighting for nothing but my self preservation.  
Knowing no luxury.  
Cooped up in a hole.  
Waiting for that one chance.  
I got to prove something.  
I just don't know what it is.  
And that's kind of screwed up.  
Picking fights cause what I want I can never have.  
And I probably don't even deserve any of it.  
If I don't judge myself who will.  
Tried by your peers will never measure up.  
To much bias every which way.  
So here I am tell me what you think.

Tell me what you hate about me.  
It might give me a reason to celebrate.  
It won't change anything.  
Cause no matter what my actions are I'm still not the better man.  
I'll lose the fight before you can get one word in.  
It's just who I am.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Drunken Stupor

In a drunken stupor  
I wonder what I should create  
From the back my mind a light goes off  
They say its part of the creative process  
But I wonder if I'm actually making any progress  
Or am I going backwards tripping all over myself  
I drank tonight to make an unending headache go away.  
Buzzed I hope does deteriorate my writing ability  
That probably sounds kind of silly  
Of course it does  
It must  
For my vision get kind of blurry, so my thoughts must also  
Remembering what I write from word to word is kind of absurd  
This is my drunken stupor

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Essence

A poetic and quiet symbolic meaning. Life can be quiet deceiving. Protecting your heart can tear people apart. Whats good for you isnt for others. Smoke covers it all. Impartiality can be your down fall. Sitting waiting contemplating your life away. Before you know its gone and your still alone. Actions speak louder then words. The best men always do, but don't always think things through. Can you hear me now. I want to cure the cancers of this world. I want to destroy all the evil. All the cruelty, unfairness. One at a time, a good heart in mind. Leaving the past behind. The pain is gone, as comes dawn. No longer a mere pawn. I will not be your sacrifice, you will be mine. Too many have walked on me. To many have stolen what wasn't theirs. Bringing nothing but despair. But i have the power to choose the whose who. Destiny thrown a strew. Get out of my way or let the chips fall where they may. Time is my only essence and embodiment. Oh how my soul knows. I'm officially in control and on a roll. Thiers a ravage beast that has come out in me. It has no mercy, a victim of it own creation by its own aggrevation. the pure desolation and seperation has help me to create it. Angry when i otherwise i would never be. Amused by the misfortunes, who have earned it. Look at others like side show. Pay to see it. Pay to achieve it. A financeal gain has left so many stains on a world so cold. But never shall i grow old without what i want. Others first, bullsh\*t I'm totally against it. Your shirt off your back for another, hell no, i dont care if you call me brother. Ruthlessness is my new game. My essence which has sharp and deadly teeth design to sink in and never let go no matter how long or loud they scream. You have awoken my demon in me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Evil Army

Caught between what i want. And what i don't want to let go. A tease. A taste so sweet. Where should we meet. How about half way. trying to make everything okay. Shes still chasing my heart. But it has been lost. While pandora's box was opened. Secrets kill. Playing the game with one thing in mind. I got souls to steal. Breaking into heaven with a liar, a cheat, a thief. An evil army, my evil army. A cult of fantasy. A sexing orgy. A slumber of misery. Pull away. Get in their face. Show them your ready to race. It mine, all mine. Selfish to the last drop. Theirs poison in the water and i wont drink from it. Try to make me, try to break me. You wont change me. Oh no, I'm needed to lead an army. Breaking into heaven with a liar, a cheat, a thief. An evil army, my evil army. Sick thoughts run my head. As the blood is shed. Pure hatred is like sunlight under a magnify glass on my skin. Oh how its burning. War was declared, as smoke filled the air. Oh i need oxygen just to breath. Something choking me that i cant see. The sun rises then falls. My plans dont change or wane. I must lead an army. Breaking into heaven with a liar, a cheat, thief. An evil army, my evil army. Oh it my all mine, my evil army. Baking as I'm waking. Hot on the outside, cold on the inside. Stop trying to feel, what ain't real. Its mask, just f\*ck me over. Come on now's your chance. Lets dance toe to toe. Put on a show, and i will still go. Doesn't matter what was written in the snow. Lust turns to dust. the rust comes off. Sorry but i must lead army. Breaking into heaven with a liar, a cheat, a thief. An evil army. Its my evil army. We will destroy you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Failings Are My Own

My failings are my own  
I don't blame it any one  
Take responsibility as one would say  
But it doesn't just die there  
For I do not live in despair

My failings are my own  
long ago the seeds were sewn  
And now a plant grow.  
A weed just maybe.  
But watch as the most beautiful blooms  
It is just early to assume

My failings are my own  
No victim here  
There is no hiding and trying just disappear  
I won't shed a single tear  
For life is too short to cry over spilled milk  
Watch as I weave my own pretty silk

My failings are my own  
So if I'm all alone  
I'm still warm  
I got a place to call home  
The calmness before the storm  
The order before the chaos

My failings are my own  
I accept it  
I'm for no reject  
It's not trick  
I carry no special trinket  
luck wishing is as well wishing  
And that's a place I don't want to go fishing

For My failings are my own  
There was no clone  
I did it, as I always have  
It's already so long past

time ticking by so fast  
The failures could never forever last

I say again  
Repeated within  
My failings are own  
I need no scapegoat  
I need not hide behind a moat  
For my failings are my own

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Forgotten Angel I'M Without You

The eyes bleed from the insides  
The head collapses on impact  
How am I suppose to react  
The sweat pours from my forehead  
You were thought to be dead  
With so much left unsaid

Forgotten angel  
Forgotten angel

I'm so sorry  
You lied in a comma  
Three years pasted  
The doctor said you'd never wake  
Oh how the heart breaks

Forgotten angel  
Forgotten angel

You've missed so much since you supposedly died  
I got married  
And it wasn't you  
Now I feel so blue  
Sad  
Twisted  
Torn  
Ripped into a thousand pieces  
Let me choke till my breathing ceases  
I got a couple nieces  
Baby twins  
I wonder if I can ever be forgiven

Forgotten angel  
Forgotten angel

Oh the mistake I made  
But I now got to be brave  
I won't allow myself to be torn in two  
A get well card will never due



My forgotten angel  
Being so brave  
My forgotten angel  
Learning to talk again  
My forgotten angel  
Learning to walk again

I will stay away once your okay  
So I don't wonder what could have been  
I feel like your next of kin  
I will pretend we were never together at all  
I will always want to answer that phone call

My forgotten angel  
I'm sorry  
I can't  
I moved on without you  
Without you

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Gift Rejection

I hate you're guts.  
Chasing my tail like a female dog in heat.  
Stalker, Pysco  
Stay away from me.  
Get youself some help.  
Learn to accept rejection.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Girl

Come take my hand.  
Lets runaway together.  
Lets make it forever.  
Would we even be missed.  
Thoughts of who might remember.  
Memories wearing off like a cold December.  
A fire made for the heart.  
Its a start.  
Please don't tear the wings off butterflies.  
Maybe they are just trying to reach the end of an endless sky.  
Can you see the love and still destroy it?  
Oblivious to how we really feel.  
Soul joining in a way that is unreal.  
Financially dead to the world.  
With the silk that spins and twirls.  
What is that compared to my pearl?  
Really what is that when compared to my girl?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Hands

I write till my hands ache.  
I have what they call carpal tunnel.  
My hands don't want to bend fully or right at times.  
They lock up so that I have to unbend them.  
But I can't afford get the surgery that would easily fix this.  
Or a Cortisone Shot which would give 6 months of relief.  
Instead I'll use them till I can use them no more.  
The sad part is I'm only 28.  
It is genetic trait.  
For my mother has the same thing plus arthritis.  
It started in her twenties just like me.  
It is not that I type too much oh I most certainly do.  
Or the proper of sitting of my wrist on the keyboard.  
Just about anything I do with my hands the pain resurfaces.  
A constant dropping of something as simple as a spoon.  
When I was younger I had no clue.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Hate Has Created Your Love

With your happiness comes my peace. Finally the pain will cease. You clinged like a disease. Not willing to let go. But now i know. I am happy for you. Please work, please break the curse. Don't make it worse. Help the fallen, cure the sick, get rid of all the bad habits. Being so demanding has brought me the answer. I have been so longing. Fighting so something so great can take hold. Letting go so i never follow down the same road. Distraction of attraction. Let love numb everything. Making it all better with an unsigned letter. A past of heart ache. Watching the new flowers blossom. Not all intentions are same. Rules of the game. Hurt to help. A twist in fate. Can anyone relate. Rest your head. With magic from god above. Sometimes we all need a push or shove. Whats best for you isn't always best for me. Sometimes in chaos comes harmony. Beautiful is hate when it creates such things. The passion, the driving force that can destroy can also build. It just a matter of how its used.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Heaven

With a brittle crack I hear something snap  
Oooww I think it was my back.  
Here let me get it off for someone else.  
It's not my problem you deal with it.  
I'm doing my own thing if you don't mind if I do.  
I welcome help, but not at the cost of ones character.  
I demand civil liberties, as so many before have said.  
A slave to nothing.  
I do what I want, because I want like anybody else.  
Selfish I keep hearing voices in my head  
Well if so it is the path I shall go.  
If I can lift other to the heavens I will.  
Even if my heaven is small.  
It's the one I truly enjoy.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Heaven Falling In On Me(Revised)

It's my heaven falling in on me.  
A sick sensation.  
A child thrown into the real world.  
No time for fun.

Your life has already begun.  
Holding others up above your shoulders.  
Do what you have to do.  
It's so cold outside, but somehow we must still survive.  
Were starving and cant afford food,  
But still we must survive.  
Living the best we can is all we ever can.

Anger rises inside their eyes, and they ask why have you done this to me.  
Oh why, why is it my heaven is fallen in on me.  
A sick sensation.  
Can't make one mistake.  
It's a life or death sentence.  
Accomplishments mean nothing.  
As they always have.

Blame anyone and everyone.  
But still the fault is ultimately our own.  
The seedling must be watered before it can be grown.  
Life can be taken away as easily as it's given so never forget it. Everything is a lesson, and this is the age wisdom for me.

Even as my heaven is falling in on me.  
I can't stop any of it.  
Only better myself because of it.  
Make friends of fortune.  
Make friends of hurt and pain.  
That's the way I must survive.  
For love is the only answer to this cancer.

So let my heaven fall on me.  
I'll hold it up as long as I van.  
And just maybe I won't be the only one there.  
In my time of despair.

Do what you have to do.  
Turn a blind eye if you must.  
But I will not.  
Because you just never know.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# My Hopes Rest On An Angel

Someones one listening, someones breathing breaths so close mine.  
A mutual understanding should never be demanding.  
Free reign, taking it slow.  
Feel as I feel.  
Touch as I touch.  
Comfort of hearty old souls.  
Not rules broken, not trust forsaken.  
No never.  
Just trying to be myself with good intentions.  
Not trying to relive something I have long been.  
I'm not the one so lonely anymore.  
That has been long left behind.  
Maybe I the wake of horrible storm, I can't really tell you when because I've  
already forgotten.  
And the pain subsides, the darkness has died.  
It is not possible for me to embroil in this wretched hate.  
For love I no long forsake.  
Open like book.  
Please read, please see me for I'm bare to the cold and bitter wind.  
A have let you in.  
Don't betray me the ways others have done.  
And I promise I won't lead you wrong.  
Time spent, is time that is already gone.  
We must make the best of what have.  
A forget how we lived.  
When I push our you going to give.  
I must know the truth my angel.  
Why have you come to me at such a time?  
Am I the one who is healing you pain?  
Removing all barriers with the simplest of words.  
A kiss in the sincerest way, eyes that beg me to stay.  
An admission of guilt because you just feel so vulnerable.  
I not only grieve not only for you but with you.  
I hope you can understand.  
I truly hope you can.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Insides

Draw it straight from the insides.  
It the only way I know how to survive.  
Unending suffering.  
And not an ounce of remorse or leniency.  
Destroying everything I love but I'm still here.  
Keeping the flame burning.  
Through the torture  
Through the pain.  
Through the slaughter of memories that just won't go away.  
You just can't have my soul.  
Take me straight to hell  
Poke at me with a pitch fork right above the fire.  
All you do is inspire.  
The army continues to beat in my heart.  
The tears fall from my face like rain.  
Do everything I can to just to say to sane.  
Again your hounds bite me in the leg.  
The blood gushs and oozes out right from my body.  
If I die here know it was without fear.  
As a man I will stand before you not bowing  
But looking straight into your empty blank eyes.  
Complete darkness envelopes me.  
And this is it.  
Goodbye with utmost sincerity and with the love that I hope you will receive from  
the god above.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Job Will Not Be A Tool To Your Extortion

In extortion you must make sure it is something truly valued.  
To bend someone your way.  
It's wrong no matter what you say.  
It is a dirty game you play.  
I will find another job if need be.  
My skills and dependency are a rare comity.  
One who never calls off sick.  
On time everyday.  
I work on even the shortest notice.  
I run your equipment in the proper way.  
Even as it is under maintained by you.  
Look your trucks falling apart I think it needs some glue.  
You're going fire me, good luck god bless.  
I'll see you in court.  
For it is on personal level.  
Wait a minute let me call the Labor board let me tell them why you're firing me.  
So let me call your bluff.  
I will go on the hunt for a while.  
When I get off.  
Yes I have the Internet.  
So your poor attempts at a unknown and sporadic schedule will not stop me.  
My job will not be a tool to your extortion.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Last Escape

A walk out of a building that says Ken's tomes and stones.  
Such a horrid place, yet merry with colors.  
They try make death an upcoming celebration.  
But we can not celebrate it.  
No we write our wills in a quiet room, with nobody but a witness present.  
Notarized, and familiarized.  
But still it is not easy accept.  
Spending thousands of dollars, on grave cosmetics.  
As it will matter so much in the end.  
But I know we are just signing another dotted line with a pen.  
Business of easing your family members pain.  
How well does it work I wonder to myself?  
How many forget because of pretty picture or a bed of roses?  
Look it is over.  
My favorite poem.  
I want it to be read upon the deed, the dirge.  
It will make me happy.  
Even you can not see my smiling face.  
Know it was be my last escape.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Little Sister

See you again my dear friend.  
You brought music to my heart.  
You've changed so much.  
You grew up.  
You are not what i once i thought you were.  
My dear little sister, don't ever let him hurt you.  
Just call upon me and I'm there...  
It may not be by blood, but its enough.  
Dark were those days when you lived without a place to stay.  
Got to keep going, got to make things right.  
This is to you and the things you had to go through.  
See you again my dear friend.  
You have brought music to my heart.  
Listen closely its sound of a babies unborn kicking.  
Just remember girl when your fall apart,  
I will be their in darkness and despair.  
I will be prepared. a shoulder to lean on.  
a arm to cry on. So strong and so afraid to show any tears.  
Just remember I always be near.  
my dear little sister.  
See you again my dear friend.  
you brought music to my heart.  
with so many words I try to mend.  
Unsettling it is to know what you go through.  
Every day i lye awake thinking of another way to make  
it okay and get the pain to fade.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Love, My Pain

Feeding on my emotion,  
Feeding on my anger,  
Writing a blood soaked letter.  
Hoping just maybe, someday in the future you might feel better.  
From a dark moon across the ocean.  
Glittery melting little stars.  
A fall so far grace.  
A memories disgrace.  
Let my love be the embrace.  
Holding together.  
The slowly drifting falling feather.  
Where it will land I don't know.  
But let it be strong.  
Let it belong, as it if was meant to be.  
An empty meal today I'm eating.  
For I can't feel anything but this pain.  
This twisting and knotting in my stomach.  
And I know this too will come to pass.  
But a lifetime it seem like it last.  
Enduring is my hope.  
And I put it out for you to climb.  
Hold on, don't let go and I will do the same.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Madness, My Happiness.

And the pin drops.  
The silence has broken.  
Welcome to the aftermath of time being frozen.  
In this chaos I'm passing the torch.  
Moving on to the next storm.  
Cataclysmic, inviting the disaster that comes before the happily ever after.  
Lets get on with it.  
So I can see beyond the trees, feel that warm summertime breeze.  
Marching upside down on the dissipating clouds, so I have a front row seat.  
Scorched earth.  
What a sight.  
Wish it didn't have to be.  
But all changes come at a cost.  
And I been waiting for this all my damn life.  
Love lost, love gained.  
Some might think I'm insane.  
But I'm proud of my madness.  
It relieves the stress and keeps me grounded.  
A sounding board with a heart breaking echo.  
Surfing on the swells of a foreboding dangerous ocean.  
Just another thrill.  
You can't deny me my happiness because I just created it.  
Bottoms up to the pill I just swallowed.  
Even if its all in my head.  
At least it not so lonely or empty anymore.  
Playing the long game without keeping score.  
Cheers once more.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My New Year

Feeling my age, not yet ready to get off the stage.  
its last curtain call then it falls.  
Another year comes to an end and another one begins.  
listen to the people hear the thousands as they scream so loud.  
a night to be proud. a night to reach for the clouds. dreams a plenty, changing  
are so many. time settle down.  
time to look ahead and instead of constantly look back.  
its in the here and now. not some faded memory.  
the energy is building. the moment is increasing.  
then everything explodes. what is all this commotion?  
its my new year. it my new year. creating a world without fear.  
making all the demons disappear.  
with my words so sincere.  
It over before you know it so just sit back and enjoy it.  
with a wicked grin i can say this my new year.  
my year oh yeah ...

Ace Of Black Hearts



# My Next Victim

Yeah, Yeah.  
You know it.  
Living in fear.  
Burn it.

Please.  
Don't me ask me to stay.  
Living in filth and decay.  
Either it has to be all the way or.

Yeah, Yeah.  
You know it.  
Living in fear.  
Burn it.  
Just burn it all.

Let me make my headstone from the ashes and cinders.  
A new life.  
A new crisis.  
Over dramatic.  
No so serious.  
Lets keep this anonymous.  
Just random strangers.

Yeah, Yeah.  
You know it.  
Living in fear.  
Burn it.  
Just burn it all.

I can't have anything being held over my head.  
You don't seem understand there is just no you and me.  
There is no tent already pitched called destiny.  
No romeo, no slick moves.  
Yeah I slept with you, I seem recall you were not minding.  
At least until I started moving on.  
I am sorry I made you a one night stand.  
But damn attachments are wearing so thin.

Yeah, Yeah.  
You know it.  
Living in fear.  
Burn it.  
Just burn it all.

Let go.  
Let go.  
Don't you know.  
I'm the heart breaker.  
The soul taker.  
Devouring all the innocent.  
And I just can't help it.  
Trust me you don't want to be my next victim.

Yeah, Yeah.  
You know it.  
Living in fear.  
Burn it.  
Just burn it all.

And maybe the past won't follow.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Northern Lights

I am happy of who I am.  
There is not an alternate fantasy.  
Emotions swell inside me.  
I know what my purpose and goals are  
And they don't reach that far.  
In my mind I think I'm fine.  
When they think I'm not.  
They try get me to sit on the chair as they listen.  
To tell them of my problems.  
I'm sorry but will not.  
Writing is my therapy.  
Writing is my solution.  
I create another world.  
Please don't try to tell me to stop.  
For it will destroy everything.  
Just listen as my heart explodes.  
Sends all kind of colours shooting across the midnight sky.  
This is my northern lights and I want them to shine bright.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Perfect Rose

This oh this time f\*ck you.  
You got it, never before have this felt such a way.  
I'm in love with just the thoughts of you.  
You bring your magic with every word you say.  
You don't care about my scars, or the baggage I've come to know.  
Let the ink just bleed, dry, and bare my soul.  
Oh my good god, where have you been all my life.  
My saving grace, my angel who whispers in the night.  
I have finally met her tonight and now I know its right.  
Kissing you in the twilight.  
You are everything I could ever hope for and so much more.  
A beauty from inside to under the sheets.  
Making love like only demons do.  
I'm so stuck on you.  
Like a little child's crush.  
Such a rush.  
I can still hear you tell me to hush and let our bodies do all the talking.  
I have been swallowed by the ocean, and I like it.  
No need to fight the currents and there is definitely a strong pull.  
Being sucked on in.  
Head over tin cups, clank, clank.  
I can't even catch my breath to think.  
Wave after wave.  
Such a glow, such a smile.  
There is so much in those hazel eyes.  
Who knew, I had no clue, someone so close.  
The perfect pose, on a single petal of a rose already closed.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Prison

In this dream is a landscape.  
Painted by the memories of the choices made.  
From as a child throwing candy back at a parade.  
To playing hiding and seek with roman candles.  
Anything that allowed me to feel more alive.  
Because I just felt so dead inside.  
The way I was wired.  
Looking to be inspired.  
Creating so many different sunrises.  
Always hoping it will drive the loneliness away.  
But nothing sticks.  
At times I've felt so slick.  
But nothing lasts.  
A tic tok of the clock and more time has parted.  
Never able to form any meaningful attachments.  
Feeling so worthless.  
Grabbing the nearest bottle and taking one last swallow.  
And off I go.  
To the next form of entertainment.  
An escape to the hate and resentment I feel.  
Because that's not the way its suppose to be.  
Stealing a destiny.  
Wearing shoes that don't quite fit.  
An uncomfortable habit.  
Moving around like a wild rabbit.  
Shaking loose the marbles that don't belong.  
Another hit of some strangers bong.  
Anything to reach that calm.  
Writing another broken song.  
Trying make the pieces fit.  
Put on an orange jumpsuit just blend in.  
But my caged bars are different.  
They were built around me.  
The prison of ones own mind.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Response(To Dating Scams) 001

Hello my names is eric, and sure i'm interested in you.  
And color and distance both matter to me.  
I'm sorry but I'm racist s.o.b.  
It's what my daddy taught me through all the beatings.  
I was born and raised in trustville alabama.  
All my teeth are missing I hope that's okay.  
I have deformed chin from all the inbreeding in my family.  
Oh I'm also dating my second cousin.  
We could have threesome, what do you think?  
Oh I own 200 acres of land.  
More then enough for multiple families.  
So how interested are you really?  
So how do you like my response to yet another dating scam?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Sometimes

A distant memory. An old story. Every once in awhile we must wipe the dust off the pages we have written. A clean slate. The magic eraser. No more favors. Time for a new flavor. Something with a little more taste. Nothing against anyone. But their is a time comes when you must enough. Cant twist my arm again. Not that it needed much twisting. Sometimes you cant be so forgiving. Sometimes oh my sometimes. Reminiscing of what i might be missing. That's a life shall not be living. Its the here and now and i will not bow. F\*ck all the distractions. Keep an open mind, but don't waste your time. hate me because i see the impossibility. Friends with benefits isn't for me. I'm not angry i just want whats best for me. my mission, my perfect endeavor. I will push that lever watch it all go by-by. Cause sometimes, oh sometimes, oh my sometimes

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Soul For The World(Revised)

Like any poet I'm writing thoughts out.  
Trying to perfect my emotions.  
Trying to perfect every action.  
Trying to perfect my devotion.  
Just feeling it out.  
Another climatic embrace.  
Another race  
All the way to the top.  
It's one of those lets see what you got.  
Well, it's not a lot.  
But it's me, and the way I want it to be.  
It's not another destiny.  
Open your eyes and see me for me.  
Everything I put down is a reminder of where I came from.  
What I went through.  
And it's something I must hold on to.  
I can almost smell and taste all of it.  
It's not another over active imagination.  
It a realty that's still my destination.  
There's no cause for celebration.  
Just meditate, so you don't hesitate when the time comes.  
Practice makes perfect.  
Another portrait portrayed in such a way.  
It's just amazing.  
At a constant awe.  
So I thank god for every breath I take.  
A precious life, in a little place I call earth.  
Every time I fall down I have to have something to pick me back up. And this is  
moment written in stone.  
I will never be alone.  
Memories can't be forgotten.  
Even if they become stale and start rotting.  
I was made for a purpose and finding it is my answer.  
All in or fold.  
Got to stay in control.  
For it's my soul.  
And I won't give it up even for the whole world.



## Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Stand

Don't tell me i cant, i wont.  
Oh no no you don't.  
I am my own man.  
Watch as i take stand.  
Their no black or white  
when it comes to whats wrong.  
Theirs only grey.  
What else can i say.

Don't tell me i cant, i wont.  
Oh no no you don't.  
I am my own man.  
Watch as i take a stand.  
Am over reaching just maybe.  
But what gives you the right to preach to me.  
Just step off, back up.  
Enough is enough.

Don't tell me i cant, i wont.  
Oh no no you don't.  
I am my own man.  
Watch as i take a stand.  
The blind shall never follow the weak.  
Even if i don't know everything,  
don't mistake this ignorance for stupidity.  
I'm just not that dumb.  
Your fun is at the expense of others.  
Another, another, oh brother.

Don't tell me i cant, i wont.  
Oh no no you don't.  
I am my own man.  
Watch as i take a stand.  
Against all odds.  
Against someone who thinks their god.  
I say come on, bring it in any flavor.  
it still wont save you.  
The strings are gone forever gone.

Don't tell me i cant, i wont.  
Oh no no you don't.  
I am my own man.  
Watch as i take my stand.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Trap, Was Her Childrens Trap

Never got with a girl in till I was much older.  
The age of 19 and still a virgin.  
Another place to poke fun at me.  
Not out of innocence, but shame of my name.  
I built up these walls, and learned never to trust.  
Hate surrounded me.  
Because how people were, and in many ways still are.  
It took me a very long time to love.  
My first was the worse, expectations high.  
Moving over mountains for a closer look.  
Not understanding what it really was.  
Or the reasons I fell head over heels, when she really didn't.  
An illusion of who she thought I was.  
Buying a freedom, as if one really ever could.  
Satisfy the need of so much lust.  
To fast when I wanted go so slow.  
I wasn't in a rush or maybe my head was buried in the snow.  
Either way I loved her kids more then her in the end.  
Because of how she treated them.  
One autistic, the other deaf, and she hated them for it.  
Brought me back into my childhood.  
Everyday I was reliving it.  
And this women had no idea, never will now that I come to think of it.  
It was my first, yet it left me so empty.  
I should of known better, but I was blinded like an animal.  
Falling right into the trap, the same one that held me as child so long ago.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My Wall

I'm running  
Like a coward  
Whose going to be devoured by the serpent  
Please take a bite of that forbidden apple  
Open your eyes and see  
The devil is inside you and me  
Corruption of the innocence in the lack of forgiveness  
Dirty deeds bleed from all of humanity  
Sins of a forgotten society  
So long ago  
Who would have known  
This was how it was going to be  
If we did  
We have done things very differently as kids  
Made the most of the important years  
A turn around  
Is what you would have found  
More hero's  
And very little zero's  
Less suicides  
Less broken marriages  
Less drunks livers failing  
Less obesity  
Less of everything you and me see  
It's not destiny  
It's not fate  
It's how we relate to the choices that will be made  
A convenience that deceives us  
Tell us how to live  
And what must give  
It's just a dribble on this paper  
It's how it ends with her  
Like all those that came before  
Its not a war  
It can't be won strategy  
Or a analogy  
Instead it best left alone  
Another Wall  
Shield me in such dire times

Please never make me rewind

Ace Of Black Hearts

# My World.

A new friend with out a doubt.  
Crying out.  
Casting a shout.  
Over here.  
A game is played.  
Just a fun little conversation.  
From Saturn to the many stars  
How far is too far.  
I want you so bad.  
In a way that would make most grown men blush.  
Your words so tender.  
So loving.  
I'm so undeserving.  
Time spent, time preserving.  
Please god, give me this.  
Make it our moment.  
Own it.  
Drown in it.  
Can you hear it.  
That is her nails against my skin.  
All queasy.  
All hazy.  
Pushed up against the wall.  
She is demanding it from me all.  
Tossing her hair back like she is saying as matter of fact.  
Walking on the edges of temptation.  
The will be no alleviations or going back.  
Till we go through with it.  
All the way.  
Down to the top.  
Bottoms up.  
Watching the sparkling ball drop.  
Time for so much celebration.  
I think I have went insane.  
Hit by a freight train.  
On the rails and it keeps on running.  
I can feel the drumming.  
A beat for quick and happy feet.  
Oh my god the ideas you have put into me.

Visions in short rapid bursts.  
Like hello I could do a lot worse.  
A teasing, a appeasing.  
Heart seizing.  
Choking out.  
Toes so curled.  
Oh my god what a girl.  
I should have given this a whirl long ago.  
So long ago.  
But it is never to late.  
No time to debate.  
I will not hesitate.  
I'm yours.  
You are my world.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# My, My, My Crazy Family

My mom and dad, russ, and chris.

My step mom and dads, eidy, richard, marty.

My brothers, micheal, bear and joe.

My sisters, big tiff, little tiff, black head lory, red head lory, kim, betty.

My by marriage brothers, duck, and rick.

My by marriage sisters, amanda, stacey, and tammy.

My gram mothers, mama, and nana,

My grandfathers, Pap(Had 4 brothers all 5 of them fought in world war2) ,

Papa(also fought in world war2) .

My uncles and aunts, uncle david, aunt cathy, aunt carol, aunt edna, ect.

My family is just so huge I can't list them all

Imagine the dating situation.

The pickings get pretty slim.

Especially when my blood line goes to place I don't even know.

But eh I guess that how every family goes.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Mysterys Solved

With all the shades of truth absorbed does it become black and white?  
A settlement with ones own agenda, does the agenda succeed?  
A proceed of honesty, does this create enough hope?  
At a loss of words, will I choke?  
Is it so easy to accept what you don't understand?  
In every action lies a question to be followed  
Like two peas in a pod beware  
With a love I over analyse and write  
While some become fiction  
Other are very real  
But I will not point you in the right direction  
For mysteries must be solved on ones own accord

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Naristic Hate

I continue too write. as if it could fix it.  
I'm so broken.  
and i don't even know where to begin.  
i waged war on every friend i had.  
in the end i lost. what a cost.  
Horrible and dishonorable.  
treachery a foot.  
some would say bull.  
But i knew better.  
es were what i knew best.  
Yet i don't know if anything i did was success.  
it did more damage then good.  
it turned one burden into many.  
i created plenty of enemies.  
But that was nothing compared to the 5 friends lost.  
they say everything comes at cost.  
mine was just too much to bear.  
it just brought more dis pare.  
I'm still broken.  
I'm still hated and aggravated.  
another liar another story all for a little glory.  
can we say narcissistic and so unrealistic.  
its still beyond my comprehension of the reason.  
other than pure hate.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Never Been Here Before

Never been here before,  
I'm on top of the world.  
Never been here before,  
but I still i walk through door.  
Venture into to the unknown.  
I'm no longer alone.  
You brought me to my knees.  
God how I want to please.  
I want to cure every disease.  
One at a time that's fine.

Never been here before,  
I'm on the top of the world.  
Never been here before,  
but still I walk through the door.  
A uncertainty for eternity I thought.  
But its not. Look at this shiny rock.  
Look at what I got.  
Its a miracle with a wave of the hand.  
The rain stops, the flood halts before my feet.  
The feeling is so sweet.  
Some days you look good enough to eat.

Never been here before,  
I'm on top of the world.  
Never been here before,  
but still I will walk through that door.  
Moving mountains.  
Making thunder without a single blunder.  
Such great chemistry, it has infected me.  
With a great sense of irony  
Defying the order of chaos.  
Creating something from a loss.  
When I can't afford the cost. still I do it,  
still I fight right through it.  
Feet burning, soul urning, mind churning.  
Life so surprising. So many secrets.  
Divulge some please.

Never been here before,  
I'm on top of the world.  
Never been here before,  
but still I walk through the door.  
Walk through this door, this door.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Never Let Her Go

Beneath dust cloud, what is it you see?  
Under the deep cold blue, can you believe?  
When nobody else..., are you willing to help?  
When the fear rises up, will you run for cover?  
Or will you tell her you love her?  
Turning it up, is the pace to fast?  
Or is it just enough?  
A mountain stands before you, how high will you climb?  
In that special moment will you hesitate?  
Or will you risk it all for someone elses sake?  
Sacrifice, a ritualistic act to hurt ones self for another.  
Can you go through with and mean it?  
What is too much, and how deep is your love?  
A bullet in slow motion, show me your devotion.  
Mixing up another deadly potion.  
A recipie for happiness, or an out-right dieaster.  
Do you trust the plaster, will they whole thing come crumbling down?  
Are you terrified, petrified, and over compensate with every single breath you take?  
Do you believe she's too good for you?  
Will you fight for it, or watch her go on by.  
Tell me when you with her, does it feel like your kissing the sky.  
Do you believe in the words till the day you die?  
Is she just another prize, or is it so much more?  
When she not there, do you get this empty feeling and want to see her, hold her,  
talk to her, have fun with her, beas one every waking moment of your life?  
Is she your everything, are the feelings mutual, if so never let her go.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Never Love A Poet.

Nobody should fall love in with a poet.  
Trust me they are worthless I know personally.  
Even the homeless can draw pictures.  
Let that be me, and let me be humble before it.  
Let me accept it with pride and take it in stride.  
Don't follow me, don't love me.  
I have my dignity and I will not let love steal it from me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Nigerians

In Nigeria oh the constant sadness it brings  
scam after scam  
oh how they love wealthy American men and women  
oh how dark desires brings so much dismay.  
with a photograph and the perfect speech  
they fall one by one hook line and sinker  
in only a couple days  
oh they preach  
tho are the poor Nigerians  
the men behind the women's mask  
faceless is the task  
money is what binds them to you  
with words like glue  
their plans fall through  
I'm sorry but you have just been screwed  
And you might ask by who  
oh tho are the poor Nigerians

~ Don't believe all are this way because of one.  
Any prejudice can be undone.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Nightmares (Revised, In Line Form, Oh And Viewable)

Chills run up my spine.  
Pictures of bodies rising out of the ground.  
Its another nightmare.  
Its another nightmare.  
Its my nightmare.

With word as my weapons.  
I cut through the book ages.  
With my hollow mind I bear the secrets of the darkest despair.  
Suicide on the mined.  
I'll save you.  
I'll save you.  
And still you died.  
The picture fades.  
But such a gruesome scene screws up the head in ways never seen before.

Still chills run down my spine.  
Pictures of bodies rising out of the ground.  
Its a nightmare.  
Its a nightmare.  
Its my nightmare.

The tears run red.  
Using leeches to get bled.  
Strangers laying in your bed.  
A Grievance with the undead.  
A broken wedlock with dire consequences.  
Memorabilia with a satanic meaning.  
Going crazy, getting sick coughing up blood.  
The clown with a wicked smile wants to give you a hug.

Chills still run down my spine.  
Pictures of bodies rising out of the ground.  
Its a nightmare.  
Its a nightmare.  
Its my nightmare.

Being buried alive.  
Darkening skies.

An eclipse of an false sunrise.  
Spider creepy crawling out of my eyes.  
A bleeding in the brain disguised.  
A doctor performing surgery while your awake.  
The fears have reappeared.

Chill still run down my spine.  
Its a nightmare.  
Its a nightmare.  
Its my nightmares.  
My nightmares

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Control Over Me

You think I need you. Well I'm sorry you do. Here's a clue. Screw that. The power you had is gone like a broken contract. I rather wait for the dawn alone. I won't be manipulated by useless whims. And that's a fact. I don't want or need. I just get by until I see change. Rearrange the mentality of such a fictitious reality. You want me then chase. Because I'm in a race. So what ever you do don't get in the way. Because I won't stay. Standing still dulls the mind. Limits your time. I have so much to give. Why would you want to destroy it. Face it. Embrace the Idea that I can't be tamed. Even by calling me names. Playing on my pity. You know I have a little dignity. So leave for I hate those who deceive. For my souls at peace and always will be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Dad

What if your have no father?

This is me

On a day such is this

Its just so hard to forget

The great wonderful man, I never had

No teacher, No discipline, No one to aspire to

Nobody with greatness that I can call dad

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Distractions

I'm into it again and again.  
A mind at ease.  
Inner peace if you please.  
Destine to pursue desires that I'll never fully get.  
Still I feel no regret.  
That what I'm here for.  
There no special solution to this world.  
Misery and suffering is all in your head.  
Be happy as you feel.  
Be gods gift or gods rift doesn't really even matter.  
Two sides of the same coin.  
I think I might be just tiny bit insane.  
But that's makes everything even better.  
I'm climbing the evolution latter.  
I'm solving my own little riddles so aptly with a sense of self satisfaction.  
All the drama passes by with the dawn of another fulfilling day.  
I have this to put myself to use.  
Sometimes I get a little lost and confused.  
But I always eventually find my way.  
And in this is an answer to a drive inside.  
It my guide to how I must survive.  
Buried so many memories in far away place.  
So they can't be a distraction that gets in my way.  
Ambition is my ammuniton.  
And with this bullet added.  
I'm lock and loaded.  
So come on lets have fun.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Fair, Is Fair

No fair, is fair.  
Beware of those demons.  
For their not true.  
Deny me the right and I'll come forth right.  
Who are you to tell me what to do?  
It's my choice.  
Think you know me.  
Bring it on I'm just getting started  
Like a falling hero, I'm come in wounded  
And I will leave only when I'm truly hurt.  
Meaning I'm never truly be leaving at least not on your accord.  
Babble on fortune teller.  
Give the kick to me like good old yellow.  
Die  
Burn  
And  
Rot  
Wither away with the coming age  
Turn the page and their will be a new history.  
One unknown.  
Not of you  
But of I  
It is how it works.  
Everyone must die.

~I am of the ignorant, but not to the point of not defending my self.  
~John Bastian.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Freeing A Lustful Slave

Do you really want them to beg?  
A slave to your very being.  
Fulfilling every need and desire, but giving up there own soul to do so.  
The cost of possession, is more then a simple obsession.  
It is the loss of so many ambitions.  
Nothing more then a broken toy.  
How long will the rattle satisfy?  
Bored to tears, soon it is no longer enough to pacify.  
An your heart has been long gone.  
An empty kind of love.  
A dove that can barely fly.  
You push and they fall.  
And you think your not at fault.  
You tempered love with lust.  
The perfect satanic potion.  
A man turned into dust.  
Crushed beneath mountains.  
No reason to argue.  
We do not want those, who do not want us.  
But we shouldn't want those who want us too much.  
A moderation in the object of your heart.  
Obsess and get torn apart.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Guarantees With Uncontrolable Spinning Leaves

So you think you know?  
Oh do tell me which way the wind is gonna blow.  
But that still doesn't mean the leaf will fall the way you want.  
Be not forsaken by empty desires.  
The stench is more rotten then burning tires.  
Love is the forbidden fruit, never take bite unless it is truly for you.  
Don't pretend to be just another one of those shoot stars.  
Faking it never works my friend.  
A extremely bitter ending.  
Why do we only ever take pictures of the happy moments?  
Why do we try to hide what is behind all these lies?  
What are you really feeling the other 90 percent of the time?  
What happen in the story book marriage, that is not up for show?  
You don't have to tell me because I already know.  
Remember I was there, or at least I was trying to be.  
Then one day I got an introduction.  
Meet my friends.  
Threatening me because of what?  
You leave every night and I'm stuck with not even my kids.  
You come back drunk, and I'm the one left constantly sober.  
Facing the truth.  
I spoke up because I had enough.  
You don't like it too bad.  
I didn't care if you were cheating with someone or not.  
That was not issue.  
The fact was you were shirking your duty as a parent.  
You knew it was fresh start for me.  
I left everything for you.  
And in the end you hung me out to dry.  
And now your pissed off because I survived.  
You expected me to come crawling back I'm sure.  
Oh how these free spirits have this lure.  
Go when and where they want as they please.  
That was me when we first met.  
And that was me after I left.  
But while I was there I was completely grounded.  
And in between all I heard is this constant screaming.  
And no matter what you say it was never your children were bad.  
It was because you had no patience.



A stressful environment.  
Not once when I held you, and I looked in your eyes did you look back in mine.  
A one sided promise, a fantasy.  
I couldn't live the lie.  
I'm sorry if that hurt you.  
But you needed to know, what you gave up.  
From what I hear you did a lot worse.  
But it is not place to judge.  
All I wish is you wouldn't drag the kids through constant bullshit.  
But I have no say because there not my blood.  
And apparently as far as the courts are concerned that is all that matters.  
And maybe they are right.  
But let me tell you, that doesn't change the abuse delivered from one hand to another.  
They say it never happens that way.  
But how many time was it?  
Are you keeping count, I'm sure they are?  
They are not stupid as much as you think they are.  
They are, oh they are, something I couldn't watch fall apart.  
Hurt, confused, to young too truly understand.  
Spoiled rich girl ostracized from all of her family ties.  
Living off the children's income to party and have fun.  
One blind, another autistic.  
You think my issue was that you told me to get out.  
The day I went to pick up those pack of smokes.  
I only had one thing on mind.  
You were taking advantage of them every single way.  
Booze coming out your pores.  
You were mad I found someone to talk to while you gone.  
Even though I knew her long before you.  
She was like a big sister to me.  
Not that you would understand.  
So jealous making so many demands.  
Making plans to go to college on there dime.  
How truly sublime.  
Advertise any way you want it.  
But still your friends even saw it.  
That is why they still talked to me even after I was long gone.  
Treat people like shit long enough.  
And eventually they get tire of it.  
We are not personal property to used be like pawns in a long game of chess.  
You do not get to tell me what to do.

No I have my own income, and I'm plenty happy without you.  
I do not regret the choice I made, or bed I sleep in.  
But I'm sure your kids do.  
And of that I am sorry.  
If I could of stop it I would have.  
But unfortunately I do not have god like powers of persuasion.  
But I think you might in the way of manipulation.  
Never the less even if you have finally found me again, I will not be easily baited  
by the false promises of yesterday.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Longer Trapped By Looking Back

The ghost of the unwritten.

Words are but a picture into the mind.

A window with no blinds.

Open for all to see.

Tempting all who would pass.

Give it one look, give it one peek.

I promise that anything that is done in secret is also done in public.

Personified.

All misty eyed.

Do not weep for those who get themselves lost.

How would you ever get found if wasn't for that.

In the age of wisdom the paper is infinite, and the pen always unique.

But still there are those who judge themselves so harshly.

They are destined to always be a failure in their own eyes.

Inner beauty something so sublime.

But you'll never see it, because you only see your past demons.

Scars can not penetrate the formation of the soul no matter how deep they are.

Yet they can fog the eyes.

Forever in gray.

No more vivid colors.

Reliving a moment for clarity.

The who I was is the not who I am.

Once you realize this you become free.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Longer Waiting

As these grey clouds come to surround me.  
To choke the life out of me.  
I've come to realize with a knife I can cut right through.  
Cover my mouth and keep moving.  
Hold my breath if only for a moment I stop breathing.  
Why did they come?  
Why do they want what I have?  
Shark infested waters.  
All I can see is their dorsal fins.  
But I still know they are there.  
Waiting for the right moment to strike.  
I can not help but to want to stab them with a pike.  
An urge resisted, and avoided.  
Thoughts of this now completely devoid.  
An emptying of a trashcan not quite yet filled.  
Never the less it is enough.  
That I must no longer wait.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No More Laughter

This was before.  
This was after.

Swallowing the last bit of daily laughter.

This was before.  
This was after.

As if that is all that matters.

Down the scope  
Watch from afar.  
As if your looking at a very distant mars.  
Try to understand.  
Try to comprehend.  
Pity mixed with envy.  
Oh why can't that be me.  
Lighting up the dormant city.  
A party flavor to savor.  
So sour, so bitter.  
Just give me a litter glitter.

This was before.  
This was after.

Swallowing the last bit of the daily laughter.

This was before.  
This was after.

As if it's all that really matters.

Hope of the bitter unopen rose.  
Dressed up in golden sleeves.  
A perspective stuck on repeat.  
So dosed on a pucker of an unknown lover.  
Just exactly who is she?  
As if a definitive answer of the uninvited will make you any more delighted.  
Under christmas sits a photograph full of presents.

It's all the wishes that never came true.  
And I remember, the question is do you?

This was before.  
This was after.

Swallow the last bit of the daily laughter.

This was before.  
This was after.

As if its all that really matters.

Please jot it down for all of eternity.  
It still means nothing to me.  
The dance is already over.  
The chance is already gone.  
Trapped inside my own head.  
Welcome to my prison.  
Go ahead and try to break free.  
See if you can see things any differently.  
Bouncing back, but the heart is just no longer into it.

This was before.  
This was after.

A daily dose of diaster when swallowing such bitter laughter.

Yes this was before and after.

And it couldn't go any faster.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No More Love

This is last time.  
Quiting a bad habit for good.  
I knew I could.  
Goodbye to the life as I know it.  
Bring it on.  
I'll take it anyway I can get it.  
With the discipline of waiting on my calling to those white pearly gates.  
With the emotional strength of hundreds of thousands of people everyday  
In your arms I was denied.  
NO ONE loves me.  
Not today,  
All I receive is the everyday pity.  
Don't waste your time.  
Cause their is not a tear shed through my eyes.  
I'm not sad.  
I'm just moving on.  
How can you be sad over something you never had.  
Disgust with dignity.  
Indifference to infinity.  
Just ignore me I'm not even here.  
Like the whispers behind the silence that envelopes my ears.  
I can sense your fear.  
I'm not a serial killer.  
I just don't fit that profile.  
Crazy maybe.  
But so is everyone else in this not so perfect little world.  
Forgive me if I hurl.  
I'm already sick of you and it was but a mere passing.  
It would be better off fasting.  
No I will not take it.  
I'm just not hungry enough to swallow.  
The stomach bubbling.  
A feeling yet wanting.  
It just won't go away.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No One Should Ever Silence You

People are probably are getting tired of it  
Ready to tell me to shut hell up  
But they just don't get it.  
The message must reach  
It must be heard  
Even If sounds quite absurd  
Let my passion fill the pages  
Let it carry out the answers  
To diabolic equations  
Let it be sensation  
To the hearts and mines of those who know of love  
To the hearts and mines of those are down on their luck.  
Your not the only one  
They're a million of us.  
Each screaming.  
Of the harsh reality in which we are living.  
Get angry for we should not be so forgiving  
If this only reaches one person  
Then I have accomplished my mission.  
Know you can speak too.  
No one should ever silence you.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# No Reason Has No Meaning

A value without a comment.

Is a mystery donation.

Who did it come from and why?

Numbers mean little without the proper explanation.

It's an insult to those who take pride in what they do.

Its a lie 1 to 10.

Bouncing the ball.

Where do I begin.

This person has no clue.

A simple achoo, a couple words and done.

But I guess that wouldn't be fun.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Return On Claims(Changed Name)

The battle ground.  
Fighting for what I believe.  
It will never be that simple.  
I won't hide the demons inside.  
There is no free ride.  
I wear no disguise.  
I live in my own prison.  
Can you help me escape.  
Can anyone even relate.  
Give me oxygen, just let me breath.  
I'm a loser, I'm a has been, But it doesn't stop.  
I will never just let the ball drop.  
Not if I can help it.  
If its within my power.  
This is the dying hour.  
The thoughts of god have soured.  
I walk alone in a forsaken paradise.  
And I'm getting older.  
And I'm growing colder, with all I have shouldered.  
I have screwed so much up, and there is just no going back.  
Sorry just doesn't cut it.  
When the fire is already burning.  
Just put it out and walk away that's all I can do.  
I don't expect to ever again here from you.  
Add it to the list of baggage.  
Drop it, forget it, because it's just not worth carrying it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Right

To those who doubt me.

Do not doubt because of misguided light that has been shed but instead realize  
I'm not finished and never will this conquest with words.

With an alphabet soup spinning.

I do not stand, I do not sit, waiting for your approval.

You could applaud, but what is it you are applauding too?

You could sling foul words, but who is it you think you are cursing?

In the end it is I who sits in silence, with the echoing of water facet dripping.

Leaky damn thing some would say but not me.

Yes it needs fixed, but so much needs fixed in this money pit in which I live.

You think someday this will change?

Someday I will grab at life with a silver spoon?

Please forgive me if I laugh at you, you've surely mistaken in your very  
provocative statements.

I can't believe the things you have insinuated.

Got love the power of suggestion, it does leave quite an impression.

But with out an ounce of proof it is nothing more then icing on a very nice cake  
while the cake is home made everything else is so fake.

So you think an ivy league education gives you the power to say how another  
person should or should not feel.

Prejudice by under a assumed name is all the same.

And you have no right.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Sanity

A couple strums of these strings and she is total into me.  
But is it a true attraction?  
My heart is sailing.  
I'm so vulnerable right now.  
I think I'm in love with the doubt.  
Don't mind me if I duck on out.

Scared of my shadows following footsteps.  
Putting into motion these sick concepts.  
With an evil grin I say to everyone I prefer the sin.  
The sex was better.  
No commitment, no dear john letters.

There is no angels for me.  
There is no more whispers that have that sunshiny kind of gleam.  
I have this glass and I'm trying to capture all these lights.  
Can you help me?  
Can anyone help me?

Crawling outside of my head.  
I just need a breath of fresh air.  
The bottom of the bottle reached and all I see is this glare.  
Is that really me?  
Man you look like shit.

Time to kick another bad habit.  
Time for just a little clarity.  
When did NA meetings become group therapy?  
Where the hell am I any ways?  
Who was this guy I was pretending to be?

A splitting of the tree.  
Suddenly there is a new personality.  
One turns, into two and if it goes any further.  
I can say with absolute certainty there is no sanity.  
No not for me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Time

I'm here to tell you tonight. I'm here to tell you what is right is right. A little action, a little satisfaction. No time for overreaction. Just do what you have to do. No time to argue. The simple life exponentially. Multiply, and divide as so many worlds collide. So many people to know. Saying goodbye as you say hello, don't you know. Never attached, as a free spirit should be. Peace and tranquility everyday with me. Sight isn't for how far you can see. It's more of comprehending what's already there. No time to despair about what might be off the distance. No time for the premonitions. Now with the best hopes and wishes. Sometimes if you're not careful you'll miss it. No time to be overwhelmed. No time to be stressed. With each success comes a new mess and a headache go with it. So build that acceptance into the foundation before you ever expect your feet to stay solid to the ground. No time to be overworked. No time to be a jerk. Gotta party with the ups and downs. Cause there's just no time, no time, no time to waste in the rocky life we all embrace.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Trace Left

Oh I got you figured out.  
The blood curdling screams in somebodys head.  
Are they yours or mine.  
Picking the fruits from the devine.  
God like only in ones own mind.  
I can still hear those words atleast I'm trying.  
Like that's somehow better then just not dying.  
A soul burning on the inside.  
Release me from this cage.  
There does come a time and age.  
When good enough is just rough estimate of limits on satisifaction.  
Oh the minipulation of the overly self gratifying.  
You daily routine of masturbation.  
Stroking that little ego.  
Only if it makes you feel better.  
Promises in unwritten letters.  
If you only bothered to read them.  
The you would know.  
Screaming words go, go, just please go.  
On the highest peak, loud as can.  
Denying nothing except being just a simple man.  
Tell me what was your plan in this world of sweet fictious dreams.  
The demon walks, and the demon talks.  
The lips move but I hear nothing.  
The empty silence of a void heart beat.  
You can't bring back what was never really there.  
Catching some very then air.  
Tell me what you think you have.  
Can the posession found be found within the eyes of a voodoo doll.  
Do you wish to call it black magick?  
By the simplicity of force with no free will even close to being involved.  
With some liquid acid watch it burn then dissolve.  
And as the smoke rises please do remember it is leaving with all that was left.  
So please go, go, just please go.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# No Votes For You

A nobody is who we need.  
Not a puppet on some strings.  
A choice vote  
A angry vote  
An absence of vote  
Some choice words  
To those elitist who think its funny.  
Screw your money.  
You do not have my support  
No matter your tactics of resort.  
Splash the t.v. screens with images of nothing but you  
An idol, A hero  
If that was only so  
But We Know! ! !  
This is my slogan.  
Let it take effect in the hearts and minds of the people who brought you to  
power.  
With promises of well wishes.  
That never happened.  
A disabled man with no legs can't even afford his own medicine  
Life sustaining, Life needing  
Screw your health care.  
With words utter under my breath.  
I see your mess.  
It's even worse then the last.  
The undereducated are becoming educated very fast.  
Beautiful internet  
She teaches in ways that you can only hope to destroy  
Cuts in education, what a revelation.  
You words are heard only with stagnation  
You claims of spending to save the economy utter bullshit  
Nothing is made in America anymore.  
So who are we really supporting.  
Keeping a job for the minimum wage slob.  
But what about those thousand of jobs overseas.  
One for you and me.  
What a specialty  
Its the deal of century.  
Well I will not support such a name

That is completely insane

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Nobody Else

Honestly I'm okay, no need to grab for my hand.  
I can get up all on my own.  
Determination.  
Heart obliteration.  
No breaking this shell, this shield.  
I won't allow you too ever hurt me or love me.  
I can't say why for sure.  
I am empty on the inside.  
It is easier to do good for others when there is nothing attached or expected.  
No fear of being rejected.  
No fear of being accepted.  
The perfect tragedy just the way I left it.  
Rolling back the time.  
Shadowing a murder scene.  
How many was it?  
How many did it take to destroy me in one night.  
7 gone,7 friends, all because of a narcissist who believed his own lies and got  
others to do the same.  
I don't care though, I no longer feel pain.  
It's not anybody fault I myself am to blame.  
My life I am responsible for and nobody else.  
Nobody else.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not A Guarantee Of Your Safety

If you assume I am of sound mind.  
I can't guarantee your safety full time.  
Occasionally I do go off the deep end.  
Taking you to places of the sick and depraved.  
Because there is no limitations.  
No locked gates.  
No rubber walls to keep me in.  
No strapped vest to force me to keep my hands to myself.  
I am both the patient and the therapist.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Not A Joint Effort

Now I understand what he was saying.

This is not a joint effort.

And to request such a completion is quite insulting.

I wish all my comments didn't seem like poems.

It confuses people of my intentions.

I still can't believe she asked me to complete a poem for her.

That is most certainly a first.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not A Masterpiece For The Kids

I build my masterpiece  
Retched and rotten  
I sat on the ground for to long  
Now its all wrong  
So out of place  
That I don't even recognize my own face  
Its all a blur  
So I sit and stir  
A merge  
A blend of paints  
Trying to draw the saints  
But I already know they ain't  
Its plain to see  
From what has been giving to me  
Its not perfect  
Its a catastrophe  
Utter destruction  
Poor in taste  
I think I need some mace  
I know how to make a waste of something so fake  
I'd rather draw a picture of a lake  
Pure and clean  
At least it seems  
But who ever really knows  
Only time shows  
What is what  
And who really gives a fruck  
Another donation to some christian organization  
So some vip can have a boy sex slave on a regular basis  
So defacing  
I rather write on the wall  
Graffiti as true art  
It comes straight from the heart  
Kids and their imagination  
Someday they will meet my demon  
And the choices will be very bleak  
No where near as neat  
Its of the here and now  
I sit in awe

Another wow  
I'm dumbfounded by the very limitations  
Of a mind  
Who must grow up  
Only to realize our world its completely gone  
Now go play with that rubber duck in the tub  
Enjoy life while its fun  
Then get ready to run

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not Accountable

Responsibility, is in the wind.  
It has for a long time been.  
The wind bends.  
The mood sways.  
An over extended stay.  
A welcome mat that doesn't tell you no you have to go.  
We must hold someone accountable, and let it be ourself.  
A judgment to better everyone.  
As accusations sit and stir.  
Be careful that pot might just tip over.  
A scolding most undeserving.  
A burn that scars the unconcerned.  
Even of a child I say,  
Even of a child I say,  
The innocence of the day.  
Still they will have pay a penance long due.  
They didn't get to choose, why do you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not Alone

Inspired emotions.  
Tapping into the river of devotion.  
Words to create my ocean.  
My battleship is my heart.  
On the march, on the move.  
Somethings you just can't lose.  
Sometimes it's not something you get choose.  
Letting it loose.  
The disenfranchised over-compensating ego.  
Regret, sorrow, bridges burned, lessons learned.  
An over-reaching empath.  
Building the solution right into pandora box.  
It still whispers set me free.  
But voices become more still, more silent.  
The escape artist, trapping what you can't see.  
That's demon in me.  
Blessed and cursed at the same time.  
Walking through the sands of this rhyme.  
Sight through the third eye of the truly divine.  
Talking through the language of the mimes.  
Reaching into worlds not so grey.  
It's not enough to care, straight up, to the bottom I drop.  
With invisible chains in this flesh prison I rot.  
The agony of the powerless.  
Let me shape this pearl.  
Let it glitter like no other.  
Let it symbolize, what I can never give.  
But that does not mean I can not forgive.  
Memories burn, a picture that continues to churn.  
Slow motion, a step back and repeat.  
Too bad we can not cheat.  
Turning back the clock.  
A rift in my very own existance.  
How many ways can something play out.  
Overcoming all the doubts, the fountain still runs red.  
The scars still hurt, no better, no worse.  
No redo, undo, or reverse.  
The nasty pill we must all swallow.  
Mistakes that make me feel hollow.

Moving on, moving beyond.  
A formidable sky of the black.  
A broken contract, indebted to no one.  
Conquering my soul, screaming give me back control.  
I am once again whole.  
And now I must find the path to share my convictions, my deliberation.  
My mind altering revelation.  
Let me give others my salvation, not another preoccupation.  
Distractions no matter how pretty, can't replace the inner being.  
Perfectly flawed for the anything but perfect cause.  
Honesty in a life where lies get you the prize.  
But I can't wear that disguise.  
I hope this doesn't come as a surprise.  
Because it is not why I'm still alive.  
The courage to go on, always on your own.  
Still wishing you were not alone.  
Still wishing, so desperately wishing you are not alone.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Not Dead, Just Dormant

I'm not dead, just dormant.  
The silence converges.  
As if my head was held within the gallows.  
This man deserves the cruelest torture thus far known.  
But still I sit upon this self invented tin can I claim as my own.  
A home in which I will be grilled.  
Deprived of all the human comforts and necessities.  
Those bread into filth will die upon the same filth.  
An indignity in the clause of fairness.  
The discrimination against equal liberties.  
They are here to defend the peace it is said.  
But defending against what I just don't know.  
No Interruption has occurred in anyone daily life.  
No matter how unorthodox the routine.  
If words can break so many.  
Then it's time to look at the way it was made.  
A failing of architect and design.  
The classes being setup to wage war upon themselves.  
It as I see it and many around me do the same.  
We want to be angry.  
We want to blame.  
We want to fight.  
But the cost of the love ones lost would be too much to bare.  
These are our people I keep hearing.  
Their not the enemy.  
And this is the creation of the evil within.  
The protection from ourselves.  
We apparently don't always know best.  
And this is most certainly true even as the words from my own mouth are  
sometimes hard to digest.  
But to force one into jail to save something that has already failed.  
Indeed it is like riding across the sea in boat which has already been punctured.  
Sir we have to keep it a float.  
Just continue to bail.  
And the water continues to rise one eventually has to face the reality that the  
ship is going to sink.  
As one would say we're just prolonging the inevitable.  
And when the boat does sink, will make a difference whether your on it or not?  
For either way you still have to swim for shore and hope you make it.

Or at least come close to the cast away dream.  
A maybe next time this boat we build will be able to endure even the hardest of  
rocks.  
A lesson can be gained from past mistakes.  
No matter the way of the intention.  
Enslaved by the corruption of the minds.  
Easily swayed for the easily life.  
Take it away and nothing will be quite as nice.  
But that painting can only ever satisfy one.  
Their will never be enough to go completely around.  
Their will be those who will have to suffer for our ignorance.  
It is just a fact of life.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not Enough Words

Go ahead make me an offer.  
Anything has got to be better.  
Writing another worn out letter.  
If only my words were all you wanted them to be.  
Disappearances, and a broken heart.  
Here my alibi for starters.  
Doing my own thing long before you came along.  
And I will be doing it long after your gone.  
This our song.  
Can you still hear it among the faded dreams of tomorrow.  
Oh how I wish I had more control of the currents.  
The driving force of the to be.  
Cheers to another unknown destiny.  
Bloodied hands washed clean.  
My morality has nearly destroyed me.  
Forgiveness was not within me for the longest time.  
Wounds so deep, a scar that would never fully heal.  
But now that's over.  
A confession of a love note left on an empty doorstep.  
Ringing the door bell of long forgotten.  
And you answered as if I never left, as if I was just coming back from times long ago.  
The side show is long over.  
I'm sorry how I missed it.  
Maybe I just couldn't deal with it.  
Emotionally hanging so desperately off ledge.  
Stress straight from chest climbing right up inside my head.  
Digging myself out as if I have just been buried.  
With all that is wrong why does this always feel so right.  
Years apart yet a soul is even still set upon fire.  
The flames are yours.  
Enraging, constantly engaging.  
Torn up inside this most bitter of storms.  
And as the rain and wind hits my face.  
I'm reminded of how long I have walked disgrace.  
The pain endures, you words so hot and heavy.  
Do not think I forgot.  
Of all the secrets I hold, why is the most horrible ones I hold the one of you?  
Of all you been through.

Pain endures, promises to travel the world.  
Oh how the pain endures.  
Even to this day the pain still endures.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Not Faking It

So I'm suppose to feel for you?  
I don't even know what you going through.  
I guess I should be able to read the lines upon your face.  
Behind the tears, is it fear?  
Afraid of what who might do?  
Mind reading expectation and I'm suppose to be elated.  
More like jaded, just say it's to complicated.  
End this rabble, and dribble you waste upon me.  
Seeing clearly there is nothing here, makes you seem all the more desperate.  
A climatic foretelling of the future.  
Carry that torch to someone else, because I don't care to hear it.  
There is more just one deviant who sits by this fire.  
And I neither adore or admire.  
I climb the heights of this spire just to get away and you still give chase.  
Leave me be, as I am, and as you are.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not For A Single Entity

If you can see the unattainable.

Set forth an embark for someone to continue on when you're gone.

Sometimes a single life time is not enough.

So share in our goals and ambitions to really achieve what we desire.

Not for single entity.

But for the entire humanity.

One can not predict the future.

But one can generate it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not For Sale

Being honest and upfront about it.  
Knowing I'm going to piss some people off.  
If I offend you don't read my tea leafs.  
I never said I would be nice.  
Even if the price was right.  
I will never fall in that line.  
Following the status quo.  
Nope, not going happen.  
This dog won't roll over.  
I got an itch to scratch.  
And I won't be ashamed.  
Not doing this for fame.  
Not doing this so you know my name.  
I could care less for a stranger's respect.  
Followers rejected.  
Turning my back on an audience.  
Not the first, not the last.  
Casting a long dark shadow.  
Playing a game of catch me if you can.  
Your saying maybe this time.  
As if you weren't listening to a single word I just said.  
Publicly preaching, and the finger rises up.  
Do you get it, you can take your offer and shove it.  
I will not censor my freedom expression, I don't promote I hate.  
So go ahead take your best shot.  
I will still be here long after you get bored and are gone.  
A passion can never be turned into a fashion.  
It just doesn't work that way.  
Little influence, little sway.  
Jumping jacks.  
Just how many are left.  
As many I want.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Not Going With You

I will not take part in the guilt trip.  
My feet are steady as are my eyes.  
Playing with the heart, testing it limits I surmise.  
But the test has already failed.  
For no sorrow or even pity do I feel.  
Draw your rainbow that leads to a pot of gold.  
But know I'm not going with you.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Not Impossible

was told impossible. I was told impassible. But I don't plan on stopping. Can't doesn't exist in my vocabulary. Deny me if you want. But I'm heading in the same direction. My goals are the same. They haven't waned or changed. Another heartbreaking letter. Sorry we just cant accept ya. So be it. I'll still achieve it. Ill rewrite the way things are done from the inside out. Success isn't measured in monetary gain. But how much you change things for the better or worse. Its fame of a unknown name. Cant complain, for I do what I love, so lets thank the gods above. Many and the mighty will fall before my feet. Not for a greetings. But to silence me. Stop me from breaking the system in two. Leaving a note that says screw you in pretty quotes. Yeah I'm that kind of bloke and my determination has re awoke. I am the sleeping giant, gallant and honest. I'm sorry you see me as a pawn to be used as a tool with fates so cruel. I will overcome for I'm not dumb. I read most like a book. Yeah I know that look. I'm down but not out. I was there just a couple weeks ago. Still I get told no. But its not impossible not unpassable. For the sun eventually breaks through the darkest clouds. So walk proud, even if feel lost, for you'll be found and be rebound packaged so sweet. That some will say neat. An awe is all you need to get moving once more. It opens all kinds doors, and with that lets explore what they're for.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not Just Another Ordinary Pawn

Paradise, just a dream.  
Just another ticket you wish to redeem.  
If it was only that easy.  
Even with the best intentions I'd rather not mention.  
There is no guaranteed ascension.  
Rising up in this life or the next.  
Facing a war in a bad pretext, in an unclear context.  
Reasons changing with the season.  
Is it ever too late to say...?  
Pride in utmost decay.  
A shelf life of how many days?  
Counting backwards, meditation among a severe thunderstorm.  
Flying that kite attached to a key testing the electricity in your mind.  
Lighting up your life.  
Just a single wish to feel something.  
Because anything is better than nothing.  
Give me pain, call me clinically insane.  
No matter names nothing quite explains.  
The anger that can't be contained.  
Losing all self control.  
Hating society as a whole.  
So desperate to be part of it.  
But never being accepted or acknowledged.  
So easily replaced, the words you don't matter repeated over and over.  
Another dollar, another day.  
We'll make our fortunes on the backs drug induced slaves.  
Forgive me but I just can't stay.  
Not sure I ever could.  
Sober in a catonic state.  
So abruptly screaming just turn the page.  
Get on with it.  
So deceptive, you can't kill the headless snake.  
No time to debate.  
You are already too late.  
The ghost is already gone, faded out with the rise of presumptuous streaking of  
another dawn.  
So go ahead assume what you want.  
The final taunt.  
Haha, bellows through the clear blue skies like the very last punch in gut.

Sometimes it's too much to have watch and do nothing.  
The power of the powerless is too withstand the beating and still move on.  
On a chess board the pawns march to the beat of populations drums.  
They tell them if it's time to stay or run.  
But not this one, no not this one.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not My Fictional Crown

Riding on the curtails of others.  
I will never eat crumbs, unless they are ones I rightfully earned.  
You can not change the honest.  
No matter with what words you are taking.  
Protected by an invisible armor.  
One even you can not see.  
A reflective wave.  
How close do you want to take the shave.  
The risk is all yours.  
No force, no gun to bend you against your will.  
Go ahead run right back to the city gates.  
No chains or ropes to tie your down to some fictional crown.  
But know that abandonment is what created me in the first place.  
It is what has made me strong.  
In my hour of need will you be the one?  
To help, to go out of you way? No?  
Why is it I trust you more then you trust me?  
Can you not see the irony?  
So go grab for your chance.  
I will still be here working hard when it is gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Not No More

You say go ahead walk out the door. I do that so what are you mad at. What didn't you think i could do it alone, or on my own. Well guess i proved you wrong. This is where my heart belonged. So you can only imagine the pain. You could of told me to stay, and it would of been okay. Twisting everything i say. And still i miss you in a weird kind of way. I still love you to till this day. But that doesn't help any more. No, no, not no more. No not no more. Getting drunk, getting stoned, washing it all away, in blue Cleveland shot glass, and a bowl so tiny. for personal use only. having a good time losing my mind. Its not fine. Just stay away. I'm time bomb i could explode at any moment. Counting down the days. The sun slowly fades. The coldness starts to burn my skin. But i still feel nothing. Hated, by my own obligations. Another bad invitation. Spin the constellation. Remap everything. False claims, bullsh\*t games. You cant hurt me no, no, not no more, no not no more.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not Ready To Let Go

Killer roads.  
A cross staked among broken glass.  
A reminder of the past with a crumpled up photograph.  
Are you faking it.  
A wolf yet to be heard.  
Calamity of the absurd.  
Just do it, and the mind goes right.  
A snap judgement, an unequivocal sentiment.  
Truly you won't.  
Oh please do.  
Go ahead come unglued.  
Take some pills, heres the knife.  
Such a wasted life.  
Everything has a price.  
No matter the cost I want it.  
Here, now, later, swimming with the alligators.  
Oh what sharp teeth you have.  
A bite so trite.  
Petty, ridding a blue jetty.  
Speed is thrill.  
Ice cold water to chill.  
Making another deal.  
Trying to not feel.  
Another empty bottle.  
Another object to swallow.  
Sober enough to know you don't want to be.  
Acid eating at skin.  
So vulnerable, so defenseless.  
If you believe that let me steer.  
Let me create the fear.  
Driving into an oncoming deer.  
Cutting of your ear.  
Stop me when I'm getting close.  
Putting up the post.  
A knoose that won't let go.  
Gathering family and friends for the horror show.  
Still not ready to let go.  
Well so am I just so you know.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not So Serious

I say why are you always so serious?  
Can not one sometimes have little fun.  
Let their be a creation directly from the imagination.  
Happiness is all we seek in a world so grey.  
I can not let it dull any of my sensations.  
So I grab a pen and I'm writing again.  
So I grab a book and I'm reading again.  
So I grab a controller and I'm playing a game again.  
So I grab some headphones and I'm jamming again.  
Anything and everything.  
Please just let me have my many escapes.  
Even if it is a prelude to many mistakes.  
It still is my life that I will live my way no matter the day.  
Rain or shine.  
Work one can not do all the time.  
Or it become a monotonous task that eventually drives one insane.  
Take a day off.  
Honestly you can afford it.  
Even you are barely making it.  
Even if you are robbing Peter to pay Paul.  
In one day it won't change.  
Their is time when you should play.  
Trust me it will be okay.  
It might even help.  
Who really knows?

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Not The First Demon

Mighty mantra of the panther.  
Turning the incandescent light into a dimming darkness.  
Sounds of verbose, how can I even try to compare.  
A continuous idle stare.  
A living casper.  
An unfinished caper.  
Diluted and polluted.  
Poisoned by too much.  
Driven by confusion.  
The writings of an illusion.  
Overstated and underestimated.  
I digress this is not progress.  
A run backwards, how much is distant.  
Poised in a noble stance.  
Trying to make it look eloquent.  
But it really no longer holds the beauty it once did.  
Fogged glasses over the shadow of on looking eyes.  
The words have been compromised.  
A conflicted meaning, seemingly seeming.  
The transformation of demons.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not The Only One

'You better start talking...'

What do you mean you better?

'I mean I know there is something wrong.'

'Your love is more distant.'

'Did you meet someone else? '

Well no but I don't see this going anywhere either.

'Why do you always say things like that and expect others to know what you mean? '

I thought I was pretty suggestive.

We don't have sex, fun or even talk anymore.

It's like the woman I married has died.

I wish that woman was still alive.

'God damn you, I'm right here.'

'But you won't even look at me.'

'It's like your a ghost, your bodies here but your minds not.'

I'm going out.

'That right leave when I start saying things you don't want to hear.'

'Don't be surprised if I'm not here when you get back.'

'I won't have you continuing to blame me for his death.'

'I couldn't have save him, even though I wish I did save him, or it was me in his place.'

'Yeah those things do run across my mind.'

'Don't think for an instant your the only one.'

Well it sure feels like it, you don't even talk about it.

You do everything you can do to avoid the subject.

You know your not the only one who loved him.

He was my child to.

This is just as hard for me.

I can barely stand going into his room.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not Wearing The Same Clothes

A desperate plea  
Approval from a sympathetic ghoul.  
A kiss of life.  
A kiss of death.  
What makes me your hero?  
What makes me your angel?  
What makes me your savior?  
Don't you know, haven't you heard.  
The blood on my hands is permanent.  
It won't wash off.  
It won't come clean.  
And you want more of this from me.  
A right to refuse.  
A right to choose.  
Not that it seems to matter.  
Tell me who is the benefactor.  
I won't make you famous.  
Most barely even know my name.  
And the ones who do hate me so.  
Feeding the monsters ego.  
Dinner for two.  
Light the candles.  
Drink the wine.  
Eat the food.  
This the last night I shall dine.  
For a very long time.  
Again I must vanish.  
Not even a reflection may be portrayed.  
Escaping bad intentions.  
Escaping an attempt at a reinvention.  
It won't happen.  
I'm just so sorry.  
But you have been mistaken me for somebody..  
Somebody else.  
Not the man to bet against the devils hand.  
No master plan.  
Just trying live my life the best I can.  
Keep the fame, keep the fortune.  
Let me hold the cup of beggar even if it is only a disguise.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Not Worth The Wait

Stuck in boxing ring.  
My opponent is me.  
How do I win?  
How do I avoid the bloody lip.  
And broken nose.  
A bruised ego.  
A decaying shadow.  
A present wrapped up in a poisonous rainbow.  
Looks beautiful but so deadly.  
The cancer of time.  
Whittling on away.  
In this state.  
It might be time to give myself a break.  
Ring the bell.  
Run like hell.  
Prayers do tell.  
And the ones I holds dearest to my heart.  
Go unanswered.  
Another dollar to the topless dancer.  
At least it an honest wage.  
Lock me in a cage.  
Scream, hoot, holler.  
Wearing a spiked dog collar.  
Anything feel different.  
Anything to avoid the pain.  
Crossing the desert in a single engine plane.  
Only to go down in flames.  
Crash, bang, boom.  
This time your gonna lose.  
Yes you.  
It just can't be true.  
Turning blue.  
A look-a-like dreams running amok.  
Get the forklift we gonna to need another pick up.  
Locked and loaded.  
Duck and slide under that truck.  
Playing hiding go seek for keeps.  
But only it gives life a little more meaning.  
Because I can't wait with this train already leaving.

Some goals aren't worth the wait it in achieving.'  
Sorting out the old demons.  
This one belongs, this one doesn't fit.  
And this one isn't finished.  
Isn't finished.  
Never will be finished.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Nothing Else Better

So scared, so unsure.  
So reserved, so undeserved.  
Pinch me, telling me I'm not dreaming?  
Tell me I'm not this little child with great plans of most fortunate future.  
A great big house, children, and a woman I extremely love.  
Gifts raining down from above.  
With an innocent push, then a not so innocent shove.  
They say love is blind, what if I told you it's worth it.  
Give me the cane.  
I'll shut my eyes and find my way.  
Out of the darkness, into to light.  
I feel so whole, It feels so right.  
The void has been destroyed.  
My god dear boy, get a hold of yourself.  
Your emotions should be kept high on the shelf.  
Stop dancing like a greedy happy little elf.  
It's not christmas.  
I still say you'll find nothing else better.  
No matter the weather.  
Feeling light as a feather.  
Into clouds, revealing what is behind this shroud.  
Tell me can you say it out loud too.  
A I love you watch as the lips move.  
The signals couldn't be any clearer  
Following your heart, that where it always starts.  
Never worry about how it could come all apart.  
Just enjoy it as it is.  
Fight for it if you must.  
But never break her trust.  
Because then it get real tough.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Now Just Remember Your Own Words 'Just A Friend'

The number of times I have told you  
The amount of times I've asked you  
The existence of a preexisting condition.  
Like a mental case  
Just a friend  
Nothing more to show  
The tease of the week  
but just a friend  
Always and forever just a friend  
But where did you go  
If that was so  
Walk away only to come back tomorrow  
In tears of sorrow  
Hate your mom cause she tries to help  
Standing on your own  
And all alone  
Just pick up the phone  
But you won't  
Got to entertain tonight  
Got move on with show  
And then you their yet again  
Just a friend  
Then why do you want to dance  
I know you  
I know where you want it  
I know the way you want it  
Just a friend  
Back off man  
A kick to the nuts  
Dropping to your knees with a what the (You Fill In The Blanks)  
Just a friend  
A dangerous game is being played  
With every word you say  
Big brother I've been and never will be  
Not to you  
You just don't get it  
Just a friend  
But just a piece of (You Fill In The Blanks) to those  
Taking off all your cloths



Acting like hoe  
Screwing everyone I know  
Just a friend  
Then expect me to defend  
Your name  
Your honor  
Your dignity  
Your kid  
Just a friend  
What do you just not get  
This is a very bad trip  
With every slip  
I'm getting so distant  
So very awkward  
The scene of this crime has ended  
It ended with those words 'Just A Friend'  
I'm sorry girl but now you have just mistaken.  
I'm sorry girl but now it is I'm in love with your friend.  
I can't even ever go down that road ever again.  
Now Just Remember Your Own Words 'Just A Friend'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Nurturing Hero

Tell me the courage you would have when your child is endanger.  
What lengths would you go to save her.  
The animal is rabid run, run, run.  
Get the gun, before the dog gets to it.  
Your taking to long just hand me that shovel I'll beat the damn thing as it is  
foaming at the mouth.  
You tell me not to get to close.  
That is an impossibility with this instrument of destruction.  
Just don't distract me, when the adrenaline is running.  
The blood is pumping.  
I hit it over and over again, but only out of mercy.  
The quicker it dies the better.  
Please just stop convulsing.  
Let their be an end to this poor creature suffering.  
Don't let her watch what is wrong with you?  
I wouldn't want to give her nightmares of horrible images of blood and brains  
splattering across the grass.  
I had to it couldn't be helped.  
Somebody needed to do something fast.  
I am a nurturing hero.  
Protect others before yourself.  
Don't hold nothing back when it comes those you love.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Obesity

The over abundance of non healthy food used to cheaply fatten a society up.  
But for what?

Obesity at the cost of millions and billions of dollars.

An annoying pun hey hamburgers can be fun.

Should we really take so much pleasure out of what we eat.

When such a disease is running rampant.

The body should be treated as temple.

Everything in moderation.

This should be a caption put on all food labels.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Oblivious To Me

In a league all your own.  
Standing on the highest peak.  
Seeing someone who is barely hanging on.  
Will you to give them a hand even if it tares you down.  
To proud, to accomplished.  
But the trophies do not speak.  
But the awards do not speak.

I am searching.  
I am seeking.  
I am still breathing.  
But still the blind man won't see me.  
How do I reach him when he is just so far gone.  
And if he does he will mow me down like his lawn.

I am a hated enemy.  
I stand for everything he doesn't.  
I love even when kicked like I am a dog.  
I care even when one spits upon my face.  
I help even its not wanted but so desperately needed.

I can see her cut open and bleeding.  
And I will save her if you won't.  
The cost for me will be great.  
Yet I will not even hesitate.  
Sacrifice are but to be made.  
The rain is pouring down upon my parade.  
But all I can ever see is the sun shining.  
My mind, body, heart, soul seeking meditation.  
And it brings me this feeling of happiness and joy.  
When she wakes up she will be smiling.  
Happy to still be among the living.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Of The Lost

Have you ever had that eureka moment.  
Where something has been found.  
Insufficient in importance.  
But it still brings a smile on your face.  
You're about ready to pat yourself on your back.  
But then you realize you lost something else.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Off My Feet

Getting off my feet. Dancing to a damn good beat. Here I am again. This time no one but me will win. An it feel sweet. No more preaching cause I'm better then you in every way and thing you do. Arrogance isn't so wrong if it's true. Getting off of my feet. No more being so poor every day of the week. A existence so bleak. Not happening. A higher education. A empowering revelation. Feeling god looking over your shoulder and knowing you he's smiling. Happiness is a disease i have and must share. Dilute the indifference and make it eventually disappear. Getting off my feet. I found a place I belong and its so neat. I beat back all defeat. All the fear is gone. The number one enemies are on the run. Its a full blown retreat. Leaving a cataclysmic trail of deciet. Getting off my feet. Quite a feat. Obstacles every way i turn. Still its was something I had to earn. Working hard for nothing. Is like living in the forever kind of abyss. Its certainly something I won't miss. With a goodbye this subject shall die.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Off To The Next

With peace some find clarity  
Others once found they never want to go back  
Till the very end of their longevity  
Me personally I desire it in small doses  
Here's, your medicine please take it  
And with solicitation so widely spread and commonly accepted  
Soon or later someone is bound to reject it  
Do they solicitors obsess on the failure in a gain?  
Do they try to destroy and maim?  
Or do they ignore it and move on?  
A sucker easily met eh and it is off to the next

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Old Loves Interference

I will explain, I will explain, just remember its never to late.  
At a moment notice if you called.  
I'd come running.  
But it just ain't happened and who knows probably never will.  
So with the communication dead in the water.  
I disappear.  
Its just not the right atmosphere.  
Please don't hate me cause I'm no longer thier.  
I guess I cant be your crutch no more.  
Lean on me only if you really need me just doesn't do it anymore.  
their isn't a day that doesn't go by where you don't cross my mind.  
But that where it goes straight to my head.  
How far would you really have had carry that torch.  
How many relationships has that already destroyed.  
Guidance is not the same as emotional interference.  
I must have a full heart not one that's be constantly torn apart.  
Absolution is my conclusion.  
Sometimes one must fall hard to stand tall.  
Thank you for everything.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# On The Ceiling In An Upside Down Picture Of Our Room

Maybe its not innocent, but naive.

And the door bell rings.

It is his replacement.

Boy they do they come and go awful fast..

But none seem to last.

Is that your fault?

Probably not.

But sometimes you go make the best of it.

Sucking on the ever lasting sweet and sour gum drop.

With the right words to devour.

Inner desires surge.

Thinking god damn I just want to eat you up from the inside.

A table set for two, what ever could wrong.

Putting the perfect music on.

I know what you're thinking just another cheesy romantic.

With room full of so many antics, who knows maybe your right.

But we will only know with the dimming of the lights.

The right mood to pick and choose.

Just the way we like it.

No promises upon this disaster.

No commitments the day after.

Let love be so simple.

Never so complicated.

Oh baby you got me howling under the full moon.

The perverted things I wanted do to you.

Chasing, waiting.

In these games of foreplay is there not anything you would do to make it just a little more exciting of a moment.

So sporadic, please make up your mind.

Sleeping with somebody in my arms.

Finally, how long has been.

Looking into closed eyes.

Summers sleep, inviting winters deep.

To keep warm, memories explode upon this golden sun.

Breaking through my defenses.

Leaving breathless and only wanting more.

I can still hear those little voices.

Just not as loud or angry.  
Pleasantly quite under the moans beneath these pink flowered sheets.  
The happiest I have felt in long time.  
And I thank you for all of it.  
All of it.  
Making me yours, even if it is for only a short time.  
It brings so much back.  
The promises and the packs.  
A love that has been so hijacked.  
And now I have it back.  
Even if it only temporarily.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Once The Sun Has Been Stolen

I do not know what even the purpose of dining room or table is for anymore.  
Family is about togetherness, yet we all must have our course of independence.  
But what if we over indulge in these meals, gluttony can be a lonely existence  
when your all alone.

A wish to be on your own.

But do you understand what that even means?

Hopefully help isn't far when called.

But what if it is?

What if all communication dies?

Could you still survive?

Or have you been living a complete lie?

With every luxury we take for grant their someone out their who has not this  
accommodation.

Feels kinda cozy like a crutch you could forever lean upon.

But in one swell swoop it could be ripped right from underneath you.

Poof and its gone.

~The sun can only be stolen once.

And then we will be forever in darkness.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# One And Only Shot

My thoughts are imposing.  
Try to prove myself without the proper training.  
I can do this  
Even with so many frustrations looming.  
I will never give up.  
I feel like David trying to knock down the giant.  
A frugal cause is not one that can't be accomplished.  
But one that is started and never finished.  
I do not forfeit.  
This means too much me.  
I put too much work into it to now be looking back.  
Facing a stampede how do I not retreat?  
Do I create my own.  
Let come toe to toe with you.  
Will do our battle with swords clambering.  
Sparks flying.  
Only one will win this time.  
A lion shall eat the lamb tonight.  
Let my roar be heard.  
Further than the travels of any bird.  
You see me as illegitimate threat.  
That is something you will regret.  
Steadfast on this course we will collide.  
And only one of us will survive.  
The carnage won't be left in the physical realm.  
But instead it will be of mental trauma.  
A thick skull can be still cracked with a single tiny pebble.  
X marks the spot and I will take my one and only shot.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# One Day I'M Going Marry You Woman

Oh my god, lovers calls.  
Such a beauty walks through the water fall.  
It is hard to turn away ones eyes.  
But we got more important things to talk about.  
Distraction, are just that.  
No more, no more less.  
Temptations of an illusion.  
Seductions trying to drive us haywire.  
That is just the way of lust.  
Be careful if you pay it to much attention it will bite with venom.  
Lets find love.  
Searching the mountains above.  
Inhaling the secret places in the sky.  
A floating castle.  
Riding magnetic earth.  
Here is my queen.  
Hiding among the all the other things unseen.  
What makes her different?  
Well she doesn't provoke, but engages.  
She listens, and evaluates.  
She doesn't spit out few words, when you spit out a ton.  
She doesn't try to get you do anything.  
She accepts you as you.  
Nothing more, nothing less.  
She doesn't demand you confess.  
She tries to advise, but accepts what ever you do regardless.  
She really cares about you, even when you say nasty things.  
She doesn't try to force you her way.  
She can accept love rejection, without going ballistic.  
She doesn't assume everything is about her.  
That is love in all her pretty colors.  
One day I'm going marry you woman.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# One Is Just One

One is just one  
Just a number in an unwanted march  
I carry my torch  
With hollow eyes  
As the fall of another sunrise  
Ripe are the reasons  
Be my catalyst of the seasons  
A bread winner I'm not  
Academically under achiever  
Honestly  
Truthfully  
Words so as a skew  
I guess I really don't have a clue what I'm really doing  
But still I write  
Today and tomorrow night  
I have no crystal ball  
I know not where it leads  
But I'm most certainly not of the feint of heart  
So again I start and stop  
Rewinding the clock  
A tic goes then a toc  
And just then it beats again  
I'm alive  
And I will not just let this die

Ace Of Black Hearts

# One Knock Two Knocks

One knock, Two knocks  
Who's at the door?  
Come out once more

One knock, Two knocks  
Who's at the door?  
Come out and see for sure

A world melts, as one develops  
A world ends, as one begins

One Knock, Two knock  
Who's at the door?  
Open it once more

One Knock, Two knock  
Who's at the door?  
Come closer and it just might poor

Devastation has come to me.  
I hear it like the knocking  
The ground is rocking  
Given the eyes of a blind man I once again can see  
With wings I rise and soar.  
Thoughts with clarity I explore  
Got to get a better view, maybe from an enormous mountain up so high  
Focus on the crystal ball, reading a fortune from the sky  
Oh such, such pretty pretty ball  
Just let it fall, down to a place full depravity, and derogation  
With one Revelation after another they come  
knocking knocking on my door  
Will I answer, oh will I answer  
Only if I must  
And its forever open with one fell gust

Ace Of Black Hearts

# One Last Goodbye

I can't fake it, I never could, I never tried.  
All my words applied and amplified.  
There meaning just a matter of perspective.  
Conflicted between choices that must made in a matter of hours.  
Sacrifice, or freedom.  
Enslaved by my visions in the sky.  
And when this dust finally settles.  
There it will be, the future laid to rest.  
The turning point of the imagination.  
Venturing forth past that which is of a known creation.  
Fear grabs the heart screams don't you dare, you can't, you mustn't.  
But in this moment it must be looked upon with utter awe.  
For it not a riddle to be solved.  
If the decision has already made.  
Ripping off the wings of a butterfly.  
Can you predict its immediate outcome?  
I think not.  
Nothing so permanent or certain.  
The ever evolving set events and circumstances.  
From one to the next.  
A ghost by breakfast.  
Hollow be thy name only where the spirits have been forsaken.  
I remember, I do not forget so easily.  
The devil is always in the details.  
And they dance tonight as they have never before.  
And the ink is already starting to dry.  
This is the night to say goodbye, farewell to the good fight.  
For when you have lost your place there is no going back.  
Not even if you are given a second chance.  
I'm feel the distance ever so much more.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# One Last Time I Love You Always And Forever Yours

I put myself right back into the thick of things  
With a message I pushed send  
Dear you know  
This a day we'll begin anew  
Fix what has been so broken  
So distant we have been  
Can I say I love you?  
With falling on knees  
Covering my face  
So ashamed of what I've done  
I pushed the away the one I loved.  
To protect you from those who hurt me so much.  
I but now I bare my soul  
I tell you exactly how feel  
Every waking moment even still your on my mind  
Is it too late?  
To make things right.  
If only I had only wish right now it would to be with you  
I beat myself up all the time  
With words that forever rhyme  
No I will never just let go  
Listen to me, Listen to my heart.  
Can you tell it no?  
Will you go only to leave me alone?  
Know no matter what the answer is  
I will always love you more then life itself  
More then I write  
More then anything and everything this world  
I have been so destroyed  
Light my fire  
Give me my desire  
Let the passion burn as one  
Do you believe in second chances?  
Well I do, even after everything I've been through  
With this let me tell you one last time I love you always and forever yours

Ace Of Black Hearts

# One More

I got one more  
Before I walk out this door  
With wings ready to soar  
Thoughts ever crossing the mind  
As the sand shifts so does the time  
Its a ready set go  
Always in a rush  
Just slow down and take it all in  
Your surrounding so breath taking  
Your needs to be more kind  
A refined taste  
With only whispers of haste  
Stale is this race  
It is but an empty space for the mind  
A blankness with a god awful stare  
Are we ever prepared  
For what hangs in the air  
Welcome to limbo  
Please enjoy your stay

Ace Of Black Hearts

# One Night Is Just Not Enough For Me(Revised In Line Form)

I'm just so scared today.  
Taken in the moment.  
Living a let down is so hard.  
Give me another drink, on the rocks please.  
Can you just talk to me.  
Can you do it just do gently.  
My wings have just been ripped right off of me.  
And all that's left is a scar that reminds me.  
I have been forever marked.  
Sinner or saint it don't matter to me.  
We all end up the same place anyways.  
Love or hate doesn't matter to me.  
It all means the same.  
Feelings so strong just can't be wrong.  
This is where I belong.  
A sense of self satisfaction.  
Again I'm overacting to something so small.  
It means nothing.  
Time to realize.  
Signs are all in the mined.  
Just justify it.  
Make it right.  
Turn off the lights and have a good time.  
Under the candle light.

One night is just not enough for me.  
I'm not stand in.  
This can't be temporary.  
Tomorrow please don't be gone.  
Becoming one of the broken.  
Just because you have been used doesn't mean you still can't be good. Their is  
always a place, a name, a face, forever forgotten in time.  
But still I can't get you off of my mind.  
Please don't say it's the last time, the last time.  
Like a stray dog I lick my wounds, and walk away.  
Sorry but it just can't be.  
This way.

Its not okay.  
Good, but not good enough.  
Sometimes it's rough.  
So you need to be tough.  
A heart of stone to remind you that you are never truly alone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# One Of A Kind Subpoena

'How the hell did you find me on facebook? '

'We have 0 mutual friends.'

Well...

I talked to a mutual sex partner.

See they should include that on all accounts too.

Boy, was she pissed when that condom broke don't you know...

She told me I should find you and kick your ass for getting her pregnant.

And I told her just file for child support it would be a lot worse then any beating I could give you.

So she gave me a letter to give you.

You have just been served.

The Common Wealth Of Somewhere...

First Name: Last Name: Middle: Sex: SS#:

You are hereby commanded in the name of the Commonwealth of somewhere, to appear before the Probate and Family Court at doesn't even really matter in the County of some place you'll never make it to, on your birthday in the year in which you were born at a time when you shouldn't have from that which you will continue on for the rest of your short and miserable life in front all of the people who hate you and you will be heard and testify to incriminate yourself in the actions of buying a faulty wrapper by being to cheap.

Victim: Someone who wanted a child with benefits, and would do anything to get it. Included poking a rubber with a needle multiple times.

Defendant: The idiot who payed what he thought was a just a ordinary prostitute, for a good time. And now he is surely going to regret it.

Docket number first of this kind and you are further required to bring with you all your possessions and forfeit them before you enter the building. Because you already lost and this all is really for show. Failure to not show at the appropriate date and time, will lead to your imprisonment for all eternity. We will hunt for you. We will torture you. There is no escaping it. So don't even try.

P.S. The only way to get out of it is either to kill her or yourself. Oh and here is where to get a very awesome knife 'eallyshortdomain'

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# One Of The Disgraced I'M A American

Debt we love it  
As the world bankers we have become part it  
Borrowed money just disappears into thin air  
Don't worry will just print out more  
No matter the effect it has on us  
We are human beings too.  
You as the leaders of society have fell through  
Like a broken promise  
We have been lied too  
And now were told to keeping smiling  
All the while resources are running out  
And the rich are ducking out  
Why all the doubt  
Why are you suddenly losing faith  
Do you know something we don't  
Then do tell why don't you  
Instead of acting so confused  
At least we have excuse  
Back door deals  
Monopolies to big to fail  
An I exhale are you for real.  
A 14 trillion dollar debt and that's changing thing's  
Different faces playing the same game  
How can we screw the American slaves today  
How much do you really think it will take  
Even if you remove it from the spot light  
We still all know it's their and it's only getting worse  
Here let me speak to whom does the budget for you  
 $2 + 2 = 4$  and not no more  
What the hell is wrong with you  
You don't have clue  
Everyone is angry at us  
And it because of you, and the things you do  
Well the jokes on you cause we will no longer defend a name so full of shame  
I use to be of the proud and the brave  
Now I just feel used  
One Of The Disgraced I'm A American

## Ace Of Black Hearts



# One, Two, No Free Ride.

One, two, their no such thing as free ride. So im just going with the tide. Just so i can swim back again. So many victims of circumstance and happenstance. Excuse me I'm just looking to get by. Women come and go. Nothing ever sticks. Guilt is just a heavy bag of bricks. I throw them to ground and keep moving on. One, two, their no such thing as a free ride. So I'm just going with the tide. Just so i can swim back again. Where is the need for forgiveness if we just live and let live. Every day I cross that bridge. One by one the planks go missing. And the only way back is gone. No time to regret or fret. Just build another. Its a system. you can work with or against it. But who even cares. One, two, their no such thing as free ride. So I'm just going with the tide. Just so i can swim back again. Money burns like you smoking them as cigarettes. The house you live in will be pillage and plundered in the event of your death. Makes you wonder. What is it all for. Well of course its because life is so very precious.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# One, Two, Three, And Be Gone

The fuse is lit.  
Look theres another flying brick.  
Get down, and get ready for this storm.  
This is my castle, this is the place I call home.  
Disorganized, and disformed.  
The walls just melt away.  
Sky to mother earth, a sight no more grand or diverse.  
I still feel so mift.  
Where is this?  
Please doctor is it a head injury?  
Oh, now is it mental or phisyical?  
The magical, 'lyrical, hysterical, cynical, way inwhich the mind works.  
Just blurts out somemore words.  
Didn't you see that sign that says 'do not disturb'  
What do you mean it's not there?  
Oh god damn't I know I just put it, and their goes off the oddest looking stares.  
Oh do on come in, just watch for the rabbid cat he bites.  
Thoughts that just don't come out right.  
One photograph says it all.  
A trip down phantom halls.  
Curtains that move all by themselves.  
Shady little elves.  
I know it was you, I know the truth.  
I know truth, forever and always in the back of my mind.  
Already forgotten, a good time till the heart breaks.  
Oh and the wounds we do take.  
Misery.  
It's not yours, it's just another number of mistakes.  
Nailed on the cross, open flesh and a dash of salt.  
Keeping my eyes closed.  
A sloppy dreamy drift.  
The muscles are kind of stiff, and they don't want to move an inch.  
But I feel the change.  
It's something deffinitely different.  
Motivation, inclination, aggravation.  
A single miscalculation, the all apparent deviation.  
This time there will be no hesitation.  
The writer of this song.  
Be gone.

Oh just be gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Only Trying To Help

How do I put a name to it?  
I'm speaking of something I love as much as life itself.  
A passion, a desire, a heart set on fire.  
It makes me so happy, yet it is work and tiny bit of profit could be made.  
Not for those who can richly afford.  
But those way below this par.  
Something so small time.  
But something that effects so many lives.  
An inner existence in times past.  
No rush upon that which is not meant to be done fast.  
A mastering of a craft.  
Working backwards back to square one.  
To where it first started.  
Pour the gasoline and watch as it becomes ignited.  
Every time I think of this it gets me excited.  
I'm always tinkering and experimenting.  
I just want to understand it in the way a little child does.  
Yet I could never truly claim it as my own, but instead as a gift to share.  
As I have done many times before.  
But this time I want to be bigger.  
I want it to be with the whole world.  
Here's a little piece of me for everybody.  
Trying deliver the goods beyond my expectations.  
Nobody can be a tougher critic then yourself.  
I'm only trying to help.  
Let these last words sit upon your mind.  
For within them can I only be truly be defined.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Open The Flood Gates

When water floods your own gates, what do you do?

We are no better, and even less prepared.

Caught in our own snare.

Yet we try to help.

Like we really know what were talking about.

An arrogant master of disasters

Ha ha, don't make me laugh.

We are mere pawns in the mountains of things we don't have the know how for.

A second nuclear disaster, is like opening Pandora's door.

You are all free

Demons reek havoc on this foolish society.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Opinions

My opinions are not made to gather fame.  
My opinions are not made to impress.  
For I know I'm not a success or prodigy child  
Not by a long mile.  
Not much style.  
It's not worth it, hasn't been for a long while.  
I keep planting my beds of roses hoping one of them will grow.  
Inspire and show.  
Shine and glow.  
But again I hear the woe is me.  
What a rotten apple tree  
A fall far to be free.  
An with it a celebration of my passion  
I'm not dashing  
In fact most consider me far from attractive.  
Keywords being most.  
And with I must toast.  
Of knowing love, and what a gift it comes from above.  
A happening of chemical interactions.  
Romance as I dream it.  
I have achieved multiple times before.  
Just as the pain with images and names.  
I sit high on this plateau  
Waiting for my something  
Looking for my something  
Not by the words I write  
But by the work I do every day and night.  
I get up every morning thinking to myself  
What can be accomplished.  
Others hate me for it so be it.  
I will not attack their creditability  
For who knows they might be right.  
But that's for me decide.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Our Connection

I walks upon the shadow.  
It walks upon the light.  
Thus we are one.  
Colors joined forthright.

Phantoms are my whispers.  
They are mine to fight.  
Thus we are one.  
Colors joined forthright.

Ghoulish are my looks.  
Indeed they invite fright.  
Thus we are one.  
Colors joined forthright.

Angels are my prayers.  
With given wings they are a sight.  
Thus we are one.  
Colors joined forthright.

Attachments at the hip.  
To everything.  
Reason is a simplistic cause and effect.  
What might happen?  
How are we all connected?  
A complex circuit with so many switches.  
Which does what?  
How can we really know without a good show?  
The shuffle.  
Rearranging who's getting what waffle.  
Or maybe it's pancakes this time.  
Just another little snow flake.  
Intricate weaving with water.  
So unique their can't be another exactly the same.  
But still based on the same properties.  
Methodologies.  
Principle do you have it?  
Ground work.  
The foundation to follow.

Defining morality.  
Defining mortality.  
Oh how will end for me?  
So sporadic.  
Searching for the sympathetic.  
Feeling so pathetic.  
Acting so erratic.  
Life is still our blood that feeds the mind.  
But how do we define the socially acceptable?  
A picture and a postcard please it would be quicker.  
Less words and more emotion.  
Beautiful Expressions.  
A candle light to lead us out of the darkness.  
Can you find your way before it is too late?

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Our Limited Understanding

We are limited in conceptual understanding as human beings.  
Things will exist both while we were here, and once we were gone.  
Change will occur not of our choosing or of our liking,  
but simply because it is time.  
As if destiny will forever be a footnote on the evolutionary ladder.  
Is being outside the window so different then inside?  
How do we decide, with our eyes?  
Are we sheltered or shielded from some alien or foreign truth?  
Of course we are it just a question of how deep the rabbit holes goes.  
And once we take the plunge into depths unknown there will be no going back.  
Regrets are a folly of the possibility of an alternate ending.  
But how do we truly know how it will end?  
Is their compass leading us to this magnetic north?  
A course set to travel through time, unwavering?  
The great magician speaks of illusions not being disillusioned.  
So for what mirage are we weeping for?  
Of what love and heart ache have we mistaken?  
As Robert Frost called one of his poems it is the road not taken.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Our World Is Next

Here the sounds.  
See the sights.  
Follow the lights.  
Broken is the crown.  
I'm chasing ghosts.  
Searching for that which I loved the most.  
An empty heartless desire.  
Ready to watch the world burn.  
Screaming hey it's my turn.  
Setting the fires.  
Even if only in my head.  
Watching from a distance like it's an outer body experience.  
Just floating through the scenes.  
Writing down everything you see.  
Trying to make sense of feeling so unclean.  
Calling upon the demons and saints.  
Watching the man on the pale white horse ride on by.  
He says your world is next.  
Your world is next.  
What do you do.  
The world will keep spinning no matter what I say with or without delay.  
I can only pray that thing will change.  
Before or after it's too late.  
It's always a matter of debate.  
Following political poison.  
No human can see past there life time.  
Limited in scope to an expectancy.  
They keep speaking in the language of greed.  
And its always temporary at best.  
Breaking the cycle, making the hard choices against all the rest.  
Because our world is next.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Out Of Love

That dirty little dance you do.  
How I could I even dreaming of stopping you.  
I might just join.  
Hopefully in this world nothing is permanent.  
Because I still got scarring from the last tattoo embed by someone who wanted  
own.  
The fact is I'm not the type to be tied down to a bed.  
You can role play if you wish.  
I'll even be the slave for a time.  
As long as you understand it is for you not me.  
I can do without the diamond ring, or the claim to personal property.  
I've seen what that does to people.  
Either it goes to there head and they treat there partner like shit, or they cheat  
then get jealous.  
Either way I'd rather love for love.  
Not for possession or obsession.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Outrageous Claims

Genius's are not known but discovered.  
Sometimes we are but too late.  
A world full of mistakes.  
A world full of heart ache.  
But still the story must be made of gold.  
Enhance both the young and old.  
Truth tends to be stranger then fiction.  
Society is accustom to a set realities.  
How do you think they would take it?  
Are you crazy?  
Then can't know, they mustn't know.  
Who would believe such an outrageous claim anyways?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Over With A Revolver

It's already over.  
Revolver in hand so steady.  
Oh my god I'm so ready.  
All I can see a bulls eye right above your head.  
Trust me when I say your dead.  
Snuff out before you even know what's going on.  
An absence of all emotion.

Closure too so many traumatic events.  
From the mountain into the great valley is the descent.  
The weight is so heavy.  
Yet I'm still dragging it.  
Sooner or latter we all have let it go.  
And this time it is all I know.

It's already over.  
Revolver in hand so steady.  
Oh my god I'm so ready.  
All I can see a bulls eye right above your head.  
Trust me when I say your dead.  
Snuff out before you even know what's going on.  
An absence of all emotion.

Such devotion has been through such a roller coaster ride.  
An ocean tells me secrets of making a disposal.  
Time to get rid of the time when you made your proposal.  
An identity I must hide.  
Let smoke and mirrors reflect the biggest lie.  
An illusion within the eyes.

It's already over.  
It's already over.  
Oh my god it's already over.  
Revolver in hand so steady.  
Oh my god I'm so ready.  
All I can see a bulls eye right above your head.  
Trust me when I say your dead.  
Snuff out before you even know what's going on.  
An absence of all emotion.

I blame no one.  
I blame everyone.  
A fault can not be defined by a single event.  
An preposterous idea that it was something that you could prevent.  
The poison was already in my system.  
It spoke in demon tongues.  
A evil energy already breathing among the living.  
My heart was already gone.

It's already over.  
Revolver in hand so steady.  
Oh my god I'm so ready.  
All I can see a bulls eye right above your head.  
Trust me when I say your dead.  
Snuff out before you even know what's going on.  
An absence of all emotion.

It's already over.  
It's already over.  
Oh my god it's already over.  
Revolver in hand so steady.  
Oh my god I'm so ready.  
All I can see a bulls eye right above your head.  
Trust me when I say your dead.  
Snuff out before you even know what's going on.  
An absence of all emotion.  
Of all emotion.

The tears will never fall again.  
A mother is cradling a already forgotten grave.  
The death to the foolish moth willing to enter flame.  
A forsaken child of god is one that does not know he has sinned.  
A sentence of unknown hurt and pain.  
An experience of the insane.  
He sits upon the killing fields with bloody hands.  
For him this is no game and it will have no easy ending.

It's already over.  
It's already over.  
Oh my god it's already over.  
Revolver in hand so steady.

Oh my god I'm so ready.  
All I can see a bulls eye right above your head.  
Trust me when I say your dead.  
Snuff out before you even know what's going on.  
An absence of all emotion.  
Of all emotion.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Overcoming The Fear

What if it is not ego?  
But faceless facts we come to accept.  
The cars wheel goes, and you have no cell phone, no jack, no spare tire.  
No life line in all metaphors of speaking.  
Just a lonely long walk, with a wish for some company along the way.  
If I don't get it that is okay.  
I been doing this long enough.  
That I expect to be treated as ghost.  
Just another passerby.  
We don't know each other.  
But maybe we could.  
Words to a opening.  
A proper introduction.  
And we are still asking who am I?  
As if a name will suffice.  
What is it we are trying describe?  
A body that moves, a mouth that speaks, a attentive ear that listens, or a  
sensitive skin that feels?  
Maybe we should skip it all together.  
And get down to what we are really interested in.  
What connection of attraction is it that brings me to you?  
Is it a pretty face, intelligent words, a happy go lucky personality, a sexual  
desire?  
Back somewhere in the mind there is hand reaching out just for you to touch  
mine.  
A lack of love unkind.  
A window in which to see the possible future of the divine.  
Is each move we make is it another pitiful mistake?  
Can anybody even relate?  
After all isn't that what we all are looking for.  
The commonness of existence in such a quaint way.  
A tally of hurt and pain among the senses that leave us feeling less than  
ordinary.  
Give me confidence, give me fire.  
Walking down the wire 20 feet up in the air.  
Despair, what if I slip, what if I fall.  
Who will be there to catch me, stop me from breaking every single bone?  
Becoming another splat on the pavement.  
That is the fear we must overcome each and everyday.



Because risk, and luck is where we all will always live.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Overlooked Possibilities

We sometimes overlook possibilities too easily.

Stereo typing ones personalities.

As if grouping them in all the same category will make them more insignificant.

Instead of making exceptions and accepting that not everyone is at your level.

Some people have the right complain.

They use their voice the best way they know how.

Not making excuses for themselves and acting all proud.

Every set back is disheartening as the first.

A well developed verse.

But it still sounds so rehearsed.

Reaching for perfection till the day we die.

Putting the dull knife in the fire to give it a better edge.

With a hammer and some pliers this is how we survive.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Owning The Words

I write my heart out to just watch it disappear.  
A ghost of something I felt.  
On a page long buried.  
Stones among the dirt.  
Can you find one that really meant something.  
Something deep.  
A world of plenty.  
Experienced and missed.  
A foreign kiss.  
Something exotic.  
Something hypnotic.  
Music to me.  
It means so much.  
Yet there are so insignificant.  
Just a footnote to the giants who march in front of me.  
I don't know how, I don't if anything I do will matter.  
The blood pools among this dark matter.  
Like cancer it is not so easily removed.  
It spreads through my eyes.  
Giving me this dark sight.  
A nightmare of future beings.  
Creatures not so right, but perfect in every way.  
Capturing human emotions.  
They are not who we are.  
They are a deposition in a computers translation.  
Words written not so forgiving.  
And they are stealing them by day and night.  
Copy write not to a story but a line, a phrase.  
But without lines and phrases who could invent such tales.  
Start taking away what we can use and soon there is nothing left to tell.  
Honor me, use my words, but don't betray me and claim them as your own.  
For possession of words is not possible.  
At least if we write what we think.  
Maybe it has been done before.  
But it doesn't mean we can control what is thought.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Oxymoron Of Ordered Chaos

Even in a blind state of sadness.

You are still in a mixed state of happiness.

For your lack of sight makes you happy as ignorance become your bliss.

Just a thought of forgetfulness in this oxymoron of ordered chaos.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Pans War

Your already broken  
Amidst the dust  
A fallen angel  
A taste of evil agony  
A sigh then a scream  
The bleed is so clean  
Honesty kills  
Just take one of these pills  
They say it will heal in time  
I think brainwashing is on their mind and that's fine  
But I will not be the matter of subject  
I will become a rabid dog  
Kill to survive  
Kill so I don't die  
Everyday a little more is lost inside  
My eyes have been clouded  
My judgement has gone far south  
How can I ever cleanse my conscience of so much hurt and pain  
I see more every day  
The stench of death cover the floor  
The poor have become so poor  
There is a rotten corpse  
It reaches for my ankles  
Begs me please  
Give me another drink  
Something to smoke  
Give me something to ease the pain  
So my memories don't leave a stain  
All in a dead conscience  
What have we done  
What have won  
We open the doors to war  
Now their is no settling the score  
Lives will be lost  
The greater good hurts worse then it should  
Ties have been broken  
Wounds have been reopen  
Now cower because it all of our dire hour

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Paranoia Of The Dread

The anonymous speaks to me.  
Speaks of misgivings and curiosities.  
With reason unknown.  
With symptoms of desperation.  
Do you really have to know?  
What is it you already think?  
A imaginary connection.  
It doesn't really exist, it is all your head.  
Paranoia of the dread.  
Fishing for a story that's already dead.  
It's not my fault, I didn't tell you what to think.  
I'm just a simple man.  
Their is no elaborate plan.  
A failure to condemn.  
Another useless hymn.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Pardon My Poor Discription

Tonight I would like to describe something so great and not so hypothetical.  
But that is impossible.

It is like describing myself, with scraggly knotted hair, with the baldness slowly creeping up past my face. To the mustache that so unevenly hangs, when is the last time I trimmed that damn thing. To the burly beard that trys to overgrow everything else from the big ears on down.

See what fun, with a smirk you would never even notice even if you were looking directly at me.

Because behind my eyes my emotion never really shows.

No tell, play me in poker just once.

A true poker face.

Winner takes all

Ace Of Black Hearts



## Part Of The Club

A visit to the park.

Lets go play, yeah.

Your taking my home, job and lively hood but that's okay because I'm part of the club.

An anecdotal pun what fun.

We will be okay now hun.

Their here to save us from themselves.

That's the blind man kind of sense.

Your hands are not clean please rerinse.

For some reason it just so hard to believe the ones who deceive are here to help me.

I think more like their here to frisk me.

Make sure their is nothing left hidden.

With every cent, every dime I make with a smile they say oh hey that's mine and take

Now lets just dine on your food stamps.

Just stick your finger in this clamp after you already done it once and know of the pain.

Let me ask you a question, are you insane?

Better yet am I?

Am I so far gone that I can't see past the coming of a new dawn.

I think not.

I will not.

To join in your make believe reindeer games.

I'm just so sorry but the times have changed.

No matter how pretty the picture put upon this canvas is it is still the same.

So with you hands held out saying give give give watch as I spit in them.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Paying The Wrong Guys

To the artist you claim to support.  
Why do you continue to rip off.  
An abandon moral objective.  
Just because advertisement says free.  
Just buy a song or cd.  
A single song, a single cd.

It is not an evil industry.  
Most of artist produce their own labels.  
And regardless they still receive their royalties.  
Yet we still prefer the illegal activities.  
The kingdom of piracy.  
Just buy a song or cd.

With Google we spy everything.  
Including these companies who offer premium downloads for a fee.  
Outrageous as it might seem.  
It's not even legal.  
Write a complaint and its ignored.  
The greed is even in our technology.

Theft is theft no matter the method.  
Just buy a song or cd.

Theft is theft no matter the method.  
Just buy a song or cd.

The money that should be going to the musicians.  
And it will be just wasted in all eventualities in legal fees.  
99.9% of these artist are of the middle class.  
Intellectual property.  
The laws haven't quite caught up.  
And they probably never will.  
Just do what's right.  
And buy a song or cd.

Theft is theft no matter the method.  
Just buy a song or cd.

Is it the generation?  
Please prove me wrong.

Theft is theft no matter the method.  
Just buy a song or cd.

Is it the generation?  
Please prove me wrong.

Do we not understand what we are promoting?  
We do have a choice.  
Even in hard times.  
Remember that little jingle stuck in your head.  
It keeps from falling so deep into a depression.  
So let me ask you why is it you won't buy a song or cd?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Paying Your Dues Doesn'T Always Improve

Some show scars that have been done.  
Some have taught you the wisdom to overcome and move on.  
Everyone must pay their penance when it comes due.  
There are no exceptions, not even you.  
But the amount paid will vary as some times the canary sings and sometimes not.  
A beautiful hymn not easily forgot.  
But they are those who still do.  
A hard lesson is one that is continuously repeated.  
Like history a time line of facts and theories tried and proven.  
But still they are those who believe they can rewrite it.  
But even upon this something won't change.  
They are rules to everything in life.  
Some are easily bent.  
Other are easily prevented.  
But some will be as permanent the rock which earth is made out of.  
Over, under, and straight through failure after failure with re-approach we come to.  
Some brick walls just can't be pounded out.  
A strategy must be formulated to overcome these difficulties.  
A weakness is a unknown valuable asset, in our course of follow throughs.  
Thought to be golden in a time of futile moments.  
The constant disappointments.  
Like a child at the candy store you smack his or her hand saying you can have it, at least not yet.  
You have to earn it.  
But by saying that we are saying the child has a guarantee to achieve with hard work.  
But sometimes this not the way of it.  
Talents exist are used, while with others its is wasted with frugal chases of what they don't really have a knack for.  
Everybody is not equal.  
And it is not fair nor suppose to be.  
To put everybody in the same class is mediocrity at its best.  
There are those who live with little success and have learned how to live without it.  
And there are those of continuous successes but still don't know how to live or what to do with it.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Perfect Harmony

Perfect harmony, lets put it all together.  
Every piece fits right.  
But do we have the time.  
Never enough, always wanted more.  
Its Pandora's door.  
Once its open i can never be closed.  
So exposed.

Perfect harmony, the dominoes have be lined up.  
One flick of the finger and watch them all fall,  
all the hopes and dreams stolen by a perfect harmony.  
Why does it have to be routine.  
Why not a little chaos in the order.  
That way when that person tries to destroy it.  
It ends in failure.  
You cant sink a ship that's already sinking.  
Time to jump ship once again.

Perfect harmony creates a melody of tragedy.  
Still we search for it.  
Knowing we will lose it all again.  
Cause soon or later you got lose.  
In the end the house always wins.  
Get out while the getting is good.  
I really think you should.  
Perfect harmony indefinitely.  
Is there even such a reality.  
Has the wind been forever knocked out of me.  
I think not cause chaos is my order.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Perseverance(Revised)

In the wake this storm I see nothing but suffering.  
It's gods punishment to the foolish man who think nothing can touch them.  
Among the immortals.  
Playing games with millions of lives.  
Just another number in this world.  
Just another person.  
I just cant take it no more.  
Time to bring down the monument.  
Time to tear that fancy little mansion that your always held up in.  
I want you look into this child's eyes explain to him why we have to suffer, while  
you live the good life.  
Whats makes you so god damn special?  
Is it money, power, or just plain ignorance?  
We are the people.  
We built it, and we can take it away.  
Just take it all away.  
March up to your front door light a match, touch a cocktail, throw it, and watch it  
all burn.  
Call it crime if you want.  
But it most certainly won't bring it back anymore then we will get any richer.  
So what's the point you may ask?  
Someone will just take your place.  
It's for the greater substance of society.  
It's to point out were not dead or broken.  
Battered and beaten just maybe.  
But it won't stop us now.  
No let perseverance sit in our hearts and stew.  
This is the true power.  
Just look at it in all it's splendor.  
It's within me.  
It's in you.  
Waiting.  
Sustaining life as we know it.  
And the more were punished the stronger it gets.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Personality Conflicts Created

Sometimes the best way to deal with something negative is to bring it into the light out right.

Those who should be ashamed need be not named, for they know who they are and what they did.

Sometimes it can be very hard to forgive especially when doesn't ask or admit. Guilt wrapped up so tight can bite and twist.

It not something I would want to hold for to long.

Like a bag of bricks its a burden not needed.

Still some carry it as if it was lighter then a feather.

But trust me their will be a change in that weather.

Those who carry it, believe that if they need something they can dropp it like they never had it.

But it does have devastating effects.

It creates personality conflicts.

Two faced and jaded.

A need to be compensated.

A debt to then be repaid.

With some people that is just their way.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Phone Rant

Just dial 611 and the nightmare begins.

To refill a straight talk touch screen phone without the walmart card.

First I have to unlock the screen then push some buttons.

But either it won't unlock, or the key I press are not the ones entered.

Finally I end up talking to a real person, but her English is as good as my Spanish.

Qué dijo?

Absolute gibberish to me.

If were so hard up on jobs in america, why don't we hire more in costomer service?

The reason I have to go through this is I can't always get to walmart cause I don't even own a car.

And the second reason is I'm not on the auto refill program.

They are two reason for that, if something has to go it will be the phone before my rent, and the other is I don't need them screwing up my checking account.

Anyways next phone I buy will not be purely touch screen...

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Plains Walker

Drifting off into the plains of the forgotten.  
The ghost of never mind.  
Doing in, and a return in kind.  
A stench so rotten.  
Even at a distance, I know it as if it was my own.  
The mutation of a new born.  
All in happiness.  
Coming to know cruelty and disparity.  
Tear drops stop falling.  
An erie calmness overcomes.  
The last star burns out.  
And now it's absolute darkness.  
I'm so afraid, Oh I'm so afraid not only of what I might have to do just to survive.  
But also you the common stranger, the plains walker of this day an age.  
Set the stage, and like any bon fire it will burn.  
Perfection in the set circumstances that not even time will heal.  
Disease will run rampant.  
Killing off more then just few because most of us our the very cause of this sickness.  
The greed, the lust, the succubus licks her lips.  
A tasty treat, a tasty dish.  
Enjoying the kingship of poverty.  
But how long can that really last.  
The blood is draining way to fast.  
It was meant to be a bath of cleanliness.  
A washing away of ones sins.  
But instinct, destroys the moral compass every time.  
A clock forever to be reset, with no real reality of time.  
Did it ever work in the first place.  
Going against our very own nature.  
A pact mentality.  
Stick together and we will slaughter these sheep.  
An the onslaught began.  
To this day I don't think that it has yet reached it's end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Playing The Guessing Game

People come expecting me to have all the answers.  
They want me to end their suffering, to have a cure to their cancer.  
I try my damndest to help out people the best I can.  
But with such vagueness, their is need for only more questions.  
You want a personal opinion, you want definitive advice on something you won't  
tell me about.  
Thats absolute nonsense.  
Stop these silly requests.  
I can neither read minds or predict the future.  
And even if I could I would leave it in a vague riddle that would keep you  
guessing till the end of time, if their is such a thing.  
I have no degree in psychology that is for certain.  
I don't deal with other people problems on a daily basis, but instead my own.  
And they are plenty enough of them alone.  
But as I write about my experiences, it is not an invitation to guessing game I  
condone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Please Move On

You are the reason I am trying.  
Don't stop now you got my crying.  
I'm caving in yet again.  
Each time I push you come back.  
You won't let me just go.  
And I don't even know why.  
I'm not so special.  
Not worth even half the heart ache.  
Girl please move, move on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Please No More Surprises

Captivating ones mind.  
The blue bonnet half cocked bride.  
Going a little skimpy.  
Showing too much skin.  
No matter the complexion, somethings are still done in poor taste.  
An overhaul please and with haste.  
No traditional white dress.  
I must confess even for me this is new.  
Honestly I had no clue.  
About any of it.  
The pills, the multiple guys.  
The clubs every night.  
A gambling habit I certainly can't budget.  
Is there a cure to any of this madness?  
She dances too, who knew.  
Taking them all in the special vip room.  
What exactly did I get myself into?  
Am I gonna find needles and guns next?  
This is not a rabbit hole.  
It is endless pit the leads straight to hell.  
Before I know it she will be suing me for everything I got.  
All for one night on the town.  
Somebody please gen on the rocks.  
At least if I'm drunk enough I'll have a reason for not seeing so clearly.  
And she runs up to me says guess what I'm pregnant...  
Oh and now I want a divorce too.  
And to think we just got married.  
Yah-hoo...  
Some kind of strange kind of hillbilly love from gods demented half sister.  
Okay and I want a blood test seeing as were playing ruses.  
This night was suppose be one to remember.  
But instead it feels like I've been ripped a new one.  
When I play cards, I like to play with a full deck...  
But tonight I don't even think I have even half of them.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Please Somebody Stop Me

No stopping me now.  
I went to far.  
Just one step too far.  
Back up.  
Let's see how this stacks up.

No stopping me now.  
I went to far.  
Just one step too far.  
Back up.  
Let's see how this stacks up.

The pain has pushed me farther and farther.  
Closer to the edge.  
A suicidal rage was just a stage.  
With daggers in my eyes I just want everyone to die.

A written confession upon this stone.  
I walked away from you.  
I had no choice.  
The cold shoulder.  
Every time I think about I feel a little bit older,  
Time just continues to tic away.  
And I still don't know what the right thing was to say.

No stopping me now.  
I went to far.  
Just one step too far.  
Back up.  
Let's see how this stacks up.

No stopping me now.  
I went to far.  
Just one step too far.  
Back up.  
Let's see how this stacks up.

Hate, can't even begin to describe the love and anguish I felt.  
They say you only have the cards you were dealt.

Well I'm missing my ace of black hearts.  
Where is she now?  
When I'm looking so hard she can never be found.

Denied of everlasting harmony and peace.  
I'm just a lonely old soul to the infinity.  
And every time I think about her the guilt just rises up in me.  
A volcano ready to explode.  
Where do I put it all.  
Is there a place under a hidden waterfall.  
One last kiss, and it's welcome to the abyss.

No stopping me now.  
I went to far.  
Just one step too far.  
Back up.  
Let's see how this stacks up.

No stopping me now.  
I went to far.  
Just one step too far.  
Back up.  
Let's see how this stacks up.

Not so good.  
Painting a picture of a star saying I wish he would.  
Forgiveness abandon for indifference.  
Passion abandon for satisfaction.  
I loved you so much, and now you won't say one word to me.  
I chase only to hit a brick wall time after time.  
I want my partner in crime.  
No I will not be fine.  
Not this time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Pleasure In Sin

Sharpening knife, moving the tongue, rescuing the young.  
Close your ears.  
Erase all your fears.  
Re-writing a disaster.  
Making it into a happily-ever-after.  
Facing down the rapture.  
God hasn't forsaken me, I have him.  
From the beginning.  
Breaking down, separate.  
Murder on the mind when confined.  
A subliminal meaning hidden between the lines.  
The beating heart turns the dead.  
From gold, to red.  
Hanging on by a thread.  
Giving this life an edge.  
Climbing down the ledge.  
Confidence in a pledge.  
A forgotten passage re-read.  
The tome of the unfed.  
Getting your fill with a dollar bill.  
But it's never enough.  
Sandpaper to the skin.  
It's got to end.  
Before it begins.  
Pleasure in sin.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Poetry And The Crossword Puzzle

Poetry is like a crossword puzzle the right pieces must be in the right places to understand the meaning.

It can be very deceiving.

To the one who is over achieving

Still I'm only learning

In the eyes I'm seeing as I'm reading

Focus now and you'll start retrieving

Poetry is like a crossword puzzle the right pieces must be in the right places to understand the meaning.

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Focus now and you'll start retrieving

If I start bleeding you'll know why

I did just too much with my eye's

They have been compromised

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If I start bleeding you'll know why  
I did just too much with my eye's  
They have been compromised

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Poets Of Many Types

Indeed they are so many types of poets, and of the poets I would not say anyone is more important than the other.

For the readers each have their desired tastes.

So they're most certainly should beware upon opening the page.

Cause dangers do lurk, some quite perverse.

While others seem to insult either the heart or mind.

The poet didn't write it for you specifically in mind.

But instead just to describe his feelings at the time.

Whether be with his eyes in sight, his nose in smell, his fingers in touch, his ears in sound, and some would say his mind and heart with emotions.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Police Reform.

All lives matter, I think the black lives matter slogan is racist.  
It shouldn't matter what your skin color is.  
I don't care the political, or social motivation.  
In a sense a movement with a name like that saying its okay if a Asian,  
Caucasian, Irish, Italian, you name it guy gets killed by the cops.  
As long as their skin ain't of a dark nature.  
And that just not right.  
You want real police reform, well all colors wear that uniform.  
So dividing who important and who is not is no better the segregation, no better  
then gentrification.  
Your encouraging behavior that singles you out.  
You claim the police are racist but I disagree I would say its procedure, it's one of  
the many ways in the which their trained.  
When to shoot, and when to hold off.  
Feeling threaten.  
What to do.  
What is human nature.  
What was there mental status.  
How many times have they used that gun before that moment.  
How many hours have they worked before that incident.  
Maybe the killing was unjustified, but that doesn't make it a hate crime.  
And if you don't take everything into account with police reform.  
You are wasting everybody's time.  
Because being black is only one factor, in multitude variables when it comes  
police violence.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Political Upheaval

A man on a mission  
Our we even listening  
Can we hear our children screaming  
Can we hear the bombs bursting across this great ocean  
How do we show devotion  
In such a crazy commotion  
Write letters  
Make poster boards  
March and throw smoke grenades across Pennsylvania avenue  
Demand the government listens to its people  
Its a harsh reality  
No one said this gonna be fun or easy  
But in the end maybe we would feel a little better  
About yourself and other  
We our the people  
We run the show  
No matter if the politician says so  
His propaganda just makes me sick  
Its just another ponsey scam  
Another bad dream  
Feeling so ripped off  
Losing all our jobs  
For the illegal immigrant who just came here  
A working visa  
Its time to relieve us  
We will become the four horseman of death  
At this rate  
Keep it up and it will crumble  
If you go to far to the left or right  
There has to be a guiding light  
The darkness comes before the twightlight  
A sniper looking down his gun through his sight  
Waiting for the green light  
Getting paid to stay out of it  
It a fight against the enemy with in  
Give credit to some hick  
Hey he's a confederate  
So southern  
Theirs definitely a division

A society blind with no vision  
Attack each other because of simple differences  
That really mean nothing to the average American  
We are really all just trying to make a living

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Poor Childs Future

Sister to sister.  
The misfortunes of others.  
And adoption out of convenience.  
But what if the mother never loves the child.  
A burden she never wanted.  
And she can never have one of her own.  
A sickness breeds hate.  
A drug addict for a husband.  
Her stepfather a wife beater.  
Her mother will never leave him.  
Her real father a vagrant.  
Completely abandon by her family.  
And all top of all this a constant reminder of what she can never have.  
Something so precious.  
An essence of life.  
Jealousy turns into hate.  
Hate turns into rage screaming at this child non stop everyday.  
From morning to night.  
Saying all kinds of mean and nasty things.  
Destroying what ever self esteem this little one has.  
If her sister only knew what she was doing.  
She would realize poverty is not a mistake.  
Sometimes the easy choices are the hardest ones to make.  
Especially when love is involved.  
You want to make them quick.  
Before you have time to change your mind.  
But if you only knew what I do.  
You would have thought twice.  
But it is not my place.  
And what is done is done.  
Papers were signed a very long time ago.  
Like a blood pack.  
There is just no way of going back.  
A retraction would make me happy.  
But I do not see it in this poor child's future.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Poor Mans Playground.

This is the poor mans drums.  
This is the way I want to live son.  
Just looking to have little fun.  
Why do you believe that is so wrong?  
Why do you want to take away my bong?  
Why do you want me to be always on the run?  
And that's when I hear the sirens coming.  
What if I told you even behind bars I would still hum.  
Would it change who you decided to call.  
I work a steady job every single day.  
Paying a debt to society I didn't ask for.  
Yet when the day is done you want to try to deny me my little piece of  
happiness.  
Good luck,  
Watch as I go looking for a good f\*ck.  
Why because this isn't love.  
So why should care what threats you sling.  
You selfishness make me want to sing.  
Oh it's all about me.  
But you can't control this poor soul.  
Not if your not willing to embrace at least one thing that puts a smile on my face.  
Bad form, bad taste, my mistake.  
So take your pretty little form and move on along.  
Because I'm already gone.  
Playing, chasing, experiencing life as it was meant be.  
Don't even try and change me.  
I know what I need.  
With a needle and some e-beads I thread a beautiful pattern upon this leather  
case.  
Visions to embrace.  
No it's not a race.  
Rushing only to come to a full stop.  
Oh baby watch as this Champaign bottle pops, cheap but top notch.  
Everyday an invitation to a celebration.  
And this is a habit I'm not changing.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Poor You

Poor you. You have nothing so you say. So I spit my pity your way. Can you feel the sincerity of it. It so god damn pathetic. No will, no strength, no ambition. Another dead soul who believes they have no control. Lies from the inside out. So angry all i want to do is shout. But it becomes a mere whisper in the grand schemes of things. Poor you, with a little sugar on top. The world is just f\*cked up. Is that what you think? Are you suicidally on the brink. Well by all means pick your poison and drink. Cause i know better. So write that letter. Saying it every bodies fault. Guess what I'm not sorry for any of it except the air your wasting. Time to realize life is what you make it. Wake up, you cant mourn yourself. No more poor you. The gum loses it flavor. Time for something new. Make it happen. Create a chain reaction. A chemical explosion. Destiny calls us all. Will you answer? Will you become another midnight dancer. Party it up with a new found sense of being. A glance into what you can be achieving.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Precursor To Hate And Greed

But is it not murder was part of humanity for thousands years past.  
It was but a need control that made murder wrong.  
Civilized is the name of the control, for how many would really think twice about  
killing someone if the laws of those ties didn't exist.  
Caveman, Tribes killed foreign and wide.  
This was but a precursor to the things we now call hate and greed.  
If only out necessity, would you, could you, should you?  
Nobody ever really knows till they face it as ghost of evil thoughts and demands.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Pretty Little Song

It's the pretty little song.  
Stuck right where it belongs.  
Can you here me echoes right through the shadows of time.  
Stealing the hearts and minds with the simplest most subtle of rhymes.

Sucked right on in.  
Drifting through the thickest, darkest, ugliest looking clouds.  
And just then here's a taste of the sweetest cotton candy.  
One more sip of perfectly aged brandy.  
Emotions dripping through an hour glass.  
Not too slow, not too fast.  
Perfection is in the recipe.

It's a pretty little song.  
Stuck right where it belongs.  
Can you hear me echoes right through the shadows of time.  
Stealing the hearts and minds with the simplest most subtle of rhymes.

Oh baby this is where it all begins.  
Dancing with some freaky cats.  
A party where we all wear masks.  
Drinking so many concoctions right out of there flasks.  
Inviting disaster and calling him master.  
Trust me when I say it's no place for your pastor.

It's the pretty little song...  
Stuck right where it belongs...  
Oh it such a pretty little song...  
And it's really stuck right where it belongs...

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.

It's the one and only pretty little song.

And with it playing nothing can go wrong.  
Call it release  
Call it escape from reality.  
Call it anything you want baby.  
It doesn't change how it feels.

It's making love in most exotic of ways.  
It's the surf going in then out.  
It's sound a sea shell makes when put it right up to your ear.

It's, It's, It's the pretty little song.  
Stuck right where belongs.  
Can you hear me echoes right through shadows of time.  
Stealing the hearts and minds with simplest most subtle of rhymes.

Listen closely, listen absent mindedly.  
A ghost in the whispers of the unexpectently quite ghastly.  
Thoughts getting deviant, dirty, and quite nasty.  
A million directions it could go.  
Such a familiar kind of show.

One more time, oh just one more time, time, time...

It's such a pretty song.  
Stuck right where it belongs.  
Can you here me echoes right through the shadows of...  
Stealing the hearts and minds with the simplest most subtle of rhymes.

- Please if you're going vote in a negative way leave a comment so I know what I can do to not offend or improve, thank you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Prideful Shame

No mystery here.  
Just eat some raisin brain cereal and be happy.  
You wanted some bananas to go with that then why didn't you ask?  
A simple request alas.  
A comatose of contrast.  
Bait the hook throw it in and see if you catch a bass.  
Bet it's not.  
Nope not even close.  
Not something you can mount for a pose.  
Good god woman put on some cloths.  
That was not what I meant.  
I know, I know, say what mean and mean what you say.  
And I did just that.  
A metaphor can mean plenty of things that is for certain.  
Abbreviations for yet more them.  
With so many illusions how could one ever draw a single conclusion with absolute certainty.  
Utter insanity.  
Chant it with me please.  
Grab the witches broom and fly.  
Bet you could if you really tried.  
Instead of doing this little dance.  
Beating around the bush, all do to pride.  
Suggest but never admit.  
Well if that keeps you content.  
I won't walk into a room in the dark without first looking for a switch.  
No it's not I'm afraid.  
It's as simple as not tripping over your own two feet if you don't have too.  
But go ahead with the tit for tat.  
Here is a baseball bat now just picture me and give it a whack.  
I'm more then deserving.  
Honor me pain, honor with your mark.  
At least it's a start  
Better then filling all your hot air in all these crowded apartments in the middle of the summer.  
Anger open, anger exposed.  
For every slice you take, I'll give you my kindness,  
I'll give my generosity of what little I really have.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Priorities

New connections, baby I promise I would never hurt you.  
I swear with all my breath I will always love you, hold you, be with you.  
In body and mind, latching on to the soul.  
Going for a permanent ride.  
One where at the end of the day I see your smiling face.  
Saving grace, crossing the country for just one taste.  
Going against the odds, maybe I'll be alright.  
My bag on my back, the hard road is just fine.  
It's my right to the way I live my life.  
No such thing as a true safe guard.  
I got nothing to lose it is either head west, or go directly to the capital and march  
in protest.  
I rather not have see those corrupt mother fuckers.  
Greedy bastards, taking away the very nature of living.  
But right now, I just want to see you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Protect The Internet

All who hide behind walls see nothing  
Conformity to the wealth in need.  
The unnecessary necessity.  
Let humanity be a gift, not a curse.  
Develop another verse

I just added my name to protect the Web as we know it with @Mozilla. Will you join me?

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Protecting The Wolf

She is missing but is she still holding on?  
In the tombs of the so far gone.  
Is there a song held within the heart that can never be taken away?  
No matter the prisoners cage.

How do we define inhumane?  
By that which destroys the human soul?  
A spiritless spirit?  
A ghastly ghostly haunting image?

I can still hear the tune that keeps.  
Never to be abandoned by the poison which seeps.  
The breath may be of ice, but the body is still of warmth.  
The hope of the angels, the strength of woven steel, and the constant prayers to God.

Some can never understand love, because it is not a reasonable reason.  
To first to live with, and then without.  
A shadow of their former selves.  
Giants who die for their beliefs.  
Righteous or not.

And those who make it to other side.  
What do they see?  
A push into darkness, and were all the same.  
They say evil can be defined by the actions of men.  
But I believe it can only exist in a world where we believe in monsters.

To idol and acknowledge their name is to give them power in which they can devour.  
Living off of nothing but the suffering of others.  
The scourge of the earth.  
A plague that continues to pillage and plunder.  
Repeating the atrocities in their minds.  
Creating a temperate climate to dine.  
Blood as the wine, and bones as the bread.  
Listening to the non-existent voices in their heads.

If we need reason, then we also know it's wrong.

A lack of conscience, is not a valid justification.  
At least for those who have one.  
A mental disease in which the victims of the victim never can be treated.  
For them the names have surely been forgotten.  
But the amount is etched forever in stone and mounted on a wall.  
As if we should be proud.  
Just look at what he has done.  
Another narcissist with no empathy and another treasure has been won.  
Become one with the demon for its capture.

The wolf comes to slaughter the lambs, and the farmer comes not only to protect  
but also to slaughter the wolves.  
Some would say it is the cycle of nature.  
But what happens when nature gets out of control?  
A wolf in sheeps clothing could create internal conflicts.

An when we roll the personalized dice, it really depends on where they land.  
A decision is at hand.  
But is it or will it be the right one?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Protesting Along The Frontlines

Excuse me sir.  
Forgive me if last night was a blur.  
Memories suppressed.  
Diving right into the toxic soup.  
Is it blood?  
Drip, drip.  
I think this sink has got a leak.  
Fixing it in the dark.  
A shovel packed and ready to go.  
So where is this body buried.  
Do we really have to.  
A video that will not answer single question.  
Just thoughts of it creates this unbearable indigestion.  
Stomach aches a common occurrence on these kind of front lines.  
Just looking for a way out.  
A swing and a miss intentionally.  
I will not shoulder that responsibility.  
Nothing so cynically accidentally.  
Pills to swallow.  
Take your medicine and go.  
What if I don't want to.  
And a shell goes off.  
An explosion brightening the nights poorly lit skies.  
Bravery easily forgotten as chills run up your spine.  
Looking at the choices.  
Opportunities for an early grave.  
War is only ever for the truly depraved.  
Just watch how the crazed behave.  
A egotistical blister.  
Pleasure in a meat grinder that is heavily packing.  
Odds ever stacking.  
Burrowing down in a hole eating the dirt as if it was desert.  
Smiling faces upon deaths silent melody.  
Get us by, get us by.  
The flight zeroing in.  
If you can recognize the enemy you must be one of them.  
Filthy as sin and starving.  
Not wanting to be deaths lowly servant.  
Deliver me from oblivion.

Choose a path a little less rotten.  
Savages I heard some one call them.  
Acting like we should be proud.  
Upon this rape, pillaging and plundering.  
I claim no salvation or shelter here.  
All I can see for miles is absolute destruction and fear.  
No amount of pictures will do it justice.  
If you haven't been here you really should.  
Lets see if they will kill there own from back home.  
Standing in front of a firing squad.  
Waiting for them to start there march.  
You want them dead, you'll have to kill me first.  
Draw your sword and stick it in.  
They are million behind me, just like me.  
You call us peace loving idiots.  
I call you guys fucking hypocrites.  
So go ahead send your battalions of infantry in.  
After all its your battle, but don't ever forget its also ours.  
Send every last country men.  
A split in actions and authority.  
No sense of a true majority.  
Numb to the sounding off of words.  
What do the really mean?  
How do we address the demons?  
Following numbers generated by pack of lies.  
Propaganda generated by the men in suit and ties.  
They have no understanding of true loss.  
They have no understanding of sacrifice.  
So pampered in a enclosed environment.  
Sheltered and given wings.  
Freedom masked among the tiny grains of sand.  
More promises from the promise land.  
In this perpetual circus of vindictive do or dies.  
Oh how it comes as no surprise.  
More deception through a parasites eyes.  
Images to distract and numb the impact.  
But all murder claims its victims.  
There is no such thing as innocent as long as you are making buck from it.  
Ghouls to reap soon to be lost souls.  
How can I allow this without losing a bit of control.  
This temperament has no reins.  
It drives a course masterfully straight into the insane.

For if one must be crazy about something let it be for all of mankind.  
Nothing so divine, nothing so pure.  
No matter how futile the effort.  
One can't just let up or give up.  
For this machine is only getting faster and faster.  
And as the wheel keeps on spinning.  
Once again one can not wonder but what will be left.  
When nothing of monetary value is.  
A price tag place upon the shelf.  
An insurmountable cost of human life that can't never be calculated in dollar and cents.  
What if one of those you have kill would have been inventor of an intergalactic speed of light engine.  
What if we destroyed our very last hope out of greed.  
How could anyone be foolish enough to allow this to be.  
We imagine ourselves all be treated equally.  
Unless they happen to be foreign to this country.  
Then they can starve, die of disease, be raped or murdered in there sleep.  
Do we not owe each other a responsibility of all humanity survival.  
Beyond the years we know now.  
And so little do we yet know.  
To busy distracted by all the shiny objects put in our hands to keep us but a servant and slave to that which those who own it crave.  
Moral objectivity, where is it?  
Am I truly naive in believing that we have evolved long ago from the times of Greece and Rome?  
Maybe my eyes are packed full of snow.  
But so what, so what if I can see the glitter where others can not.  
In my endless pursuit of happiness only one thing will ever suffice, an end to all the needless violence.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Proud Parents

What you read about in books isn't enough.  
You must do to truly learn.  
The action in which you earn.  
A higher knowledge.  
A higher calling.  
Help is needed but only dire circumstances.  
But still you need to experience these circumstances.  
To understand the risk involved.  
Cause one day even if you had a life jacket.  
It might dissolve.  
All on your own.  
Knowing not what to do.  
The wrong answer for kids to say is they don't have a clue.  
Sometimes it might be hard to get through.  
But it shouldn't stop you.  
Proud parents are those who can let go without second guessing themselves if  
they did right by their own kids.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Pulling My Strings(Revised)

Again I feel it.  
Someone holding me back,  
Someone pulling my strings.  
The more I move the more I feel your presence.  
An outsider, anonymous onlooker.  
So tell me did you get what you wanted.  
Do I satisfy in your dark deceitful eyes.  
Go ahead and hide behind the sunrise.  
That is fine.  
But I still know your the one there pulling my strings  
Like you can really control me.  
Avoid me, deny me, I don't really care.  
Because I know you are still there.  
Watching and waiting.  
For what I don't really know.  
If your waiting for an invitation here it is.  
Please speak and I will listen.  
Again I feel it.  
Chills right up spine.  
Someone is holding me back.  
Someone is pulling my strings.  
She won't go away.  
Why I just don't know.  
For she won't let her presence be truly known.  
Like a ghost there's a glimpse then it's gone.  
Fading in to just fade out.  
I'm not crazy.  
She is really there.  
Again I feel it.  
Like someone wanting to see.  
Come in the open and get a better look.  
A picture last forever.  
A glance cant even be etched into memory.  
But still you are pulling my strings.  
Not a day goes bye.  
Oh those haunting eyes.  
The watcher of the greater skies.  
A push in the right direction.  
Tell me what is your intention?

I know your there and I don't even care.  
But still you are pulling my strings.  
You won't stop, you won't just drop it.  
What did I do to attract so much attention.  
Still pulling my strings.  
Still pulling them.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Pulling Weeds

Indeed gluttony and greed are not needed in this world.  
But still they are children who need not starve.  
We just keep cutting weeds expecting another one not to grow.  
We need to pull it out by the root if really believe this to be so.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Pure Desire

Just eye candy.  
Eat your fill.  
Tell me now, why do you think this is real?  
A fabrication.  
A invented identity.  
Does it make you feel better faking it?

As I continue to write my hands start to bleed.  
An emotion that runs so red.  
The black devil stole my heart.  
I've should have know it was her from the start.  
On the sidelines I got sidetracked.  
An unavoidable impact.

Just eye candy.  
Eat your fill.  
Tell me now, why do you think this is real?  
A fabrication.  
A invented identity.  
Does it make you feel better faking it?

The perfect pleasure.  
Diving directly into the life stream.  
Can I come back?  
A summers dream.  
Again I was lied to.  
So gullible.  
I'm just another water soluble.

Damn woman.  
Attacking my insecurities.  
And I reveled in it.  
Your were the warm ocean, and I was swimming.  
Swallowing it all down.  
Standing in the sun dripping dry.  
Squeezed, torn, and agonized.  
A desperate lust.

As I continue to write my hands start to bleed.

An emotion that runs so red.  
The black devil stole my heart.  
I've should have know it was her from the start.  
On the sidelines I got sidetracked.  
An unavoidable impact.

Now it is not the time to over react.  
Love leaving me breathless.  
She was holding my moon.  
I became the wolf howling.  
So mad, so infatuated.  
Senseless escalations.  
A bumpy road with plenty of deviations.

Just eye candy.  
Eat your fill.  
Tell me now, why do you think this is real?  
A fabrication.  
A invented identity.  
Does it make you feel better faking it?

Something was injected underneath my skin.  
A feeling buried and hidden.  
A want to reveal, releasing the demons.  
Agonizing over the heavens above.  
A horrible push, a horrible fall.  
But I wanted it, I think I even might have even liked it.  
Sick I know, oh I know.  
So sensual, so different.  
Don't think I felt anything like it before.

Of unknown origins.  
Scarlet skies.  
A blue flame so inviting.  
I can contain what is in this bottle.  
It is gonna explode all over.  
Shaking it up, rolling around.  
Feeling so dirty, yet so happy.  
She put it all over me.  
The marking so sweet.  
To my mouth it was all I wanted to eat.  
A desired feast.

An insane beast.  
Just what is it that was released?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Raining

All good things must come to the eventuality of an end.  
Again its raining,  
its always seems to be raining.  
The disappearance of the sun.  
Where has it gone?  
In the darkness hides the light.  
Taking a peek behind the curtain of grey clouds.  
Putting an end to another shroud.  
A temporary loss is temporarily found.  
With it I hear the sounds of rain drops hit the ground going splat, splat.  
A constant impact.  
All good things must come to the eventuality of an end.  
Again its raining.  
Its always seems to be raining

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Raping For Unending Profits

The rape of the land can only be done by man or in the name of man.  
No other creature has the tools to be so cruel.  
Even the nature climate has limitations in the damage it can do.  
But we are unfettered demons that destroy at a whim.  
It does not matter who or what suffers at our hands.  
We look at all as lesser beings.  
You are not human therefore your voice doesn't matter.  
My question is when we are facing our god or gods, will he, her or them respond  
the same way in kind.  
Every time I hear of another group of natives being pushed off their lands, I  
think imagine how the animals must feel.  
They aren't given same notice or unjust causes.  
They just start pillaging and plundering.  
Be damn the habit in which been there longer then their entire life span.  
No respect, no fear, no interest even in understanding that from which we  
destroy and take.  
Mining for mineral that for less than an ounce were creating 22 tons of waste.  
Either sucking the ground water dry or polluting it in such way that it is no longer  
usable.  
Removing entire forests of 100 year old trees all in the name of greed.  
A government breaking its own treaties.  
Manipulating laws till they get there way.  
Stand in front of the beasts and get run down.  
They will not stop, they will not quit until there is no profit to be made.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Rats In The Attic

Rats in attic.  
A head case without a basket.  
It isn't so fantastic.  
Stretching out the elastic.  
A melting mind.  
And slowly it just slips away.  
Who am I.  
Why can't remember a thing.  
Oh the pain.  
Past the point of clinically insane.  
Why do I need to change.  
Some things are so hard to explain.  
A jigsaw puzzle with so many missing pieces.  
There is no way to fabricate once its gone.  
The darkest dawn.  
Back to being a fawn.  
Reversing age in years.  
Forgetting even all you fears.  
What's a tear? What are these voices I hear.  
Why can't I understand.  
Tell me now is that such crazy demand.  
And it always end the same no matter the name.  
We finally forget how to breath.  
Then its end of you and me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Ravaged Beast In Me

The ravaged beast in me is alive.  
It survives on pure instinct.  
Have you ever been on the brink.  
The kind of thing that you don't have time to think.  
Oh oh don't blink.  
Your life could flash by before your very eyes.  
Evil is just a state mind and that's fine at times.  
But you still got to strategies.  
Mark the beginning, mark the end.  
Lets see who wins.  
It's another dirty competition.  
The ravaged beast in me is alive.  
It survives on pure instinct.  
Have you ever been on brink?  
Theirs just no time to think.  
Don't blink.  
A Picasso I paint in blood.  
Not afraid to lose everything I love.  
Every human must suffer in one way or another.  
Mutual indifference, mutual ignorance.  
Some times its okay for you not care.  
Especially when everyone around you brings nothing but despair.  
The ravaged beast in me is alive.  
It survives on pure instinct.  
Have you ever been on the brink?  
There just no time to think.  
Don't blink.  
Don't even breath.  
Don't conceive you have a single weakness.  
Strength in the darkness that drives you insane.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Ravenousness Beast

I hate being covered in mud soaked to the bone working in a constant steady rain.

The thought comes across my mind I don't get paid enough to do this.

Yet I'm their working my a double s off.

Why because rain or shine I need this job.

For I must be able to pay for the roof over my head and the food in my belly.

Lazy I'm not.

Used and abused most certainly.

Hopefully I don't get sick.

Even if I do I'll work right though it.

With reluctance I grit my teeth and dig in.

I take pleasure out of my own suffering.

The harder it gets the stronger I feel.

As if it is a race not to the top but the bottom.

Endurance of a higher standard.

Not that I'm discriminating but I know young bucks these days who couldn't do what I do.

Is that something to be proud of or should I be sadden by our youth?

What are we teaching kids these days?

With such a high youth unemployment rate.

Are they to blame?

Or is it the companies who are preferring the older and more experienced?

Or is it the companies who lay off the younger employees so the ones with seniority can keep their jobs.

Some complex issues they are.

We want to blame someone always for the problems we face.

No matter if it is the right course of action.

If this offends any C.E.O., I'm sorry their will be no retraction.

Not in any statement I have made.

Or any I will ever make.

I don't need your approval to say what I think and feel.

In a society who prefers the fantasy over the real.

I have my opinion and you have yours.

I don't have a need to be specific, or name names.

I'm just fed up with the way the system works in general.

Either its running very slow or completely backward.

We are once again the Neanderthal Humanoid.

So little brain, please take measure.

We still idolize genius from a hundred years ago, yet we care little for the ones

from our time.

And I'm not speaking about myself for I'm no genius.

But I do have a little common sense if that counts for anything.

In the ages of cycles I think this cycle needs to be put on rinse.

A clean state, in proportions with ancient times.

Where hard work was valued just as much as a good idea.

Where monetary gain is equal and fair not by what you have but what you do.

Such is the nature of this ravenous beast.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Reaching A Mutual Agreement

A mismanagement of that which should be insight.  
A demand in hindsight.  
Opportunities are both given and taken.  
Without regret, without remorse.  
Flags do yet wave.  
Change is something we all want.  
But what will it cost us?  
Sacrifice must come.  
If the puppet masters are to truly move on.  
What is control without strings...  
A blinding campaign to pool resources together...  
Eliminate the silence.  
Let all the voices be heard.  
Attack the problems and issues head on.  
Discussion with no agreements made is just noise.  
We must use what we do agree on as the starting foundation.  
With these deaths, we must reach a revelation.  
It must never happen again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Reading A Poem

I am feeding off others  
Taking so many emotions in  
Feeling every moment as my own  
Writing another one as the answer  
Becoming the midnight dancer  
Seeing the facts  
That troubles one as I react  
With tact I explore the caverns of the soul  
If only understand how deep it goes  
As would be unwritten  
The words so fitting  
I am the one that shall be unforgiven  
Becoming a vampire  
To inspire as one would aspire  
To the greatness of a revelation  
This is my cause for celebration  
This I do just by reading a poem

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Reading Lies

Now do you believe me?

'No not really.'

Why not?

'Well because you lie through your teeth.'

'I mean it is quite obvious.'

Oh really?

I thought if the intentions were to conceal or hide I wouldn't be so compromised.

'Well if you have a hollowed out brick.'

'You can easily remove it from the wall and know right where to look.'

I'm that easy eh?

Well yeah I'm looking at you.

If I was reading your words it might not be as easy though.

Lacking facial expressions, and body language how could anyone really know?

Unless it was so far fetched in assumed minds it was not possible.

'Okay, so only if it is implausible in matter factually kind of way.'

Exactly

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Ready To Meet My Maker.

Only time will tell, keep my hopes down and let my body propel.  
Hearing the sound of gun shots.  
Running for our lives.  
Out of sight, out of mind.  
Hidden in the darkness.  
The body starts crashing.  
Perfect disaster.  
Washing the blood off my hands.  
Visions of whispers.  
Raindrops asking for an answer.  
The empty call to god.  
The priest just bows his head and nods.  
I'm sorry son, just think of it as she is in a better place.  
I can't believe he said such a thing in such god damn poor taste.  
Downing a bottle, looking at a 45 and thinking I might just soon be coming to  
meet you.  
My maker, my undertaker.  
I lay my life out to you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Real Enemy

Bullets in a dream.  
Gunfire duck and take cover.  
Shattering concrete walls and glass.  
Explosion everywhere.

Can anyone tell me who is the real enemy?

Ashes floating on by.  
Flames climbing up to the outer reaches of sky.  
Towering metal giants.  
Endless launching of rockets.

Can anyone tell me who is the real enemy?

Forces by color.  
Prejudices of no label or reason.  
Pure hate, and utter destruction.  
Endless pain for the loss of love ones.

How could anyone do this?  
Without conscience and remorse.  
Is there any discourse?  
A way to go back when being attacked.

The rising sun shows the debris that is for everyone.  
Like sharing a uncomfortable bed.  
We did this.  
Shameful acts put on the record.

Can anyone tell me who is the real enemy?  
Blind are the followings.  
Hallow are the callings.

Can anyone tell me who is the real enemy?  
Blind are the followings.  
Hallow are the callings.

Will it end today?  
Will it tomorrow?

A softer tune of mourning and peace.  
Rebuilding after a tragedy.

A gritting of your teeth.  
And huge grudge someday you will get revenge.  
Soulless angels walk among us.  
They pretend to be your friend till it is too late.

The end of so many dreams.  
All for what?  
A baseless greed.  
The only mistake in war is the war.

Can anyone tell me who is the real enemy?  
Blind are the followings.  
Hallow are the callings.

Can anyone tell me who is the real enemy?  
Blind are the followings.  
Hallow are the callings.

Can anyone tell me who is the real enemy?  
The real enemy.  
Not some made up demon.  
No not red skin creature with pointy ivory horns.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Really Old Scars

So you think you got it, you do not.  
With the pages burning.  
Too little, too late.  
A failed realestate.  
Proping yourself back up.  
Learning it is not as easy as it seemed.  
Neglect of the mind is a horrible crime.  
Practice or desert.  
Keeping up with the curve, the farther you go, the more you realize of how much  
knowledge will be out of your reach.  
In the physical world, all that should matter is your know how.  
But that piece of paper defines us every day.  
But how much did you pay for it, versus the availability?  
The dark little secret.  
Just trying to get by.  
Not trying to capture the sky.  
It's good to be free even if you are more then not in need.  
The false claims wished upon a broken destiny.  
Who said that's what I ever wanted to be.  
You have no clue how I got here, and too judge me the way you do you really  
should.  
Raised in the big bad neighborhood, learning to keep your head down.  
Coming from multiple broke homes.  
The domestic wars left me torn.  
Ripped from the inside.  
Fighting for any and every possible escape.  
So young and dumb.  
So many mistakes were made.  
And in life there is no eraser on your pencil.  
Stabbing yourself with a porcupines quill.  
Just to feel.  
A distraction from what was real.  
No amount of soft and gentle words will heal.  
Pain bleeds right through no matter how hard you try conceal.  
No matter how distant they are.  
Falling like a dying star.  
Weakness lays before you in those uninhabitable scars.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Reasons Of Madness

Sword clasped, the blood drips.  
Yes you killed him.  
What happen can't be undone.  
There is no ghost of paradise.  
Igniting the flames of second chances.  
But that torch has already burned out.  
Living with the consequences of brutality.  
Even if it was only accidentally.  
Ripping at the insides of a tragedy.  
Trying to manipulate it, change it.  
Make it less bitter.  
No more of such a harsh copper taste in ones mouth.  
Like you have been recently electrocuted.  
Shock therapy, nothing can save you.  
The pain is not glue.  
There is no special chemical that will just eat it away.  
He was your brother.  
And there is nothing you can do.  
No matter the face portrayed.  
Evil tyrant make the actions more acceptable.  
But it doesn't make it true.  
A sickness cast upon the wound.  
It has been festering for days.  
It need to be cleaned.  
Washed out through and through.  
No hiding behind a metal skin.  
All has already been penetrated.  
It is nothing new.  
Face up to it, be a man.  
And you won't feel nearly as bad.  
The breaking of the fever.  
It was completely mental.  
All bottled up inside.  
This is the only way you thought you could survive.  
Guilt tries to burn us alive, every time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Recluse

Think you know me and the fire in my eyes?  
Burning from the inside.  
Questioning how to best describe...  
The lonely hurt little boy that lives inside of me.  
Everyday is a struggle to survive.  
Sometimes I wonder how I'm even still alive.  
Always alone and on my own.  
No outside forces willing or able to help.  
I know what's it's like to hungry and not just of the physical kind.  
Mental starvation can be just as devastating.  
Don't mind me if I seem such a deluted recluse.  
Watered down till there is barely any taste.  
Even if it is with the most heartfelt embrace.  
The eloquent abyss of my darkness.  
Shadows dance upon my soul.  
They come and go.  
Nothing so permanent.  
A temporary reprieve at best.  
There comes a time when you want to be able to stop asking about what's next.  
This is becoming my current context.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Recognizing The Lies

Am I paying for someones elses crimes?  
Living off of someone elses good times.  
When we lie, do we do it for the good of all mankind.  
Little voices to remind.  
This time, I will not just sit idly by.  
Put me in this position and I will not flounder but survive.  
One good swing and a miss.  
Dodging a bullet one last time.  
The ghost lodged in my mind.  
You don't see him but it doesn't change that he's there.  
Awkward are the moments as we try to dance.  
Tripping over our own two lumbering feet.  
Giants knocked to there knees.  
Frozen trees, in a dark and erie forest that sorrounds me.  
A scene from a play that is full of so many mysteries.  
I don't have to have the answers for the common cancer of human existance.  
I just have to walk my own way even if it means I suddenly get lost in a dense  
forebodding fog.  
Fear from the unexpected.  
It's something I long ago I rejected.  
Flaws line the walls like a spackled paint.  
Accept them or don't.  
Pity no I won't.  
With many regrets it has to be said.  
But in my heart you are already dead.  
With mouths to feed, someone need to be bled.  
Maybe this time it will be you.  
This time maybe it will be you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Red Book - The Rule Is You Must Say How You Really Feel.

Reading the red book. It tries to explain the rules of life. Never too fast, never too fast, it says it won't last. Burnt by the past. Some new so close to you. You must get to know them. Its a game you can slowly win. Bury your true feelings.

Reading the read book. It tries to explain the rules of life. Never to fast, never too fast. It says it won't last burnt by the past. We are all wearing masks. Time to take them off. Stop hiding behind your walls. It cost us all. It will be your down fall. Just another phone call. Meeting the face behind this stall. It has come to a sudden halt.

Reading the read book. It tries to explain the rules of life. Never too fast, never too fast. It says it won't last. Burnt by the past. Are we trying to hard? Are we faking this march? Are you trying to hide something underneath? Are you look for a little relief? Do you want me, and are afraid to say it? Denying our insides. They can't be alive. They just can't. And go back to the old dance.

Reading the red book. It tries to explain the rules of life. Never too fast, never too fast. It says it won't last. Burnt by the past. Memories ignite, previous passions locked up so tight. Are you willing? Are you giving in to obvious feelings. Let me know. And I won't go. Please stop the fruadlent show. Its faking thats so heart breaking. Is your heart aching? How can I make you understand this is your one and only chance. So please lets dance.

Reading the red book. It tries to explain the rules of the past. Never too fast, never too fast. It says it won't last. Burnt by the past. I have been burnt by the past.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Redeemers

Loosen up, your to uptight.  
Your stress is mine.  
Everything is going to be fine.  
We have went through hard times before.  
Lets do it once more.  
To your battle stations.  
All hands on deck.  
We will get out of this mess.  
Together forever.  
Broke and poor.  
Wanting the more, so bad.  
We can taste it.  
But it seems the faster we run the further away it gets.  
It makes me feel like a kid.  
Some days I want to throw a tantrum.  
Scream at the top of my lungs.  
Only to realize the difficulties have only begun.  
A road so long.  
Do we got what it takes to make it to the end?  
Are we dreamers who shall never be the redeemers.  
Question it all.  
A life without purpose.  
Is a miserable one by all standards.  
When in doubt we must dig into the depth of our soul,  
and find that reason above all other reasons.  
Cant have just wishful thinking.  
For that can be mentally breaking.  
Quite disappointing and aggravating.  
Sometimes it can even be humiliating.  
Pride comes before the fall.  
Isn't that the truth.  
So Ill just swallow it.  
Suck it in.  
Just forgive and let live.  
It gets easier each time.  
The hope is spread like a cancer.  
It infects and unexpectedly you find its is malicious.  
The beautiful let down.  
Welcome to the place

where I constantly make my stand.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Rehearsing For My Soon To Be Captors

Escaping the improbable.  
Is it fate that mocks me?  
With such a horrid laugh it just can't be.  
As if I could understand the ground beneath my feet.  
Can anybody else hear the little whelp inside me?  
'Boy be patient and you might just see.'  
No not with eyes so glued shut I guess.  
Imploringly trying.  
Definitely in that there is no denying.  
But am I that conniving thief with a incurable disease?  
Maybe if you broke my spirits, but most certainly not under the duress of  
impossible threats.  
I spit in your face with no regrets.  
Sometimes spite is the only thing you have left.  
It is not necessarily honorable I assure you, but sometimes it does bring to ones  
face red in the face ruthlessness and stupidity.  
Easily angered is not a trait I envy at all.  
How many lives has that taken this far?  
More then the hands that can be raised.  
Do I enjoy playing with ones emotions?  
Most certainly the heart is a fiddle some one needs to be playing.  
How can you consider yourself any good if you don't?  
A womens trait by all accounts I guess.  
But saying you become part of those in which you're raised.  
And I'm proud of my parents most certainly.  
I don't deny being a bastard of little heritage.  
I keep hearing this man speaking me in a ignorant tone 'know your place boy.'  
But no longer being how could know such a place.  
It is so far away from the place I called home.  
I could never my surrender my head under the guise of Stockholm syndrome.  
A love for ones captors, I'm sorry but they would have to kill me first.  
Come on now please do worse.  
A dressing upon a wound that seems to be well rehearsed.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Rekindled Spark

Where to start?  
Oh oh oh.  
I wish that I could turn back the clock.  
Take count.  
What is our stock?  
How much do we actually have?  
It's kind of sad.  
A melodic tune.  
Put together the foreign runes.  
Making sense of a nothingness.  
Being torn apart so slowly.  
A harden soberness.  
I am really here.  
Cant you see I'm actually trying.  
Is it that really hard to believe?  
We once loved one another.  
I want that again.  
I want that long lost friend.  
Where did she go?  
When did it happen?  
Drifting in a storm of turbulent seas.  
Sweating over our needs.  
Desires stretched thin.  
Reaching into oblivion.  
My hand disappeared.  
You took it with you.  
I got boring.  
Your heart was no longer content.  
How do I recreate a long forgotten spark.  
Starved, was it the lack of oxygen?  
Because now I can't breath.  
I can't even sleep a wink without thinking about you.  
Dreams of madness.  
I'm a crazy man with a repeating school boy crush.  
Only a fool would get this lost.  
But here I am at the crossroads again.  
Which way do I take?  
Which way do I embrace?  
My real feelings shining right through.

Here's my heart it's for you and only you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Remebering The Never Again

bring me in  
let me in  
I'll promise to defend for everything that's been given  
your driving me nuts  
your spilling my blood and guts  
hello my friend  
the demon have come to me  
they made whispers louder then thunder  
they told me i better not make another blunder  
or my fun would be over  
bring me in  
let me in  
I'll promise to promise to defend for everything was given  
your driving me nuts  
your spilling my blood and guts  
hello again  
I'm going to try to mend somethings  
over and over again  
i kneel down  
just to feel something so real  
a kiss goodnight  
and the rooms goes dark  
i shut the door  
never to venture back anymore  
bring me in  
let me in  
I'll promise to defend everything that was given  
your driving me nuts  
your spilling my blood and guts  
hello for the last time  
i guess things have changed  
and that's fine  
i really don't mind  
kind as you are  
your still to far  
your picture i have captured in a jar  
forever embedded in my jagged memories  
bring me in  
let me in

ill promise to defend everything that was given  
your driving me nuts  
your spilling my blood guts  
but its finally over  
over oh over

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Rememberance

If I find my way back home, would you even remember me.  
Feeling like a distant star.  
Loves loss over the years.  
Walking into faded photograph, if only to bring the color back.  
Bringing all the memories the forefront.  
Look their is the house where I grew up.  
Look their is the park where we had our first kiss.  
Oh I can still feel that sensation of bliss.  
Look their is the football field where I had my first real fight.  
And it was over you.  
I got my ass kicked of course.  
But it was worth it.  
Forever and always.  
Oh how this place has changed, yet the landmarks are still the same.  
Running the streets of small town no ones ever heard of.  
Deals to be made.  
A devils paradise.  
Sinner to saint.  
Leaving my mark once again.  
But this time, but this time.  
I am the stranger.  
A ghost that no one knows.  
Recognition, respect, living in the projects.  
Chicken coops to some.  
Fortunes reversed and undone.  
It was good run, but I can never forget the place where I came from.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Remorse

Here stands the very last symbol of a dusty old memory.  
Still heartbroken and forgotten.  
Voices that are mere whispers among a noisy background.  
Just more shades of grey.  
A lover's quarrel that's ends tragically.  
A message written in secret in a thousands of different ways.  
Here me now, the thoughts ring out aloud.  
As if was some how more important than all the others.  
Descriptions met with a single cut and gushing blood.  
A death today, a death tomorrow is all the same except in essence of time and  
manner.  
Riding the sickness in waves.  
Oh if I could only be so brave.  
Instead today I'm sending off another silent letter to an unheard of location.  
The last defense in the art of dealing with acceptance.  
Realizing we're all humans and in life mistakes will be made no matter who you  
are.  
A sorry with most profound and sincere apology sometimes will still not suffice or  
satisfy the uneasy feelings when walking tight rope just to avoid pain

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Reputation And Vulgarities

A tongue is meant to be used in all honesty, no matter the reputation if some truth exist in the proclamation.

Vulgarities exist in all languages.

And can be used many ways.

Some are okay I say.

One should not be afraid.

Of opening ones mouth.

Just because some one think what you say is dirty and mean.

Cheap and unclean,

They don't have to listen.

It all about the choice as we use our eyes to eat.

Engulfed in a book full of deceit.

Does that mean it has been compromised.

Put it on the ban list cause in our world that don't exist.

Denial of a reality right in front of you.

I say how could you.

To deny one the right of speech just because you consider it indecent.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Rest In Peace

At your mercy.  
Come now be the good little boy.  
Bow down.  
Grovel upon my feet.  
One of the crippled.  
The one who needs others.

Why even bother?  
Why not just end your life?  
Depression creeps in.  
Hide it with a dozen masks.  
But still it never fades.

You just don't get it.  
I'm not here to stake my claim.  
That has been already done over and over again,  
over and over again, over and over again.  
Witness the end.

I have a new design in mind.  
One never seen before.  
One step at time.  
And it's mine to give, to share.  
I give it freely no strings attached.  
In someways I have long been detached from this very world.  
A numbness that just won't go away.

At your mercy.  
Come now be the good little boy.  
Bow down.  
Grovel upon my feet.  
One of the crippled.  
The one who need others.

Why even bother?  
Why not just end your life?  
Depression creep in.  
Hide it with a dozen masks.  
But still it never fades.

Night turns to day.  
As the time continues to melt away.  
Soon it is as if it was never there.  
An empty shell will someday mark my grave.  
Here lies a man with no name.  
Let him rest in peace.

And this is something in life that is never permanently reached.  
Soothing the savage beast.  
The echo of newborns heart beat.  
An angels whisper speaks to me.  
In ways I can't seem to find the words to explain.  
Re-energized I keep going on and on.  
The breaking of a new dawn.

At your mercy.  
Come now be the good little boy.  
Bow down.  
Grovel upon my feet.  
One of the crippled.  
The one who need others.

Why even bother?  
Why not just end your life?  
Depression creep in.  
Hide it with a dozen masks.  
But still it never fades.

STILL IIIITTTTTT NEVER FADESSS  
Never fades.

Know your place and live in disgrace.  
A abandon face.  
Blotted out by black ink.  
If you can't see him, does he even really exist?  
A question of what we missed.

Following foot prints backwards.  
Sometimes we see what we want to.  
Did it really happen?  
A dull cloudy sensation of a image.

Was it all in my mind?  
Was it all in my mind?

At your mercy.  
Come now be the good little boy.  
Bow down.  
Grovel upon my feet.  
One of the crippled.  
The one who need others.

Why even bother?  
Why not just end your life?  
Depression creep in.  
Hide it with a dozen masks.  
But still it never fades.  
And it won't  
Oh no it won't not in my entire life time  
My life time.  
Even if it's short and sweet.  
The story of just being happy.  
When smiles turn into tears in your eyes.  
It just makes you want to die.  
DIIIEEEE, DIIIEEEE, DIIIEEEE.

R.I.P To All Those I Ever Loved.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Revisiting A Graveyard.

Your interests bore as the sun roars.  
The sleeping giant awakes in a burning fire.  
With dimension crossed I can I already see what you think.  
Lead him along like a long lost stray and maybe he won't notice.  
The tell tale signs that define.  
You are not ready, no not just yet.  
Confessions are something a priest desires.  
But with you words of half truths, they are somethings I can already tell.  
Like how deep you dig.  
How invested are you?  
Just another glittery stone that catches the eye.  
At least till something better comes by.  
But gripped with this understanding it must not be prolonged for any of the  
parties involved.  
All emotions dissolve.  
Numbness and abruptness rise to the forefront of the tongue.  
Speak now, for they will be no holding the peace.  
Pain long forgotten, just a kids a wound of someone trying to get close.  
Another chasing ghost.  
As if I didn't have enough hauntings.  
And on occasion skeletons loose in the closet do rise.  
If only for a second the heart does die.  
A silence of beats, a sign of multiple defeats.  
Trying to hide these wounds the best I can.  
Trying to keep my past out of the van.  
But sometimes I must revisit these unmarked graves.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Revisiting His Act Of Murder.

Where are you on this dreary night?  
I can hear the hisses and cackles of the dim firelight.  
Barely alive.  
Barely breathing.  
A heart seething.  
The pain of still being conscious.  
The numbness of drugs that do not take.  
Of this sickness there is no escape.  
A course charted and sailed takes all sorts of shapes.  
My friend, you are but feint.  
A slight glow that I hope won't fade.  
I drink in your honor tonight.  
I swallow the spirits of a grizzly sight.  
The blood gushes into me.  
Becoming part of the violence.  
Merging into the painting so horribly wrong.  
With shades of all colors I am blind and do not want to see.  
Silently snuffed out and erased.  
I run my hand across her face, as the body is pulled away from me.  
What was her name, why did you do this?  
A shattering of ones mind.  
Pins and needles from every single direction.  
Heads spinning.  
The moon is still looming, as if it asking why didn't stop him.  
But how could I?  
There was no hesitation in the act.  
It as if he had done it a thousand time before.  
What was he?  
A monster, or the friend?  
Commonalities blur.  
Raining chaos down upon this world.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Riding The Energy Of Loves True Waves

True love, is a mixed bag of emotions and desires.  
Sometimes we can't help ourselves when it comes to diving right on in.  
A formidable attraction, mentally stimulated.  
Energy born out of nothing.  
An invisible ether.  
Forever looking to be burned.  
From the depth of the beyond.  
Fickle is the expression love, because it changes by the moment.  
By the thought.  
It becomes part of our needs and wants.  
A lust to fill the unending void.  
But sometimes in due haste.  
We make mistakes.  
And this creates a spark of rage and hate.  
Because we were certain that was what we wanted.  
Downtrodden to being disappointed.  
In the context of being content, make sure there is enough substance to feed the  
fire long after kindling and candle wax have burnt up.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Right Now I Can'T Love You

The dust of an old photo, it is all I got left.  
And now you want that too.  
You can't steal what is in my head.  
You can't dry my tears and make this all go away.  
I loved her not you.  
It's not possible to possess my emotions.  
You want me to love an idle image.  
When I have memories much stronger, that last so much longer.  
Day and years do not just disappear.  
No matter how pretty the words are spent.  
Twisting my heart into oblivion.  
If you can't have me, neither can a dead girl that you never meant.  
So much jealousy left and unspent.  
Loving her is something you should not resent.  
Give me time to mourn, give me time to let go.  
This pain is too much like suffocating.  
A pillow over my face, slowly less and less breaths escape.  
A small but quiet struggle ensues.  
Can you not see you are killing me, it is hard enough without add your emotional  
baggage.  
I'm sorry but right now, right now, I can't love you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Rise

I rise in the moons erie light.  
The shadow I shall guide.  
Oh the darkness of suicide.  
I live in a time with the mercy of the dammed.  
Cynical and diabolical.  
Judgmental and unrelenting.  
Repent they say, now way not today.  
A rebel with a cause.  
A man so broken has been re-awoken.

I rise in the moons erie light.  
Shadows I shall guide.  
Paths shine as stars burn.  
Call me the monster but I still remember.  
This is my deliverance.  
My ultimate sacrifice.  
The tyranny of men must end.  
A hindrance of over educated who cant relate.  
I bring everything to the table.  
It's another Kain and Able.  
Brothers in arms.

I rise in the moons erie light.  
Shadows I shall guide.  
It's a slow and steady ride.  
But onward I go.  
I can't be silenced.  
A martyr for reasons unknown.  
Clone after clone.  
The little soldiers march.  
So much propaganda that wars don't exist in the original pretext. Lies that  
become truths.  
Build the support for the rich.  
Take it all.  
This empire will fall.

I rise in the moons erie light.  
Shadows I shall guide.



## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Risk Is Not Without Equal Risk.

My names John and as much I would like to say yes, I'd have say no. For I don't even know you.

Other then what's plastered across this page.

My age is not fictitious, and I'm not looking to get with some young party girl.

And I've read multiple of your poems and that's what it seems like you are.

As much as I'm not looking.

I am looking for a type, and I already don't think you come even close to fitting that bill.

And the next message will probably not so nice.

But I don't care.

If you can not be honest with yourself then theirs something wrong.

I don't live in a fantasy world.

You live in cali.

I live in pa.

So a lot of the interest dies right there.

I gave up everything for a girl once who lived in Florida, and it left me homeless.

I will never do that again.

Not for something I can not touch, taste, feel.

The words are emotionless and are not real.

Risk is not without equal risk.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Rocky Road

Give me a chance.  
Give me just a moment of your time.  
With simplest of words.  
Nothing so complex.  
Confession of a madman.  
A lonely soul so out of control.  
Riding the turbulent seas where ever they may go.  
No this is not a show.  
Hold the applause for the more deserving or self serving.  
I just want somebody to listen on my journey down the road.  
Some advice if you see me floundering.  
A life jacket if you see I might be drowning.  
I bare no cross.  
I wear no crown.  
I'm the essence of poor choices with a very poor hand dealt.  
I could be on high ground if I didn't find it so morally objectionable.  
Party favors so unfavored.  
The rise in my heart, why is it always so angered?  
A squandered passage.  
What have we done?  
What have we become?  
The ultimate scum.  
But at least I did my part in making a stand.  
Not that it brought about much change.  
For I am single being, and my powers are limited to my voice, my influence, my actions.  
In a beat up trailer the flood waters I can already see coming.  
With no where left to go.  
Don't you know.  
Walking among the shadows.  
Pushing a lonely cart along the filthy streets.  
Begging for something to eat.  
Oh how we fail to see the simple choice of humility.  
Honor with the utmost dignity.  
How can that ever be in society based out of pure greed?  
With shiny objects littered upon the ever rotten stage.  
So stagnant among so many of the already too desperate.  
How could I ever take from those who think they are more deserving then me.  
I say just let them be.

The hands already too dirty.  
No amount of water will get them clean.  
I will make my own way.  
Do the best with what I have been given.  
No matter how petty it might seem.  
I won't roll over as long I know there is someone out there to tell my story.  
Tell a generation of why and how we got here.  
The history must be never be forgotten.  
Printed in the tomes of the everlasting.  
A gem on any landscape.  
The knowledge of yesterday shall lead the way.  
In the chaotic storm coming maybe I might survive, but just in case I leave this  
to all those care to learn lesson of those living on the true bottom.  
Those who a have never owned more then what they have ever made.  
A true form of give and take.  
A true heart break of the ashamed.  
The faceless name.  
Let the imagination paint my portrait among the words I speak.  
For that is a reflection indeed.  
And it is more then I have ever needed.  
But given a chance I took it.  
Now it might simply reclaimed upon the deathly hollows.  
By the ever consuming swallows.  
Now they have come for me.  
Even my soul may never be free again.  
The final good bye friends.  
There can be no perfect endings.  
Forever more, the paradox of opening Pandoras' door.  
Eclipsed upon a beaming sun soon the ink will dry.  
Still looking upward towards the unending sky in a vastness far and wide.  
For in it my imagination shall never die.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Rocky Shore

I feel like I'm no more.  
Locked away on some far away rocky shore.  
Mind a blur, as the words slur.  
An empty glass with a empty tune.  
Drink up there always another.  
Excuses are the game with impossible to beat score.  
Where is the sun, in all darkness?  
Even vampire s needs to sleep.  
But not necessarily dream.  
All these fictitious gleams.  
I'm so sick of it.  
Fighting to slowly die.  
Living the repeating lie.  
Gods sky has lost its thunder, its wonder.  
The sparkle is now gone.  
I'm of the belief it never really belonged.  
An illusion that shelters the weak.  
Giving oxygen to those not willing to breath.  
Just forget about their pain, their suffering, put it out of your mind and misery.  
They'll be fine or not there is no in between.  
A ghost still haunts this forgotten place.  
He was me, and I was him as a grave is to the grim.  
And now the lights get dim.  
One last night with such a terrible fright.  
Screams of agony still swelling inside my body.  
But now I'm again so numb.  
Feeling nothing because there is nothing left to feel.  
Deciding it no longer matters what is real.  
Somethings no amount of words can heal.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Rolling Hills

Hey, hey, guess what I'm walking on rolling hills. Smiling at cheap thrills. A joke of my own sanity. A couple marbles loose but I'm still going. A broken mirror and 7 years bad luck pronounced on my own vanity. Yeah i did it, and what f\*ck you going to do. Neapolean with a crossbow of vengeance. How the games played. Frustration esclades. It becomes another who done it. A mystery of murder she wrote. You say whose throat was cut? Now that's just a little f\*cked up. Rickety glenn driven off edge again. But cant stop now, the momentum has been built up to far. A sense of redirection. Faith guides and our heart leads us. We are not just another number. Credit must be given where its due. Sometimes you cant and mustn't pick and choose. Self restraint without a complaint. Only let friend or foe know what your capable of as a last resort. And now is a time of holding back. Time to give all a daily dose of a heart attack.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Rotting Heart

I slip a blade across my hand.  
Just to feel the sensation of pain.  
Just to see the blood hemorrhage.  
So many days I feel so forsaken.  
The lost sheep who will never find his way.  
Getting up one last time.  
This time I will end you.  
As I scream at the reflection in the mirror.  
How could I blame anyone else.  
It his fault the ugly beast inside.  
To kill him is to commit suicide.  
Oh how much I really want to try.  
With every thing I do or say denied.  
Like I don't even matter.  
What did I ever change?  
What purpose do I yet have?

Why am I still alive?  
Why am I still alive?

Why am I still breathing and dragging my feet for what I believe?  
When no one, absolute no one wants to be in or part of my life.  
Cheers to all the no ones, thanks for coming to another of my fabulous renowned parties.  
Famous for the nothingness of my own existence.  
Am I lonely days, most certainly.  
I don't desire your pity.  
Just some company in this road I have been walking for way to long.  
I've watch so many of my own dreams fade into sunset never to be seen again.  
And nobody ever came to my help.  
Not once, so why should I care about those who created all this indifference towards me?  
Don't touch me don't you even dare ever think you can.  
You might get my damned disease.  
You might turn black as these trees within your very own heart.  
Everything will start to rot.  
All it needs is a little time.  
You made me who I am just keep that in mind.

## Ace Of Black Hearts



# Ruin

It was perfect.  
It was perfect.  
Then you had to go and ruin it.  
Making promises you could never keep.

Within a grave I now sleep.  
You make me sick.  
You get off on the suffering of others.  
So manipulative.  
One big lie.  
Stealing a fading sunrise.

It was perfect.  
It was perfect.  
Then you had to go and ruin it.  
Betrayal right between the eyes.

I remember what it was like.  
Now that's gone.  
Time wasted again, and again.  
Another sad song put on repeat.  
A emotional rip.  
Looking down a barrel of a gun.  
A weary road of a really bad trip.  
Wanting to have a reason to keep on living.  
Keep on living. Keep on living this life.  
But it is already gone.

It was perfect.  
It was so perfect.  
Then you had to go and ruin it.  
You couldn't help yourself.

Inviting drama.  
Egging on a dire affliction.  
Breaking into another deep drug addiction.  
Don't you know that won't fix it.  
Not in this life time or the next.  
You claim you are rehabilitated.

But I don't see it.  
Jumping from one substitute to another.  
The rabbit hole.  
Wonder how far down this one goes.  
No one really knows.  
I don't want your confession or excuses.

Just know.  
It was perfect.  
It was perfect.  
Then you had to go and ruin it.  
I don't hate you.  
We all have our crutch.  
But yours is just too much.  
It makes me numb to every word you say.  
Disappointed with the lack of clarity, or sincerity.

It was perfect.  
But guess you didn't want it.  
So this time I'll be the one.  
To bring this relationship to ruin.  
Just watch as it crumbles.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Running In Place

Blowing smoke through a dream.  
The image is fading fast.  
The hope never lasts.  
Too much dust in your eyes.  
Blinded by the disguise.  
Who is this guy.  
The martini has gotten a little dry.  
Then its all gone.  
All gone.

Just trying to survive.  
Just trying to survive.

The pain never fully goes away.  
Just short intermissions inbetween so it seems.  
The music is still playing about that demon.  
Horns of hades  
Maybe I am a little crazy.  
But I'm a genie in bottle.  
Waiting for the right moment to let loose.  
And just be free.  
Just be free of all this monotonous mediocre agony.

Just trying to survive.  
Just trying to survive.

Some question if I even have it in me.  
But I still hear the whisper of destiny calling me.  
Waves are crashing down and if I don't swim I will drown.  
The way of this twisted warped shriveled up round little world.  
Sometimes the aggravation just makes my hair curl.  
Looking for all the missing peices in a mirror.  
Wondering how I ever could have aloud it to get this way.  
A cold sluggish beating heart.  
Watch out the fire is about start, start, start.

Only to watch it all fall apart.  
Even the cinders don't look quite right tonight.  
Its as if someone has been standing in light.

The darkness before the dawn.  
A backwards awkward ending silence.  
The legs of this table are once again folded out.  
The cards are layed.  
And the game starts to be played.  
Tokens are toss and somebody wins and somebody loses.  
Betting is the one who chooses.

Just trying to survive.  
Sometimes its just so hard to tell if I'm even alive.  
Even when the body moves the way I do.  
The echo of a forgone conclusion.  
It brings me this unending high.  
Its almost if I like it, I desire it.  
A taste for the evermore.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Satisfying Alternate Egos

Misdirected anger.  
The crack of the whip.  
The sound of thunder.  
Short lived, yet by the time it is finished the damage has been done.  
Sometimes we don't understand the bigger picture till it's too late.  
All we see is the fire in which we must retaliate.  
No matter if we are right or wrong.  
Accusations unabated.  
Tempers flaring.  
Daring you to lose reason, lose hope.  
Will you bow too others deceit.  
The game of the con and cheat.  
Look over there so I can destroy your reputation.  
That's right he did it.  
Blame portrayed in the name of unknown.  
I'm sorry but I won't feed either yours or their ego.  
It is not my job to make you feel good about yourself.  
Insecurity won't corrupt my perspective even if it does yours.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Save Somebody To Save Yourself.

Crying out, to not be just snuffed out. A pledge from the forgotten son. Truth in so many words can be won. A drive to make you live long enough to see your success. I'm not just trying to impress, but to make you see your work is not in vain. I'm come full on, guns blazing. Ready for everything and anything. A mission to the impossible dream so it seems. But I'm still here, so have no fear. A hero in the making as your hearts already breaking. Staving off the vultures who are waiting for death like its accommodation. No appreciation. Paying just for the ground in which you lay. Please enjoy your stay. Mass of friends and family beneath your feet. What a treat. But eh come on now it is what it is. Forget and forgive, live and let live. So i just dive in where i can, cause it makes feel like a better man. I've been falling in this quick sand and needed a hand. So now its time to embrace other end. So let me be your hero. Let me bring you above the clouds. Hold your head up without doubt. Yeah thats what im all about. Fates have sewn to a world so unknown. Together is definitely better then living for forever. Heart ache comes and goes just like snow. Sometimes just need to be a hero to save yourself. To quick to justification can lead to horrible revelations. A simple conclusion is what need in life. And doesnt involve your scarlet eyes looking so sad with a knife. Just let me be your hero, its what i need just to breath.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Saved From Grace

Save your self from grace  
We must make haste  
Its not what you think  
Ugly is the sate of mind  
Beauty being but in on the inside  
With words that rhyme I try describe  
What has already been inscribed

Save your self from grace  
Your must have a taste  
Sweet and sincere  
Its unending my dear  
But tells me nothing of who you really are  
The skin only stretches so far

Save your self from grace  
Remember this place  
Hold it in your thoughts forever  
For it will become the words another unwritten letter  
Light as a feather  
If only free the mind  
Only in dark places shall we find

Save your self from grace  
With a hope and a tear drop, I only hope the heart break can be erased  
Let it be replaced  
Begin a new  
A magic formula is my glue  
My hope and wish are meant for you  
If only another day you get through

But you must save your self from grace

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Saving Those Behind Barriers (Revised In Line Form)

Reaching across the barriers.  
Trying to be a savior.  
Staving off the the attacks, from all directions.  
Hit me come on kick me, beat hell out of me.  
I'll get back up the very next moment.  
Cant rest my head.  
This is pure devotion.  
A love so strong, that even if I don't belong.  
I wont walk away.  
I will fight with each breath.  
Failure can not come.  
I will not be undone.  
By you or anyone else.  
Treading on the ice so thin afraid I might fall in.  
It just cant happen cause I don't know how long I will be able to swim.  
I have finally been forgiven and now I'm on a mission save as many as I can. So  
I can't end up dead in the cold and still water.  
I got to be smarter.  
I got to tie a rope to the landing before I venture in.  
I can save those who are in need if only not at the cost of one self.  
A death in vain.  
A death under a false pretense.  
Does no one any good.  
So please wait for me.  
Hold on a little longer.  
I'll be right there.  
As soon I take a deep breath of air.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Saving You To Save Myself

Come with me, lets make the perfect tragedy.  
Let's show the world who we really are.  
Let our love move a distant star.  
Let our deaths be remembered by all.

A single spark, then comes the flame.  
Passion hidden behind a fogged up glass pain.  
If you could only see.  
What the this world could be.  
But all you keep saying is I want to end my life.  
I'm only, only asking you give this one last try.  
Look into my eyes, and tell me you see that I believe in second chances.  
One last dance, pull me close, move as I do, till the night passes us by.

Come with me, lets make the perfect tragedy.  
Let's show the world who we really are.  
Let our love move a distant star.  
Let our deaths be remembered by all.

This is not goodbye.  
I won't allow you to destroy something so beautiful.  
I will spend every waking moment giving you reason to live, giving you a reason  
to forgive those who hurt you the most.  
So smile dear, for I'm now here.  
For better or worse.  
Breaking the curse.  
Breathing life into to your lost soul.  
Feeling like you lost all control.  
I give you my everything behold.

A single spark, then comes the flame.  
Passion hidden behind a fogged up glass pain.  
If you could only see.  
What the this world could be.  
But all you keep saying is I want to end my life.  
I'm only, only asking you give this one last try.  
Look into my eyes, and tell me you see that I believe in second chances.  
One last dance, pull me close, move as I do, till the night passes us by.

Come with me, lets make the perfect tragedy.  
Let's show the world who we really are.  
Let our love move a distant star.  
Let our deaths be remembered by all.

No it's not over, never will it be over.  
Even from the great beyond.  
Walking through those pearly gates.  
It's not up for debate.  
Don't make me have to be the bad guy.  
Taking the sleeping pills away.  
I will not let you make that mistake.  
I will share in all you pain.  
I will be the shoulder you cry on.  
And when the tears to anger I will be glad.  
Because I love you.  
The four letter word that defies all reason.  
Coming from the depth of madness.  
If only to bring you one more day happiness.

So  
Come with me, lets make the perfect tragedy.  
Let's show the world who we really are.  
Let our love move a distant star.  
Let our deaths be remembered by all.

Oh come with me, please will you come with me.  
Allow me to save you, to save myself.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Scared Little Child

Just a scared little child.

What if I told you all I wanted was to be held close for just a little while.

Can you not see that forgotten smile?

Just one wish with all the broken hearts of desires.

My soul is a constant fire.

Through a foggy window pane in a dreamy land of make believe.

Sometimes it's hard to see things so clearly.

But today there is no more nearly or maybes.

Just give me absolutely certainty.

Don't make me go looking for that crystal ball, or pull out those rubie slippers.

Just tap them three times then we will go all the way back.

I'm just a scared little child.

I'm just another scared little child.

Oh don't you dare tell me to stop all my god damn crying.

Because I am just another scared little child.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Scribbled Song

And the song shall live on.  
For all the ages of the rising sun.  
In till the very last human is gone.  
For a voice to no longer sing.  
It echos through times of suffering and plenty.  
It becomes of the divine.  
So pure it is no longer of this world.  
A immortal being in its own right.  
And yet it sits scribbled on piece of paper.  
Just waiting to be picked up by someone.  
By anyone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Searching For Redemption

I can't get it out of my head.  
The nightmares in my bed.  
Sucked in.  
Horrifying visions.  
Why am I so elated.  
A-moral, the cross is laid bare.  
Exposure beware.  
Take your medicine if you dare.  
Hallucinogenic.  
Touching on what isn't really there.  
Crawling closer to despair.  
Smashing a mirror for a single piece of glass.  
Sharp enough, as the blood runs red.  
Wishing upon the grave.  
Before and after.  
Silencing the static.  
Noise eraser.  
Playing tag with real lasers.  
Planning out every strategy, it has be to perfect.  
For this isn't time of second guesses.  
Cleaning up all the messes.  
I'll take credit, that's fine.  
Someone has too.  
The naming, the blaming, a society who lacks the courage.  
Twisting in the knife.  
Give me the gun, my fingerprints are now on it.  
With the gunshot being fired.  
A war has been inspired.  
It's now my life, my sacrifice.  
Redemption always comes at a price.  
The pedestal of the divine can be so unkind.  
Justice can be so blind.  
In these trying times.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Searching For The Madness Of Reason

Push, Push, Push.

For what?

The desperately needed connection.

A top wound and ready to spin.

Love driving us all crazy.

Searching, seeking, anticipating.

All for that second when the soul leaves the body.

A transformation.

Hands out, a surrender of the mind.

For a single act of true kindness.

Does it even exist in this place.

A world so cold.

A wall painted full of lies.

Brick by brick you can keep all of them.

The foundation of frauds.

We built our homes on them.

Charlatans full of well and cleverly crafted metaphors.

Adding art to the decor.

Let it burn the eyes.

Visions clouded, visions blurred.

Warped and twisted till there is no recognizing any of it any more.

A generation destroyed.

A species full of cretins and filth.

Yes I'm one them despicable humans.

On a place some called earth.

I'm sure it could be much worse.

But with a stacked deck I just don't know how.

Gambling my life away, the only real freedom anyone ever has.

The organism in which we live.

The energy in which we're sustained.

If it is only temporary.

Why do we even want it to go on and on like we really have a choice.

Forever is a price we pay when we start to going grey.

An over welcomed stay.

Immortal in the imagination.

Desperate are each and every one of our proclamation.

As if there is any conquering the reality of this.

I've seen the darkness of it.

Think I'm wrong, convince me other wise just shut up.

Be confident in that which you understand.  
Or admit you know nothing.  
There is no middle to the approach of this discussion.  
For I have but a lifetime to find the answers I'm looking for.  
Do you believe it not to be the same?  
Indeed a life to be sustained on its own ignorance.  
The driving force of the insane.  
The calling is asking for one more.  
Filling the glass to the very last drop.  
Trying so hard to be analytically correct.  
But what if it just doesn't add up.  
An infinite system, a black hole.  
But how far does this go?  
And the true and honest answer is nobody really knows.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Second Chance: First Planet Found

A huge explosion ripped apart the only place we knew as home. It forced us to leave for years and decades of the unknown. How could I describe the existence of the here and now, without citing the past.

Second earth is premature, yet construction of advancement is underway. But it is slow because of the elements that existed on our previous planet are few. So we have new science that is only relative to this world. And we have old science which has no use here.

Our arrival, our entry of this planet's atmosphere didn't go as planned. We crashed with a major loss of life. We lost about half of our colony. And should one be surprised an 80 year old ship couldn't withstand entering an unknown atmosphere. Engulfed in flames upon the crash those who could get out of the ship did. Not all modules suffered the same amount of damage. Think of these modules as towns. They had a section where food was grown, mainly mosses. Because they required the little amount of energy to be grown. We had our sanitation systems where ever last drop of water was extracted and put back into our drinkable water. The spinning ship created its own gravity and weather. This moss also created our oxygen to breathe and we created carbon dioxide for it to breathe. It also created our electricity. Without the moss we would have been good as dead.

The reason we left is a star crash into our planet. We didn't put all our eggs in one basket either. We sent 10 colony ships in total to different life bearing planet suspects. The survival of human beings can't be decided by just one group, genetically qualified or not we decided. Plus it made it a lot easier to build small ship versus one big ship.

While I can inform you of events leading up to escape, I can't tell you of what happened to the other ships because there hasn't been any contact since we all simultaneously left. And of the events that happened before we left I was a mere child and my recollection is at times a little fuzzy. I'm 89 years old and finally I no longer have to eat moss and grubs thank god.

I'm sure you're wondering how was this possible. How did we get to a planet light years away in the span of only 80? We use a very complex yet simple equation to propel our ship once it was out of earth's atmosphere. I'm not a scientist so I can't explain the exact



formula. But I can tell you the theory in from which it derived. Small explosion are set off a certain distance behind the ship in which a wave energy is created that pushes the ship forward. This was then converted formula in nuclear explosions to something called nuclear propulsion. And understand in space once you start traveling certain speed in a certain direction you don't slow down unless you run into somekind of gravitational resistance. What we understood as the transference of energy on the earth is limited by the planet gravity. It is known as gravitational resistance. In space it doesn't exist to the same degree. Anyways this allowed us travel faster then the speed of light for great distances. And it required very little fuel to do so.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Security Over Freedom, The Boot That Will Kill Open Source. Can It Be Considered Within The Bondaries Of Fairuse?

Secure boot is a monopolistic idea, in which the freedom is sacrificed for security. In such a scenario where secure boot is enabled, and can't be disabled.

It can eliminate competing software on proprietary system.

They can then jack up prices because their is no competition.

How many will build their own computers to avoid it?

How many will throw away their old computer because it crashed and they can't afford to buy windows software, and with secure boot their is no free alternative?

Fair use is under question. For when I buy computer, I'm not looking for permanent software, but the right choose my software, whether it's free or not. And with the death open source, where will all the innovated software come from?

Stifling creativity because you can't fairly compete in the market of today is like giving a black eye to the whole computer industry.

It's saying I don't care how much money you have if you want a computer it is going to us all.

And I hate to break it to you, it is already too late for that hail merry pass with giants like Google, Apple, even Mozilla existing in this competition. Each with their own experience in certain fields.

Your sale of software will decline upon the continuation of this path.

And lawsuits will ensue.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Seduced

No no one will come and save you.  
But hopefully I can be entertained by those whose appetite is definitely appalling.  
How can you watch that it is just sick?  
Well your right but I neither made are was in anyway involved in its making.  
So maybe I was just seeing what it was with no knowledge of what was contained.  
Once upon a time we built this frame to capture everything.  
And now that we have, what are we to do with it?  
Do we throw it away before we actually know.  
Garbage is waste, and what was exactly made in such a case.  
As the eyes bleed, the mouth bitters, and the heart blackens.  
This time you notice something that is off.  
A wrong of wrongs.  
The ultimate evil will spew poison into every orifice of your body easily.  
You will be able to feel the darkness inside you.  
And the question is once you have been there.  
Is erasing these embedded images of an impossibility?  
Destruction by a seduction of temptation of something you know nothing of.  
A curiosity of secret, that should never have shown.  
A transformation, suddenly you are the child sitting in the corner, in the dark,  
and alone.  
Nothing but the voices of your own being to keep you company.  
A prisoner in your own head.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# See You Later

A goodbye is the forever kind of thing.  
Not just a see later.  
Like a waiter  
Hey their is another customer.  
What is your name? '  
What is your order? '  
Here's you receipt? '  
We hope to see you later.'  
Then you're gone with a 'thank you'.  
'Your desert was deliciously sweet.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Seeing The Words You Hear

Am I the only one that sees words that I hear?  
Is it a common trait among writers I wonder?  
It has always been that way from an early age.  
At one point I thought it might be a phase, and in time would change.  
For me its normal, completely natural, expected.  
But I never questioned what it means till just recently.  
Regardless I feel like it gives me an edge on how things should be written.  
I wonder if it is why I lose words when writing?  
Even with me being so grammatically incorrect.  
My education I suspect.  
Practice makes perfect.  
And so I continue, even with the words I hear.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Seeking Uncertainty

Battered are the episodes.  
Dreary eyed cold candy.  
Brandy placed upon stick.  
Taunting all the while you can't have it.  
With words endured.  
And ideas explored already long forgotten.  
Tooting a trumpet in succession.  
So melancholy.  
Rejoice and qualm the restless spirits.  
Simplicity of the naive.  
Bereaved and vilified.  
A tongue slashed by poisonous quills.  
Not single soul left in this place.  
For they are always better things to taste.  
The wind blows by a fragrance of the sweetness.  
My dear, put in tiny note book as the final entry.  
Set upon ornate cherry coffee table never to be reopened.  
Sincerity set adrift.  
A cloudy mist envelops this room of emptiness.  
For if escape is not possible, denial is most certainly plausible.  
Especially with expectation so high.  
You want me to reach for sky, and instead I lunge at the gates of hell.  
You might question why.  
Well I've been tormented long enough in this age of wonder.  
Where everything has the same shade of sparkle.  
Why not dial it down.  
For it is easy enough to go up, but everything is so dangerous below.  
Where same guarantees don't apply.  
With time all the while biding, sinking, shifting.  
A life all its own and what extravagant price paid.  
Hollow, and faint are its echos.  
Follow it, coasting, forever broaching more uncertainty.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Self Inspection

Do nothing and save no one.

Do something and be judged by everyone.

Were his action reasonable, was he man deluded in madness?

Being inspected though the looking glass.

Trusting no one a face value.

Is that progress, because we have people who wouldn't think twice about doing us wrong?

Justification, unwavering motivations.

There is not a large enough telescope to catch all the falling stars.

Something aren't obvious.

No package with a pretty little bow.

I believe we have the aptitude to judge ourself better then anyone else.

We spend every day with the person inside.

Should we not know him best?

Failure of this, is indeed a failure in humanity.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Self Satisfaction Extending

Do you know when the game ends?  
Do you know when it is time to stop pretending?  
Self satisfaction extending.

Are you even listening?  
Screaming in a cave and all you hear is the echo  
Is there something I'm missing?

Do you know when the game ends?  
Do you know when it is time to stop pretending?  
Self satisfaction extending.

Are you even listening?  
Screaming in a cave and all you hear is the echo  
Is there something I'm missing?

Do you know when the game ends?  
Do you know when it is time to stop pretending?  
Self satisfaction extending.

Maybe it fell off the shelf  
Maybe it was something so heart wrenching  
And again I hear nothing else.  
The dead something.

Do you know when the game ends?  
Do you know when it is time to stop pretending?  
Self satisfaction extending.

Maybe it fell off the shelf  
Maybe it was something so heart wrenching  
And again I hear nothing else.  
The dead something.

Do you know when the game ends?  
Do you know when it is time to stop pretending?  
Self satisfaction extending.



## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Self Sufficient

This is going to be rough.  
Think you have it tough?  
You are not even close enough to feel the fire.  
Down to the wire.  
Attempting to reclaim my spire.  
Twist and turn all the way up the latter.  
Please don't spit and sputter.  
Out of breath and just so far to go.  
I just don't know if I'll make it to the other side.  
But I still have to try.  
It's not as if I'm afraid die.  
It's not as if I need to know.  
A failure to succeed is a common breed.  
Biologically screwed.  
A government who needs to be sued.  
A society who needs to get a clue.  
What the hell is wrong with all of you.  
Crying over luxury's you once had.  
Your still alive be happy.  
Or get angry.  
Start a riot.  
Burning an entire city down.  
It still will not provide with antidote to the problem we all have.  
Self sufficient what is that?  
We depend on too many people for what we need.  
And they sit back and enjoy the greed.  
They see you coming.  
They see you running.  
Just show me the money.  
Dollar signs in the eyes of fear mongers with their proclamation.  
They're saying your doomed.  
And you just might be.  
Without a little god damn change.  
Victims of the insane,  
I just want to take off in a air plane.  
Take off to a far away place.  
Where living life isn't such a disgrace.  
Where watching the children grow up doesn't leave such a bitter taste.  
Turn about face.

Close my eyes and all that I once saw has been erased.  
A closure to a sequence in which I just keep watching the people falling.  
I've always been down here.  
How long to do you plan on staying?  
This is the poverty that is not seen by the elitist eyes.  
Always new people we must teach.  
Just how do we survive such dark times?  
Let the hope spread through the hearts and minds of all with my simple rhymes.  
I'm telling you everything will be fine.  
Even as the tears fall from my eyes down my cheek and drip right down to the  
floor.  
I still haven't abandoned this world.  
Neither should you.  
If love conquers all then I shall just never give up.  
No matter how f'd up it seems.  
My soul is mine to redeem.  
Follow suit.  
And let those who think they have it all see my dark abyss.  
The serpent will spread its kiss.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Self Worth

Blood is thicker than water.  
Wisdom of the forgotten lover.  
War of the worlds.  
Fights among too many friends.  
It must come to an end.  
Drowning in a whiskey bottle saying god please forgive me.  
Pathetic are men who make decisions with no comprehension.  
A verse with no meaning.  
Death is my friend I shake his hand on a daily basis.  
Tempting fate everywhere you go.  
With all your power you wish in this latitude of life you had some control.  
But you just don't know. You can't know.  
It's beyond the reasoning of a mortal being.  
You can swim in your sorrow wait for better tomorrow or you keep going not ever really knowing.  
In a sick sense again ignorance is bliss.  
Even if it's just pretend.  
Only the scar tissue shows.  
And it gives the wrong perspective.  
Like you're stronger because of it.  
You're weaker.  
Mentally broken.  
Tore down by facts that you can not change.  
All you can do is make sure it's not in vain.  
You must reinvent yourself and prove your self worth.  
For life is not a curse but a blessing in which you must never take for granted.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Selfish Blight

A challenge invented and cemented.

Permanent failing walls.

And this is some how suppose to give me pause?

An uttered awe?

Don't we have more important things to worry about?

Not reinventing the wheel to steal someones lime light.

Indeed you are a selfish blight.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sending My Goodbye Letter To The Heavens

She is finally gone.  
She had the mind eater disease.  
Not Alzheimer but vascular dementia.  
It was caused by contentious strokes.  
It turns you into a zombie eventually after all the hallucinations finally disappear.  
Sitting on the furniture with a blank stare.  
She was my gram.  
I went as a kid to Trustville Alabama each summer to be with her and my grandfather.  
To visit my cousin, uncle and aunts all my mom side of my family.  
Sometimes by bus, sometimes by car.  
A thirty-six hour drive.  
A ride of many sites and good times.  
So many happy memories.  
Something she had lost so long ago.  
I happy she finally went, yet I want to crawl in a hole and just die.  
As each tear streams down my cheek I remember everything she taught and did for me.  
She was part of me.  
She made me who I am today.  
She made me go to church when I didn't want go.  
Every Sunday like clockwork.  
She was southern baptist.  
She took me to the movies all the time.  
She took me to the library every week I was their.  
She taught me manners and respect.  
She also spoiled me at times.  
She took me to theme parks in Georgia.  
She took me to the beach in Florida.  
And when I was bad she chased after me with a switch.  
Me, my sisters, and cousins would play a game of stealing and beat each other with it.  
More then one them got broke that way.  
The she would have to go get a new one.

I never got to say goodbye.  
Not that she still knew who I was.  
But it would have made me feel a little better.  
So now I write this letter.

To tell her I am still doing alright.  
May it reach her perch in the amber white heavens.  
Let her know the love will never be forgotten.  
I will deeply miss you.  
There is now another hole in my heart that never be filled.  
Another one of my angels is gone.  
I will never be able to bring her back.  
So I must never forget.  
That is part of where I came from and who I am.

With all the love that be given, Always Your Grandson, John David Bastian.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Separating The Mind From The Heart

Here we go again  
There is blood in the water  
From those who thought they were smarter  
A castration with humiliation  
You can't defy the laws of gravity  
What is will always be  
At least so it seems.

Separating the mind from the heart  
Trying not act so torn apart  
I was took under  
I made a blunder  
I still hear the sound of thunder

But when you are just so down are your luck  
One more can never be enough  
Just never enough  
Symptomatic to the climatic  
Drama gots her needs  
She is the devil  
And walks inside me

Here we go again  
There is blood in the water  
From those who thought they were smarter  
A castration with humiliation  
You can't defy the laws of gravity  
What is will always be  
At least so it seems.

Separating the mind from the heart  
Trying not act so torn apart  
I was took under  
I made a blunder  
I still hear the sound of thunder

Far from perfect  
Every flaw is desired  
If only I can be rewired



Set my soul on fire  
Let burn brighter  
Let it reach the farthest shore  
A beautiful coast to most

Here we go again  
There is blood in the water  
From those who thought they were smarter  
A castration with humiliation  
You can't defy the laws of gravity  
What is will always be  
At least so it seems.

Separating the mind from the heart  
Trying not act so torn apart  
I was took under  
I made a blunder  
I still hear the sound of thunder

I tear up the letter  
Burn it  
I Just can't read no more.  
It is the wrong door.  
The one that leads  
Oh god I ask you please  
Have mercy

Here we go again  
There is blood in the water  
From those who thought they were smarter  
A castration with humiliation  
You can't defy the laws of gravity  
What is will always be  
At least so it seems.

Separating the mind from the heart  
Trying not act so torn apart  
I was took under  
I made a blunder  
I still hear the sound of thunder

He cackles ha, ha

Now I got you my son  
You will come undone  
Like a string I'll pull  
Watch it all unwind  
As that clock ticks on the wall  
Fall, Fall, come just fall  
Its not that far down  
What are you really afraid of

Here we go again  
There is blood in the water  
From those who thought they were smarter  
A castration with humiliation  
You can't defy the laws of gravity  
What is will always be  
At least so it seems.

Separating the mind from the heart  
Trying not act so torn apart  
I was took under  
I made a blunder  
I still hear the sound of thunder

The better  
The masters,  
Welcome to your disaster

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Separation

I keep telling you I'm not a parasite.  
Why won't you listen?  
Is it not a reasonable exhibition?  
In a moment, in flash before your very own eyes.  
You come to this realization.  
It is hard enough just to survive.  
Without dragging out the reasons.  
Where is the drive?  
A substitute in vehicles.  
With time being what's not already traveled.  
The distance of measurement in minutes not miles.  
With all the changing in styles.  
Will my sense of moral ever be the same?  
What was once wrong is now so far gone.  
Flying high in protest.  
It is a separation between you and your inner self.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Setting Bodies On Fire

Setting bodies on fire, putting them out with some gasoline. Stop trying please. Point the finger and blame all you want. It doesn't change a damn thing. Call me insane, but I m not the one playing games. Your still reaching. Stop your preaching. And just listen, you hear that utter silence. That's the price you pay for being so forceful. Nobody wants to be near you. Its in the words you spewed. Poison is that in which you covet. No love just more lust. Ashes turn to dust. Setting bodies on fire, putting them out with some gasoline. If you would have listen to me. This creature of evil wouldn't be. Don't you, cant you, why wont you just shut up and look and see. Observation, of all the constellations, reading ones future from the stars. Growing darker in the daylight. Something just ain't right. The body motions so uptight. Relax, stop forcing it just let go, and it will flow, like an oath of such power. That no one will be able turn away to what you have say. The days will no longer so grey.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Setting Her Free

Hey girl I'm here to tell you things be alright. You've been alone in the dark crying again. I'm here to tell you that you will always have me as a friend. Not like the others I wont be another one of forgotten lovers. Tonight and every day after, always. I will never forget the day we met. A dawn of another sunset. Rose petals still fall yet. A romantic who is very adventurous. Living on the edge yet so down to earth. A million mysteries to solve one after the next. Ill never be perfect but i don't try be. I live the way I want. Thus I'll die the way i want. Among friends to the very end. And now i ask you, will you be one too. Pain only makes you stronger. Take a chance, lets dance. Get your body moving. In sync we are like the tides of the ocean. Never causing to much of a commotion. Words are so carefully chosen. Truth with tact and that's a fact. Pick the right battle then react. Be careful for somethings you cant retract. Lessons of just being alive. Just try to survive. Just try to get by singing your favorite tune. They may call you a loone. But theyre in truth really jealous of you and what you are able too do with such devotion. Steadfast and baby who will last. Round one, two, now they got you. But they dont know what I do. Their is tiger inside you. Waiting to be released so come on let me be the that sets you free.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Setting Sail For The Rocky Shore.

Skin to skin.  
Bone to bone.  
Is this a place you can call home.  
As the soup boils.  
As the hunger increases.  
Insanity breaches.  
Pure survivalist instincts.  
No emotion.  
No loyalty, no devotion.  
A cataclysmic explosion.  
Seeing only red.  
Seeing the blood siloett.  
Writing how and when it will happen in your head.  
No motive so simple as revenge.  
On foot forward, two steps back.  
Panaroid, seeing everything as an attack.  
No longer holding back.  
Setting the demon free.  
Ripping off the chains of eternity.  
Lighting the blue flame with no name.  
He is me, he is what I could be.  
He is a fork in road.  
A path to be chosen.  
A method to madness.  
A tear among the world's happiness.  
A map that deteroiates as it is traveled.  
Putting down the gavel, and grabbing the shovel.  
The judgement has been made.  
It was a close shave.  
Bodies need buried, but it wasn't me.  
My conscience is clean.  
Split in two.  
An astral projection of time.  
How many dividing lines.  
Can I ever be happy with simply life is beautiful and I have survived.  
The lust that will just not die.  
No matter how high the wall pride.  
All the way up to the sky.  
All the way down to my very core.

This is the shipwreck at my shore.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sexually Explicit Woman.

A sad state affairs.  
Attention seeking behavior.  
To the point of desperation.  
What an escalation.  
Such a name.  
A sign saying I want to be abused posted on the front of your body.  
Temptation of the poisonous fruit.  
Please take a bite then you will be forever all mine.  
The capturing of ones soul.  
If it could only be that easy.  
All show no heart.  
Where do I start.  
No respect for others.  
No matter if theres children or not.  
Corrupting young minds in both material and content.  
A reinvention of the original.  
But it is not any different.  
In fact it is worse.  
So bluntly vile.  
At least use suggestion.  
Much better then such a vivid risqué description.  
Images you can't get out of your head.  
But you don't care.  
Self indulgent, self important.  
No one else matters.  
Selfish woman.  
That is all you will ever be in my eyes.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Shadows In The Rain

Do you remember this name?  
Who is it that we yet to be claimed?  
An anonymous letter written and unsigned.  
With all the proper captions and headlines.  
A reminder of the times.  
No longer in the fire it cools and it hardens.  
Its made of solid stone.  
No matter the embrace it will not break.  
Any pain endured it can take.  
For it feels nothing.  
A constant numbness that a drug induced euphoria can't compare to.  
The absence of all colours.  
The blackness in the clouds has grown.  
With a single seed it has been sewn.  
With whisper of a destiny it has shown.  
A reflection of shadows marching in the rain.  
Trying to break through to this dimension.  
What horrors could they bring compared to me?  
A sickness of genetics, and mutation of a family tree.  
A hatefulness, a bitterness, a body embalmed and scorched by it.  
The liquid acid pours out of the tanks, and I'm not sure if it can be resealed.  
It's not a lick em stick em that's for sure.  
This time I don't know of any cure.  
Not like the time before

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Shaking Hands

To listen if only for a minute  
To hear you and give feed back when I can  
When I feel it demands.  
I want to shake hands with everyone  
But I know that just not possible.  
I only hope those don't get hostile  
Pick and choose  
If only to lose  
Still they are the clues  
What you want  
From the bottom to the top.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Shame And Silence

I've seen that man before.  
Yeah the one with the back pack walking down the road.  
He's a homeless vet.  
Not sure the reason.  
Was it his choice.  
Or was it circumstances created by the governments choices.  
I don't know but I see him every year.  
Each time he has greyed  
Just a little more.  
Each time he walk is slower  
Just a little more.  
Does he have any family left?  
And if so why aren't they helping him?  
What has happen to make all these people so cold?  
They cross the street just to avoid.  
As if he is a disease, a contagious cancer.  
Well if that is so we are the ones that caused it.  
A reflection of what we've become.  
A reflection of what we have done.  
A faulty since of arrogance, ignorance, and disgust.  
You don't even know his story.  
How can you even begin to judge?  
How can you?  
Yet you still do.  
You still do.  
And he continues to walk in this shame and silence.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Shapeless Ghosts

There is a ghost in your closet and he just won't come out.  
No matter how you try.  
Shaking and shivering.  
A gentle touch upon the spine then we dine.  
The table is set, but the feast isn't here yet.  
The undying hunger of a monster.  
Tell me can you hear the screams?  
What is this all about?  
The closer we get, the deeper secrets that are met.  
How are you doing sir, can you not see the writing on the wall?  
Each brick contains a million words.  
Numbers of the absurd.  
Warped vortexes with absolutely no sound before or after.  
Brutally plastered, fingertips numb with the writing of this gun.  
Bullet loaded, trigger cocked.  
A tiny devil creeping on through.  
It doesn't matter if you see it, it see's you and polarizes everything you going to do.  
A magnet of destruction.  
Sucking it all in.  
Chaos burning in all blue flames.  
Rising up from the ashes as a hand to claim.  
A chalice filled with blood and hate.  
Sip it slow before you lose all control.  
The cogs of the death clock have been long been turning.  
Grinding, clanking, thundering, winding.  
Backwards to front.  
Your skin being turned inside out.  
The retinas from which you see being detached completely.  
How can one describe with empathy and compassion when they have none.  
Just an image contrived, if it makes you feel better most certainly in your first and last moment of agony.  
Twisting the arm and taking a dive.  
Is he alive or did he die?  
Sometimes it is best to be surprised.  
The special moment that leaves all to wonder.  
The door nailed shut, so you will no longer be able to see.  
Tell me does this make you happy.  
It was what I never wanted.

This a gift from the truly haunted.  
So there is no expectation of you accepting it.  
Face value is so over rated.  
Give me what is hidden beneath the surface.  
The crutch of a reject.  
The prowess of the lone wolf.  
Howling to the moon because it is what feels right.  
No further insight needed.  
Add a reason, and sometimes you just feel so cheated.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sharpening? The Rusty Knife

A edge to put on a rusty blade.  
Washing away all stains.  
Numbing all the pain.  
Changing my name to start fresh with a new beginning.  
Past present future.  
Outcomes always looking so grim.  
It's about time that ends.  
No more make-a-believe with a dash of salt and sugar to encourage more eating.  
Deeply simply breathing.  
Lungs unbareably screaming.  
The love inside ready to explode.  
Out of control.  
No more holding back.  
Calmly relaxed.  
Sky's running red to black then back.  
A heart that's on the attack.  
Flicking off all the parasites.  
You can no longer suck me dry.  
Dropping a steroid in your eye.  
Clean, clear, and very much alive.  
A long quiet drive to the mountains.  
A beautiful view of spring turned fountain.  
A elongated way too...  
Always wishing for more then temporary stay.  
This time I'll see you on the otherside shore.  
You can join me with your beat up looking blue ford.  
It's any time you want.  
Open 24/7.  
Their are no constraints or limitations.  
I will be there long after sun goes down.  
If you can't swim don't worry I would not allow you to drown.  
And when fear comes around we will cover our ears so we don't hear a sound.  
This is concrete, this is stability, do you feel me?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# She Came Back To Save The House

The lady who has taken over.  
She is a woman I don't even recognize.  
So much more stronger.  
So much more confident.  
Her presence gentle yet restless.  
Best wishes to the murder among forgotten dreams of rotten kisses.  
So unique, so much to say, never enough time, a cherry picked, plucked, suckled  
dry.  
A seed is all that is left.  
The birth of the next generation.  
Some say congratulation among the sounds of so many aggravations.  
For you have made it.  
To the other side.  
Resting your head after the longest glide.  
Paradise in the gutters, paradise inside your own head.  
Tell me what the tune is, that keeps you going, keeps you so happy.  
A promise infinitely.  
Proclamations indiscriminately.  
In a dark cavern with no source of heat or light.  
But still you survived.  
Pitched a tent made your demands, made your very first of many stands.  
I get hit by the shock of how far you have you come over and over again.  
A wow that almost rubs me the wrong way.  
I would be envious if I didn't know of all you went through to get where your  
standing.  
The revered house on a haunted hill.  
Secretly swallowed pills.  
Mercy me, dying bleeding from inside almost completely comatose.  
In so many way tragedy struck for you.  
I'm glad that is finally all over.  
Finally it's working for you, no second chair trying to steer.  
You are a source of so much energy.  
You are one solid rock among a sandy beach.  
If only it would happen a little sooner and would have been a little easier.  
But even now you still struggle for what should be rightfully yours even after it  
has all been nearly destroyed.  
If I ever have enough time and patience my dear friend.  
I will help with some of reconstruction, after all I was there when some of it fell  
apart.

Call it a favor to old friend, who is in some ways doing better now than way back when.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# She Can'T Be Controlled

The magnificent beast crawls slow  
She takes our homes as if they never ours  
Complete devastation marches through with her eyes gleaming  
A trickle falling from her eyes can be deceiving  
Theirs no control over the world  
What we believe and what is  
Two different dimensions collide  
She will not compromise  
Sometime she wears a disguise  
But I ain't fooled I know who she is and where she stands  
They are demands that are made upon humanity  
They involve the worst kind of suffering you could fathom  
Like an atom bomb going off certain things can erased  
Sometimes in the heart it is not easy to replace  
Hope I don't see her again  
Another hundred years and I'll be dead  
I'll be dead oh dead

Ace Of Black Hearts

# She Devils

When she devils fight with such venom, to intervene would be just pissing in wind. Their scorn creates those horns. Their jealousy turn them solid red. And with all the bickering you wonder if the if its worth it. From the manipulation words to physical fights its so absurd. Their are the victims of their own creation. Look in the mirror and meet your maker. Not so pretty is she. But yet they strut as if they got all right stuff. A sick, morbid, and twisted sense of self confidence. Your who their parents were and what they did to these poor women. Break the cycle if you can. But do not become part of their alternate ego. Tirading you around like a prom dress that only be worn one night. Theirs something that isn't right. Its like a hydra for if you cut the head of the one five more grow in it stead. Its superficially f\*cked in head. I watch in horror as I know where this leads next. Boredom follows the suit and then its time for her to move on. Suckers a plenty waiting to be bated and hooked.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# She Died Under A Facade

I've seen the future so grim.  
I've heard the future so grim.  
I've touched the future so grim.  
In all it emptiness.  
It is as it is now.  
No change, some will die, some will live.  
Some will love, some will hate.  
Some will rise above, while others flounder in a continuous debate.  
Tell me, if you had a choice would you tie your own rope, or wait for someone to do it for you?  
What would you do?  
I'm climbing down.  
I'm bailing out.  
I'm jumping off this sinking cloud.  
Going my own way.  
For better or worst.  
With promise of words.  
I'll be back to save you baby.  
If I can make it.  
Got to keep this fire burning.  
Keeping warm staving off the cold.  
Waiting for others to make it to the other side.  
Call me the middleman, in a great escape.  
But still you will not go.  
You stay your ground.  
You say it is the right thing to do.  
But all the people around you are already drowning.  
I lose sight of them one by one.  
Till your the only one left.  
Still you will not take a chance.  
Not in the name of my love.  
Such a pretty dove.  
All she has to do is spread her wings and take flight.  
Carried off into a different light.  
Denied by heavenly pride.  
Better, better, oh so much better.  
Suicide by a facade, who would of thought?  
I know didn't.  
If you can't save yourself how can I?

Tonight paint the skies red, for you have finally submerged.  
You have died when my hand was right there.  
All you had to do was take it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# She Gave Up

I remember that day my dear friend lost her baby for her third time.  
She cried to me all night, I tried my best to console her but no matter I did she still couldn't forgive herself.  
Like was her fault, like she did something wrong.  
I we texted and talked all night as she was on her way to the hospital.  
I don't know where her boyfriend was, he should have been there by her side through entire traumatic event.  
She eventually stopped trying and came to the conclusion some women just can't kids.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# She Tried To Put Me In The Closet

No I don't love you, never did.  
Desire is not in me. No, not for you.  
On a beach sitting in paradise, go and enjoy.  
For me it ships ahoy.  
No distance could be too great because of how you cling.  
I'm not your personal property or thing.  
If I wanted to be a possession, I would have worn that diamond ring.  
No, this animal doesn't want to be tied down by the lies of a false crown.  
A kingdom of what?  
One you can't walk among.  
Put in the closet like a pretty dress.  
I'm sorry I just won't have it.  
You don't understand me at all.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sheep Among The Wolves

Why is it when I come everyone's already gone  
What did I do to you,  
Will it be this way upon my demise  
The shadow of a sunrise  
It just barely there  
With it hope comes  
But not for me  
For it I have already seen  
Its not clean or pure that's for sure  
A heavenly body out of this world  
How little it helps when its not really here  
My imagination is an unwritten constellation  
No one knows, what my ideas will become  
No one knows me for me  
Just a tiny speck  
A piece of dirt just to be blown away  
Its drifts day by day  
I say that's me, who are you?  
My soul is already partially unglued  
In matters of the heart and mind  
I feel so lost  
I'm the sheep among the wolves  
In this dank place I call home  
I'm so alone  
Nobody real  
Nothing left I shouldn't feel  
Emotions should have dried  
As so should of I  
But the lords not that merciful  
He thanks I need to suffer  
To learn, to teach, to appreciate  
Well when it get here I most certainly will  
With the thousands smiles of my pain and sorrow

Ace Of Black Hearts

# She's A Victim

Her name everybody knew.  
When you couldn't get it else where.  
She was in town.  
Just one phone call.  
That was all.

The price you pay.  
Diseased they say.  
But in a not so nice way.  
But they all want it yesterday.  
As favors become the story.  
As the hound chases for it's glory.

But when it gets so dirty.  
How do you wash those sins away.  
Here's some ice to numb the pain.  
No matter how many times.  
No matter under whose name.  
Extreme abuse comes to my mind.  
But she like getting used.  
It was all she knew.

Where was her big brother?  
Locked up abroad.  
Car theft was the charge.  
Grand larceny with a dose of fleeing and resisting arrest.  
A broken home where the father was god knows who.  
With a drunken up mom to busy with here own affairs to ever care.  
She was just a child.  
But he took that all away from her.  
A rape by boyfriend not of hers.  
Mom was too busy in the next room sucking the white snow up her nose that her  
'man' just brought her.  
Accusation were thrown, but she just pretend it didn't happen.  
A poor little girl left to her own to endure the abuse.

And we now ostracize her because she like that.  
Hypocritical bullshit, and pure ignorance.  
She needs not pity, lust, or disgust.



She just needs a friend who will always be there.  
A friend that will always care.  
It's not on the outside but on the inside.  
Most can't look that deep.  
Especially when it comes to someone like her.  
Either word of mouth, or her body cause the mind to blur.  
It's not her fault.  
I don't blame her.  
I know you will never understand.  
And to think this is coming from a man.  
But I'm not one to care what others think.  
I defend what I believe in.  
And I protect my friend.  
And I hope with this little talk.  
It will bring the slander to an end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# She's Gone With The Wind

Will you kill me because I love you too much to ever let go.

A fatal attraction

It's just human interaction

Crushed till complete compaction

A whole heart with subtractions

You define the happiness of my life

A love you till it became an obsession

A life long lesson

Back off I just can't take it any more

I'm completely destroyed

And I control these feelings

Theirs no need to keep score

It's not like I haven't lost before

Will you kill me because I love you too much to ever let go.

A fatal attraction

It's just human interaction

Crushed till complete compaction

A whole heart with subtractions

You define the sadness of my life

A love you with all my passion

A life long lesson

Still I will not give you the satisfaction

Just get away

Let all the memories sail

Let it be a long lost tale

So far nobody I've ever met has even compared to you

Gone with the wind

The person you use to know

He was shot dead

Angry soldier

Raising his flag

Thinking he'd be better off dead

Will you kill me because I love you too much to ever let go  
A fatal attraction  
It's just human interaction  
Crushed till complete compaction  
A whole heart with subtractions

You define the happiness of my life  
A love you till it became an obsession  
A life long lesson

Ace Of Black Hearts

# She's One Of The Fearless Ones

Reminiscing with old friend about the past.  
she is another one of those fearless ones.  
Courage against it all.  
Waging a sentimental war against world.  
living by a means to an end.  
a great sacrifice so others can have a better life.  
She is one the fearless ones.  
Braver then i could ever be.  
no hypothetical bull. do or step back.  
no hesitation in a moment of desperation.  
no time to wait for the collaboration.  
what is best must be done.  
Oh yes most definitely she is one of the fearless ones.  
preach what ever you want. but she will.  
it doesn't make any less real. giving it all up.  
all i can say to haters and debaters is shut up and get out of her way.  
No time for all this talk  
when none have walked that path in  
which a great sacrifice must be made of course  
she is one fearless ones.  
how could that ever be doubted listen me  
as i shout it oh yes she ones of the fearless one.  
the walk of angel, the pain from plenty of demons,  
proud enough to tell you off,  
but humble enough to give her shirt off her back.  
she is one of the fearless ones

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Shooting Star

Of this night I will always dream.  
For my angel is but a whisper upon the twilight.  
A shining soul glimmering in the darkness to bring the strongest light.  
A guide for those who lost their way.  
A wind that brings us a new day with new hope.  
A foundation not yet finished, but soon it will be complete.  
With memories both upon the mind and heart we do keep.  
A sense of both sorrow, and happiness.  
A mixture that is but perfect and sweet.  
It is quite unique and all our own.  
It can not be captured in a jar.  
It can not be mimicked or cloned.  
It is but a shooting star.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Show The World You Still Care.

I challenge you, talk to me, talk to him, talk to her, talk to anyone, talk to everyone.

Do not be afraid I think it is exactly what our society needs.

Not just pretty little phrases with smiling faces, but people who care.

I challenge each and everyone of you.

Show others that you are not so different.

Not so different, no not so different after all.

When I stumble, when I fall, I always hoped my friends would be there to catch me, but where are they now, all in there own separate little worlds without a single care of what of others might be going through.

So I challenge you...

Show the world you still the care.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sick

I'm not aloud to get sick.  
It's against the law.  
It's against my religion.  
A job that depends on me being their.  
A survival of my current affair.  
Feed some rice to a pigeon.  
Faking a feeling of awe.  
I feel like I have been hit in the head with a club like stick.

A headache that can't exist.  
Lungs that should be breathing clearly.  
And a stomach that should be able swallow anything.  
A boss getting pissed.  
A job I care about dearly.  
And all else that's missing.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Sick Children.

I had this one friend, she was German, she was a lot older than me.  
I used to watch her kids they were 16 and twins, they molested my niece who was 9.  
They told me and my brother in a public library in front of a dozen other people.  
Every since the day I found out I never again was able to go to their house.  
I wanted to kill them, as much as myself.  
Hate can't even describe the feelings I felt towards those little bastards.  
One eventually ended up stabbing the other.  
They had no conscience, they smiled as they told me.  
Did it happen under my watch why I was playing on the computer.  
Would it make it any easier, if there was plenty of fault to go around.  
No matter how you try to justify it, there is nothing in your heart that ever can be worse than that sinking feeling that you are indirectly responsible.  
I should have noticed, I don't know how I didn't.  
Apparently the same was done to their entire family over in Germany by the Mormon church leaders before they ever came here.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Sickly Antisocial Child

So you want to 'now talk' to the man in his shiny white coat.  
What changed?  
Oh so when I ignore you it's wrong?  
Okay and I'm the little boy boo hoo.  
Achoo, do you happen to have a tissue?  
Or would you prefer to shake my hand as is, and get germs all over it.  
Not personal, not so personal.  
Let not talk about it, for that matter lets not talk about anything at all.  
Ignoring the phone call, without a voice the emphasis on certain emotions  
expressed needs to be addressed anyways.  
Dear you know who, do you have any clue?  
Of course you do.  
And this is to you.  
Your welcome to argue.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sign Sealed And Delivered

Another bar has closed down  
This time it is in my town  
The only one in West Milton  
Good old pub  
Went broke  
Down on her luck  
Just not enough drunks  
The money has run dry  
It's no longer falling from the sky  
Tighten and tightening our belts  
Again the groceries have gone up.  
Electric hasn't been any nicer  
Spend, spend what I say?  
Who's got the money for these luxuries?  
This computer is built from all recycled parts.  
Built from scratch.  
From thoughts I hatch  
Ways to endure  
Ways to stay sure  
With a catch comes a lure  
I am of the poor.  
I wear two year old jeans  
That have been cleaned then dried on the cloths lines  
Because the dryer has died  
I'm sorry that just not a priority  
Please forgive me if I don't buy your gadgets  
Science at it greatest but it still has not made it here.  
They want just to much.  
I can't even afford to buy my own lunch  
I must bring my own from home  
And you are still saying its getting better.  
Who are these mathematicians  
I want to know where they get their figures  
Better yet I want my letter  
Sign sealed and delivered

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Silence Of Peace

Sadly sometimes the first ones to get hurt are those only trying help.  
A feud of friends.  
A trio that bends with the wind.  
It would soon come to a tragic end.  
Everyone has their own weapon.  
And is looking to prove the other scallywag wrong.  
The one trying to stop the fight gets the brunt of the brutal attacks.  
He collapses, with both boys completely stunned.  
All fighting cease, an erie quiet that follows.  
The boy laying on the ground gurgles something.  
Listen close can you hear it?  
His last words, he says I just wanted you two stop fighting.  
And he died trying.  
Now neither will ever speak a word.  
Forever mute by their own actions.  
He achieved only one thing that day the silence of peace.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Silence Of The Damned

Can your hear the silence.  
something isn't right.  
dead is the night.  
who turn out the lights.

then they converge upon me like vulture.  
a breeze of wind blows and  
bring the chills right down to my very bones.  
I know I'm done for but don't even care  
cause its not my nightmare but yours.  
twisted and turned. living on dead memories.  
eating upon them so slowly.

Can you hear the silence.  
something isn't right. dead is the night.  
Who turned off the lights.  
who is it this time.  
again they converge.  
but this isn't my nightmare.  
its yours. watch in despair.  
suck in your last bit of air.  
no life left for me.  
giving up and letting the leeches feed.  
for everyone has their needs.  
everyone needs to bleed.  
and this time its you destiny.

Can you hear the silence.  
something isn't right.  
dead is the night.  
who turned of the light.  
who is it this time.  
just remember this is not my nightmare but your.  
you open the door welcome them in.  
so now you must try to fend hyenas off if you can.  
if not welcome to the damned.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Silent Night Of The Crow

Some nights are empty.  
Others are filled with the crows soul.  
Mimicking its masters emotions.  
All knowing and all ever present.  
Every chill felt through the icy wind.  
Every ray felt spreading its warmth beyond the bounds of the known and  
unknown.  
A tic that never falls silent but keeps repeating.  
In waves it sloshes against the rocky shore of familiar coast.  
The pattern might not be exactly the same but it is similar both it nature, and  
methods.  
A feint caw, can be heard in the distance.  
It desire to be heard is immeasurable.  
Yet some night it does goes on silent.  
Or is it we are just not listening.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sinking Laughter

A faded dream comes to me.  
I can see the fickle irony.  
What is it that we believed would truly happen?  
Were we lying to ourselves the entire time?  
Is it in the laughter that it becomes contagious and we suddenly forget?  
Is that the intention?  
Something we prefer not to mention.  
With the lord gone, have we been abandoned?  
The ship is sinking we should soon get off.  
Into to the life boats it's the only way to survive.  
The water is too cold to just jump off.  
Still some will with a fear of dying.  
I can still hear the children crying.  
Oh mercy me, In this laughter please oh please let me forget.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sir, What Are My Orders?

And exactly whose orders are you looking follow?  
With words beckoning beyond the echo of a tree ever so hollow  
A wish for endless slaps, the love pain.  
Drives one to the brink to the insanity.  
And in the numbness, this flip flop of a rubber band string.  
One is induced into infatuation to anyone who will deliver.  
The relevant, becomes irrelevant.  
You lack empathy my dear.  
Please don't offer your pity or sympathy?  
Because I have no commands to give.  
Unless you'd be willing to jump straight off a 200 ft cliff with no parachute, or  
bungee-cord attached.  
That's what I thought, only when it benefits.  
The truest form of pretender.  
Making elephant disappear from the room.  
I know what you are wondering.  
Oh my goodness how soon?  
Too early tell, but keep ear out for the sound of that bell.  
Because that will be when it is your last shot to give me hell.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sitting Duck

In what intention does a lie make the pain stop.  
With a heart too drop.  
Picking up the pieces of glass before it is even shattered.  
Thoughts of why I did this and why it really mattered.  
The importance of a horrible stain.  
Why won't it come out?  
Forever marked by the thoughts of loss.  
Accosted by yourself before it becomes a tell all.  
Beaten up, as if you were a punching bag.  
And it is all a preemptive self infliction to a wound that you might create.  
The guilt is the agitation.  
The suds run amok.  
You become a sitting duck all for something you were too scared to say.  
And once you allow yourself to be frozen in such a way.  
It's over because fear is the choice you have made.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Slaughtered And Butchered

I will not live to die to justify your greed.  
With an oath and promise to climb out of this pit.  
If only for a little bit.  
The sentimental value of being free.  
Doing as you please.  
Responsibility all your own.  
Caution is a given.  
No one to protect.  
Love so so absent, and yet.  
A love for the world and all that's around me.  
As I move so emotionless, I still move.  
Not yet frozen that cold.  
With a numbness I grab the icicles behold.  
No pain, no apathy to those creatures sliver across the floor.  
A actuality when it is not my fault.  
Still I get blamed.  
A question of where was I like I should have been their.  
But for who, those who believe I'm a piece of meat to be continually used?  
Slaughtered and butchered.  
No mercy, no hesitation with heads hanging on the wall and there's money to be made.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Slaying A Dragon

Give me the flame to my forge and fire.  
Give me the wish upon my star.  
Watch what I do with a single chance.  
A magical dance that most just can't comprehend.  
It's the end of the road.  
So go ahead kiss the toad, make him something hes not.  
Kill the beast for his ivory.  
He is the last of his kind.  
But it does not matter to you.  
Greed is all you breath.  
A lifeless soul going through the motions.  
Here let me create a ocean.  
Let me create the most dense forest you ever seen.  
Let me take my hard knocks, and do something nobody else will.  
In this world they are way too many shills.  
Too many fakes and frauds, climbing the latter to be top dog.  
I'll take my misfortune any day of the week.  
Rather then having too choose which one of my collegues I'm going to have to eat.  
Removing the seats.  
Things I don't need.  
Planting the seeds.  
Doing the dirty deeds.  
But my hands are still clean.  
Can you say the same.  
I don't care if you think I'm lame.  
I really don't care what you think.  
Just don't blink because your not only one without morals.  
More will come, they always do.  
A cycle of destruction, put it in a lock box and throw away the key.  
Pandora doesn't have shit on me.  
Because the demons have already been set free.  
And I know everyone of there weaknesses.  
Time too go and slay the dragon of this century.  
Are you with me, or against me?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sleeping At Her Grave.

Crashing waves.  
Can you feel them to today.  
A hand brushing up against your tender face.  
Saying don't be sad my dear boy.  
There will be another.  
That shines like no other.  
An angel that whispers at night.

In my ear I can still hear her.  
Even to this very day.  
The pain is so hard to escape.  
But I know that it was never a mistake.  
Walking on water.  
That is how it felt with what she gave me.  
So much confidence, with a genie in a bottle.  
Now its all gone.

Memories fading.  
Trying so hard to not let go.  
Why I don't even know.  
Love makes you do the strangest things.  
Monuments built for moments in which we grieve.  
A shadow in the eyes to deceive.  
Do we even comprehend what any of this really means?

Coming back from the edge, not because I don't want to follow.  
But because I'm still here for a reason.  
Time is not a ticking clock, but a snapshot.  
We will be remembered for what we did no matter if we like it or not.  
Even when working in the pouring rain, I will not allow myself to feel the misery.  
It is a slippery slope with a very high cliff at the very end.  
It is one hell of a drop.  
A soul forever lost.  
Gone by what means, what actions?  
A fools wasted life.  
The tragic motion of a sharp and jagged knife.  
Not a sensible good bye.  
An unknown afterlife.

Excuses are the green grasses in this never ending feild.  
Mowed down on a daily basis for new ones to grow.  
Never enough.  
To quelch this undying thirst.  
A distraction is just not the same.  
Drinking sea water.  
A temporary relief leaving you worse then before.  
So many avenues yet unexplored.  
But who really wants to open another pandoras door.  
Evils come out that you just can never put back in.  
There should have been some kind of warning to begin with.  
The mark of the sith.  
Invader proclaimed to be negotiater.  
What is it you are mediating.  
More like instigating.  
You can keep your peace.  
I rather sleep with the deceased.  
Atleast there is comfort in knowing here there is no one out to get me.  
Screw me over in the worst kind of way.  
And here tonight I stay, under the stars, next to a stone neatly engraved.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sleeping Soul.

Breaking out of normality.  
Bringing forth a new reality.  
The rules are being written as we speak.  
A table sits before you but does that mean you have the time or money to eat.  
Trick or treat, time to face those demons.  
All in the mind.  
In land with such fertile soil how can that ever be.  
It just doesn't make sense to me.  
Still they're those who still walk in the cold and lonely streets.  
So many promises have been made.  
So many promises have been broken.  
WAKE UP, WAKE UP!  
A soul so dormant.  
I poke it with a stick and it still doesn't move.  
What will it take for true change?  
I remember that day when an angel whispered to me.  
It soothed all the anger right out of me.  
But it never silenced this heart.  
Blood forever pumping as it continues to beat.  
To hell with death or defeat.  
Yet some day in the same stroke they're both something I'm destined to meet.  
But I'm still here.  
So till then.  
I will abandon nothing.  
Friends can be remade.  
A damsel in distress can still be saved.  
The flow and course of time can even be changed.  
It not a game.  
Never was to me.  
Even though some thought so.  
There is not a day that goes by that I don't question why.  
Why all the suffering, the brutality, the ignorance, the hate. the greed.  
I listen to my echo, knowing so many questions will never be answered.  
Because we've allowed ourselves to become the cancer.  
Infecting society with indifference.  
Saying to our selves that could never happen to me.  
Till your on the bottom you'll never be the one looking up.  
Expectations high, disappointments grave.  
No easy way out.

Not for me.  
Hasn't been for a very long time.  
Living a life of barter and trade.  
Trying not to become a monetary slave.  
What I need should never come that easily.  
Convenience is a complication indeed.  
Nothing to do is nothing to live for.  
Obesity is a sign of this gluttony.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sleeping With The Numb

Waking only to feel nothing.  
Just let me be.  
Let me sleep so numb.  
Pain is nonexistent in all extremities.  
Time tics by and by.  
and still nothing has changed.  
still the same. who cares about that  
guy who use live with the inflicted pain by  
you over again and again.  
hes just a stain and now its time to clean up.  
waking to only feel nothing.  
let me be. let me sleep so numb.  
remember nothing. a nonexistent past.  
house that burnt down and with it  
all my memories accept for me being constantly numb.  
A drug induce state should be one most kids celebrate.  
but not this one. it was so fake.  
Waking only to feel nothing.  
let me be.  
let me sleep so numb.  
skin melts and still nothing,  
i bleed and still nothing,  
hit in the head and still nothing,  
salt in the eyes and still absolutely nothing.  
where are all the feelings  
I'm so suppose to be feeling.  
waking up only to feel nothing.  
let me be.  
let me sleep so oh so numb

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Slipping Through

To my excitement, to my early delay.  
With dismay I realize certain things.  
Too quick to certainty can end absolute failure.  
Like baiting a hook and reeling it in right away.  
Road blocks are junctions we are meant take our time to cross.  
It is not just a matter of breaking through.  
It is also the process of the damage you might do.  
Who did you hurt getting here.  
Oh dear, too many is too many.  
Learning the art of patience and perseverance.  
Timing the wheels just right one can slip right through.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Slow Reform

Don't take this fast.  
Slow down just a little bit.  
Reform doesn't happen over night.  
Making a better man. Is that the plan?  
Can you change the monster in me now.  
I'm sorry but i won't just bow.  
Who do you think you are anyways.  
Don't judge unless thy wants to be judged.  
So what if I've done some very bad things.  
Do you think I had a choice.  
Do you think that's what I wanted.  
Then why didn't I flaunt it.  
Notoriety is not the substance of life,  
Anymore then taking one.  
Now I'm under attack again.  
They keep coming at me.  
You screwed up.  
Let bodies stay buried.  
Secrets are best left unspoken.  
Just leave it, and let me alone.  
I'm no longer running.  
I'll face it head on if I must.  
Come on take your shot.  
Hit me if your can.  
Prove that your the better men.  
Hate me for what I am.  
Somebody who played and beat the system.  
One roll of the dice and its was over.  
Isn't that so nice?  
Sometimes i feel my body should kept on ice.  
Frozen in the times. That way,  
I can accept my fate with honesty and distaste.  
A life we should all embrace.....

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Small Footprint

If you still haven't heard from me.  
You probably never will.  
A drifter drinking straight out of the still.  
The wisdom of climbing up the hill.  
The sweat disappears.  
I haven't been so nervous in years.  
But now I'm here.  
And its raining so damn hard.  
It's a elaborate environment.  
So many complexities.  
They call this a new age.  
I call it just another new phase.  
The craze will be over soon enough.  
One color forever and always looming in the background.  
Solid as the ground in which I stand.  
Some have a plan.  
Some do not.  
But so what.  
Things will not play out as in Romeo and Juliet.  
So many tragedies have spoken.  
So many promise have broken.  
A wounding look in her eyes oh oh no.  
This will never do.  
You got a second chance.  
So my call is to you.  
In a world we must hold on to.  
Never let go.  
No matter the grimness of it.  
No matter ugliness of it.  
Their is just no denying it.  
Their is only surviving it.  
The judge hands down his sentence approved by your peers.  
Do you accept?  
Do you reject?  
Or make a counter offer for the better?  
It's a letter that must put under the flame of a candle once read.  
For truth is controversial and will create a massive outcry.  
Something I most certainly can not deny.  
But still I will fight for my right to see the demons that hide upon men's

shadows.

I been told be ever careful.

For I could be devoured as so many souls that have come before me.

For some things your better off not knowing.

In the search of truth and love.

You will find evil, hate, and sorrow.

With words I only wish to borrow let me leave my small footprint so others can follow.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Smart With A Huge Ego

If one always holds on  
How can ever they let go.  
So absorbed in the past.  
You speak of it is of the here and now  
Tic toc the time goes  
Look I'm not wearing any cloths  
A free spirit in many ways.  
With every insecurity of you speak.  
I just grow stronger.  
Not worried by the flurry of intentional attacks  
It was not apology.  
But a mere respect of your rights  
As a user  
As a abuser  
As a confuser  
As a loser  
Whatever the affliction  
Or addiction you must let go.  
A grudge is evil sludge  
An I want none of it.  
I pick my battles as you do  
Your arrogance gets the best of you.  
It your weakness.  
Just as it is mine.  
The only difference is it doesn't consume me.  
Eaten alive by your own vanity  
It shows the ugly creature inside you.  
Some would say monster  
But your are not.  
Your smart with a very huge ego.  
So just let go.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Smiley's Wicked Grin

Bye bye, with one last haha.  
Smiley's wicked grin.  
One last sin, for the win.  
Down and dirty.  
Not to wordy.  
Simplicity for the matter of time.  
It's how I rhyme, it's how I ease my mind.  
Come on do it with me.  
Anyway you want it baby.  
Bending over backwards.  
Arobatics with a beat and the occasional twist.  
It's okay if you insist.  
It's not like I'm going resist.  
Bye bye with one last haha.  
Smiley's wicked grin.  
One last sin for the win.  
Remembering the times and places.  
Counting them like its my age.  
Always breaking in somewhere new.  
A chrisian of some random park.  
In the light or dark.  
Get knock on your car window by a cop.  
Tells you to get on out here because the is place to not..  
Opps I almost forgot.  
Bye bye with one last haha  
Smiley's wicked grin.  
One last sin for the win.  
The rules of engagement vary as much as the where and when.  
But it never really changes.  
The feelings always the same.  
Hands to the wall as the toes start to curl.  
Bye bye, with one last haha.  
Smiley's wicked grin.  
One last sin, for the win.  
Down and dirty.  
Not to wordy.  
Simplicity for the matter of time.  
It's how I rhyme, it's how I ease my mind.  
Come on do it with me.

Anyway you want it baby.  
Bending over backwards.  
Arobatics with a beat and the occasional twist.  
It's okay if you insist.  
It's not like I'm going resist.  
Bye bye with one last haha.  
Smiley's wicked grin.  
One last sin for the win.  
Oh one last sin for the win.  
Oh Smiley's wicked grin.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Smoke And A Shadow

Killing me with a single almost silent whisper.  
Killing me your very last deathly scream.  
Killing, killing, killing me, so slowly, so quickly.  
Just watch as it echos through my life.  
Now and then it meets forever again.  
A warped sense of a hollowed out prison.  
If I have a sickness then you are just another one of my symptoms  
Blind, deaf, and, dumb and a child of none.  
Starving from the inside.  
This blackhole sucks everything right on in.  
A blank puppy dog stare eats right into to you.  
Acid drips on and decays whats left of your skin.  
A world thats melting away.  
What will be left if you decide to stay?  
Can't you see I'm in a extreme pain.  
And not the kind a pill can change.  
Snowed but still the same.  
Wondering if I'm insane every single second of my life.  
Struggling to allow myself to just breath.  
He knows he needs it but the question becomes does he even want it.  
Oxygen devoured, as the face turns a little more sour.  
Death the single utmost wish with the most pleasant kind of kiss.  
Maybe there is something I missed.  
Somebody, anybody answer me why am I even still here?  
Without purpose and miserable.  
Yes it's pouring today, yes it's just like yesterday and there seems like there is  
just no escape.  
To the point of nothing but hate and rage.  
It's all that's left inside of me.  
I would smile if I got to watch it all burn.  
My stomach doesn't turn, my conscience doesn't tell me no.  
There is no alter ego.  
Just some smoke and a shadow.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Smoke And Mirrors

Just so pitiful, just beautiful.  
Dead marshes, a dead pelican bay.  
Men and there substitutes for rifles.  
Victimizing the innocent.  
Its not there fault, it was never there fault.  
The blameless, and the shameless.  
Can you feel the cameras right against your neck.  
Trying to incorporate everything as they define.  
Were not dead or blind.  
Story tellers still pass a song or two.  
And it passes the secrets of a forbidden truth.  
With the threat a gag and a hangman's noose.  
Decode each node, and  
See if you can find our ghosts.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Snow White Was Prettier

Oh wicked step sister  
What makes you think your so special?  
What are the possibilities that snow white is just a little prettier?

Claim to be the best,  
but your like all the rest.  
Using till their is no one left.  
Choose him over him.  
Oh the daily swim  
Sex all the way.  
Multiple partners.  
Sometimes three a day.

Oh wicked step sister  
What makes you think your so special?  
What are the possibilities that snow white is just a little prettier?

Hey is it your birthday?  
I totally forgot and I don't even why.  
Maybe it is because your little brother has never known you.  
We have the same god damn father.  
Sad to say.  
But we are twisted in the same way.  
Freaks of nature.  
Lets get angry and throw all the furniture.

Oh wicked step sister  
What makes you think your so special?  
What are the possibilities that snow white is just a little prettier?

Always got to bad mouth someone.  
Each an every member of your family.  
They have nothing but contempt for you.  
But I never noticed  
Cause I never even seen your face  
Not a single day of my child hood.  
Yet you think you know me well enough.  
See that finger, yeah its not my thumb.  
That's to you for ever thinking that I would be that dumb.

Oh wicked step sister  
What makes you think your so special?  
What are the possibilities that snow white is just a little prettier?

Help?  
You got be joking.  
What have been smoking?  
It has completely messed up your head.  
Remember your little brother is dead.  
He killed himself while you were looking the other way.  
To busy fixating on a self reflection.  
Excuse me but I think we need a little intervention.  
Just look and see I've always been here.

Oh wicked step sister  
What makes you think your so special?  
What are the possibilities that snow white is just a little prettier?

Oh now you notice  
Now when I'm all grown.  
Well have you ever heard that famous saying  
Your on own.  
Your saying you might be going to jail.  
You say your getting evicted.  
Well I already loss everybody I ever known  
Where were you then.  
To busy jumping to the next man.  
You never could just stick with one.

Oh wicked step sister  
What makes you think your so special?  
What are the possibilities that snow white is just a little prettier?

Now you blame the whole world  
Like it is really their fault.  
Your getting older.  
And nobody wants the goods.  
Well I'm sorry to tell you.  
Marriage is the forever kind of thing.  
And you already went through five.  
I don't even know how you survived.

But now family matters.  
Ugly is the persona you spread  
With every rumor that hits the ground.  
Over came from that fat mouth.  
When you come my way I'm heading south.  
I just don't believe in suicide.  
Not when I have a choice.

Oh wicked step sister  
What makes you think your so special?  
What are the possibilities that snow white is just a little prettier?

Oh wicked step sister  
What makes you think your so special?  
What are the possibilities that snow white is just a little prettier?

Oh wicked step sister  
What makes you think your so special?  
What are the possibilities that snow white is just a little prettier?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# So Alone

Hello and goodbye at the same time.  
Beautiful is the rhyme of silence.  
A whole conversation said between the body and eyes.  
But is it ever enough?  
Too look, but no words spoken.  
A heart so broken.  
Damage to define what goes through our mind.  
Can you be trusted?  
Can you be honest?  
Can you be the one to calm me in the middle of the night?  
Can you stop me from ruining my life.  
Can you say you love me, regardless of my flaws.  
Can you stay centered when I'm having another one of my emotional  
breakdowns?  
Oh can you, can you be my everything with just one look?  
Because I won't accept anything less.  
With so much loneliness I confess I'm no where near the best.  
But I try, with a moral code to live by.  
My friends are few, my family is estranged as it can be.  
We are scattered across the land far and wide.  
No one to ever to bail me out when my canoe springs a leak.  
But I get by, learning to survive.  
Not afraid to ask a stranger for help.  
Sometimes I wonder if there is even anybody out there.  
At another fork in the road, can you tell me please, this time which way do I go?  
Choices that compromise.  
That is my life.  
Still shaking that broken crystal ball.  
But I see only the future of a man wearing a blind fold.  
A mirror image that continue haunts me.  
So I go on fighting the good fight, lending my voice for that which I believe is  
right.  
But I've never been told once in my life 'your okay'.  
It's okay to be lost, sometimes you don't have bare that cross alone.  
Alone, oh so alone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# So Far Gone

How its done.  
Always on the run.  
Just another number.  
Statistics.  
Becoming a mystic.  
Watch the hands closely.  
Its a disappearing trick.  
Shes there, shes gone.

How its done.  
Always on the run.  
Just another picture.  
Memories.  
The burning disease.  
Watch the horror movies.  
Its more flashbacks.  
Its there, its gone.

How its done.  
Always on the run.  
Just another measure.  
Despair.  
So f\*cking scared.  
Watch the fire ignite.  
Its a candle light vigil.  
Were there were gone.  
So far gone, so far gone.  
Its another place.  
Distant.  
Separation of the body and mined.  
Traveling through outer space.  
Grab the twilight.  
Hold on to it.  
Make it yours.  
For it hasn't been there before.  
So far gone, so far gone.  
Its another place.  
Distant.  
Separation of the body and mined.

Traveling through outer space.  
Grab the twilight.  
Hold on to it.  
Make it yours.  
For it hasn't been there before.

How its done.  
Always on the run.  
Just another treasure.  
Desire.  
What you want.  
Watch it fade away.  
Its more fools gold.  
Its there, its gone.  
Always on the run.  
Just another label.  
Faking.  
What are you.  
Watch the dirt fly.  
Its sticks and stones.  
Your there, your gone.

How its done.  
Always on the run.  
Just another vagrant.  
Living.  
A need to survive.  
Watch her eyes now.  
Its another color again.  
Shes there, shes gone.  
So far gone, so far gone.  
Its another place.  
Distant.  
Separation of the body and mind.  
Traveling through outer space.  
Grab the twilight.  
Hold on to it.  
Make it yours.  
For it hasn't been there before.  
Once more.  
So far gone, so far gone.  
Its another place.

Distant.  
Separation of the body and mind.  
Traveling through outer space.  
Grab the twilight.  
Hold on to it.  
Make it yours.  
For it hasn't been there before.  
How its done.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# So Tempted

In this flirtatious paradox.  
Just what is it we really want?  
The capture of ones heart.  
The capture of ones soul.  
Walls made of stone, entrapped the devious monster just beneath the skin.  
Wanting, Dying for it's next victim.  
Crawling inside you.  
Making you feel as if you are one.  
Forever and always.  
Just get out alive while you can.  
Her plans are irresistible.  
Her body is the essence all we desire.  
She plays with our minds every time.  
With words like love.  
Creating strength where there only was weakness.  
Only to take it away, to send us down the rabbit hole of what seems like an eternity of pain.  
Saying no, when all we are looking for is a single yes.  
The mark of success.  
What if I told I have nothing left.  
Just another scrupulous unevaluated risk.  
Spur of the moment twirls upon this canvas.  
Do not ever pick the flower, and know the truest form of love.  
For those who resist the destruction of something so inmate.  
Are the one who also truly lived it.  
Black roses mark the stones of those who have tried and didn't survive.  
A kiss of the ever creeping.  
Chills upon the spine.  
Clinging to never let go.  
A unity unlike anything I have ever seen.  
The motions of howling waves upon and ever changing battered rock face.  
And the energy release in these collision of the most powerful stars.  
I am at loss of words to describe it by far.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# So You Say

So you say.  
Today, or tomorrow.  
Throwing around all your sorrow.  
Like I care.  
Like I care.  
Like I ever did.

Promises of the golden.  
I will never be beholden.  
Not to you, not to anyone.  
There is no leverage.  
I can breath underwater so just try and drown me.  
The ocean is my home.  
And I'm never alone.

So you say.  
Today or tomorrow.  
Throwing around all your sorrow.  
Like I care.  
Like I care.  
Like I ever did.

There is nothing to forgive.  
Every word I ever said I met it.  
From the bite to the venom.  
Swallowing it down, oh the poison, so how do you like it?  
How do like it?  
Does it meet all your expectations like I thought it never would?  
Are you prepared for what comes next.

So you say.  
So you say.  
Today or tomorrow.  
Throwing around all your sorrow.  
Like I care.  
Like I care.  
Like I ever did.

So you have some sex appeal.

Sooner or later that will be dried and all used up.  
Then what.  
Atleast I can say...  
It was never about that for me.  
I need a little more then your visual stimulation or constant vibration.  
My mind would sour under all your dark devious desires.

So you say.  
Today or tomorrow.  
Throwing around all your sorrow.  
Like I care.  
Like I care.  
Like I ever did.

So you say.  
So you say.  
Oh today or tomorrow.  
Throwing around all your sorrow.  
Like I care.  
Like I actually care.  
Like I ever did.

Beggars can't be choosers.  
I do not have one once pity.  
Your life is not that horrible.  
It is your actions that bare out all those so called terrible consquences.  
And I'm not responsible, you were more then warned.  
Bracing for the up and coming storm.  
Watching as you get blown away.

So you say.  
Today or tomorrow.  
Throwing around all your sorrow.  
Like I care.  
Like I care.  
Like I ever did...

Ace Of Black Hearts

# So You Think I'M Nuts?

I'm use to being looked at as nut, but not for my political beliefs.  
Its strange to stand in a lake with no water.  
An unnatural position of posture.  
But it doesn't change my firm belief that the poor will suffer at both the hands of democrats and republicans.  
I feel isolated, and that is how they want me to feel.  
All alone, just shut up and die quietly.  
But I can't and I won't.  
This is important, more important then anything I've wrote about in my entire life.  
Millions of peoples lives are at stake and they don't realise it or they don't care.  
I don't know which is worse, ignorance or indifference.  
The belief speak no evil, see no evil, hear no evil, then there is no evil.  
A figment of my imagination I wish you were right.  
I wish to believe in fairy tales.  
But it doesn't sit right with my conscience.  
I can't live a lie, with so much exposure of the truth these days.  
Flaws are but a pigment of skin.  
Opinions varying within.  
A shadow watches me in loneliness, and asks me I haven't moved on.  
I speak of my responsibilities that it can't comprehend.  
In another life maybe I should have been a monk, because our virtues are very similar with the one exception I'm not thus I have to fight for my beliefs.  
There is no harmony in what's going on around me.  
All I see is this devious lust for chaos.  
Like rain drops problems keep falling.  
And nobody is even close to coming to the right solution.  
We rather wage war, destroy the earth, become leader of the world, and get rich in the process.  
I pray I live long enough to see this change.  
I pray I don't see a civil war.  
There is enough disagreements and civil unrest it could very well happen in my life time.  
It is better that it is the road not taken.  
Let me be dis-proved, make a valid argument, and just maybe all can be forgotten.  
When the apple falls how long is it before it becomes rotten?  
Lets makes a harvest, before this happens.  
Let it be honest and true.

I know that is very hard to do.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Social Path

The swallow follows me  
Like a sickening disease  
I think it's looking for some feed  
It looks so hungry  
Splat goes such a pest  
I'm not to be walked on  
I'm the one with the cruelest intent  
Hell bent on nothing better than utter destruction  
All because I'm so mentally screwed up  
Pluck me from the sky  
On such an ugly canvas  
Cause I'm not here to impress.  
I'm not a success  
So die when it matters  
And when it don't for that little factor  
I'm the out there trying get you when your tripping  
When you drinking a little too much  
When you don't when to shut up  
When your stealing that car  
I won't be far  
With knife in hand intent on causing a fatality  
From such a reality  
I'm slightly psycho  
I have an alternate ego  
Such a pretty face  
I could use the ears  
The nose  
The eyes  
To give an old guy a surprise  
And hopefully will have a heart attack and die  
They will question why  
Because I didn't like you  
You and another dirty dozen  
I'll drink your blood  
As I button my sleeve  
I'll feed my dog with the left over meat  
Boy it taste so sweet  
Watch as I retreat  
Back into my darkness

In till another comes along  
This is where I belong

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Some In This World

Some in this world like to blame others for their problems.  
We are all at fault there is no division in race.  
We have no right to blame others for their ancestry.  
Equal opportunity is suppose to be just that.  
No matter the sex, religion, or ethnicity.  
Now the question is if that truly exist every day?  
Down on your luck or down on your luck because of someone?  
You may hate everything I stand for, but know this I will never stop speaking the truth.  
Or settle for an ignorant belief.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Some One Must

All challenges must be faced in all eventualities.  
We must never abandon even the most harsh reality.  
We must light the flame and let it burn.  
With hearts that always urn.  
With tables that have turned.  
Still it becomes what it becomes.  
This life is never done.  
With one gone their will be another.  
Chances just beckoning a person to come to their call.  
Will you turn away?  
Watch someone else take it.  
Or risk another fall.  
By a obstacle to overcome.  
Some one must.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## Some Serious Questions.

You have to ask the right question I guess.  
Do I miss talking this girl already?  
What she did is unforgivable.  
I should hate her, but I don't.  
But is it enough to want something without knowing what it is?  
Lonely, desperate, pathetic that is me today.  
Up to now I tried not to show it.  
I hid it because I didn't trust it, just as I don't now.  
My head says one thing my heart another.  
A wound cupid couldn't have dug deeper himself.  
Is it temporary did she memorize me with pretty words.  
Of is it something more.  
I can't go running clinging to something that isn't going work.  
It has be true to form, not a desperation.  
And I really don't know what she even does in reno, I get the sense like either  
she dancer or something similar or use to be.  
A lot questions to ask.  
But must go slow, not to fast.  
I hurt I don't even know why.  
I don't understand myself, I'm so easily manipulated.  
I'm in love with this girl because she wanted me to be, is that really how it is  
suppose be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Some Things Can Only Be Felt

A salute with sounds of guns fire.  
Good bye and hello in the same note.  
Oh how can you really be gone?  
Everything seem so distant now.  
Is any of this even real?

A hand to the cracked glass framed picture that will never do you justice.  
I miss so many things about you.  
Will I meet you again in another life?  
Soul mates that can't even be separated by gods surgical knife.  
Blessed it be of those wishes I have yet to see.

Deprived of something so necessary.  
How could anyone ever understand?  
Psychologically damaged.  
A emotional scar forever to be carried.  
It's only one of many.  
And it takes its toll.  
Still I haven't yet crossed a single bridge.

You can't buy happiness.  
Once its gone it can not be so easily replaced.  
It's has ravaged me to the point of disgrace.  
Lusting for vengeance.  
Not willing to take any help from friends.  
Complete and utter isolation.

The build up of all this hatred.  
Does it ever get better in time.  
Forever playing back our last moments in my mind.  
A trace of a taste that is so truly desired.  
I call to her and all I feel is pain.  
Waking to the dreadful night of screams.  
Smoke and mirrors of that which should be clearly seen.

Some things are not logical.  
A rhyme can be without reason.  
A descending into the darkness.  
The crown of those already lost can never be found.

Without it are we all doomed to drown.  
Gasping just to breath.  
Somebody please end these bad dreams.

The faucet to these ghoulish demons continues to run.  
Corpses do not speak or walk around.  
We are not suppose talk to what's not really there.  
But know in my heart somewhere you can hear me.  
So I continue to come.  
Once a week, once a month, or once a year what is really considered of  
stereotypical normality that defines those who do not have mental illness?  
Should I even care if there are those who think of me as crazy?  
So far nobody has swayed me.

Mourning is not suppose to be so quick.  
I don't think it ever ends.  
You continue on but with reluctance of those who have been left behind.  
There influence is forever felt, what would she have wanted me to do.  
And then choices are made.  
The lunar eclipse effect looms over every one of my paradises.  
In small doses and only so slowly.

Trying not to over diagnose or medicate.  
If only I was my own doctor.  
A morphine drip till in my sleep my body would function no more.  
The ways I would end it quietly and quickly.  
Suicidal is the thoughts that bleed across this page.  
Escaping what I think to be ill and a unfair fate.

But moral obligations stop me every time.  
They are always more reason to live then die.  
A single life is so precious and rare that it is unknown of any other planets with  
this type of existence.  
That single fact is what should drive us all to survive.

But how many of us will?  
How many of us really will?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Somebody Please Catch Me

Captivate me, my angel.  
Show me there is something worth living for.  
Give me my heart, give me my joy.  
Because right now I spinning out of control.  
Pessimistic and every bit realistic.  
I can feel the wall surround me.  
Entering a cage just so I can unleash my rage.  
I want to know love up close and personal one last time.  
But I don't know if I make it there in time.  
Over 1000 miles away.  
I would walk distance, would you meet me half way.  
Would you tell me everything is going to be okay.  
Would you take away my ever aching pain.  
Would you put me back together again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Somedays I Can'T Help It.

My moods is the pendulum that swings.  
Every day there different.  
Tick, tick.  
Which way will he go today?  
Over the edge.  
Honest boy looking to confess from all the guilt.  
Hate and regret rolled into one.  
Love and being lonesome at the same time.  
I feel so manic.  
Bipolar can't ever explain me.  
Some days I'm in the deepest darkest depression.  
Psychologically unstable, yet there is nothing wrong with me.  
The perfect front.  
Just so quiet, ask anyone.  
Only with pen and paper am able to orchestrate, or contemplate how I feel.  
It's been drilled into me that I don't matter.  
Just so god damn insignificant.  
Am I attention seeking?  
Do I got that nasty habit.  
Jump rabbit, jump rabbit.  
Sleeping in the blood of my dreams.  
Waking up to hate myself.  
With completely twisted and distorted thoughts.  
Flaming agony, a constant burning and I am told it is all in my head.  
Whom I suppose to believe.  
Over dramatic, constantly overreacting, physical violent towards objects.  
Throwing chairs, uttering words like I got territs.  
People look at me and think skits.  
But some days I just can't help it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sometime Soon

Watching the world turn. Watching it spin. Oh baby where do i begin. Another night without sleep. It my conscious getting to me. I like to say sorry but i just don't know how. I would if i could, but i know what it would mean. Bringing back my demons. In the living fresh. A nightmare of my own mess. I confess it has been difficult. But still we must march are separate ways. We are each others enemy. Cause to much pain, to ride together in a personal airplane. Provide the evidence that your through. And maybe i ll write you. I have a box of letters in my head, waiting for that day. And i pray its not to soon. Some would call me a loon and maybe their right. But regardless this soul can never be locked up tight. No drugs can cure, watch me as i take wings and soar.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Song Of A Dying Mocking Bird

There is a ghost knocking at my door.  
She neither has a face or name.  
She screams for me to just let her in.  
But I can not.  
I'm forever frozen in that moment.  
It is the song of the dying mocking bird.  
I question whether that's me.  
A series mistakes to repeat.  
Am I even alive if I do not know pain indeed.  
Locked in a forgotten hideaway never to be seen.  
You don't know me, but know I am still here are words that I do hold dear.  
Again I'm embracing and facing that fear.  
Strangers in paradise, lovers of a chilly and almost quiet rain.  
Describing an alternate plane.  
The place where I've always lived and am still afraid to let anyone else in.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Soon It Will Fade

I have no magic formula,  
I have no gift, no I'm not standing on lifts.  
You see me as I was, not as I am.  
Total different human being.  
Changed from the inside out.  
To better oneself.  
To not become predisposed and worry about what others think.  
It is not about me, never was.  
You missed the whole point.  
Or maybe I wasn't specific enough.  
With very few exceptions we all eventually will be forgotten.  
So instead dwelling on how I want to be remembered.  
I find ways to help others no one would even notice.  
The insignificant.  
Not out of pity but because we are all human, and we all deserve the same respect.  
Yet we are not equals in any aspect of our lives.  
My agenda, is the one you never heard of and never will hear of again.  
Just a dull note being played, soon it will fade.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Sorry But This Is A Private Party

A bump in the night.  
A star rising in the twilight.  
Hope is coming.  
Just hold on a little longer.  
Enduring hardships that crush our spirits.

But no matter how long it takes.  
We will never break.  
Pieces of this puzzle are so slowly coming together.  
The truth will be revealed.  
As blood is breaking the seal.

A cloud of darkness can not forever take hold.  
The dam will eventually erode away.  
Rushing water drowns all in its path.  
Looking upon the aftermath.  
What is it we lost?  
Precious moments long gone.  
As the angel sings, we must rejoice in the moment in which we are free.

A demons fire.  
A wish to admire.  
Wielding these hands to the pliers.  
Forging words straight from steel.  
Yes these are real.  
A creation from that is nothing more then empty space.

Just look at those darlings eyes.  
Why are you taking her life?

A bump in the night.  
A star rising in the twilight.  
Hope is coming.  
Just hold on a little longer.  
Enduring hardships that crush our spirits.

Just look at those darlings eyes.  
Why are you taking her life?

Their is no reasonable answer.  
And we will never be given one.  
Thought to be of a lower species.  
A parasite sucking life from them.  
Enemies behind the disguise of compromise.  
We will give in but only if you sign this, or amend this.

The price of life, means little to those who don't have to pay it.  
Freedom has been substituted for what is in the best interest of all parties  
involved.  
Just watch as sovereignty is dissolved.  
We can only agree that we must make our selves better off then the rest.  
A immunity to the natural order of things.  
No fairness, no equality, a disenfranchised movement to destroy an entire  
culture.  
Burning the flag from years ago.  
It means nothing no not to them.  
It is not what they represent.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sorry But Your Not Allowed To Go Here

You no longer provide your services in my country.

Well fine, I'm longer from my country.

United States you can not censor the internet.

I'm now surfing the web from Bulgaria.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Souless Escape

Hurry up, come on we really got to go.  
To where just yet I don't really know.  
Escaping the prison of hell.  
It just doesn't feel normal.  
An old identity staring at you with disarming eyes.  
How could you still be alive?  
After all these years I thought you died.  
Captured, and held in plain sight.  
Stockholm became the child baring.  
No clue of the underlying issues.  
That many years.  
The words I love you.  
Completely forgotten, completely rotten.  
Trading your soul for survival.  
Somebody cpr, please the woman needs to be revived.  
So much has pasted.  
Family has both grown and died.  
A baby born with no identity.  
The media exposure is too much.  
Just leave this poor girl alone.  
Don't you see she is in so much shock.  
Death defying.  
Precious life.  
Knock knock.  
Here it comes.  
A heart flutters.  
A re-acquittance.  
Of everything so important.  
This is family.  
Not some fabrication of a sick mans view.  
Warped minds stole so many chances.  
So many lost dances.  
Time to make up for it.  
Being that little kid again.  
Just being that little kid again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Soulless Dynamite

The skin bleeds  
eyes so white  
Welcome to my soulless dynamite  
It Invites  
The devil so deep  
Ride my rails  
Pound in the heavy rusty nail  
From place to place  
The video erased  
In ankle bracelet that only needs a single key  
Can you feel the divinity?  
Are you another humanitarian?  
Save the world one person at a time  
Stand up and fall in line  
Are you ready to get served?  
Do you think it is not what you deserved?  
Well you earn what you earn  
And you urn what you urn  
Lust is never a must  
Its a kiss that turns into an evil touch  
Its not the kind that speaks of love  
Its the kind that brings misery to the already used  
Are you yet confused?  
Well welcome to my soulless dynamite  
It'll tear you apart  
It's never to unite  
All it brings is fright  
Through the blind mans eyes  
The role dies  
See if it a double I  
If it is yours better have something to give  
You took a chance  
A risk  
So brisk  
Gambling the materialistic things away is always okay  
If its your fate  
But if the thread is a little more intertwined  
You ruined a life  
That was not meant to be undermined

No matter the point of view  
You screwed up when you were made to choose  
Welcome to my soulless dynamite

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Sounds With No Directions.

Your making sounds but I can't understand.  
A mental block.  
A child like depravity to endure.  
Alluring are the thoughts of this lustful desire.  
Only if that was all that was important.  
Moans, groans, among the bitter November winds.  
No warmth seems to come from this hearth.  
No matter the kind of wood or how raging the fire.  
A styer sets in once again and I can't see beyond that which is right in front of me.  
Blinders set upon all the broken mirrors.  
It is as if these predominant visions shouldn't be any clearer.  
Certainty beyond any foretold fickle fate.  
A destiny that is so jaded.  
A laughing in the background that won't go away.  
At first it brings about this dull pain.  
Soon all harmony that has been previously enjoyed is now destroyed.  
And the ringing starts as a buzzing buzz in the ear.  
It makes you want to twitch.  
An irritating itching with nothing to scratch.  
A rusted door latch flapping and squeaking back and forth.  
To which way does it really want to go?  
Why are you asking me as if I should know?  
To whom do you think your speaking to?  
A rodent munching down in the back of your mind.  
Surprise is but the wires that have long been disconnected.  
Suspect is but unending prospect.  
For this all is just another assumption in the whistling truth of someone else's reality.  
Am I to respond, am I to air acknowledgement?  
Dare I say how wrong it would be to such mere mumblings.  
Grumbling, as if the lion was soon to roar.  
Well fine let it, lets see the mighty beast in all its glory.  
Instead of whisper in the dark with absolutely no direction.  
Not a single claim has been laid to the poisonous injection.  
Yet I'm suppose to let the needle right into my skin.  
Sure and while were at it give me a bottle of whiskey and bunch of pills.  
Lets see which of three kills me faster.

## Ace Of Black Hearts



# Spawn Of Sin

She spoke to me again. Like night terrors they keep coming. Invading my dreams. My constant suffering. My constant incompetence. Never understanding what this world really demanding. Wheres my out. What will eliminate my doubt. A life unfulfilled. Born upon others thrills. An exile in denial. Only trying to find something worth while. No since of style. My soul is so full of bile. Dirty diseased as they made me. Try to calm me. My hearts racing. I'm pacing. Please soothe the savage beast. Please open the release. Set me free. A captor of my own being. A fellow cretin. A spawn of sin. An ugly reincarnation of evils contemplation. Pain is my pleasure. Blood is my favorite color. Do I even know what love really is? Can I ever forgive? Hating myself for what I've become. Hating myself what I've done. A fallen angel who we spit on just for fun. My body is ravaged, broken, and torn. My soul is already gone. A conscience to aside. A liquid suicide. A melodramatic since of pride. The depth of my losses are so hard hide. Try what you will until it has been dis-proven. Draw your own conclusion. What you see before you is a mere illusion. For all that's left of my flesh. So cold, right down to the bone. Those who claim to be alone don't even know what it is to be a mere shadow. Walking right through walls. Nobody understands me at all. It is my downfall. An ackeles heal. Its so real. To feel, I only wish I knew. But when it's been drove into you, you are nothing. What you become is but a speck of what you could be. Killing a destiny. Never give it a chance. Trip them on the first dance. Shut them down by putting into to the ground. Head first, a sick kind of thirst. Think I just ate some dirt and it taste so damn good. I will never surrender like I should. I will continue my futile fight in the darkness, with the absence of any light for its my right.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Speaking Greek

If didn't make sense to you  
Just maybe it wasn't suppose to.  
The man and mouse speak.  
It's of a language thought to be of Greek.  
So foreign are the mouth movements.  
With micro expressions that tell you nothing.  
With honesty how can you condemn?  
A famine upon the eyes.  
With a desire for something with a little more taste.  
Poor little man, poor little mouse, such a wasted life.  
You are but of the same class.  
Separated from everyone by a social status and stature.  
You hatch ideas all your own, but they will never be accepted because they will  
never understand.  
They mark you with a label and a branding.  
You just don't fit the accepted standard.  
So you sit upon the shelf like an unwanted and avoided toy.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Speaking In Gibberish

So you want perfection.  
Good god man you can't be serious.  
You must be delirious.  
Don't you know I'm the spitting image of rejection.  
I don't know what you have been smoking.  
But let me tell I want none of it.  
No more I say, with a capital K.  
Come on now that makes absolutely no sense.  
It's like your speaking in gibberish.  
Well just to let you know I do take offense, no matter the reason or pretense.  
You can't talk to me that way.  
It's not okay.  
Well I would apologise but I have ran out tissues.  
Know that it is because I like you, and this is from the bottom of my very  
damaged and twisted heart.  
Well I guess it's good as anywhere to start.  
Everybody these days is a critic, or cynic.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Special Delivery

Forever writing to deliver a message and its not always of good tidings. Its to drain out every emotion so i don't lose it. Anger inwards does nothing for the mind body or soul. Got to stay in control. Just swallow it down. Write every verse, even if its in reverse. Backwards its drips out of my head. From all the deaths to times i need to confess to my happiness. Anxiety drives me into states of a constant ambition to travel the unknown. The dangers of chancing what you don't have to spare. Wishing to be alone. So seditary in my ways. Pretending I'm okay. Being stronger then my ghost. Forgetting the pain. Playing a dangerous game. Trying to stay sane. Wishing people wouldn't complain about the frivolous an unimportant. sometimes it doesn't matter, and i don't care. Then i see just more despair. And i wonder what should i do. How should i proceed. Wanting all to succeed. But knowing that isn't how it works. Disturbed by the limitation of life. Saying f\*ck it and turning all away with the cruelest indifference some have ever seen. Wish for my own death. But too proud to take my own life. An oxymoron with true meaning. So deep, so serious are the secrets i keep. Each one makes it worse than the first. Not truly understanding why i should. But still i do to protect you. Wisdom is not gained in years but the pain felt from the time that has pasted. The suicide of love with evil intent and malcontent. An empty heart wants it to always to be true. And that gives them the opportunity to lie to you. It so easy. A couple slips of the tongue then its done. Did you have any fun. What was your gain, what was you loss. Did you buy it. Did you survive it. Did you end it. Who was really in control. So many question will always be left unanswered.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Speculation Of The Dead And Gone.

How can it be anything other than speculation in till the facts not all being in?  
You have this mystery that needs solved.  
You have these theories that need to be tried and proven.  
Yet their angry at what your doing.  
They think it is outright offensive.  
They think you are destroying both a perfectly good name and idol.  
But you never said it was of any certainty.  
You admit you could be wrong.  
But still the investigation needs to be done.  
Is it so wrong to ask the questions?  
Why are their so many objections?  
Personal bias in the form of love.  
Take a step back my little dove.  
Trust me the answers will come.  
And I will be alright no matter what.  
In the memory of a moment of what you remember.  
Not an occurrence of the already dead and gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Spellbound(Revised)

An addiction, affliction, in mind and soul.  
Out of control.  
Mentally struck.  
Hypnotic.  
Hey maybe it's exotic.  
Lets touch it.  
Oooew so shiny smooth.  
Its a recluse  
He has come from far  
Just to stay under the radar  
Look at his battle scars  
The pain has got to be horrible.  
Demonically he whispers, 'I have you now'.  
And you're spell bound.  
Let me go.  
You scream.  
But no one really hears you.  
Nobody ever does.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Spinning Chaos

Hate me, that's right placate the situation. No regret. I'm burning everything down to the very foundation. Without remorse or recourse. Take this to a new level. Grovel at my feet. Plead to me as you meet your maker. My anger swells into this savage beast. Retreat while you can. I know, i see, what is in me. The heartless is in control. He has no soul. He has prejudice against all. I will victimize. I will destroy every once of all that's good in this world. Leave it sold cold. Ice upon the face. Freezing and dying. Please let it be so slowly. Cause i want to see them suffer like no other. Punishment with an nasty argument. Pain is my name, i dish it out all the same. No favorites. No mercy for the weak. Round, and round it goes. Spinning chaos.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Standing Next To You

Take me to a better place.  
One more honest.  
One more pure.  
One that puts me on top of the heavens.  
Looking down upon everything and everyone.

Keep me from saving face.  
Admitting a terrible mistake that I have made.  
To everything and everyone.  
Why it can't be a simple dream?  
One that you can simply grab out and reach.  
And the one standing next to you.  
Please guide me to where it is we're suppose go.  
Because I just don't know yet if I am going make it.

Take me to a better place.  
One more honest.  
One more pure.  
One that puts me on top of the heavens.  
Looking down upon everything and everyone.

Let the existence be true.  
Please don't let it fall through.  
With hope as my prayer.  
Let it take wings.  
In place I've never seen and probably will never be.  
For a too large a distance divides.  
An impenetrable barrier resides.  
Only my voice survives.  
It glides through a sequence of mazes.  
Sometimes I think something gets lost in the translation.  
But one way or another.

Take me to a better place.  
One more honest.  
One more pure.  
One that puts me on top of the heavens.  
Looking down upon everything and everyone.



Its not any ones fault and I don't blame any of you.  
I'll do what is needed.  
Not because I have to.  
Or in anyway need to.  
Without reluctance sometimes still choices are made.  
Living among life without life.  
The body breaths but does it move.

Take me to a better place.  
One more honest.  
One more pure.  
One that puts me on top of the heavens.  
Looking down upon everything and everyone.

Take me to a better place.  
One more honest.  
One more pure.  
One that puts me on top of the heavens.  
Looking down upon everything and everyone.

Because right now I'm without you.  
Right Now, Right Now, I Am Without You.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Starving For A Child

Starving so they do not go hungry  
Make sure they have a better life.  
A gift to your fellow kin.  
We are men.  
We got a job to do.  
Sometimes it something I wish you knew.  
But I know better.  
You would do the same.  
Can't complain for the all the joy they bring  
A child's laugh is heaven on earth,  
Forever removing all the misery no how bad things get.  
No regrets.  
Here every last of my plates.  
Dishes I just no longer need to eat.  
Surviving on nothing but my own flesh and meat.  
With tears in my eyes, I can only hope and wish to see you all grown.  
As long as I have you I'll never be alone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Status Quo

To be followed or to follow.

I care not for either.

Randomness with a touch of uniqueness.

I would say please shove that in your pipe and smoke it.

But you probably would.

The power suggestion it's not a obsession.

But a passion.

I never said I had any sense of fashion.

In fact when I was a young kid, I gave up the idea of being well liked.

With a kind of smugness I'm telling you this.

Not because I feel a need to explain myself to you.

But to let you know I won't be following your status quo.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Stealing Poetry

Watch out for the ones that suddenly loses poems,  
is her name.  
She published one of my works so long ago  
Now it just don't exist.  
Part of the past.  
Misrepresentation of a proclamation.  
She will not protect you  
She will cheat and steal from you  
Entered into a contest, promised you could win a award  
And I did, and will not forgive.  
Protect us the users in writing  
Or I will not use  
Its up to you to choose  
Can you say the words lawyer and sue  
If it continues someone will certainly have to  
She is  
And she is so wrong

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Step Father With No Legs

More about me with words so delicate  
I live in the home with my step father  
Why because he lost both his legs  
Why because his income, is not enough to pay all the bills.  
Why because I can't support two homes  
Why because my mother can't work and take care of him  
Most would shy away from what I'm doing  
But I won't and I'm not afraid to say so  
He nearly died twice with the last year  
Hospital trips galore  
This is just a taste of my world.  
For if I don't who will  
Neither of my sisters care  
A sacrifice in ones own being and self of steam  
The only time they will really be their is when things are to be claimed  
It doesn't bother me,  
I am not ashamed of who i am  
I will give them what they want when the time comes  
For I had chance to know him first hand  
I built a computer for him with my bare hands.  
I wanted him to see and feel the world  
The internet does that rest assure.  
He is excellent cook, he was an excellent carpenter.  
He wants to write book.  
Let me take the lead.  
My step father let me show you how  
Look and see.  
How horrible life can be.  
It can be mean and twist you.  
To the point suicide, by an amputee  
25 pills a day.  
A bath room to small for the handicap.  
We had too put in our own ramp.  
So he could grill  
Yeah this is real.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Stepping Off To The Side

It really seems to upset people that I do better alone.  
I don't understand it, perhaps I never will.  
This need to drag others into your life.  
They will join you if they want to.  
You don't choose love.  
It chooses you.  
Many times in your life.  
Going under the knife.  
Go ahead dissect my emotions.  
Tell me how lonely and miserable I am.  
My faults are obvious like a previously broken knee.  
But I will not play or prey upon others emotions.  
Wrapping them up in this suffocating blanket that keep getting thrown on me.  
I'm sorry but it is just not that cold tonight.  
Yes I'm lonesome aren't we all?  
But I do not desire or want anyones pity.  
My needs, are a matter of heart and mind.  
And that's not everyone can provide.  
Sometimes you have to realize that you can't help and step aside.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Stepping On Cockroaches

Such absurdities are common this day and age.  
A conflict of interest is like having a key to a cage in which houses the right to  
take as you see fit.  
As if you have no boundaries.  
Limitations are less and less applied.  
In till they don't exist.  
Don't worry sir it's all yours.  
Well look the other way for the price you pay.  
Corruption is always denied.  
As if that will ever satisfy,  
The one looking expose what is beneath all those cloths.  
Mirror imaging the truth for a gain and to stain a mans name.  
Does he really have a heart gold?  
When will you ever truly know?  
Before its too late?  
Or after misdeeds have been aided and abetted.  
And will there any consequences for those mischievous little helpers?  
Don't worry sir if the price is right we will arrest them all.  
But first you must pass that law.  
And their is a pause.  
Wait a minute isn't that what the last one did?  
For one to rise another must fall.  
Does it really matter the means?  
Why it most certainly does.  
For if similarities repeated, then changes will not happen.  
A boundless bound is such a approach,  
Come on lets step on these little cockroaches.  
Well do it together, if it makes the bidding easier.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sticking A Needle Into The Brain

Sticking a needle into the brain. Trying find the reason everyone went insane. Going down on a plane in flames. Burning from the insides. Huffing some pesticides. Such a clean ride. Knocking on deaths door. Heavenly denied outright. You will be destroyed. You are a blight. An insect in a world full of killers. Crawling as low as you go. Duck and cover here comes you want is some truths. And they get out the noose. No more questions, no more we said. I will break some bread with the dead. Protecting them long after there gone. Holding on to everything they had before they committed suicide. Never stop looking for reason why. There is no compromise in a corpse eyes. Theirs no disguise. Honest as the sky. So revealing, so soul stealing, forever lost in a moment. So no I won't, I rather be a martyr, then a slave a system that don't listen. Money, honey I'm told as I grow mentally to old to dig for that gold. So I fight it, tooth and nail, bones so brittle, so frail. Its another wound that just wont heal.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## Still Listening For The Sounds.

A poem to die for.  
A song to live for.  
These are the words.  
These are the voices.  
Unheard and unobserved.  
How can I help?  
How can I serve?  
Given wings take flight my mighty pretty blue bird.  
Maybe your luck will be better.  
Maybe the water you drink will quench your thirst.  
Not distracted by a promiscuous feather.  
Leading on, but not too.  
A following.  
A floundering.  
The fish is drowning.  
Suffocating while you still are able to breath.  
Where is the relief?  
What will end this grief?  
Slowly sucking lifeless souls into the darkness.  
Who heart is cold enough to go?  
To where it is.  
You succeed by making us all the victims.  
Trial by suffering.  
An unending bleeding.  
No matter what is used.  
Soaked up but not stopped.  
The sounds of thuds as each one drops.  
You say it is okay be free.  
But what is it we are escaping, if with this life you are castrating.  
Knife through the bread, then add butter to and for the well fed.  
Please satisfy those dire crys.  
A quelling of beast eyes.  
Sleep only if it is forever.  
Or if it is written in a long forgotten letter.  
No contingencies met.  
A counter offer to what?  
The ball has already been dropped.  
It is not to blame or fault.  
For you can't break into a locked vault.

Not without time and good measures.  
Tell me how much have you had.  
A smile for a second then your head is between your knees all sad.  
Hope is but a cog in machine that squeaks.  
When it goes silent, what is it that we really fear.  
A world to disappear.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Straight Into The Heart

The anger.

The hate.

It's coming out of every pore.

It's a case where only filth can be described.

Imagining so vivid images of slashing someones throat.

Why you do that to me, god only knows.

But it takes everything I got to keep my temper in check.

This time, this time, I'm just going to walk away.

Cause I've been hurt to many times before.

A look back forever more.

The smile is just disguise of things so deep that I hide.

If you think I'm happy then just maybe you'll be better of in the mind and heart.

The path I walk is but confusion in the dark.

A lost little child trying to find his way back home.

Born under the sun upon a forced wedlock never meant to be.

Living someone else's destiny.

If only they were in my shoes.

The maybe they'd understand the world so demanding I live in.

But I will not ever bring another in the way did you.

Never again.

The path of the broken.

I fell down on the ground and told you everything.

My weakness was yours.

My heart was exposed.

And the knife you shoved right through.

The blood dripped off it the blade as you pulled it out.

It was with out a doubt the worse experience in my life.

It was my fault I never blamed you,

I gave the opening.

So I should been better prepared to perform the closing.

And emergency surgery please make room.

He has a life threaten wound.

We have to go in now.

No time to waste.

A saving grace.

Putting everything in it's proper place.

It is as it should be.

But now I'm leaving that all behind.

A part of my life I shall never again describe.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

## Strange Planet(Part 1) (Story)

The year is 1658 A.L.(After Landing)how and why we originally got has been lost through our ability to recover the data off of the ships we land here on. I know what you thinking how could that ever happen? Well we discovered how too keep the body from aging while traveling great distances in space. I shouldn't say we I should they did, our ancestors as you will. They called it being put in stasis. Our goal as a species was locate and colonize a habitable planet and map our way too it. But our star charts were also lost during the landing. We don't know how long we've travel to get here. Earth is most certainly gone now. A burning mercury so they tell me.

I've heard stories of what earth was like. Great cities made of metal, wires, sataillites, radio waves connecting all the people through all forms of devices. Wild life such bears, eagles, whales, sharks dolphin. Earth legends lives on through word of mouth and our books. I wish we had more information on what was our previous planet. Our technology is primitave in comparison. I read it only took 100 years to make that jump but it came at a great and deadly cost. From what I understand earth was dying. The planet only had 1000 years, before it was no longer habitable. I read it was getting so hot most areas were turning into deserts. Except those below the 30 degree latitudes of the northern and southern hemisphere.

This planet they call haven 5, they were suppose to be a total ten planets that we were searching for to colonize were the 5th colony to launch on this mission. The missions launching phase were done increments of 5 year. Half of each colony was preselected, the other half was a randomized lottery by presets of age, health, race and gender. The mission had no year end date for obvious reasons.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Strayed

Breaking it all down.  
Twisting and turning with no pills.  
Rolling right through those empty hills.  
Can I say I miss you.  
Can I say I love you.  
With out my words falling to the ground.

Breaking it all down.  
Looking for the stars just above the clouds.  
Removing the illusive shroud.  
Can I say I miss you.  
Can I say I love you.  
With all my heart as it continues to pound.

Never enough time.  
Tomorrow has already been stolen.  
Bottled up then set free.  
The demons dance right in front of me.  
Saying come to me, abandon your loyalty.  
Say goodbye to your morales and values.  
Just one night for the rest of your life.  
Do you have the resolve to wait, or do you do what comes so natural.

Breaking it all down.  
Twisting and turning with no pills.  
Rolling right through those empty hills.  
Can I say I miss you.  
Can I say I love you.  
With out my words falling to the ground.  
To the ground

Breaking it all down.  
Twisting and turning with no pills.  
Rolling right through those empty hills.  
Can I say I miss you.  
Can I say I love you.  
With out my words falling to the ground.  
To the ground  
Ohhh ohhh

Breaking it all down.  
Looking for the stars just above the clouds.  
Removing the illusive shroud.  
Can I say I miss you.  
Can I say I love you.  
With all my heart as it continues to pound.

Oh the ghost of loneliness continues to haunt.  
Desires, needs, and wants.  
So far away, a picture will never do.  
And as the storm gets closer.  
Soon I'm breaking it all down.  
Breaking it all down for you one last time.

Breaking it all down.  
Twisting and turning with no pills.  
Rolling right through those empty hills.  
Can I say I miss you.  
Can I say I love you.  
With out my words falling to the ground.

Breaking it all down.  
Looking for the stars just above the clouds.  
Removing the illusive shroud.  
Can I say I miss you.  
Can I say I love you.  
With all my heart as it continues to pound.

Breaking it all down.  
Looking for the stars just above the clouds.  
Removing the illusive shroud.  
Can I say I miss you.  
Can I say I love you.  
With all my heart as it continues to pound.

Nothing left to say.  
No I'm not okay because I was weak.  
I have strayed, given in to the forbidden.  
One time and everything changed.  
Never the same.  
A wound delivered from miles away.

What can I say I tried to to be true.  
But sometimes you just don't have it in you.  
So now I'm breaking it all down.  
Breaking it all down.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Stream Of Destiny

Two woman for a man  
A dreamer can dreamer can't he  
A great boost to his self esteem  
The picture painted for its beauty  
Sometimes you can be choosy  
Relief is coming from such a boring reality  
Dose the fire in gasoline  
The heat is extreme  
The embers glow and beam  
As all smiling faces should  
Illusions in practice can be good  
A fly by night under the moonlight  
Feeling something that just feels so right  
Not seeking any guidance for that catastrophe  
What will be will be  
Let me flow into the stream of destiny  
With no complaints but those of my own doing

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Street Of Shops

Finally free, thank you.  
A moment of peace, soon I will be going to see her.  
Just down the street.  
The street of shops.  
Lewisburg is well known for it.  
That and it's college.  
Pretty women are dime a dozen.  
But I think I found a nice one.  
One who actually cares about me.  
Not my poetry.  
She doesn't even know I write.  
I think I prefer it that way.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Stuck In A Dream

How do we quell the angering giant.  
With a cradle and song to sleep.  
Into a far away place we dream.  
Visiting the pastures where it is always green.  
Drinking from the magical stream.  
A cool refreshing taste.  
On the astral plane we do embrace.  
In fantasies we do live.  
If only for moment.  
Before reality forsakes us.  
Speaking in foreign tongues of their being no escapes.  
What we see, what we know, oh how can this be.  
Questioning the entire galaxy.  
If for nothing else then reason.  
To explain away the impossible painful memories.  
A empty door to empty space.  
Steps to retrace.  
Following like lost little sheep.  
Once the wool is gone, is it possible we might freeze?  
A fear of who we are.  
Capturing a burning star.  
Only to find when you open your hand it is already gone.  
It evaporated into thin air.  
And as it gets ever thicker, they are images in the form vision we can see.  
Or is it the mirage of destiny?  
With choices as a infinite number of keys, is their a master?  
One to unlock all.  
Watching as leaves fall, how do know where they will land?  
A formula of creation is at hand.  
Patent pending, thieves waiting.  
Through eye of the storm how far can we see?  
Putting our arms up how far is it do we think we can reach?  
And when you bring it back down, will it have changed?  
Bleached clean of all the impurities.  
Poison gone forever in our arms and hearts.  
Of the possibilities to be forever stuck in this dream which one is it that you see?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Stuck In Limbo

Me and all my naive thoughts, sometimes I wish they would just all shut up.  
It's not like that could ever happen I keep telling myself.  
Trying to stay a realist even as I aspire to reach a higher calling.  
And thoughts linger of time spent upon these dreams.  
Hoping they are not a waste in the melting pot.  
I sorry sir, It's not editable.  
That I wouldn't even wouldn't even feed to my dog.  
Boy, thanks for all the encouragement mr. realist.  
Maybe I should rip up a idea not yet even put upon the paper and jump off a  
bridge in to water frigid cold.  
If I was to continue in such self pity I would drown.  
Instead I move on, knowing not the road in which I follow.  
But still I walk down it.  
I'm not ashamed because I still don't even know who I am.  
Yes a man but of what kind.  
Am I of the good as I try to be?  
Hard working, but of the work is it time wasted.  
How many times can you look in to a black abyss and come out the same.  
Damaged and no way out.  
With every negative thought rings upon more and more doubt.  
If I can't believe in myself how can I ever truly trust.  
Come on now pull it together and just be tough.  
Even in times so grim, at least I'm alive and kicking.  
A fish still flopping upon the water.  
But the splashes are no where big enough.  
Not even a ripple will reach most.  
I am but a mere empty shell?  
The soul has long left this body.  
Leaving everything just so cold.  
My hands become the ice.  
And anything I touch becomes just as frozen.  
Stuck in a constant limbo.  
It is as inanimate object.  
It will never move on it own.  
A life to always be lived alone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Stumbling In The Dark

I'm afraid of being stoned,  
Yes I'm afraid of being alone.  
As a chill runs up my spine this cold night.  
Dreams of the happiness wash over me.  
Wishing for a better feeling of emotion.  
A dark devotion envelopes me.  
An act of courage is no where to be found.  
I feel as a seer who has lost her sight.  
Images of the wrong kind enter my mind.  
I try to quell these demons with something pure and divine.  
But words don't come out right.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Succession Of A Transgression

The succession of a transgression.  
Isn't always for the best.  
Some times you just make more of a mess.  
Will somebody fix the fixers please.  
As if you really have a cure to their disease.  
Maybe it is you that is the one with the problems.  
Like a bird you keep dive bombing.  
The cat is waiting this time.  
He will get you.  
So keep at it.

I don't desire our country to fall into this category.  
But I think it already it is.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Such Are The Good Times.

This is to all my fans.  
Welcome to my little jam.  
A love to share with world.  
With her I have these wings to soar.  
I share every intense moment.  
I give in to every good thought.  
I try to write the honest answers.  
To cataclysmic caners.  
With the hero's as the midnight dancers.  
Each to his own.  
Sometime you must face it alone.  
When the darkness passes.  
Well be together again.  
As I make another home.  
To live as the best way I know how.  
Oh it's not my fault.  
It's not my fault, not my fault.  
None of it the suffering, the pain, the horrible sight of my best friend dying.  
To this it is I celebrate every night, for I'm celebrating one year less till I'll see  
you.  
Like a proper sentence.  
You were too good and I didn't deserve you.  
Now my hearts gone.  
Forever erased into the new.  
Even as I try to make them fit your shoe.  
It hurts every time..  
A constant reminder.  
A sickness from the real side winder.  
We call her love.  
The scent of her still linger.  
Like a curtain.  
The fog comes to your eyes.  
I am a man and I'm free.  
The choices are mine.  
Such are the good times.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Suffocating(Recised In Line Form)

A sympathetic morbidity.  
Ruthless pity.  
Always in the vicinity.  
The crows circle my head, letting me know if I try to help I might die.  
Some say its pure suicide.  
It's a hard knock life in which you must keep the sharks at bay.  
Their just waiting for you to fall in.  
Can you keep your balance walking down thinly braided rope?  
How long can you hold your breath before you start to choke?

Cant' you see I can't breath?  
I'm suffocating, so let me go.  
Didn't you hear me?  
I said let me go because,  
I'm suffocating. SUFFOCATING, SUFFOCATING.

The practicality of pity.  
Like lovers I need it.  
And it needs me.  
God damn she so pretty.  
But shes so sick always falling victim to the next itch.  
Turns out she was (as the defined word of a female dog) ! @#\$%.  
And I just got to get away.

Again I'm suffocating.  
Because of a pact i cant retract.  
Sworn to a twisted secrecy.  
Blasphemy of myself to a infinity.  
Pull the skin over my face.  
Hide the disgrace.  
Always smiling, when i should be one of misery and suffering.  
No destain for anyone in this heart.  
Even when its all falling apart.  
I brush off the battle scars like their nothing.  
Absolutely nothing.

Ace Of Black Hearts



## Suicidal Lover(Revised, In Line Form)

Learning to live with suicide.  
Their was just something in her eyes.  
It almost made me cry.  
But damn't baby that was a wasted life.  
You can't be serious I wanted to make you my wife.  
Oh oh oh come on talk to me any way you want it.  
On the phone just to know your not alone.  
Sick in the pit of my stomach.  
As much as I'm their she doesn't even see me, taste me, feel me.  
A woman with no drive to survive.  
No soul.  
No more.  
Used, abused, and confused.  
Trust doesn't matter.  
For theirs no laughter.  
A enormous hole and no way fill the void.  
No need for control.  
A slave her own suffering.  
Misery fills me, and it has destroyed you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Suicide With No Sound

Where are you.  
When I'm down.  
When I'm ready to drown.  
Suicide with no sound.  
A pound in the chest.  
A lump in the throat.  
the hands twitch.  
Life is a cinch.  
What would be missed.  
Just more emptiness.

Where are you?  
When I'm down.  
When I'm ready to drown.  
Suicide with no sound.  
I found my head.  
Its a mess.  
Somethings are so hard to digest.  
Swallowing it all.  
Theirs another phone call.  
No one answers.  
They're already long gone.  
Death devastates.  
Give him some air for hes on the brink of despair.

Where are you?  
When I'm down.  
When I'm ready to drown.  
Suicide with no sound.  
The headache is raging.  
The hearts racing.  
The mind is pacing.  
Going back and forth. should I do it.  
What would happen to all those I love.  
Would I be denied the heaven above.  
A push then shove. So close.  
Life altering to most.

Where are you?

When I'm down, when I'm ready to drown.  
Suicide with no sound.  
Anger dries the tears.  
All the pain disappears.  
The body goes numb.  
And all the fears are done.  
The battle is over before it can be won.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Sun Meets The Edge

For me too it comes like a vampire, as the sun meets the edge.  
I see the paradise, melting images forever in my head.  
A reluctance to my leave my emotions left unsaid.  
As a spider let me weave my web.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Survival

A reflection inward, as hideous as you think you might seem.  
Anything and everything can change.  
Don't give up ever.  
Don't accept failure or absolute defeat.  
Bringing back the extinct.  
What you once had can always be found again.  
Only the strong will win.  
Survival is where life begins.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Swallow Your Pride

I'm on another trip  
I took one to many sips  
The bitter taste on my lips  
I can't breath  
Listen to me  
I'll exhale as my face goes pale  
Dark grey clouds  
So familiar of sounds  
I'm being haunted  
I just might be wanted  
Certainty is most certainly out of my reach  
Maybe some one can teach  
Deviant am I like a parasite  
I think I might just be wanted  
How far is too far?  
What is pride?  
Overwhelming  
Kill me from the inside  
Its my kind of reasoning  
But I'm not believing  
The colors are so deceiving  
Its a chameleon  
Adapt to your surroundings  
Create a foundation  
Put up a place  
Discard all aggravations  
Hand in my resignation  
No more consultations  
Another demolition  
Its so due  
No more premonitions  
Their just another lie  
That's how they get by  
Watch as they slide  
Whats not true can still hurt you  
You do as you do  
I will not judge  
I know no such love  
Not here

Not from above  
A push  
A shove  
That's how you get completely messed up  
What I got I need not  
I'll just pick another plot  
There's the spot  
Bury me  
Bury me  
I will not get on knees  
Its not in me  
No dignity  
No self respect  
Disconnected  
Another one of the rejected  
Turn on a light  
So I can get my bearings  
I want no guidance  
It's my destiny  
I'm not asking god to forgive me  
Then I break down and ask  
Shed my mask  
The contempt  
Hate  
Jealousy  
Rage  
Just turn the page of the forgotten age

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Swallowing The Petals Of A Very Bitter Long Dead Rose

A week visits then it's over.  
Riding the devils motorcycle.  
Black are these reflections.  
A heart no longer pure.  
Anger inside.  
Our souls will never again collide.  
The tool served its purpose.  
I can here the voices still screaming why won't you just die.  
Because I can resist that temptation of hate.  
I don't need you in anyway to make myself feel better.  
Another letter to never read.  
Only when your in trouble.  
Do I receive the phone call.  
This is not 911, I will not respond to those who are always having some kind of emergency.  
A privilege forsaken.  
Do not ever take me for granted.  
For I have no wings and the sooner you realize this, the better off we will both be.  
Soon I will be gone.  
And then who will you call on?  
Bitter is the rose of our past.  
Fortunate it is that it has been long over.  
Your burden is not one I shall shoulder.  
Responsibility of what?  
Three years in the wind.  
The reality sucks sometimes.  
But you better deal with it.  
Because tonight you are own.  
Forever all alone.  
Caught in a landslide of your own contradictions.  
I do not need to be high to be happy.  
But you do forever and always.  
Clarity only comes in disparity.  
The charity is closed.  
Please don't ask anymore of me.  
Don't make me the bad guy.



When your the one who brings a load gun everyday.  
And today there is just no escape.  
Just no escape.  
Shot by empty bullet.  
Does it make the wound any less real?  
The sensation of hitting your face off rock hard steel.  
This is real.  
And if you are going down.  
It won't be me that gets caught in the remaining flames.  
Even if I have to move to another state and change my name.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Swinging For The Fences

A swing and a miss.  
Sometimes disappointments do exist.  
Sometimes things aren't fair.  
Challenges arise.  
And failures happen before ones very eyes.  
But in the end it doesn't matter if you gave it your all.  
Mission impossible.  
We can not conquer destiny.  
Beat it back with a stick if you think you can.  
But still what will be will be.  
You can hate the irony of it.  
You can bow down in acceptance.  
And continue on in a different direction.  
In a split second we have a mental dissection.  
The hated rejections.  
The bluest complexion.  
The sadness becomes like an injection.  
Everyone needs their fill.  
The realest know whats real.  
Some wounds will just not heal.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Syndicate Of Marching Men

A syndicate of men have been marching  
Through the grassy field of yester years  
The wearing and tearing of their poor feet to tears.  
Bur still they go  
Knowing where they are needed  
Never knowing when they might be defeated  
Thoughts of family and friends  
They are a syndicate of marching men

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Tactful Words Of The Here And Now.

From my bleeding heart I shall empty my soul. I will tell you exactly how I feel. Something so real from the air's distinct taste. To such a strong embrace. I grab you, I hold you, so afraid, never wanting to let go. This is in uncharted territory. A place, a situation that's completely left to the unknown. But I will map it all out in time. I will not wait for another to show the way. Everything will be okay always is. It's how I live. Always on top of it. Like a giant I'm moving mountains, causing a massive thunder. Listen to the skies roar. I row oar after oar steady as I go. Cause I already know. The opportunity, the responsibilities, the social anxieties with the follow through. Pick and choose. So suitable is you, is you, is you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Take Her Off Life Support

I see mercury and i'll see you soon  
I'm shooting off the moon.  
It comes too quick.  
The one only power.  
It should not be your dieing hour.  
Yet it is.  
Beyond comprehension  
Beyond prevention  
How can I save you?  
What do I have to do?  
You name it.  
A contract written in blood.  
Where do I sign.  
Is their even enough time.  
I feel like giving up.  
I feel like just shutting everyone out.  
Please don't make me shout.  
Just lift one finger.  
Is that really too much to ask.  
Watching a car crash in slow motion.  
I'm swimming in a mix of twisted emotion.  
With love as my devotion.  
I promise things will change.  
Your death will not be in vein  
I'm sorry but I can not watch you die in pain.  
I must turn away.  
I just can't stay.  
So Powerless  
Fine its yours  
Fine its yours  
Take it  
Make it quick  
May god only forgive  
For the decision I made

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Taking On The Arch Angel, Dark Angel, The Exiled Angel(Original Now Viewable)

I say to the arch angel,  
I say to dark angel,  
I say to the exiled angel,  
I falter not, you can try all you want.  
Still I shall sing my silhouette.  
Of that which makes me love, me care,  
I will never fall into despair.  
No matter the poison in the air.  
Use the confused as weapons to  
attack my unwillingness to surrender.  
I defy you in every way.  
Even when I worn out my stay.  
I will not lash out, I will sit back and take it.  
For my sins can be forgiven.  
My prejudice can not.  
So I will not say what could be said with no regret.  
So I say arch angel, I say dark angel,  
I say exiled angel I falter not, no matter  
what you got hanging over my head,  
my soul is not dead,  
my ultimate pledge has not been broken.  
So come on hit me from every direction.  
Its only my life at risk.  
No one else, shall be punished for my mistakes.  
Yes they have caused great heart break.  
But in the end its for the better.  
I shall do this alone in the cold and dark.  
Still my insides burn.  
On fire till the day I die.  
So i say to the arch angel,  
i say to the dark angel,  
i say to the exiled angel.  
I falter not, never ask why,  
and look to the sky.  
For my purpose is unknown  
till he decides it should be shown.  
Blind faith, is something you cant touch or taste.

Its deep with in under the skin.  
Locked within, waiting to be released like a genetic disease.  
It doesn't try to please.  
It has but only one need, to believe, in that which cant be seen.  
So I say to the arch angel,  
i say to the dark angel,  
i say to the exiled angel,  
i falter not, not matter the cost.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Taking The Body Blows

Riding the bullet train.  
Eating every single disaster.  
Your sin is my pain.  
Yet I swallow it down with a smile.  
I don't deny I have faults bared.  
I'm prepared to sacrifice everything.  
Just to prove I am a friend.  
A cut so clean, so tell me exactly how it makes you feel.  
You can't rule me I won't give you that.  
I'm sorry no more father figures for me.  
I'm not that kid anymore.  
Kiss my ass if you don't like it.  
With squeezed fist you want to punch me.  
I will smile at every one.  
I say I'm sorry not for me or what I do but for you.  
Because jealousy is wrong.  
I won't par-take in it.  
Indifference is my weapon.  
My vice of choice.  
By doing this you have sacrificed your voice.  
I'm sorry I just no longer can afford to hear you.  
Dagger mouths shouldn't speak.  
Silence is my friend I keep so close to my heart.  
Especially when everything is falling apart.  
My muse whisper of its start.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Taking The Mask Off.

A slap in the face.  
The broke and desperate.  
The clinching of fists.  
A fire that burns even if this is our dying hour.

A lust for something that a little more sour.  
Killing on the battle field of ghosts.  
An abyss that keeps looking back.

Look away, listen to me as I say.  
Oh just look away before it's too late.  
Swallowed up, gone even before the next rising dawn.

The clouds have never been so grey.  
Even with the dream of everything being okay.  
Suffer not, deliver us from both temptation and evil.  
Violence can never be described as being civil.  
War destroys us, separates us.  
Makes this a us versus them kind of mentality.

Look at them in all frailty.  
Just sheep waiting to be herded.  
Just waiting to be pushed across the border.  
There is a traitor in our mist.  
All the secrets and lies.  
We live in the darkness of a disguise.  
I live in the darkness of a disguise.  
It's not a question of who am I.  
Because I already know.

But who are you?  
What do you stand for?  
What is it that you live for?  
What is it you are willing to fight for?  
What is it you are willing to sell your soul for?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Taking The Wings Of A Dragon

Here I am staring at the sun, wondering what I've become. Was I on the run? Well now its over. Im taking the wings of a dragon and getting ready to fly. I want to embrace the sky. I want to live my life before I die. I don't want to hide behind contradictions or lies. So here I am staring at the sun, wondering what I've become. Was I on the run? Well now its over. I'm taking the wings of a dragon and getting ready fly. Empty the mind, open the soul and let it all flow through. Broken hearts can be glued. I know that at one time it seemed as if I was screwed. But I have paid those dues. And now its time to move. So here I am staring at the sun, wondering what I've become. Was I on the run? Well now its over. I'm taking the wings of a dragon and getting ready to fly. The awe inspired. The truly desired. Stop to admire. What if that was yours? Oh so much do I adore. I must explore so much more. Never deny a chance to change the score. A riddle within is where I must begin. I must see this to the end. So here I am staring at the sun, wondering what I've become. Was I on the run? Was I on the run? . Well now its over. Im taking the wings of a dragon and getting ready to fly. I'm getting ready to fly.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Taunting Nature

Indeed it is traveling among us.  
Hidden among the shadows till the time is ripe.  
With an almost anecdotal pun.  
Catch me if you can, if you wrought that third and fourth dimension.  
A game of seeking the unknown.  
Seeing how far you can truly go.  
And that utmost moment of despair when you have truly lost your bearings.  
It is then it flies above you taunting and gawking.  
The mighty red herring  
Who are we to doubt its authenticity.  
With almost no knowledge of the inner most workings.  
So we're bound to give chase once more.  
For if we must repeat ourselves let it be for the course of this nature.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Teachers Honor

If you think they're places I won't go your sadly mistaken.  
If you think I'm afraid to offend I'm not.  
Intentions are blurred by a cascade of words.  
Everyone more heart wrenching than the next.  
I will confess to the world of my secrets, embarrassing moments, and just  
outright wrong things I've done.  
I will be equal in the humiliation, just so you can see it is not meant to get you  
angry but teach.  
I've always been awe inspired by those who are barely noticed except when your  
a kid.  
Every weekday you listen their sermon as they preach, some more fun than  
others.  
They should all be on a plaque the same place our war time vets name sits.  
They deserve as much honor if not more.  
They are both the creators of good and evil.  
The devil and angel sits on child shoulders, and it is their job to point them in the  
right direction.  
And with so much grey area it is sometimes so hard to tell what is right.  
Still decision are made with true guidance.  
And when one makes a mistake their treated with the utmost hate no matter  
how frivolous it might seem.  
Why because that is our kids.  
A mother bear will destroy with razor sharp claws and giant paws.  
So where is the honor, where is the respect? ? ?  
These questions I ask because I went to school and since I have left I haven't  
seen their names once no where mentioned.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Tell Me Now, What Do You Make Of It?

Provisions given.  
A knife, and a life.  
A key and an open door.  
A keyboard and an empty screen.  
Come on get mean, get impossible.  
Controlling these demons inside of me.  
Just making me wanting to pull my hair and scream.  
Come on senseless brutality, show me your many faces, and many places.  
Come on violent outburst don't stop now, it was just getting good.  
Entertainment of the week, please keep feeding me.  
A mind to lust is one that shall turn to dust.  
The emptiness still rattles.  
The snake bite eats the skin.  
Acid coming over the brim.  
Burning everything down to its very core.  
And the chalk hits the board, and marks of one more.  
Pretty little faces keeping score.  
Brain matter has already been destroyed.  
Its game over in a delusional reality.  
How do explain what lies on the other side of the disintegration of a plane.  
Five steel bars and a tiny window.  
Being beat by a fluffed up pillow.  
An eerie clown's laughter behind the scenes.  
A click, click in the rhythm of one, two, three.  
Then smoke fills, and chokes.  
It's a walking ghost.  
It's a burnt fried crispy.  
And now it's toast.  
Delicious are the thoughts up catching that spinning golden frisby.  
Forgive me for I think I might just be getting dizzy.  
Give me something to grab.  
Let me take a seat and start to gab.  
For nothing is so important, so significant, that I don't have time to get my bearings and see where I'm next heading.  
The time is now, and as we stand still everything around us still moves.  
Nail driven into my shoes.  
Sitting in a riding car caboose.  
Down the tracks I go watching the passing by snow.  
It's march again, and there is something on inside I'm feeling.

The drive is once again alive.  
A boiled egg in which the shell hasn't been picked completely clean.  
Extra layers, always extra layers.  
The deeper we go, the less we find.  
But god knows I always have to try.  
This is one promise I will keep till the day I die.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Tell Me Now. Does It Satisfy?

Blood spattered across the midnight sky. Tell me now. Does it satisfy? Can you feel it in the pit of your stomach? The anguish of years. A fountain of tears. A pledge, a promise broken. Anger re awoken. Blood spattered across the midnight sky. Tell me now. Does it satisfy? With every lie a deep web is woven. Has every thing from you been stolen? Do you feel as if your at someones mercy? Does fear have you pinned down so tight. Its just not right. Your a victim of your own ability to be free. Swallow all your dignity. Say those two words help me. Or take matters into your hands. Blood spattered across the midnight sky. Tell me now. Does it satisfy? Smile as you walk in denile. Its not really happening. Another proclamation of your imagination. Reality becomes a horrible trip. It would make most so sick. They couldn't take it. You just get deviant. Sneak around. Step so lightly. For next time he might be ready and waiting. Blood spattered across the midnight sky. Tell me now. Does it satisfy? Does it ever satisfy

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Tell Them To Use The Back Door

About time I get some judgmental critics.

I was beginning think that maybe they didn't exist..

'And why would you think that? '

Because I've been writing on here for a good while, and their hasn't been one negative comment or vote.

'And how long is a good while? '

'Anyways why are you complaining? '

Well I'm not now..

I'm happy somebody told me my poem sucked..

'Really your happy to know that? '

Yes and please send more.

Just remind them to use the back door.

'Why? '

Because the front one is now broke.

'Okay I see how did that happen? '

Because I got 3 out of 10.

'Oh I thought said you were happy? '

Yes I am because now I can them coming without anything obstructing my view.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Tests Upon The Leadership

Sometime it better not to be the one to lead.  
Because it tends to corrupt even strongest of minds.  
We all have our inner desires.  
And it is when those two things cross, there is so much can go wrong.  
I would rather be a no one then a very good liar.  
Drenched in gasoline and set on fire.  
Grabbing a hold of a live wire.  
And it is asked are you suicidal?  
No just an experiment to see if it true about what does dc do versus ac.  
Just try and let go.  
Forever stuck.  
The taste of copper.  
But never the less to truly understand it must felt, not just imagined.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Thank You Again

A good write is but a story told so well.  
From the heart my poems develop and swell.  
Try to as I might, to deny it is a fools errand.  
And in the end it is so hard to deliver that message.  
For I'm only here to make passage.  
It is of the time and mind in which we must listen closely.  
For images appear so ghostly.  
Vivid is that right in front of you and you don't even know it.  
Descriptions full of entrails.  
Your talent befalls a calling.  
Appealing it may not seem, but your only one who can redeem.  
You say it is I, I say it is you.  
If we do as we always do, will we get through?  
This life is but a roller coaster ride.  
It has ups and downs.  
But in the end this has been my turn around.  
I hope, wish, and pray, for forgiveness everyday.  
I'm not sure I could explain it any other way.  
And this my fan and friend is where it ends.  
Thank you again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# That Body Isn'T Mine

In suit, dress, and tie.  
Tell me does it fit your alibi?  
Hidden among strangers.  
Super human in nature.  
An arrogance or set confidence.  
Which is it?  
Can you be sure?  
Certainty.  
Saying you know this as fact.  
Even as you see it the body is still intacted.  
Maybe it was a magic pen that created that fire breathing dragon.  
How can you kill what you don't understand?  
This is sometimes the weakness or strength of man.  
Depending the presented perspective.  
Determining fates without hesitation.  
This time you are wrong, you made a huge mistake.  
Because they had nothing to do with current events as they preside.  
The people know who you are no matter what you write.  
Let mercy guide us tonight.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# That Monster We Knew Was Coming

Fire from the sunshines eye.  
Oh how do we continue survive?  
All is talk when it comes down to it.  
Problems not being solved.  
Promises dissolved.  
A future still unwritten.  
With our children can we even hope to forgiven?  
Does god have mercy on the ignorant?  
Facing a loaded gun, screaming pulling the trigger.  
A forest burning, winds churning, seas rising, the sky dying.  
Inviting the apocalypse, and the four horsemen ride.  
Insignificant, just an ant under a magnifying glass.  
Predicting the probable.  
We will come together or fall apart.  
Drunk kids playing a game of darts with the world.  
What could wrong?  
A ding then a dong.  
The bell has been wrung.  
And still we ignore the sound of the alarm.  
Warning signs everywhere you look.  
A dried up babbling brooke.  
So sudden, what does it mean?  
Interpretations of a payed interest.  
What's more important that which fills your pocket, or your grandchildren  
starving?  
Living the impossible dream, in a society that only follows those who have wealth  
and power.  
Looks like there's another poor soul to devour.  
The reckless endeavor.  
A slave to compensation.  
Will the unending lust ever fill the void?  
Heating up the pool, go ahead dive on in.  
Doesn't it feel so good?  
The pleasures of bliss.  
If we ignore it, does it still exist?  
Fools lost in an unending mist.  
And when the monster comes for you if I'm still alive I won't shed a tear.  
Because you did nothing, and you knew it was coming.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# That Which Has Been Set Free

A desire to love with out consequence.  
The flight which will bring all the substance ever needed.  
An emotional range, escaping the cooping of a cage.  
Is it to be free, or is it to love?  
Is there a difference?  
A fence is put in resistance.  
Defending a pre-existing condition.  
Nakedness, a culture shame.  
But is it the eyes in which we should be blaming?  
For we look, see, and make it to be.  
Naturally humanly human.  
Does that define the way we want it?  
Is it already?  
Absolute certainty.  
It is the birds destiny.  
Wings ready, movement steady.  
Waiting so patiently.  
That moment so readily given.  
Door open, and in matter of seconds she is gone.  
I can still see her shadow flapping away in the dawn.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# That's Where The Good Stuff Is

Self gratification, taking pleasure in such a sensation.  
We are but humans with desires and needs.  
Put it in the back of your mind and keep lying to yourself.  
Dirty deeds.  
Say it don't exist.  
Another right wing fundamentalist  
God says it's wrong according the good book.  
Fairy tales that been twisted and manipulated to a humans need for control.  
Rewritten over and over again.  
Slowly things change.  
Another acceptance down the drain.  
Spill the wine, it'll be okay if you leave a stain.  
Who are we but interpreters of what god really wants from us.  
Each attaches himself to a different meaning.  
So deceiving  
I will not lie to myself about the way I feel ever.  
It just not in me.  
I am an open book please read.  
Oh start on chapter 16  
That's where the good stuff is.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Act Of Inaction By Those Who Are Powerless

Credit only needs to be given where its been proven.  
Justification of how acquired is not necessary never has been.  
The less fortunate, find it more fortunate to be less and know that they weren't  
responsible for the mess.  
But their inaction is one and the same.  
We can all point the finger and blame.  
And live in shame.  
Or fix it, imagine that claim to fame.  
It's a sensation trying be sold everyday.  
Do it my way, no do it my way.  
In an argument of an agreement, neither have got the entire solution as a whole.  
But its together in which it's deployed.  
Each what they most desire.  
But in a compromise of selfish deeds.  
In which the loss of most important to be.  
It fades and soon you no longer see.  
What hides behind those clouds.  
A shroud, to protect you from the wholesome truth.  
In all the ugliness.  
In all the craziness.  
Self sustaining is just no longer possible.  
Not in the face of denial by systematic trials of those who have and have not  
been proven.  
So with one lost, comes one win.  
Human suffering is where it all begins.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Anger Behind The Swing Of This Axe

With every swing of this well worn axe.  
I'm thinking of you.  
The anger burns right through.  
Images flash across my brain.  
It's like I'm watching the most hated reruns on television.  
And no matter what I do they just keep playing.

I wish I never meant you.  
I wish for something sweet instead of something so bitter.  
I've been told the taste will fade.  
Well I'm still waiting.

With every swing of this well worn axe.  
I'm thinking of you.  
The anger burns right through.  
Images flash across my brain.  
It's like I'm watching the most hated reruns on television.  
And no matter what I do they just keep playing.

I wish I never meant you.  
I wish for something sweet instead of something so bitter.  
I've been told the taste will fade.  
Well I'm still waiting..

I did everything right and it still went so wrong.  
Perfection in the moment and now its gone.  
If I only knew what I know now.  
I would have ran for the hills.  
Never looked back.  
Like a ghost completely disappeared.  
Across the hemisphere.  
Above the highest atmosphere.  
Mind you they are limitation I grant you.  
But still I don't think it's that far of an exaggeration.

With every swing of this well worn axe.  
I'm thinking of you.  
The anger burns right through.  
Images flash across my brain.

It's like I'm watching the most hated reruns on television.  
And no matter what I do they just keep playing.

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And no matter what I do they just keep playing.

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I wish for something sweet instead of something so bitter.  
I've been told the taste will fade.  
Well I'm still waiting.

A broken heart I'm not debating.  
For I know at one time I did love you.  
But it faded as you became so god damn jaded.  
Nothing I did was ever quite good enough.  
With love there should never be any expectation.  
Except not to stray or put yourself in an abusive situation.  
Support and do the best you can for your family and friends.  
But in this case you didn't allow that to happen.

With every swing of this well worn axe.  
I'm thinking of you.  
The anger burns right through.  
Images flash across my brain.  
It's like I'm watching the most hated reruns on television.  
And no matter what I do they just keep playing.

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I'm thinking of you.  
The anger burns right through.  
Images flash across my brain.  
It's like I'm watching the most hated reruns on television.  
And no matter what I do they just keep playing.

I wish I never meant you.  
I wish for something sweet instead of something so bitter.  
I've been told the taste will fade.  
Well I'm still waiting.

I want to blame you for my unhappiness.  
But I can not.  
For I'm better off now than I ever have been.  
In my eyes you have already been forgiven.  
For your road was rockier than mine has ever been.  
I will never forget the kids they will always be in my heart as if they were my own.  
One autistic, the other blind.  
You don't even acknowledge I ever existed.  
Even as I ask how they are.  
So I will never know.

With every swing of this well worn axe.  
I'm thinking of you.  
The anger burns right through.  
Images flash across my brain.  
It's like I'm watching the most hated reruns on television.  
And no matter what I do they just keep playing.

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Well I'm still waiting.

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I'm thinking of you.  
The anger burns right through.  
Images flash across my brain.  
It's like I'm watching the most hated reruns on television.  
And no matter what I do they just keep playing.

I wish I never meant you.  
I wish for something sweet instead of something so bitter.  
I've been told the taste will fade.  
Well I'm still waiting.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Anger I Need(Revised)

I never seen this coming  
Like an atom bomb blowing up in my face  
I'm in complete utter shock  
Hurt in places I totally forgot  
Buried deep for such a long time  
Yet it seems like yesterday  
To feel like a wounded child  
What I want is not what I feel  
I'm out to destroy myself  
Every inch of me needs to be clean  
Wash away the sins  
My stomach burns  
The flames bring me to my knees  
It has become twisted  
An ability to the read the signs  
It should be mine  
And I hate myself for it  
A lack of observation  
Can it destroy the mind?  
The greed only makes me want to cut myself  
To watch the skin bleed  
I must suffer like no other  
Punishment  
Punishment  
For the lazy, stupid, egotistical, ignorant minds of our time  
Am I weak for the pain I feel?  
Am I weak for the lust to kill?  
Am I weak for my lack of understanding?  
Relating to my experiences so sick  
That sometimes they hurt so much to admit  
Denial hits, as I want to be pure  
Just so I can feel what's real  
Obliterated, and turned inside out  
I want to shout  
But not a single words comes out  
An empty mouth  
Anger locked away  
And I can't find that key  
I so desperately need

To show I actually care about this  
When it is so wrong where is my anger?  
I need it  
Most would kill over less  
Oh such beautiful public humiliation  
But yet I'm still numb  
So indifferent to everyone and everything  
I think I lost part of my personality  
Was it by hiding it?  
Was it by denying it?  
Always using a piece of paper for what I feel with in.  
Has it destroyed part of me?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Anger Is Here

All the anger in the world  
It means nothing to me  
I rather live in loneliness  
Then a life full of lies  
The pun of the surprise  
Open your eyes  
Look into the sunrise  
Can you see the disguise?  
Do you have the gull to ask why?  
You should  
You could  
Please If you only would  
Is survival all that matters?  
Your just another spec on a canvas so large  
Sometimes the simple can become the so complex  
Even the stars can't explain it  
Condemn it  
Burn it  
Ostracize it  
Put it on trial with the denial  
The feeling are clear  
They feel slightly sinister  
The devil is everywhere  
The power of a suggestion  
It will create an obsession  
It will kill us all  
The bigger they are the harder they will fall  
The trees wilt as the heart dies  
Listen for the beat  
Barely there  
I think their is a tare in the fabric of time  
Or at least in my mind  
Though I can't rewind  
No matter how hard I try  
The tear fall off my eyes  
Like rain drops in my city of darkness  
The smugness of our society  
I'm choking on it  
With my last out

I scream and shout  
Oh brother another rant  
Please just shut up  
Just shut the hell up and listen for once in you pathetic life

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Anger Is Spilling Over

The overachieving effect, short term illy efficacious.  
Desire being not so understanding past a couple moves.  
A split and fractured mind.  
Division after deivision.  
A hearts incision.  
A bloods boil continues into oblivion.  
The heat is not passion, but anger.  
The loathing details spread the living fire.  
It has started now, and there is no simple way to put it out.  
Not without inflicting some extreme pain.  
Passing it off as if the storm is only temporary.  
Let us quickly close both the shutters, and doors.  
For it must not get in, we must defend and stay the course.  
For revenge is a savage beast that will never cease, never let up.  
No mercy in the iron cage, torture is but a stage of frolicking acts in the hope of revealing a cowardice truth.  
Information cares not to be put upon the wind.  
These mockery of games just brings about more to suffer.  
A gallop of the horses stead.  
Does not reveal which way it will go.  
Strategy is the silence of tongues, and the revealing of forbidden secrets at the same time.  
Shame is the wash rag that has been wrung with sprinkling bits of dirty water left to be acquired.  
Dip it in some gasoline and watch it burn rather then letting spill over our own.  
Consequences are wrought with illiteracy.  
The blind man who thinks he can see.  
But with what is he looking, if not his eyes one can only guess and surmise.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Argument Of Caffeine

The argument of caffeine.

Preventive medicine some say.

Others believe that it causes increased chance of heart problems and strokes.

Good old studies, when the medical society as a whole can't decide.

How is one such as I who has no research invested in the subjects to decide.

Its addictive I'll agree with that. It relieves some migraines, its been proven.

That's one of the active ingredients in Excedrin migraine.

It causes nasty side effects when you go off it cold turkey.

I know from personal experiences.

But a cure for some kind of Alzheimers, later on in life, hmm I just don't know.

That's too much like trying predicting the future.

And it would require extensive studies to be proven.

Ones that were done the life span of human beings.

It makes you more alert.

The reason why when we first wake up we desire a cup of coffee is the addictiveness and its ability for it to wake us up.

The aroma, the hotness, the bitter sweet taste.

Fulfilling it is with a yummy doughnut in the morning.

So for right now I'll continue to drink my caffeinated coffee.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Aries In Me

The blood curdling screams. I can still hear em. I wish i could just wake up from this bad dream. The pain comes from every direction. Its an infection of the mind. There comes a time when you must be cold. When you must say hell, no. I will not take this sitting down. I will fight everyone and anyone down to my last dieing breath. It is worth dieing for, it is worth killing for. I felt it and all i want more. Destroy or be destroyed. Hate me today, hate me tomorrow, your better off that way. I'm fighting the world today. So bring an army, cause i wont go down quietly. Its my night tonight. Can you see it in my eyes I'm on fire. Yeah i called you liar. I call them as i see em. And i wont back off. I'm a pissed off rottie who is no longer tied up. I'm ready to f\*ck your sh\*t up.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Art Is What Sets Him Free

An autistic art,  
An autistic show.  
Hidden from the world below.  
In privacy they do shine.  
But that is just not enough.  
A justification to verbally assault a mere child.  
Their can be no such.  
He's no different.  
He needs the loving light.  
Guidance to overcome demons faced.  
Guidance to overcome demons embraced.  
This is who I am.  
This is magical kingdom your welcome to join.  
No need to imprison him.  
Putting him under a backwards white coat won't fix him.  
Nor will a dose of tranquilizers.  
Yes he is considered among the mentally ill.  
But only because we don't understand.  
Limited minds, have limited reasoning.  
We can't handle the fits.  
The absolute tantrums.  
This child is broken.  
Lock him away and throw away the key.  
That is something that can never be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Awakening

Appealing to ones own better interest.

A confession not written out of love, but blood.

A forced reckoning.

Hours upon deliberation still no settlement can be found in the hands of the cruel and unjust men.

Mercy what is that?

Compassion what is that?

Tempt not fate, for its plans are already set, but instead take pleasure in the fact that your choice is not limited scope or size to eyes watching or ignoring.

Nor does time hold any amount of measure over the expectation in future sight or sound.

The unknown variable is and always has been you.

To understand this is to awaken from deep slumber and remember clear and vividly what was in that dream of grandeur.

Yes I am human, yes I'm alive and yes the choice is all mine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Awkward Room

Here we are sitting in a room  
You don't know me and I don't know you  
Introductions blurred  
Sit and Stir  
So uncomfortable  
Try to hide it, Try to fight it  
But it just won't work.  
I can't be bribed by something I do not need.  
Open the heart and just it watch bleed  
A stone forever cold, solid, and unbreakable  
A won't fall in  
Not like all the rest  
An antisocial mess  
Give chase, If you like what you taste  
But otherwise turn about face  
Just walk away  
I don't play  
Its just not in me  
Not when I'm in one of my moods  
Voices echo in my head so crude  
Cruel and rude are you to interrupt such a peaceful moment  
How dare you invade my kingdom unannounced  
If you weren't a women you would have already been bounced  
So I sit in this awkward and strange room  
Thinking of what I must do  
A question in which that does not seemed to be the right answer

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Beasts Paradise

The beast does not just go.  
Not with out taking a couple victims first.  
Oh no, oh no!  
A meal to stave the empty months upcoming.  
For in the wild everything has to be hunted.  
But here it is an easy pickings in the open and so defenseless.  
He will be back.  
You can count on that.  
For that kind of hunger does not just die.  
This is now his paradise.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Benefactor

It's not to benefit, but to bring hope when there is no hope.

It's a quote that reminds of some dear friend of you loss by tragedies end.

It's to inspire and teach.

It is to say please let this not be beyond my reach.

It's a love and passion.

No need of it from self gratification.

It is to vent, repent, and confess to those who know nothing of you.

It's an outlet so strong, that it can reach anyone!

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Bias Of Greed

Family comes first  
Protect all those who been hurt the worse  
Listen to every word that's being said  
Cherish every last moment  
As if it was your last  
Never knowing how it going to go  
After sight can't come close to foresight  
Try as I might  
I don't see any forks in our roads anymore  
Not even sure I did before  
I'm reluctant to make these life threatening choices  
A mind clouded with bias  
Divide us who were once united  
A separation of the soul through pain  
Through monetary gain  
Through lust for some  
A women who can't remember your name  
It's all the same  
Its a illusion  
Mind over matter  
Just give them the distraction  
Watch the reactions  
Time it takes to escape  
Not too long with what you want  
Pure greed, is the base of our society  
As you talk the money walks  
Mind of its own  
Destroyed and left to your own  
All alone  
Scapegoat  
It hypnotizes  
Its rehearsed  
Instead of blaming and defaming  
We should be soul searching  
Ask him why?  
He tell you he was of the blind  
Purge ourselves of that which an honest man does not need  
Destroy  
Destroy

I say please destroy

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Bliss Of This Goodbye Kiss

Even a man getting no sleep...  
Sure he has to eat.  
Sometime, might be tomorrow or the day after.  
Starving the skin and bones.  
Never afforded the proper etiquette or time.  
Mistakes written all over place.  
Trying to play keep up.  
Catching up always.  
Engrossed in a brutal war of the mind.  
A trip down to those truly sublime.  
Totally mental, a head case complete out of his....  
His, his, his mind.  
Casual conversations with the phantom.  
No pills will stop the hallucinations or aggravations.  
Headaches that just won't go away, desperate for a second in which he is free to  
take a breath.  
Inhaling the fumes and relaxing in an upside down room.  
Totally confused and he likes it.  
Ignorance in a blissful cloud.  
Floating away somewhere up in the sky.  
If only it could be that easy.  
With one simple kiss it is goodbye.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Blood Is Still Not Mine

I'm not so incredible, I'm not even so remarkable.  
An old wolf no long able to catch its prey.  
A leader going grey.  
But sure, okay, you feel like I'm the best thing you ever met.  
But don't fret this is only a dream.  
You'll wake up tomorrow and disconnect.  
A clean reboot.  
Understanding that in this land of make believe I can say anything I want to.  
Loving a man of fiction.  
What if I'm your sick and demented half sister?  
Got to love the back end of a ruffled goose.  
See with these words I can really do as I please.  
Portraying a serial killer, and the hero that bends him to his knees.  
Does evil or good ever win?  
What does happen at the end?  
Trying so hard to find the madness of reason.  
Buying hope as a spice and season.  
But the flavor doesn't make this meal anymore satisfying.  
An empty desperate plea, please somebody love me.  
But how could that ever be without the sense of touch.  
An absence of so much.  
I feel like a soulless demon that continuously crushes.  
A factory of mashing.  
The blood is always splashing.  
And for some reason it is never mine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Boy And The Teacher

Teacher, teacher, 'why is my gram parent going to have to go to a nursing home? '

'Well', says the teacher in disgust. 'The republicans(Defenders of the rich) won't allow the raise of the government budget ceiling(The Amount Of Money That The Government Can Borrow.) they don't want to raise taxes on the job creators(Corporations..). But they want taxes on the workers and cuts in government funded programs to equal the new budget. The Democrats(The Ones Who Believe Our Country Should Be A Nanny State) . Don't want to make the cuts in certain government programs or raise taxes on the poor and want to raise the budget ceiling without paying for it.'

The little boy says 'That don't sound that complicated. Why don't we just tax everyone across the board, according the money they make and have. And Why don't we make cuts in programs that are not necessary. Oh and while were at it why don't we bring back our military slowly. So were not spending 60 billion dollars month in other countries. Why do we have to police other countries? Or even a better question how can we afford too when our debt is so high? '

The teacher responds back, why don't you write your congressmen, senators, and president letters and ask them.

The little boys says, 'Easy they would never read them.'

The teacher a little annoyed says, 'You got answer for everything. And I thought I was the teacher.'

The little boy chirps, 'your darn tooting'.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Boy Named Edgar

There was a boy named Edgar  
He met this girl when he was but of the mere young  
They always played together and had so much fun  
But one day a man approached and asked her for something  
The boy couldn't understand  
Her services were paid for  
He tried to save her  
But he only got her to hate him all the more  
From the back door he walk through  
Ripped her right off of him  
Then with a hammer he bludgeon  
The mans blood was spilled  
What was done couldn't be undone  
His name was Edgar and he just didn't understand  
With a prison sentenced he was slammed  
Forever to be marked a bad man

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Bully Has Died

Remember that bully that stole your trike.  
The one who slept with your girlfriend while you were dating at the time.  
The one who got you fired from your first decent job.  
He just died.

Will you go to his funeral?  
Tell me will you show your respects even when he did not?  
As your girlfriend I'm asking you to go with.  
After all I was his previous wife.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Cards Do Change

Such an achievement is just another rung upon a ladder we're all climbing.  
Does the inner peace last?  
Or is it another phase that will pass?  
A happening of happenings.  
An unforgettable moment that most of us would like to forget.  
If tears are as many as the rain drops falling.  
Then we definitely have a need to clear the skies.  
Let the moon and stars of the heavens on all of us shine.  
So it is great indeed but time is at its very essence.  
And the prevailing winds will make these decisions.  
Acceptance of the lack of control you have over it.  
So in a time of inner reflection one must savor every moment as if was their last,  
cause it very well could be.  
A fortune tellers card change each time their dealt.  
That is such in also life itself.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Case Of The Battered Women

The woman judgement makes the final decision.  
And of the decision she could make it was the one I would never expect.  
In battered woman case.  
She gives the man the choice if he wants to work things out.  
Go into separate counseling first she says if then if the counselors deem it okay.  
It is time for the joint counseling.  
Putting back together a marriage and removing a pfa.  
Insane when this woman endured 12 years of abuse under this man hand.  
One night in a drunk rampage he put her head through a coffee table.  
And this woman thinks this will all go away with some aa meeting anger  
management and counseling.  
Okay what are you exactly trying to condone.  
And if he murders her will you take the responsibility for that error in your  
judgements.  
With police reports as evidence.  
I don't see or know why anyone would be so foolish as continue the cycle.  
In the state of pa I'm glad I'm not a woman.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Character Named Arrogance (Rivsed001)

This one I will not name for as for he use to be a friend  
Or as I thought  
His name will be Arrogance  
His been in and out of my life a lot  
So as a character I thought I should tell you of his life a and what not

When I speak of narcissists.  
I'm not talking about myself but portraying myself as him  
Arrogance  
He was born in Pennsylvania  
And I'm known him since the age of 13  
How we met, was not on friendly circumstances  
I went to pool, with friends and their he was treating this girl like shit  
He stole this girls cd, and wouldn't give it back unless she would let him get in  
her pants.  
This is the story I've seen over and over with him.  
Even now he has a women hooked by nothing more then deceit.  
Well I knew where he was keeping the cd.  
So me and the girl went and retrieved.  
Later on that day I was walking over to visit friend  
I saw him as I crossed this trail connecting one street to the next.  
He was with a girl who was playing a practical joke on him.  
They were suppose to be dating  
Well as I continued walking he shouted at me.  
How could you, you could do so much better, in a nasty way.  
I snapped I went right up to him and layed his ass to the ground.  
He got back up crying, I egged him on but he would not hit me.  
He spoke of promising his gram he would not.  
And that was the end of it.

That summer, we ended up hanging out cause we knew same people.  
I was their with when a mob, hunted for him.  
Secrets be told he fell into a huge trap, in two teenagers were intentionally both  
dating him.  
It was a joint effort in causing bodily harm to him up.  
Revenge is bitter sweet to some.  
While others it horrifies.  
Not nice.  
Is the way I see it.

With the indifference that now lies in my heart.

(This one will be a long one too... These Are Life Stories Of Ten Years Plus)

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Child In Us All

Children we are all  
When it comes to love  
When it comes to the fall  
Games need to be played  
For in the world of games comes pleasure  
Its good to take measure  
Common place in our homes  
It reminds us we are not alone  
When it becomes hated and ill related  
We are lost in the seriousness of forgetfulness  
Where we came from  
Who we are  
A constant reminder  
We can't let it drift to far  
Look at the shining star  
Tell me what you see  
Is it the child in me  
It gives me the power to believe  
When others will not  
They say let it die and rot  
You see it as a fashion  
I see it as a passion  
Lets agree to disagree  
Under this great tree of irony

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Choice Of A Second Chance

The old man says, 'I'm not ready yet.'  
Oh when death in all her splendour comes, what will you say?  
Take me here and now.  
In debt by a vow.  
With wedlock it surrounds.  
With love the heart pounds.  
But only the darkness is sought to be found.  
A purpose unknown and unclaimed.  
A seeking of fame.  
As if only to remember my name.  
Destine to complain to the very last breath.  
In a world of uncontrollable circumstance.  
The chaos of all the utter nonsense.  
Picking berries from a million bushes.  
Which is the right one?  
How do we choose.  
Knowing in all eventualities we will all lose.  
We say we must do right.  
But by whom?  
And that question forever looms.  
Always stagnant on my mind.  
Making a pack with all kinds.  
A world full of fortune tellers.  
A story book of lies.  
A second chance to do the dance.  
Reborn in the wicked storm.  
The skies light up.  
The thunder roars.  
And the choice still has to be made.  
Were all dressed up and no where to go.  
Oh no, oh no.  
I'm just going to continue on with the show.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The City Of Idiots War

They declared war.  
Facing odds a million to one.  
Just no way to win.  
Facing the city of idiots.  
Each opinion differs.  
No art to compromise.  
Not with these guys.  
And when the sun falls so will the skies.  
All for the cause.  
The question is are you ready to die when the time comes.  
Another courageous son.  
A mark of death sit upon his head.  
Guns being filled with lead.  
A bullet as a solution.  
A drawn out conclusion.  
A victim to our own conformity.  
A wish and a prayer for absolution.  
But all I hear is the calm before the storm.  
Were all gonna die.  
If not now it will be sometime.  
Past present and future.  
Pages of history filled with blood.  
A hated tragedy of love.  
Just watch as it all comes undone.  
Are we to be stunned cause now it reaches our home.  
Always waging the wars so far away.  
But now it's here today.  
And it will not go away.  
They demand absolute surrender.  
They are the people.  
They will take down all the greased palms with napalm.  
The fire blazes in the their eyes.  
Some will not survive.  
A question hovers in the air.  
Oh why did this have to happen.  
Cause no one ever listens.  
Bare witness to sins of our fathers as it repeats through the generations.  
As exterminator it is time for another elimination.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Cogs Of Slave Labor

The man still is turning the cogs.  
No matter the reason or season.  
If he wasn't there it would all fall apart.  
Stop moving.  
A dead haunting silence.  
But most don't even see him.  
They know not his name.  
Hes far from being famous.  
But without them in the world we would be lost.  
And yet all we think about at all times are costs.  
Profit margins jacked to sky.  
Yet in the setting slave labor this man must find a way to survive.  
With very little education he has no other opportunity, choices, or recourse.  
So we need at the very least give him the respect earned for doing what you  
wouldn't or couldn't do.  
Pay him descent wage, in this day and age.  
No matter the borders of the country within.  
Don't make him overworked and overburden.  
Keep him safe as he always should be.  
For his life is already being given to your cause in many ways.  
And realize if all the laborers in the world went on strike at the same time a lot of  
people would die.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Colours Of Emotions

One must not just write of the sad times,  
But the good times as well.  
It is amazing to watch ones heart swell  
Even more then all tear drops falling upon this world.  
It spins, turns and swirls.

To make a joke of it one must first understand what that person went through.  
I look back at past events in my life and now laugh, while others are still hard to  
talk about.  
Anger, sadness, pain and doubt

Every emotion bares a meaning, like sparks they fly across the moonlit sky.  
All the colours go off so bright just the like the celebration of the fourth of July.  
And if it becomes an everyday pun they will dim, flicker and be snuffed out.  
For the sake entertainment, money, and personal pleasure.

I write not to impress,  
But to deal with all bottled up emotions that I would otherwise suppress.  
A written retreat.  
So I can finally rest my head and sleep.

It is not a conquest.  
But a relief to all the stress.  
A calmness as the heart still beats.  
A solemn promise to never admit defeat.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Comment That Would Not Fit

Come on now do not make me slice and dice what I'm writing to fit a characters perquisite.

Don't tell me this day and age comments are going to be limited in such a way in a place that's all about writing.

I think you guys can do better.

There is definitely room for improvement.

Please think about it.

At least give it double current size.

Give me some cushion, some topics can't always be short and sweet.

Some explanations do require a paragraph or two.

It's the least you guys can do.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Competition Is To Live(Are You In?)

The complexities of living the simple life.  
I guess no one ever said it going to be that easy, or that dreamy.  
Would you like some sugar on the top?  
The hard road taken.  
Skin bleeding and bones breaking.

A sound that you can always forget.  
Except when I mention it.  
Pain sustained through the ages.  
Still in all the years it hasn't changed.  
Many methods of torture.  
The body fully explored, and still there is still only more.

A scream into the mind.  
Can you hear it?  
It is letting know you are still alive.  
For the moment you have survived.  
In a death defying leap talk is cheap.  
Mistakes create the causalities of this war.  
Where everybody is against you.  
Nobody is willing to give you a second chance.

It's not a racial divide.  
It's a time when humans no longer collide.  
Breathing my air, taking up my space.  
What a declaration, a marketing opportunity.  
Let's patent that.  
It will make us stars of this generation.

Of this generation.

Of this generation.

And what about the next.  
With nothing left to claim.  
How do they provide that which you desire?  
Are we building or destroying an empire?  
When flags are set on fire,  
Is that the destruction of something that should have never been?

Or is it a tragedy when it is gone?

A abandonment of human existence.

They are but slaves that have backs yet to be broken.

There is no shame, in not feeding them.

Let them go hungry it might teach them something.

Work harder than that guy next to you.

Tell me how bad do you want it?

Are you willing to kill for it?

The path through the valley of the shadow of death.

Ghosts still haunt this place.

We put their names on stones, as if justifies what we've done.

Oh how misfortunate it is we have yet to learn anything of great importance.

When it comes to what we can accomplish together.

A single name under a thinly laced veil.

When you pull it up what is you see.

Something beautiful or the ugliest demon.

Depends on if it's your own reflection does it not?

I've seen so many souls dwindle into nothing.

No motivation to keep going.

All train rides must end sometime.

Here's your stop and it off to the next.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Complexity Of Necessity

The complexity of necessity. Complacently completely and fully. The unruly giant sitting below the twilight. today which way will the wind blow. Who knows. It changes nothing, for things will get done. I will become a son of gun. Its not lust its a must. Winning favor with an alligator. Vicious but good to have around. Protecting myself with some razor claws. It me and you. what are you going do. Fool me once okay, fool me twice time to change your ways. Fool me thrice it ends today. It was a bad play. But the games up. For its time to shoot some ducks. So you better take wings and fly away. Before I change my mined. Your running out of time. Choices have to made. Even if it causes the house of cards to cascade. I can taste the marmalade. So bitter yet sweet and that's way you treat me. So here and now I'm calling you out. Without the slightest doubt. Your of the lost and found. You were found. Are you ready to be lost yet again?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Conspiracy Of Greed

Read another news paper, skimming through the whose who. A million stories most heart breaking. But i don't know what i can do. Try to educate the kids. When its adult mistakes that hurt the most. They create these ghost of our past. Will they forever stay. Will their be a day when all is okay. A mission of mercy. A mission of controversy. A hierarchy that tares us down as individuals. A slave to a system that says it wants change. But do they really know what that is. A pretty face in front of a camera talking so smooth. She has always been their. Evil is her influence. Being mind f\*cked and not even knowing it. Is their no way of stopping it. A useless protest we digest. Another teachers strike for absolute fairness. Where is the American awareness. Stuck behind that pretty face. Shackle and chained. Pointing the finger to blame. But we are all at fault. So we must all bring this to halt. Shut down the system. Siege the white house, demand resignation starting their. Start at the top work our way down. Make our demands and draw a line in the sand. Suspend all forms of travel. Come in like a hurricane. A human disaster. We must break this system. Revolt even as they try to consult. Propaganda on every t.v. Station. A nightmare is our federal regulations. All the corporation, we have been instigated. Cease this has become a global disease. A fine for those who don't have insurance. What the hell is wrong with us. I keep seeing more and more homeless. So many among the jobless. Undereducated hard workers fall one by one. Next we will grabbing guns, it will lead to violence you watch. Millions vs a select few. It always ends with you. A person a voice a choice. This can still be fixed but we need a new government. Capitalism is officially dead no matter what has been said. So don't bring that daily bread to me cause i wont eat it. Not no more.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Cost Of Windows In Our Public Schools.

How much would a free operating system in everyone of our public schools save us?

Lets do the math. (okay lets say you have 200 pc for every one of our puplic schools) so how much does a windows installation cost on the low end atleast 100 bucks per os.  $100 \times 200 \times$  the number public schools in this country. Which was 98,706 in 2009 according to this website

So  $20000 \times 98,706$  as an estimate. That is 1,974,120,000 for every upgrade to our public schools computer systems if the we all use windows(thats not including the cost of having buy new pcs. So let me understand this correctly, we would prefer paying that over the cost of blank cd. You say it not as user freindly wait minute.,, My operating system is completely point and click and I use linux. It it easier then windows infact, plus no virus's and no fragmented files. So what is it that is stopping this nation from installing it in the public schools? Anybody got an answer? Software, wait minute I have tons of software. What is it exactly looking for ooohh a office suite it's libre office. Art software, oh we have that including gimp, ink, and blender. Media layer, their are two many of them to count. A cad program, theirs alot of them too. Webdesign software, I have the infamous blue fish. Programming languages such as jave, python, and c. Sure we have them, how about web browsers, that is a long list but the most popluar ones on here are firefox, chrome, and opera. Got an older computer, wait a minute don't throw it out. Linux supports low end computers. Yes it has windows manager specifically for them such as xfce, and lxde. So again why aren't we installing them. Why are we wasting the tax dollar on corporate greed in a place it has no business being in. We will cut the sport and art departments before letting go of this. What is that has us so addicted to it?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Creation

I'm writing with every quotation as my sensation  
With elaborate details as the realization  
Taking a canvas and drawing the trees  
Taking a canvas and drawing the seas  
It is all bubbling over.  
Sitting here with kettle I'm stirring  
With my eyes I'm blurring  
With my mouth I'm splurging  
In the depths of my own existence  
There is a being who lives  
Sometimes he is of the great  
Sometimes he is the snake  
Each time something new  
With my imagination unglued  
Fall in love with the fellow will you  
Mellow the anger  
Bring up the sadness  
Turn it in happiness  
It is my creation  
It is my revelation

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Creation Of An Absolute Nothingness

Maybe we can create the absolute zero.  
In in everlasting destruction can it truly be considered of an absolute nothing?  
An emptiness, A barren wasteland.  
Maybe once the destruction is done.  
Maybe only if it doesn't continue.  
Ignoring the theories not yet truly proven.  
A doubt is but a zero upon the mind.  
A change upon the times.  
What can we stop?  
What can we prevent?  
As single entity of being?  
As a shadow of many important existences.  
Why do we think we're so great?  
Come on now watch as we beat nature at her own game.  
But have we really?  
Delaying tactics are just not the same.  
Oh planner of the mighty plan.  
Oh foreseers of the future please make your prediction fourth right.  
Seeing this through to my end in this life I have been given.  
Whether we live on long after I'm gone only time will tell.  
But, indeed I do hope as human beings we do well.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Creation Of Giants(Revised)

The creation of giants.  
You made me.  
You saved me.  
A destiny set in stone.  
Just remember your never alone.  
Ups and down, but still around.  
It's hard work in the making.  
It's just breath taking.  
All I've been through and I still haven't unglued.  
On the ins and outs no doubt.  
Brought down by being a little too proud.  
But still I clear the shroud of darkness.  
I know friends when I see them.  
They don't prey upon me, yet there always there for me.  
Tripping over my own feet from time to time.  
But still I know the roads I must find.  
There my stars align.  
A charted map I can see it now.  
It glows every night, and I know it's right like a premonition.  
Some so great.  
It's the creation of giants.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Creation Of Giants.

The creation of giants. You made me. You saved me. A destiny set in stone. Just remember your never alone. Ups and down, but still around. Its hard work in the making. Its just breath taking. All I've been through and I still haven't unglued. On the ins and outs no doubt. Brought down by being a little too proud. But still I clear shroud of darkness. I know friends when I see them. They don't prey upon me, yet their always there for me. Tripping over my own feet from time to time. But still i know the roads i must find. Their my stars align. A charted map i can see it now. It glows every night, and i know its right like a premonition. Some so great. Its the creation of giants.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Cult

From a culture you build  
From a warped opinion you destroy  
With words you hypnotize  
Pretending something you're not  
All shall follow with no mind of their own  
Actions done as a group  
In unity, in harmony.  
With such evil intentions.  
We must learn the art of prevention.

(For those who are not educated, are victims themselves.)

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Cycle

The practices of speeches  
Sharing a little vision  
An insight  
To tonight, to tomorrow  
With words borrowed  
We do not own them any more than our thoughts  
They meant to live beyond the pages  
They meant to teach those off all ages  
It as any love  
Their there too give you a hug  
Their there to remind you to not be so smug  
Explaining the because as it was  
What has happen  
They crawl, walk, and talk  
They are everything and nothing  
Ink scribbled down and folded up.  
It is love note  
As a kid does  
passed to another  
read aloud in ones heart  
then it is ripped and torn apart.  
to be forgotten except by that which beats so hard  
for a child does not lightly forget  
reinventing it  
with their own style and smile  
it is the english language cycle

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Dark Knight Comes Too Pass

The dark knight has come  
Fighting for his moment  
Fighting for his glory  
Fighting for his thrown  
Fighting is all he has ever known

From a mere boy  
Being raised by the wolves  
Living in the darkness for just too long  
Something just went so wrong

The dark knight has come  
Fighting for his moment  
Fighting for his glory  
Fighting for his thrown  
Fighting is all he has ever known

Was it a death so desperately  
Forever in misery  
A loves tragedy  
Is always so sad to see

The dark knight has come  
Fighting for his moment  
Fighting for his glory  
Fighting for his thrown  
Fighting is all he has ever known

The not so dead family  
A murder held with in their arms  
With no recourse  
With no remorse

The dark knight has come  
Fighting for his moment  
Fighting for his glory  
Fighting for his thrown  
Fighting is all he has ever known

He's the alternate ending  
As the light comes to pass  
Shadows lurk  
They shouldn't be disturbed  
Let them rest in peace

The dark knight has come  
Fighting for his moment  
Fighting for his glory  
Fighting for his thrown  
Fighting is all he has ever known

Festered hate fills his eyes  
As he is victimized  
By those desecrated his loves ones grave  
Becoming of the nightly terrors

The dark knight has come  
Fighting for his moment  
Fighting for his glory  
Fighting for his thrown  
Fighting is all he has ever known

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# The Darkness Of No Dreams.

In the darkness of no dreams  
What will become of our country?  
Looking to the future.  
As if I can see through the mist.  
Will the political madness forever reign?  
Will we continue to march for the ignorance of greed?  
A belief that we can continuously live beyond our means.  
Is that a goal we really wish to achieve.  
A debt to a power of infinity.  
Is that really divinity?  
Choking on the smoke screen.  
The same from new faces.  
What really changes?  
Promises being made that one knows they can't keep.  
Prolonging the problem.  
Putting it off for someone else.  
I just want to put food on my table for me and my family.  
Working hard for the basic necessities.  
And you fools make a mockery of everything I stand for.  
So slowly my world is being destroyed.  
Less and less for more and more.  
With each of your new supposed accomplishments.  
Comes another devastating consequence that you will never feel.  
Because you don't live as me.  
Yet you are making choices for my life without my consent.  
Stop trying to fix it and just stop spending.  
I wish I could write this ending

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# The Deadly Outbreak That Could Have Been Prevented

The perfect storm.

The year is 2019.

An a couple Immigrants are stopped on the roads to southern border by a man who name nots so important.

He says here take these bottles of water you'll need them.

But it is not out of the goodness of his heart.

But instead a small case test on the incubation period of a virus.

It has to be just right.

Because if the symptoms show too soon they'll never make it into the overcrowded detention facilities in Texas.

If it is successful not only will he make it there but it will spread like wild fire.

Soon there will a pandemic in which it will be so hard to contain.

Millions will die because of the greedy people running the privately ran detention centers subcontracted by ice.

So much overcrowded conditions.

Imagine if you will a facility that was meant to house 125, housing 900, a place where there isn't even room to sit, so you must stand shoulder to shoulder.

A place where there is no room for quarantine.

A bioterrorist wet dream.

And we are inviting it by valuing money over human lives.

When people are force to live in squalor on top one another like livestock with no medical oversight it becomes a matter time.

No matter your veiw on immigration, you should not condone this behavior.

For it is a danger to us all.

And it doesn't even have to be terrorism, a deadly strain of flu would be just as dangerous if the condition of these detention centers are not changed.

It just a matter of time.

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# The Demon Has Been Set Free

You're just not good enough I keep hearing over and over again.  
Fairly marginal at best.  
Well let me I say I will not rest.  
I will perfect the art form till I see some kind of success.  
Or collapse from all the stress.  
Forever is a long wait.  
And it's not a chance I will ever take.  
My dear son you will always fail.  
The ship is already sinking here's a pail.  
It's the only help you will ever get.  
You've got the absolute worst social disease,  
From the inside out you're just so god damn ugly.  
Watch as my personality splits.  
A fracture of the mind.  
I'm no longer just one man.  
I have overcome that one of the soul of the damned.  
The floating angels encircle me.  
They are looking for a way to destroy me.  
But I will not let them.  
No never give in.  
Never an absolute surrender.  
Hold my ground.  
Move forward when I can.  
It's only a backwards retreat when I have to.  
A last resort.  
The angels whisper who is he?  
He is not the one we faced before.  
He's got so much power.  
Can you feel that arua.  
He's not the evil we know of.  
A with that they disappear.  
And now I'm free of all the fear.  
The disappointment fades.  
The gates into open up for my release.  
Every demon in awe of what have I done.  
Is this a true change of the forgotten son?  
Looks like eternity is not really eternity.  
As I walk through I can feel my heart beat.  
It came back like a story of happily ever after.

Love and the happiness from above.  
Inner strength, and inner peace.  
The perfect little harmony.  
But just remember somewhere the devils still in me.

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# The Depression Of Fake Love

To the sick and indifferent. To the blind wicked perverse and much worse. To all those so close to the edge. Do not fear the fall. Embrace it in all its glory. Its a forgotten story of olden times. The pleasure is so fine. Love is so fake when you've seen the bottom of this black lake. Frozen over. So much colder. Are you getting bolder? Soon or later you'll hate her, like all the rest. We are just not among the truly blessed. I try to rest my head, hoping for another pass over. A near miss. An alternate existence. Its the nightmare of the never ever land. Isn't it so grand. Holding hands walking down the isles of the forsaken and the damned. A forced arrangement, engagement. A suffering stranger. Caring when there nothing there. An empty bottomless abyss. A black hole smashing goodness of the sun. The absence of life. A suicide by a sharp and jagged knife. The night is becoming a monster of greater demons. Your eyes start bleeding. Your body starts heeding the dire warnings, dire threats. Trying to forget all the regret. In a fret. Caught in a humans net. Suffocating on pillow. Becomeing another widow. Death is on the rise. Look at all the bodies and where they lye. So much turmoil in the sky. A war upon the heavens. We are me insects, on a scale beyond our greatest imagination. Being of the divine is just another book of fiction. Morals are drowned by all the hate. Rules broken by those who got it all. A pledge is made up to shut up the discontent. The important is so irrevelent. Prevent a dieaster with no mercy. Dictate whose soul we should break. Aggravate the hopeless with promises that can never be kept. A soldier killing his own with such an indepth personal touch. All for the cause of a disguise. We hideing so many upon there demise. Hoping for some kind of compremise. A doomsday agreement leaves so many bitter setiments. The hunger is dragging its feet. Still there no sympothy. This is the pleasure of constant agony.

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# The Despair Wrought By Inner Demons.

Oh my dear lost one.  
How is it that a name is so important?  
A single entity inked into lost souls for proper passage.  
If love travels to all there is no need for the unending search.  
For you already know where they are in your heart.  
This is the view among the tracks of fallen.  
The trains just keep on coming.  
Why is it you are standing still waiting and hoping?  
A ghost of unending pain.  
Unable to accept the tragedy of some.  
A interrupted transition of consciences.  
Left in the dark never truly departed.  
Fighting for the futile chance of redemption.  
A empty hollow wish.  
A forever to be forgotten.  
The sensation of the most desirable kiss.  
Dreaming of the earthly past.  
Scared of the ever changing future.  
A limbo within ones own soul.  
With only one gift left give.  
Fear so sincere.  
So desperately that it is a mere fleeting moment.  
Into the utmost lethe never to return.  
Broken wings, among those who have the ability at any time to fly.  
A why not me made into the ultimate demon.  
And he has no face, just a single memory.

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# The Destroyed Promise

An arrangement, mutually agreed by parties not even truly involved.  
Kindling a fire by force.  
Payment given it's due.  
Construction, it's the art of getting to pick and choose.  
A culture shock of betraying the old ways.  
The words 'how could you?' resonate.  
Shame portrayed in tattered clothes.  
Things after all do not always go as planned.  
Just ask that homeless man holding out his can.  
Did he want to live this way?  
Did he feel he had any other choice?  
Abandoned are there voices.  
For when nobody is really listening, how can it really make a difference.  
Anger fortifies the clouded mind.  
Justification for acts of carnage.  
To emphasize the fear we put them on display.  
How quaint, how ornate.  
Decorating our leadership in rows of blood.  
Are we that in love with the decadence.  
Popularized and polarized.  
A portrayed illusion that knows not the sick society it encourages.  
To blinded by what is gained, to have a single alternative after thought.  
The mouth should be bitter.  
Chasing ghosts.  
They are the voices inside me.  
Forever they will reign.  
The mentality insane.  
Am I one of them?  
Just maybe, but right now does it change a thing?  
Truth does not care for creditability, because it already is.  
The ashes of a burnt down promise still flow through all of us.  
We must live up to it.

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# The Dire Attraction

Can you hear the most inner thoughts of this bloody bleeding heart?  
I know what I want, can you satisfy with just the looks within your eyes?  
With words you speak as if you are suprised.  
The body language of the confused.  
Can the flame be infused?  
Fading clouds bring sunnier days.  
The hollowness of being left to wonder.  
Watch as I blunder, fumble to just put a single sentence together.  
Is it past or present tense?  
With butterflies in the pit of my stomach, I look into a ocean of reflections.  
What is the right way to go about this?  
The voices and questions won't stop.  
It gets so quiet and I don't want to hear that pin drop.  
So all of a sudden.  
Talking about giving me a heart attack.  
Time to react.  
Oh baby, this time this one goes out you.  
I'm just so crazy about everything you do.  
From the way you move, to the expression on your face even when your angry,  
especially when you angry.  
A maddening attraction with a lust for more and more interaction.  
Where is the voice reason when there is such a change in the season.  
Please do not say your just teasing, yes there is some baggage I carry.  
Don't worry it is enough to just to know you, don't worry it is enough just being  
close too you.  
You draw the line I will walk it to the ends of earth if thats what you really want.  
Promises meant to keep, a hill that is getting ever so steep.  
Oh please do not fall, and if I do promise that you will be the one to catch me till  
I leave this vessel and sail my way up to the highest skies.  
Please just give me a little more time because for once in my life I finally alive.  
Not just a corpse walking and moaning with no real purpose.  
More direction then I have ever had.  
Thinking just maybe its not so bad.  
Growing roots finally fitting in my own damn shoes.  
And this is again is all thanks to you.

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# The Diseased Rose

So long, goodbye.  
Kiss as you have never did before.  
Because you never you know if it'll be your last.  
Cherished, each and everyday.  
Things can change.  
I can change.  
Mountains rearranged.  
Now not so steep but a slow incline.  
Now not so rocky, but a mellow woods that goes on for miles.  
Seeing in a different light.  
When wearing someone else's shoes be prepared for they might be too tight.  
Yes they don't always fit right.  
Words to live by.  
My wings have been clipped more then once.  
My toes crunched and broken.  
Running down my heart with razor blades.  
A paper cut that bleeds so profusely.  
Wanting so desperately to just make it stop.  
A senseless thumping.  
Why do I myself through it.  
Maybe I'm addicted to the pain.  
Or just maybe I'm unlovable.  
An antisocial clandestine freak.  
Wearing dirty old jeans and yellow shirts.  
Don't mind them, there for work.  
I don't own anything that pretty anymore.  
Nothing with a sparkling a front.  
A brand new kind anguish.  
Now I'm not even good enough.  
Not that I thought I was before.  
But still I'm tired of my words dropping to floor.  
Is anyone even listening.  
Remembering, reminiscing.  
What if I told you that was me.  
Would you even a believe.  
Am a I shadow or giant.  
Lining up your former self.  
Making a comparison.  
A little more eccentric, and didactic.,



A smaller ego, better self restraint.  
Yet when I need to speak up for myself I'm not as shy I was.  
No I'm not that high school boy.  
The one you'd avoid everyday.  
The one you'd make fun of.  
The one who would get fights on a daily basis.  
Still a geek I guess.  
But never did anything with all the smarts.  
I like working outside breathing fresh air.  
I'd rather do the manual labor.  
Making it all by my self.  
Not a single person I really can call a close friend.  
I have a sickness.  
Walking away from it all.  
Not giving anyone a chance.  
To hurt me so personally.  
Inflicting my own pain.  
Defiled in so many ways.  
Counting the days.  
Does it even matter.  
The month of something.  
But it is just another nothing to me.  
I think I have destroyed myself.  
All because of one stupid woman.  
One I should have gave up on years ago.

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# The Dream Of Festering Doubt

Changing places.  
Erasing the existence of certain faces.  
Anxieties high.  
Rain drops falling from the sky.  
Pondering a wonderful dream so it seems.  
In the lateness of night there are many things I'm trying to achieve.  
Facing a brick wall and knowing you will get through it all.  
A voice of confidence saying you will make it.  
To survive in a dream, one must realize it is all in your control.  
Only financially limited as one has always been.  
Somethings will never change.  
In debt one must sigh with regret.  
Moving to the world a little more quaint.  
Seeing images of all the saints.  
Lined up in a row all depicting their own inner conflict.  
The suffering of those are presumed so great.  
The lights dim and then you faint.  
Waking up to the shattering a glass.  
That use be my home says the man holding dearly onto his crutches.  
How could they ever do that to me.  
The totally unexpected.  
In the mind the sights make it through but are still rejected.  
It can't not be for I have not willed it as part of my destiny.  
The perfect rose petals start turning brown and wither away.  
In time so many things will be forgotten about this day.  
Even in greatest of hopes one must still pray.  
Holding on to such strong beliefs.  
Believing the wishing well will never fade.  
Throwing coins in to bring about change.  
But what happens when you run out,  
or lose count.  
Let us not fester this doubt.  
Encouragement from deep within.  
To overcome, without a single surrender or sacrifice.  
To say this is my life, I shall live whatever the price.

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# The Dreamer And The Redeemer

If you dream, your are a dreamer  
If you take action to redeem, your are the redeemer  
Success is not measured in time  
If only real goals and not of the mined.  
Talk, as the baby walks, speaks, crawls.  
Towards it so slowly, But as in any eventualities it is achieved.  
Not by the talker, but the baby  
Who knew nothing but did something  
Procrastination, kills all motivation.  
Wish you would, could, should  
Its all good, but its nothing more then a mere thought  
Like the fisherman who never caught you are.  
Always wanting to put that pole out there, but it just never is  
Reasons why and why not  
no pity on you for what you have and have not  
For a chance wasted, is one that could be taken.  
I could go on and on with this  
but why worry about what one missed.

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# The Eagle Knows Better

The sounds misery.  
Can you hear them.  
The undying screaming in agony for single ounce of mercy.  
Just one chance, just one more dance with the red queen.  
The attraction undeniable, the satisfaction unseen.  
Always left wanting more.  
Fickle is this flowering bloom.  
Through it veins spells nothing but death and destruction.  
Yet its beauty is so hypnotizing.  
You can't move as it sucks all the energy the right from you.  
Your self importance become minuscule in the large scheme of things.  
The mark of the beast.  
Tattooed with number 14.  
Oh what does this mean?  
Is it a clock ticking in some fantastic dream.  
Were always counting, days, months, minute, years.  
It's as if in the absence time we would all disappear.  
But among the abandon exterior motives.  
Some not as clean.  
Demons hands reaching, free me and I'll make this all yours.  
Captured by his breath of ice cold flames.  
The burning sensation just beneath the skin.  
You can feel him within.  
And suddenly you know torture endured.  
The images wrapped in a box with pretty pink bow.  
Tell me does this make it more pleasant.  
Eating some slimy spinach, and calling it purple cabbage.  
When human heart bleeds, what is it we see?  
Is it destiny, or is there a voice inside your head screaming save me.  
Self awareness of best kind.  
Sacrifice yet undefined.  
What can you truly give when you are already among the blind.  
A peasant farming the till of greater minds.  
Trying to understand just a single blade of grass.  
In a field of millions.  
Both exhilarating and overwhelming.  
Wearing a straw hat and some shades.  
Trying to fit the part to the best of your abilities.  
Knowing it will not change a thing.

You will still be just as lost.  
Because this isn't where you belong.  
Temporary at best, for a time the eagle does sit to take a rest.  
But when time comes he will fly off.

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# The Eagles Very Last Prey

Unfiled, unprocessed, empty words of solitude.  
Loneliness is cancer of misery.  
Who can survive in it.  
Not me says every voice in my head.  
The rotten disgust latches on with every claw it has.  
How and why become question from which only oblivion exist.  
A man without reason, isn't really a man at all.  
Being around such madness, can be so deafing that soon the loudest screams  
become mere whispers among wind blowing the trees.  
Can I even hear it, Can I even begin to comprehend.  
If insanity is really a place with no true meaning at all, why is it played like its  
the best and only sounds of music.  
Does it harbor it's very own ego.  
Does it alter the reality one is currently living in.  
If it does hows does it, and why do we let it.  
If sensation of pain is numbed long enough.  
Do we lose all faith and trust.  
Do we become so indifferent that all we see is what is good for us.  
Angry is the stranger who ignored.  
Angrier is the person not willing to take the risk in meeting the stranger.  
So many paradoxs.  
How does one ever truly find balance in utter chaos.  
Do wear invisible blinder to that which is going around us.  
I am a eagle, and I am just hunting for the prey.  
Is that how premative the evolution of humankind is?  
We as body, we as living organism, must try and find a way for all with out losing  
ourselves in the process

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# The Emptiness Of Enlightenment

Without personality intelligence means nothing.  
The smartest person can be also the cruellest.  
He is a man who is looking for the answers without a heart.  
But he will never find them cause he has nothing to follow.  
I call this the emptiness of enlightenment.

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# The Encouragement Of A Tragedy

This life is full of 'drama' every day  
With blind eyes we let it melt us away.  
A tragedy is but both a life best and worse experience.  
Some would call this by that name.  
It is the exaggeration that makes it good or bad.  
An abnormality in repetitive motion.  
Over and over like a life boat in the ocean.  
Attention sickness is what I call it.  
It is no longer told because it causes pain.  
But instead it used a draw in pity.  
It is used as an excuse to do something,  
or act a certain way.  
The reality of it should always be treasured.  
But the over obsession of it should never be encouraged.  
Or come with a smiling acceptance that it usually is given.

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# The Energy A Poem Needs

Like keeping a fire burning you need enough fuel.  
Sometimes I run out.  
Poof and it's gone.  
A desire, thoughts upon the wire.  
I need another jolt.  
Charging my batteries.  
Rebooting again.  
Gathering all the energy.  
Dispersing it evenly.  
Trying to keep it honest.  
Cause I hold truth so close to my heart.  
That it is hard to separate the two.  
Emotions running wild.  
Look their Bambie just jumped across the screen.  
The mother follows close behind.  
So afraid to let her out it's sight.  
Nature is but gorges of something I continuously need.  
It is of the proper feed.  
It is so pure and clean.  
In harmony the birds always sing.  
It is all the way I want my poem to be.

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# The Facts Do Matter

You know, sometimes stereotypes seem not far off from off the truth.  
But not always, and in truth it is environment in which live that makes us who we are.

There no on shoe fits all approach to personality traits.

Genetics may play a part but not as much of one as you think.

Think about this there was study a done with stem cells placed in three different environments to grow different things.

It worked.

One of a organ cell, another of a muscle cell, and the last was of a bone cell.

One can argue that they are not a living human being doesn't count.

But cells do make us up.

So if they can change by the environment so can we.

To deny that by a cruel generalization is to say all science to this date just doesn't matter.

And if you truly believe that how can you use something you believe doesn't matter.

Because the computer is made up mathematical and scientific facts and they do matter.

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# The Fake Friend Is At It Again.

I keep hearing these fake promises from fake friends.  
Who needs them.  
Stop lying.  
Just exactly what are you trying to prove and to whom.

Next time your bored text somebody else.  
Stop wasting my time with all the insincere pleasantries.  
Like you actually care.  
Do you now?  
And do you think I do?

She kicked you out again didn't she.  
You need a place to stay.  
Oh but I'm suppose get you out of there.  
I don't think so, not on my dime you must be out of your freaking mind.  
I'm just not that interested in those who can't help themselves or admit the truth.  
Your loss is not my problem.  
Your created your mess so fix it.

I haven't spoken you in months, in fact I have been completely ignoring you.  
To me I make it as if you don't even exist.  
I pay more attention the garbage truck driving by then you.  
A very long time ago I use to call you a friend.  
But now I know better.  
Your talk is cheap.  
Your lies cost you steep.  
Your a narcissist I just don't need.  
A leech sucking the life out what ever you can.  
Can I bum another dollar and some change for another beer, if you don't I'll just steal it from the money my girlfriend has been saving up for my kid.  
Your one big guilt trip.  
And I just don't feel that sorry for you.  
Sit at home and play video games.  
A claim to have mental disease so you don't have watch your very own kid.  
Get a grip.  
Get hold of yourself.  
Come to back to the planet earth if you still can.

In till you do I'm just not talking you.  
It is that simple.

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# The False Claims Of Empty Desires

Accomplishments, don't always happen when we wish.  
But steadfast perseverance is a gift.  
Sometimes you are not demanding enough.  
You become over looked and missed.  
Other times you put it off again.  
In till the chance is gone.  
It becomes of the dead and forgotten.  
You were warned of this procrastination.  
But in till now you ignored instead of heeding this revelation.  
An empty desire becomes your masturbation.  
Getting off on telling others what you will never do.  
You need to hear it more and more.  
You become a narcissist in this sense.  
For you very well know the lie in this pretense.  
No matter reason you give, those who know think of it as a weak defense.

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# The Falsified Claim Of The Roofie And The Women

So sorry hear from you again.  
Back from another on of your excursions I see.  
So how did your sick perversion go.  
Oh oh you put on quite a good show.  
A hell of a dating scam.  
It took ten years from this man.  
He went to prison for rape.  
A unjustified claim.  
He just wanted the money you stole.  
He lied to get it back.  
It pissed you off when you found out.  
With venom you went straight to the hospital.  
Pull out the kit.  
Check me out.  
He fed me a roofie.  
The next thing I woke with no clothes.(40 minutes later)  
He was pulling up his pants.  
I made no scene and didn't even realize I was raped.  
Strange don't you think.  
I went home.  
Then I thought about what must have happen (3 hrs later) .  
Oh he rapped me.  
Yeah I stole his money.  
And I gave it back so that has nothing to do with it.  
It is the truth because I am a women.

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# The Favor

I just did you a favor  
No thanks for it  
A moment you will have to always savor  
Ungrateful till you last breath  
You want to blame anyone for your mess  
But let it not be of my success.  
An orchestrated collaboration.  
Let me tell you it is so fascinating.  
Lets stay on the topic at hand if we can

I just did you a favor  
No thanks for it  
A moment you will always have to savor  
Ungrateful till you last breath  
Let it be the test.  
Lets pass it around.  
Study it very closely  
Blame with the word mostly  
I think their is some you missed  
It could be just me  
Maybe the sun has blinded my sight  
I'm sorry but I just can't see  
With my finger tips I feel for the light

I just did your a favor  
No thanks for it  
A moment you will always have to savor  
Ungrateful till you last breath  
As I confess  
You sit there and laugh  
Look at him so pitiful  
Well let me tell my emotions I control  
If I want to let go  
I do  
It is my choice in which I choose  
It is my voice in which I lose

I just did you a favor  
No thanks for it

A moment you will always have to savor  
Ungrateful till your very last breath  
Stop avoiding the topic  
Lets just it put it on the chopping block  
Get it over with  
Smoke and mirrors  
A misdirection of the lights reflection  
Looking through a telescope towards your direction  
Don't worry I can trace it back  
And their lies the facts  
You think I won't react.  
Well your so wrong I will  
Here's the deal.

I just did you a favor  
No thanks for it  
A moment you will always have to savor  
Ungrateful till your very last breath

I just did you a favor  
No thanks for it  
A moment you will always have to savor  
Ungrateful till your very last breath

Fine its now your problem  
For to me your already forgotten

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# The Fear Of Civil Unrest

Only humans have a need to rule an entire species of descendant and race.  
In a nation the freedoms once embraced.  
They have become a written disgrace.  
When the homeless storm the cities demanding equality.  
Then we know we have failed,  
And that boat has already set sail.  
No longer are we looking through the looking glass.  
And is happening so fast.  
Enraged the people are,  
With every right to be.  
With every promise broken.  
Another part of our dignity is stolen.  
Robbed by the ghost of puppets.  
That claim to be for us, to help us.  
Given a chance they'll crush us.  
Accidentally, Intentionally, doesn't even matter.  
Cause silent is the once well heard laughter.  
Violence will soon run rampant can you feel it?  
As tensions hang high in the air.  
All that is needed is a single spark to light this flare,  
Hope and pray it never comes.  
Oh they will try to protect themselves any way they know how.  
Using your own military to silence you.  
Agents busting down your front door claiming their looking for another terrorist.  
Hate to break this to you but we are the terrorist to dictator if one shall ever  
reign.  
Someone will feel the need to put us down huge numbers.  
Call it what you will.  
A massacre, or very violent protest filled with civil unrest.  
Either way I contest it most certainly just as dangerous as the men in arms  
overseas trying to protect you and me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Fight Of Your Life.

Getting ready for the fight of your life. The pressure is on. And you must be dynamite. Shine like never before. An insatiable appetite. No holding back. The thunder from my hands will be felt miles away. This is my last shot. And i shall falter not. Its life or death. Its without mercy. No pity for those who cant do for themselves. Revel in it. Its arrogance or confidence. Take your pick. I'm a royal prick. I'm a \*ssh\*le and a d\*ck. But I'm living. Their comes a time when you must put the past behind. Three steps forward, two steps back. Always under attack. Well come I'm ready for the fight of my life. What ever it takes. Make or break. My will is strong. I know where i belong. Protecting them is over. I shouldered those burdens for way to long. Take a picture, savor this moment. For I'm ready for the fight of my life. Trying to predict the ending. Futile efforts. Betting on sh\*t deals. Destroying what isn't real. It was never their. So now most despair and are not prepared. But I'm aware of what has to be done. Its not gonna all be fun. But im still ready for the fight of my life. Live and let live. So hard to forgive. Breaking so many ethical boundaries, all at once. Renouncing all claims. I want no parts of it. Your loss. Your cost. Substituting one bad habit for another. It wont happen again. No more friends cause I'm getting ready for the fight of my life. It will be the fight of my life and i must do it alone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Fight To Be The Financial King

The nonsense of the belief fraudulent creativity can be bought and sold as if it was gold.

Wealth is the illusion that one really owns something.

Anything gained can be lost.

No matter the figures invented and created.

They too are subjugated to many wondering eyes.

A mass market full of the crazies.

Lunatics with a dollar as a gun.

Hmm, let me tell you that really sounds like fun, but still I'm going to have to pass.

I will never live beyond my means.

No matter what is deemed fit.

I am 100% against it.

Debt is a regret, and I have enough them already.

Why would anyone gamble their lively hoods for things they don't need.

A foolish mistake indeed.

And any occupation to overthrow such ideas I'm totally for.

It's not about being rich or poor.

It about what you have truly earned.

Some seem to think they earned it all.

A financial domination of the world.

A complete bias control.

A king of kings.

Tyranny will reign supreme.

One for all instead of all for one.

The chaos has already unfolded and begun.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Flame Will Not Survive

You can't squeeze a lime once it is dry.  
No more juice will come out no matter how hard you try.  
Same with me and broken hearts and broken dreams.  
Believe me, I will make self hate you if I must.  
What ever I have to do, so your better off in my mind.  
That pain right now, will be so much harder if we go any further.  
Especially if we know it the flame can not survive.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Forest Fire

The fire burns yet again  
A forest slowly dies  
Animals run and flee for the lives  
And men try to protect their homes  
A place so unknown  
Looking through the glass  
It is as if I'm there  
I smell, and taste of the smoke in the air  
Blacken skies billow above sun rise  
Water pours from hoses so long  
For if only they can get control of it before it is all gone  
So disheartening.  
The absolute devastation one of natures most beautiful creations.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Forgiveness Of Vengeance Upon Vanity

Self worth is valued by only thyself.  
When one obsesses upon this.  
There is nothing left for anyone else.  
A vanity of selfishness.  
A heart with no selflessness.  
Motive of ones own.  
To gain, to take the lead.  
Taking pride upon the steed in which you ride.  
Look at me because I'll never look at you.  
Completely ignored as if one doesn't even exist.  
Something someone might have missed.  
Anger is all one feels, as shallow as these wounds are.  
The infection still does not heal.  
Two wrongs don't make a right.  
Not in such a misguided light.  
Vengeance is only a temporary accommodation in which you can feel once again  
whole and complete.  
A home that as soon as you try to rest your head will be gone.  
Try as you might the guilt will not pass or fade.  
A jaded sensation upon the heart.  
Apologies due, and their will be those who never will accept.  
As in a gift rejected.  
It leaves you kind of empty, with a willingness purge yourself of such misdeeds.  
Sometimes their will be things you just can't achieve.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Forgotten Soldier

The forgotten soldier. Hes getting older. Hes getting colder. Scarred for all eternity. Searching for divinity. Prayer yet to be answered. Smoking has just brought cancer. The forgotten soldier. Hes getting older. Hes getting colder. Looking for forgiveness in all the wrong places. So many name and so many faces. An anecdotal pun he has become. A history lesson has been undone. Wars never can be won. The forgotten soldier. Hes getting older. Hes getting colder. In his eyes lies the blood of many. Sleepless nights of sacrifice and murder. And in the end their is no one to comfort him. The forgotten soldier. Hes getting older. Hes getting colder. Times have changed. Now he can only wish he was flying a jet plane. Treated like dirt. Crippled and weak. And the man just turns the other cheek. The forgotten soldier. Hes getting older. Hes getting colder. Today is his birthday and he spends it in a nursing home all alone. To all he is forgotten dead and gone. But i remember, i remember all the forgotten soldiers.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Forgotten Son(Name Revised Hopefully Viewable)

Oh exiled angel,  
oh the forgotten son,  
please say your not the only one.  
Its a sad life of loneliness we live in.  
Have you given it your all?  
Sacrifice after sacrifice.  
Everyone has disappeared.

Oh exiled angel,  
oh forgotten son,  
please say your not the only one.  
Dreams are broken.  
Dreams are stolen.  
Still you are standing here.  
Holding on.  
You are only so strong.  
Baring your soul time after time,  
just to see it fade,  
lying in the wake of all those horrible mistakes.  
Only true heart break is everlasting.

Oh exiled angel,  
oh forgotten son,  
please say your not the only one.  
Not the only one.  
How can this be?  
A denied destiny.  
Was it too much gluttony?  
Was it all those stories you told were unfounded?  
A liar in dire straights.  
Everything is so complicated.

Oh exiled angel,  
oh forgotten son,  
please say your not the only one.  
Your life has just begun.  
Yet its already half over.  
Were picking a four leaf clover.  
One by one.



The leaves are gone.  
Until theirs absolutely nothingness.  
The black sun is what you've become.

Oh exiled angel,  
oh forgotten son,  
please say your not the only one.  
Are you burning on the inside?  
Is fire what ignites your desire?  
Burn it all,  
burn it all.  
These thoughts run through your head.  
Sometimes you feel better off dead.  
Some words are best left unsaid.  
Ignorance is bliss, till you reach the end of your existence.  
Then you forever wonder what you missed.  
It feels like another outer body experience.

Oh exiled angel,  
oh forgotten son,  
please say your not the only one,  
not the only one.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Game

here we are again  
Always staring down that barrel of that gun  
This battle has just begun  
A War of a treasonous son  
The death of so many on our hands  
powerless we are  
one by one they fall  
marching to the top of it all  
A weakness is but our strength under the cover darkness  
here we are again  
Its time fix things  
They way I should of so long ago  
Buried under the snow  
The drifts blow  
slowly a picture starts to show  
its a face with no name  
Its a plan so honest  
that it cant be done without modesty  
its more of the fickle irony  
that constantly plagues me  
here we are again  
stirring a pot red hot  
just to see what I really got  
no longer a pretender  
but a true defender  
for everything there's something good  
its chaos its order  
its balancing yourself walking down the rails  
the rust ages and get pail  
but still the metal stays true  
solid steel is what I'm about to wield  
from the fires of heaven and earth  
hell doesn't seem much worse  
here we are again  
friends that have a common goal  
time to move on  
everything has fallen to head  
a stop in mid air  
doing cartwheels in the despair

not even close to being scared  
devils beware we are here  
to stay to get in the way  
to change the way games is to be played  
no matter the hate  
I will walk away  
feeling okay  
a foretold future is opened when you go back to the past  
wounds that are but mere scars  
on our souls buried deep within  
forgiving is to be living  
breath can get so shallow hiding in the dark  
no more no more  
another chess game once more

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Gate Keeper

If only to understand, what does that truly mean?  
You can do it the man in the suit says, as if hes always known.  
But has it been thoroughly inspected?  
What has he really shown?  
Was he just pissed off, and that's the end of it.  
Only time will tell with this one, he says yet again.  
Like he's judging those who come out of the wood work every day.  
A thought pondered.  
A thought wondered.  
A question that goes unanswered.  
To know, is a dangerous power in which one envelopes them self in.  
An ego to all men.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Gate Keeper To A Galaxy

I know they are some who wonder why I write so much.  
And I would like to say I have a great fulfilling purpose behind it.  
To change the world.  
Well not really, it more along of the lines of having a conversation with the world.  
Seeing many perspectives, opinions and figuring out what I feel is right.  
An exploration in places I've never been, to feel things I've never felt, to  
understand people from cultures I've never met.  
It's not about making a difference as much as knowing you made the right one.  
An observation from telescope looking at all these stars.  
Each one is unique and has something it can teach.  
And to think they all sit in one place.  
A single galaxy with millions of pages.  
It is not hard to get lost.  
One of those now where was I?  
How does one sort through such distortions?  
I wake only realize I'm in another dream.  
This one bigger then the last.  
And it happen so fast.  
With the movements of my hands I double click.  
And another dimension appears in front of me.  
And the gate keeper doesn't seemed to be limited in her treasures.  
She more then willing to deliver at my asking.  
With the bidding done, she's doing the same for somebody else.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The General

The one holding all the cards in the art of love  
and war never chooses to fight  
For he surmises that fight without losing lives,  
is the only one worth while.  
A coward he is not, a strategical general he is.  
He knows when hes beaten  
And he knows when hes won  
He never lets arrogance get the best of him  
Or whims of a fancy mislead  
He boosts moral any way he can  
He is king in his men heart  
He wears the worst cloths of the lot  
Knowing only of what he needs not  
When the enemy here's his name they either flee  
Or become traitor to their own  
Switching sides under the cover of night  
They say cheers him as hes alright

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Genius

A novelty express.  
In which we should always digest.  
This man is whacked.  
You got that right jack.  
But that is none of your concern.  
Just watch the pages turn.  
One right after the next.  
I'm most certainly obsessed.  
But what exactly wrong with that?  
Nothing like a little practice.  
It's not like if I keep pumping the tire up it will eventually go flat.  
It might go boom, and then I'll end up like that trucker who had a punctured lung.  
But that would just ruin all this fun.  
It is a humming of hums.  
A whistle tooting.  
So full of so much hot air.  
Got to put somewhere.  
Why not here?  
Because their is a time and place you say.  
Well then this is another one of those days.  
A yeah haw, mixed in with a hip hip hooray.  
Am I'm not aloud express my happiness too?  
Does that not excite you?  
Most certainly not.  
It's boring and makes me want to kick that homeless guy off his cot,  
Take his place and go to sleep.  
Maybe that will bring back that well known and profound tyranny.  
But just remember that is not always the way it is going be.  
We all have our ups and down.  
It's like painting a picture of my favorite clown.  
His faces always change.  
Bah that's just a child favorite.  
Us adults, and teens want the sex, the drugs, and violence.  
I said silence, you will not interrupt me again.  
For I'm writing.  
Oh how boring.  
Well I'm not here to excite or entice you to read.  
That's a choice that has to be made all on your own.

But I could bang your head off the wall a couple times instead.  
Then again I really don't think that would help.  
You're already lacking way too many brain cells.  
Oh my I think we need a surgeon.  
It's already too late I think.  
The damage has already been done.  
Damn those drugs, damn that sex, damn that violence,  
But eh I guess sometimes it just can't be prevented.  
Is this guys life really worth extending?  
A question to the great doctor.  
Who says but of course every life is precious,  
Even a loon like you.  
Excuse me but exactly what did you mean by that?  
Are you trying to say I would better off on the moon?  
Sir, either you have leave or I'll have security remove you.  
Your choice.  
Wow I actually get to make a choice...  
Hmm, now which door do I choose?  
Door number, door number two, door number three or, do I just start throwing  
people through them as a experiment.  
The door experiment mwahaha,  
Eureka I got it, genius!

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Ghost And Me

The ghost and me  
The ghost and me.  
Are one and the same.  
We don't exist.  
We are never to be seen.

Everybody has washed their hand clean of...  
A mistake that never happen.  
A birth that was more like a regurgitation.  
I didn't mean to do that.  
Oh oh but you did.

The ghost and me  
The ghost and me.  
Are one and the same.  
We don't exist.  
We are never to be seen.

Now tell me  
How hard is it to forgive  
When one denies you everyday..?  
Oh just disappear.  
I wish you weren't here.  
Those are the words I continuously hear.

The ghost and me  
The ghost and me.  
Are one and the same.  
We don't exist.  
We are never to be seen.

Voices marching to a beat.  
Voices marching to an eventual defeat.  
Running through a slaughter house just to fix a broken soul.  
An what does it expose?  
Is the blood real?  
A talentless man with no cloths.

The ghost and me

The ghost and me.  
Are one and the same.  
We don't exist.  
We are never to be seen.

I hate it.  
It isn't fair.  
But in this world of despair.  
Tears will never heal these wounds.  
For they're continuously felt each and everyday.  
The pain will never go away.  
It is here to stay.

The ghost and me  
The ghost and me.  
Are one and the same.  
We don't exist.  
We are never to be seen.

The ghost and me  
The ghost and me.  
Are one and the same.  
We don't exist.  
We are never to be seen.

No never again.  
A march to the very end.  
When I'm hanging from that rope  
I want nothing from you.  
It is what you gave me.  
Suffering silence.  
The stillness that is so quiet.  
No one is here except...

The ghost and me  
The ghost and me.  
Are one and the same.  
We don't exist.  
We are never to be seen.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Ghost Of Pain

Take your given credit and just shove it.  
I'm sorry but that's murder with a pen my friend.  
Like spilling a cup of coffee on a brand new page.  
But that doesn't happen to often this day and age.  
Instead it is all written through electronic foot prints.  
Strokes of keys to infinity.  
Claiming ownership of anything and everything.  
A profit must be made.  
If your the second to come up with it.  
It is just too bad.  
Their will be a wall you can't get past.  
You crack the code and there will cuffs on the other end.  
The hanging will happen without your notice.  
An imagination pumping them out so fast.  
Lets see if some of these monkeys are up for the task.  
The thought process itself they will soon have.  
A craving for a world full of slaves.  
Naked and labouring among one another under one man.  
Above them hangs a guillotine just waiting.  
He will keeps the heads as his trophy to remind anyone who would even try and  
dare undermined his rule how they would die.  
Fierce and unrelenting as the whips relentlessly causes their skin to bleed.  
Like a dogs he mashes their work right along so he can line his pockets with the  
fruits they bare.  
Make a false claim under his name.  
And nobody questions him cause they can't.  
Once and forever silenced by their blasphemous tongues.  
One by one nails are driven in his hunting lodge where just for the sport of it he  
kills them for fun.  
He baths in the blood, sweat, tears, and fears.  
The men who surround him say cheers as the enjoy the special favours given.  
Just continue keep them in check.  
Trust me nothing bad will happen.  
Put them down when necessary.  
Kill their entire family mentally, physically and financially.  
Engulf there world in horror.  
And point to others to blame.  
These scapegoats are puppets on his strings.  
When one take a fall another one just pops to replenish the ranks.

This bush has many roses.  
Hidden underneath lies many thorns.  
There sharp be forewarned.  
Who will be next one to to put his hands upon them.  
It's another attempt at grabbing air as if you actually could.  
The ghost of pain written upon someone else's name.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Gift Of Love

Why a million lines for what the simplest of words will do?

A I love you, honest, easy, simple, yet we try so hard a elaborate way to describe what just can't be any other then this way.

It's not a galaxy we are trying pull in.

A simple ordinary feeling of the heart that brings such extreme emotion.

A pledge to unending devotion.

An flattery of effects.

Feeling a concubines desire.

Lusting for the words that only purest of heart can draw.

Crippling an angel with mere whisper of it.

His wings our now yours.

The great sacrifice to endure.

An gift to ones body, heart, and mind for that is all one ever has.

These gifts freely given, are not always so freely given

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Girl In Florida

Met a girl in Florida  
She was fine for a time  
Then we both became bored out of our mind

I just moved their  
finding a job was all i needed  
but time was short  
I lost my seat

She found another oh brother  
I lost the house I called home  
She took in a megans law  
That brought nothing less then shock an awe  
So tell me how'd that work?  
You chose the sick over me  
I guess I had to much honesty  
I guess it was something I really didn't need  
She was not my destiny certainly

I was told I could so much better  
But your kids I loved as my own  
What you did was just wrong  
Demented and too far gone  
Beyond my reach  
With my words if I could only teach  
This was the last time I ever heard from the girl in Florida

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Girl Who Is A Void

I'm never met a girl that is so empty of conversation.  
This one says a little bit of nothing.  
At least nothing that's lead to a decent friend.  
Like wow, who are you?  
What do you like, what do you hate?  
Some interest to communicate.  
Instead all I get one or two phases, it is so disappointing.  
If you want to be my friend, you got being a little more convincing.  
Just enough to hang yourself with.  
Or don't ask to be my friend, friends have more then hello how are you to say to each other.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Girl With Demon Eyes

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want to see.

A girl raped and they say it was justified.  
She was asking for it by being such a tease.  
Wearing skin tight cloths.  
Walking with a strut saying I know you want it.  
But you'll never have it.

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want to see.

Her brother died trying to stop it.  
His head got shoved right through a window by three men.  
The glass broke and dropped slashing his throat.  
And the men turned back on her.  
She could smell the whiskey on their breath even from distance.

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want to see.

She knew what they wanted.  
But looking at her brother she had to fight it.  
She grabbed the nearest object she could get her hands on.  
And clobbered the biggest one of the bunch with a lamp.  
Down he went crashing right across the coffee table.

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want to see.

The other two grabbed her and started ripping off her cloths.  
She screamed multiple times at the top of her lungs.  
Kicking, punching, and clawing her way to be free.  
And it was not a completely an unanswered plea.  
The a man and his wife next door heard the woman being brutalized.



A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want to see.

He thundered, call 911 I'm going to grab my gun.  
Tossed her his cell phone, as he started running.  
To bedroom he went.  
No hesitation, for it was a matter of life and death.  
Meanwhile these gruff men were taking turns forcing her to do unspeakable acts  
and her brother just lay there unable to move.

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want see.

By the time he made it their these men were already in their car.  
They peeled out like never before.  
He shot at them but only took out one of there headlights.  
The front door was wide open.  
And there on the floor lied a naked woman crying out for her brother.

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want to see.

He knew not what to 's  
hits  
He first grabbed a blanket to cover her up.  
Then he went to see about her brother,  
The brother was gurgling something.  
He listen closely and heard these words.  
'I don't want to die here, but if I do tell her I love her.'

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want to see.

He tried to put pressure on this mortal wound.  
But her brother lost too much blood.  
With sadden eyes he went back and whispered something in her ear.  
She screamed out in agony.

'Oh how can this be'

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want to see.

The cops and ambulance finally arrived.  
With all the flashing lights onlooker came and gawked.  
Witness statements were taken.  
Descriptions were given.  
One of these men still lay on her floor.  
Unconsciousness but not dead.

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want see.

The others didn't get far.  
They made to the bar.  
As it happens too be one she frequented very often.  
They claimed that took them her house.  
Where her brother was also temporarily staying.

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want to see.

They said she agreed to a threesome till he got involved.  
But she said they followed and forced their way into her home.  
Figuring she was all alone.  
But she was not.  
And that's when things went all wrong.

A cloudy image appears before me.  
Who is that with demon eyes?  
They speak of horrors that I never want see.

The cops discovered that she was telling truth.  
For their was an eye witness on the other side of the street.  
Who saw the whole thing.  
The question that bothered the police is why this did nothing about what the witness saw.

The witness thought by the way woman dressed that she deserved it.

This was the story behind those demon eyes.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Good Son

She looks at him, and says I'm so proud, so proud.  
The good son, holding the candle in the darkness.  
Trying so hard to light the way for others to follow.

Draw upon the courage.  
Not everyone has been given a fair chance.  
So do this little dance, and change it.  
Make it all the way to the top, and jump off.  
Take as many as you can down with you.  
Let the liberty be for all.  
Not just for those who know how to rob.  
Thieving from the poor from shore to shore.

She looks at him, and says I'm so proud, so proud.  
The good son, holding the candle in the darkness.  
Trying so hard to light the way for others to follow.

He did best he could.  
But it is constant battle for the self serving.  
For those who think there more deserving of it.  
As city the sleeps, it is all he thinks about night and day.  
How to save this world. How he could invent the next cure.  
Freely distributing it across both ocean and sea.  
Crossing the desert in a camels trot.  
No place should be unaccessible.  
No not to me.

She looks at him, and says I'm so proud, so proud.  
The good son, holding the candle in the darkness.  
Trying so hard to light the way for others to follow.

Seeking the way through all the lies.  
Not letting either religion or politics compromise.  
No money becoming his guiding hands or moving mountains.  
He will climb them even if it means he might die.  
The unending cause, stop the killing, stop the starvation, stop the pollution, stop  
passing corrupt laws, stop determines peoples future from miles away. You  
should have to face those you rape.

She looks at him, and says I'm so proud, so proud.  
The good son, holding the candle in the darkness.  
Trying so hard to light the way for others to follow.

She looks at him, and says I'm so proud, so proud.  
The good son, holding the candle in the darkness.  
Trying so hard to light the way for others to follow.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Guilt

I still look upon the stars  
They're still forever changing and rearranging.  
A musical collaboration.  
A fantastic sensation and it is with out you.

Oh how I wish I could undo the things I have said and done to you.  
It's all my fault.  
I'll take all the blame hand to god.  
Every time you cried I claim it as my own.  
And now I'm living a shallow life all alone.  
Their is some things you just can't condone.

I still look upon the stars  
They're still forever changing and rearranging.  
A musical collaboration.  
A fantastic sensation and it is with out you.

To move on is so hard.  
Love has retarded all my movements.  
Slow has slow can be.  
A distinguished defeat.  
A gallant retreat.  
Is never full of such deceit.

I still look upon the stars  
They're still forever changing and rearranging.  
A musical collaboration.  
A fantastic sensation and it is with out you.

The people have spoken.  
Capital punishment for a capital crime.  
Maybe not in your eyes.  
But most certainly in mine.  
Grinding the steel down to tip so fine.  
A brutal way to inflict the pain.  
I do this to myself in your name.

I still look upon the stars  
They're still forever changing and rearranging.

A musical collaboration.  
A fantastic sensation and it is with out you.

How can I defend my actions.  
How could I have walk down this road of hate and rage.  
How can I claim to even be a poet of this day and age.  
Mere ramblings that now feel so fake.  
Everyone I've written was for her sake.  
Everyone was just another page of mistakes.

I still look upon the stars  
They're still forever changing and rearranging.  
A musical collaboration.  
A fantastic sensation and it is with out you.

Making another promise I can never keep.  
Wounding and broken.  
I'm of the god forsaken.  
Please don't come near me.  
I'll just hurt you.  
The same as always.

I still look upon the stars  
They're still forever changing and rearranging.  
A musical collaboration.  
A fantastic sensation and it is with out you.

Just push everybody away.  
For I can no longer stand the pain.  
It has driven me to the brink of insanity.  
This is just a sun shiny day.  
A woers moment, but I'm no longer in that kind of mood.  
What would you conclude?

I still look upon the stars  
They're still forever changing and rearranging.  
A musical collaboration.  
A fantastic sensation and it is with out you.

Is it just another interlude to something ever greater?  
Am I to be another wannabe be saviour.  
I hold my petty sword and shield.

Ready to defend but to what I don't know.  
I let everyone I loved go.  
Burn the flag and let it wave.  
For their is nothing left to save.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Guy I Chose Not To Be

I could be that bad man, that sad man, that angry man.

That we continue to write about.

The abusive husband, the violent friend, the controlling psychopath committing armed robbery as a career.

I chose not to.

I could be the addict chasing the dragon as if it holds my freedom.

Stealing for the next high. Robbing a freshly dead corpse with a second thought.

I chose not to.

I could be the bigot that hates anybody that doesn't look like me.

The man that believes a women's only job other cleaning, and cooking is to barefoot and pregnant. The guy who incites violence against all immigrants. The guy leading the charge against all abortions.

I chose not, oh I chose not too.

I could be that guy that defends all immoral actions with a grand satisfaction.

Not matter the cause, in my shiny suit standing in front of the camera saying my client cancer-causing substance doesn't kill. Your water hasn't been polluted and if it has just dilute it.

I chose not to.

Because there is certain lines my conscience would never let cross.

A man who can not be bought.

No matter how much I need it.

It's not desperately enough.

A tortured soul that will never get that lost.

A compass that is never that far wrong.

Yet another day in which I still know where I belong.

So on your approach ask yourself whom benefits.

Because if it's nothing more then self interest, don't waste my precious time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Happiest Day For Me.

She walked away,  
And I don't care,  
Left me on the altar and I don't care.

Somethings are never returned.  
Sometimes you get burned.  
Yeah it hurts but it could have been much worse.  
Expectation thrown in reverse.  
Going back to day one.

She walked away,  
And I don't care,  
Left me on the altar and I don't care.

I do not hate, or despair.  
For she didn't love me.  
It would have been a shame to keep the reels spinning.  
Showing scenes more dirty and unclean.  
A sun setting so perfect.  
Couldn't have asked for any more.  
It was my happiest day in my life.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Hard Stuff

Bringing past friends into the present.  
A separation in the place and time.  
A collage so scattered, I really need to bring them back together.  
Pieces of me are getting tinier.  
It's as if they never existed.  
All in my head,  
In crazy town unknown and unheard of.  
It never really happen.  
Tricks of the mind.  
An illusion built to justify.  
A raising of skies as if they weren't high enough.  
A pillow with not enough fluff.  
Not either soft or gentle, but instead quite rough.  
A kind of firmness.  
A solidness that can hurt if fallen down onto to hard.  
And I hit it exponentially.  
As if I was traveling at the speed of light.  
It brought pain upon every inch of my body.  
As if I was falling into a pit with trillion of spikes.  
All because of event surrounding all this hate.  
A faulty fault.  
And every time I think about it I want to both cry and laugh.  
It's not true, It's joke without any farther a do.  
If I can believe that than maybe I can mend a broken trend.  
We were thick thieves back then.  
A now we barely talk.  
A silence has torn us apart.  
But I still hear the whispers of you defending me from the taunts.  
Yes they do still haunt.  
Even after so long.  
Even with you being gone.  
I remember it all as if it was yesterday.  
A play being acted out over and over again.  
And as hard as I try to be at peace.  
I know I never will.  
I can't even separate what is fantasy from what is real.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Haunting

Sometimes its to late. but still you must go on. So much work to watch it all come undone. three steps forward five backwards. Minute in the scheme of things. but so precious at the time. a pretty little diamond lost. who really knows the way, when everyone's playing to be the next great actor. Be subtle and discreet has never been strong suit. and now it has cost you. a bad dream of cruelties making. no mercy on the ignorant, no pity upon the decadent. an evolution in corruption when everyone knows. and no one even cares. just bring on the despair. let it hit your body like the cold winter air. Light the lies to keep the fires burning and people urning. eventually it catches up with you. a ghost from you past. hated from the moment its been created. but still it will not just fade way. its got something to say. I'm gonna break you. Oh yeah, yeah now I got you. No more hidden getaway. things will be settled today. by my haunting. the task ahead of me is so daunting. but this time is where it comes to an end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Honest Are Not Afraid To Swallow

Sorry but I can not wear this suit and tie.  
I'd rather go in my birthday suit.  
It doesn't fit neither my moral desires or needs.  
Hard work and sweat I never regret.  
Down in the trenches.  
With financial whips and chains.  
I do what needs to be done.  
But it at least it is honest work.  
It is it really that hard to swallow.  
Chasing favor as if there is to be such.  
Better off with wildflowers sweetness to savor.  
No fabrications worth more then life experiences.  
No matter the distance set, still I would go on without regret.  
In this world there no such thing as perfect.  
Beauty is a sparkle in the eye.  
A twinkle among a distant twilight.  
I'm enveloped in this, part of its very being.  
How could I ever even dream of letting it go.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The House From Hell

The house from hell is the home in which I do dwell.  
And of this story I should most certainly tell.  
Extension cords running from one end to the other.  
And not just one, two, but three.  
Such insanity of it too much on one breaker.  
A fire waiting to happen.  
I didn't wire the place.  
The wiring is just so brittle, that when an outlet goes its about impossible to fix.  
It all needs to be replaced.  
Along with the plumbing and floors.  
How bout some new doors and a set of stairs for the porch.  
Free is not necessarily free.  
Yes this was given to me.  
But now I'm rethinking if I should of took it.  
At least in the middle of winter.  
I'll soon have the money.  
But will it be soon enough.  
I had no choice in waiting and debating.  
Neither the place I was staying nor previous owners here would allow me that  
privilege.  
But hopefully I still will prevail.  
Another hit to the stomach just knocks a little more wind out of your sails.  
It will take longer then I want.  
But still I will go for it.  
When an opportunity knocks you can not just deny it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Human Vampire.

Who are these men in disguise.  
Can they even be considered human?  
Is it our most primal instinct that is destroying the world?  
A curiosity that can never be satisfied.  
Did the conquering masters will this up coming disaster?  
Do we have the right to blame others if we are not willing accept we are just as responsible.  
To stand up shout I am ashamed is a odd and an outright undesired feeling.  
The truth is suppose to burn, it is suppose to sting your eyes, yes it is absolutely suppose to hurt.  
Are you sure you are telling it right?  
Blinded by the darkness or the light?  
When you close your eyes what is see at night?  
A vampire sucking the entire population dry?  
Or something far worse?  
A phantom invading the entire species one by one.  
Can you not hear the scream of famines and wars.  
A proxy genocide in which we are all to blame.  
No matter how righteous our claims.  
But still we don't want to hear it.  
We want to live in a Cinderella fantasy.  
Where it always turns out alright.  
What if it doesn't?  
What if it just gets worse.  
Do we still wish to point the finger and blame.  
Without proposing a single possible solution.  
All the greatest minds in the world can't solve the problems for a society in a state of constant conflict.  
We must rise above this and just listen for that tiny voice who might just solve everything or at least get it us along on our way.  
And we must stop belittling an idea because of who it comes from.  
Because you just never know.  
You just never know.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Human Who Was Never A Saint(Revised)

People make the complaints.  
Like baggage upon a saint.  
He speaks of hearing this evil voice.  
Who steers him towards all the fighting.  
Bickering among friends look what I did he exclaims.  
Making it sound as if it was a great accomplishment.  
When in fact all he did was provoke what comes naturally for the human,  
homosapien, parasite and plague to this planet.  
Among all the species the most similar is certain bacteria and viruses.  
They will pillage, pilfer, and plunder just like us.  
And duplicate like rabbits on steroids.  
And once it is all gone, let me say their are no refunds upon their death.  
One chance, one shot, so do not drink it so quick.  
For once the buzz is gone, it is likely not to return.  
A creature without a natural predator.  
Population explodes out of check.  
Food becomes scarce.  
Depravity becomes the weapon of choice.  
Cannibalism the eating ones own kind.  
A kindred spirit.  
Oh please oh please let me eat you.  
For I am hungry, and need food if I am to survive a life time.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Humorous Life

&lt;/&gt;One day long ago, you were someone i wish i would of known.  
You blow my mind sometimes, thinking every thing would be fine.  
Was I always destine to wonder why?  
How high must I be to perform such evil deeds?  
Angels are insects.  
The devil is a reject.  
Gods a comedian, always making something so wrong slightly amusing.  
Point and laugh.  
Happiness is sadness upside down.  
It's backward please turn it around.  
Only then can the truth be found.  
Sorry if I'm too loud.  
But I feel proud of my indecent exposure.  
I think I've lost my composure.  
Another nic in the door.  
I don't think I can take much more.  
Split it down the middle.  
I guess I shouldn't meddle.  
Hit the gas pedal to the metal.  
Whose gonna tell?  
Ah what the hell.  
I'm giving in to my true feelings.  
I feel so damn good.  
The wrong is the right.  
It's all the matter of the light.  
Sorry if its too bright.  
Let me do a little redirecting.  
Sooner or later  
I'll be the one perfecting.  
What was your is now mine.  
There is no more time.  
Absolutely none.  
But hey it was fun.  
Now it's done.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Hunters And The Hunted (Revised)

Every time you start screaming, I'm just thinking is he even listening?  
Because I can't even think. someone pass me a drink.  
So much repetition in my head.  
Another massive headache.  
Then I hear some dishes break.  
Just when will he listen, just when will she shut up.  
The buck has to stop somewhere.  
Oh yeah I will go there.  
Lived with it, done it.  
Know it all to well.  
Hate to be around you but the sex is good.  
Knew I always would.  
Like bad habit we all fall into.  
Can't live with it, can't live without it.  
Denial of a mans primal instincts is like a request to die a little inside.  
It is who we are.  
It is what we are.  
It is how we are.  
Systematic, unsympathetic.  
The world is ours, on a plate dinner is served.  
The hunters and the hunted.  
Which are you going to be?  
Everyone is chasing after this so called American dream.  
Their just doesn't seem to be enough of it for you and me.  
But I still want it.  
A millions words written with so little meaning.  
We have no more, don't you get it?  
Denied but definitely not justified.  
To many explanation in elaborate farces and speeches.  
Like an understanding with no solution will make a bit of difference.  
Create your own all alone.  
Make peace with your god.  
Prepare to live a verse so rehearsed, like it was meant to be.  
No originality, we are building another machine.  
It lives my life for me.  
No comprehension of what it really takes.  
Breaking out of this routine.  
I just want to be free.  
It is my destiny now.

I just can no longer bow, to an unequal system that betrays the ones it was designed to protect.

Here we got another reject.

A DNA freak, must have been massive inbreeding in his family.

Your sick, your so sick.

Your just one those sick demented, twisted people with no morals, no rules, no standards to adhere to.

Completely to free to do as you please.

Wish I may, wish I might.

No more wishes I think it's going be tonight.

My venture to my kingdom has just begun.

And it has both its perks and fun.

Mercy me, my, my.

I think my soul has already come undone.

A victim circumstance.

It was there so I took it.

Now I have to pay yet again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Illuminating Presence

On a ghost of summer's day.  
Thoughts that arrive very bitter and always too late.  
This does not change what etched on empty monument stating a name and date.  
As the words blur we do know time that has passed on his grave.  
Years in inches, centuries to divide and collide.  
Whom so ever is buried here in this finite soil shall become part of the seed.  
The seed to be grown and sown, to feed the masses, to feed the plenty, to feed the impoverished existence of a fortunate calculated sum,  
Death has no credence on a social order.  
No credence for divine rights above all others.  
It's incubation period unlimited both in complexity and mystery.  
For sometimes what you don't know can kill you.  
And even you do know, you still could die.  
Could being the keyword in my frame of mind.  
Energy transversed from one being to another.  
An echo of an unseen constant presence, that can sometimes leave one breathless.  
And leave the emotions all the more restless.  
A heart with irregular beat.  
Does this change the fate, the predestined imagine plan to which exist no known proof.  
Do the seemingly so astute get bogged down, and drown in there own morbid obsession of self decay,  
Does random become less random if we look at it a different way.  
Why is it we desire all things to explained, yet we barely comprehend a grain, a pea size of information that is so huge that no encyclopedia set could summerize it all or even come close.  
And yet all the information to be found tends to be innerrelated.  
Brothers and sister of the same forsaken tree.  
Grouped and clustered in chaotic and disorganized mess.  
Yes the mad scientist must have been at it again.  
Just look at the trail he leaves in his wake.  
Tell me now it was not mistake?  
Under his care, under guiding quite blinding shimmering broken wing.  
If he can not take flight why should I.  
The footsteps followed very closely and dissociatively.  
Fighting against nature instead of with it.  
Not really understanding the importance harmony.

The disease we carry spreading it into infamy.  
A lustful desire never being truly satisfied.  
A diet in which there is no known, assumed or proven nutrition.  
Yet we continue consume and compete to fill the void that got us searching for  
the answers to what it means to be living human.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Immortal Crossing

Fire in the eyes.

A mind adsorbed in things, that are lost to space and time.

A day dream that isn't really a dream at all.

Absent of both fear or joy.

No, no wryly slight grin with a glint of foreboding emotion.

But this dull sensation of looking forward past the light and darkness.

Almost unhuman, unnatural is this feeling.

Yet the draw is something hard to put out of ones mind.

But it can be blocked with walls of iron and stone.

A gate of control, as if it is the raising and lowering of a very short draw bridge.

Enter only you are not absent in heart, mind, and soul.

For the material existence of things has very little importance here.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Impoverished Existence Of Political Correctness

Political correctness

Is not definitive, by in or an outward of any projections

It but mere reflection of the times

What is right now

What guarantee of certainty for tomorrow

So these words in their impoverished existence

Could mean something

Or Could mean nothing

It's all an inheritance of chance

Gamblers know this game all to well

Another loss is the debt that must be paid

So when you speak of political correctness, express its possibilities of change.

With properties that can be rearranged.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Indefinite Embarrassment Of Poverty.

Have you ever had the feeling of embarrassment?  
How did it last long?  
What if it never went away?  
Stuck in a environment where your always looked down upon.  
That is what poverty feels like.  
Walking on eggshells and no way of making the pain stop.  
Laugh upon laugh.  
Snicker upon snicker.  
Pity is a rotten charity that no one wants.  
The pride of being able do the basics things for yourself.  
A place to sleep.  
Food and water in your belly.  
A shower to wash in.  
Take these away, and what becomes of us?  
Jump in dumpster for a snack.  
Taking a dip in the river just to get clean.  
Sleeping in the middle of the woods so no one takes notice of you.  
Because who knows what there intent might be.  
To bring harm, to steal, to report you to the authorities.  
A crime with out pardon, that is poverty in this society.  
No one wants to hire you because of how you smell and/or look.  
So the job outlook becomes grim.  
Stores don't want serve you because of thoughts of you scaring there other  
customers, or the possibility of you hiding and making it a home.  
Poverty in a context no one talks about.  
Why do we fear the one thing we should be trying to change?  
It is the indefinite embarrassment to those who live it everyday.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Intent Of Being Naive

Is it a trait that means that we should be treated as dirt, NO! Should we use you till you have nothing NO! Should we deny you your rights NO! Are you dumb because of it NO! What is being naive? Is it pretending things are simpler then they really are? Or is it not understanding how complex something is? The true question of being naive isn't what it means but its intent. Lieing to yourself or others shouldn't have an excuse such as naive. Now on the other if its true lack of understanding, then you should welcome any educating and we should be happy to do so. And we shouldn't associate being naive as stupidity unless there is no willingness to learn. Then its more then naive its ignorance and denial rolled into one. Am I willing learn yes. Will I ask question when I don't know yes. Will take a stand on what I believe with an open mind yes. Will I debate with someone I believe to be naive without the intent of denial yes. Being naive just means you got something to learn. Are you willing? or Are you in denial? Huh?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Interpretation Of The New More Elaborate Story

To be read is to be interpreted.

By someone, somewhere.

With glassy eyes they do stare and compare.

A comparison can sometimes be seen as a disrespect in manner of speaking.

Better yet impersonating it with your own thoughts, with your own words, your own feelings could cause some to become enraged.

But isn't that what writing is?

An inspiration.

Shouldn't that make original writer proud.

Original being not as original as one thinks.

For they also got it from somewhere.

Words aren't just strung together and make sense.

If they were we would all do it.

An artist must first see something visually to paint a picture.

But how did he learn how to paint in the first place?

He started out by mimicking someone else.

Then he found his own technique.

His own style completely unique.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Invisible

Just fighting to breath.  
Why can't you see me.  
All I ever wanted was your love.  
Not the time of day.  
Oh god why is it always this way.  
This way, this way, this way.

A ghost haunting me in the early twilight.  
Pulling, Pushing, Taunting me closer to the edge.  
Just jump, its not that far down.  
You will feel no more pain.  
A story written upon this rocky shore, in blood.

Just fighting to breath.  
Why can't you see me?  
All I ever wanted was your love.  
Not the time of day.  
Oh god, why is it always this way?  
This way, this way, this way.

Just stand and scream it with me.  
So alone in a world where there is so much potential.  
Give me an alternate reality, an altered ending.  
Oh how can you not see what's worth defending.  
I never asked for perfection.  
I just never expected such a harsh rejection.  
Such a grey complexion.

Just fighting to breath.  
Why can't you see me?  
All I ever wanted was you love.  
Was that really asking too much?

Just fighting to breath.  
Why can't you see me?  
All I ever wanted was your love.  
Not the time of day.  
Oh god, why does it always have to be this way?

Too little, too late, mentally in such a sorry state.  
Being bent in ways the soul just can't take.  
Stress fractures reach every bone in this flimsy body.  
So useless, so clueless.  
So self indulgent to the worst desires.  
Lighting the entire world on fire.  
All for something can never be.

Just fighting to breath.  
Why can't you see me?  
All I ever wanted was your love.  
Was that really asking so much?  
Your love, your love, your love.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Judgement Has Already Been Made

The blame game.  
The race card.  
Status disemboweled.  
Who we are, is not the person they see.  
Colors of skin.  
But what is deep within?  
Morale not the same.  
Less then human.  
Bigots through the generations.  
Declaring there manifesto in waves of hate and discrimination.  
The quest for obliteration.  
Creating a culture sensation.  
Flags hang high.  
With eloquent words sometimes there purpose is disguised.  
How can it be those of great intellects only believe in one of many truths?  
A closed mind to your kind.  
Its already been decided.  
With very little hesitation.  
I know what you are, and you just don't belong here.  
No conversation before the judgment has been made.  
A conclusion that causes nothing but more pain.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Killer In A Needle.

Heroin will rob you of everything.  
Even your family and friends.  
Everything as you know it will come to an end.  
Death will come in the form of a needle as the gun in a game of Russian roulette.  
The pleasure will be followed by shaking and puking.  
You will need more.  
And steal just to score.  
The sharing of needles will spread disease.  
I cant believe your at ease with all of this.  
Count the reason not to do it.  
And still some will continue on with an addiction that is a never ending affliction.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The King And His Pawns

I'm sorry but I just can no longer look away.  
When all are in grave danger.  
Complete chaos and turmoil.  
Their is the prey and predator.  
Which are you gonna be.  
How long will you stand for it?  
Their will be an uprising  
This is something I'm definitely surmising.  
Not enough money to stop them all.  
As the price of a life becomes once more worth more.  
Then a common denominator.  
With those hating every moment they have defend what they take.  
'Stolen! ' says the old man.  
'You stole that from me! ' the pregnant women screams.  
Even the child bears disregard for your leadership.

~The king can only lead as long as he has his pawns.  
John Bastian.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Last Breath You Ever Take

Can you feel it.  
I'm taking over your body.  
Controlling every move you make.  
Controlling every breath you take.

You never know when it could be your last.

Crawling in inch by inch.  
Do you even notice?  
Stealing and murdering your soul.  
The absence of life.  
Go ahead try my device.  
We all have to pay a price.  
I already paid mine.  
How bout you?

It's long past time.  
A dead clock with a living vengeance.  
A pattering of the wind and nothing else.  
The crows cackle as they know I'm already here.  
Only darken hearts have anything to fear.

Can you feel it.  
I'm taking over your body.  
Controlling every move you make.  
Controlling every breath you take.

You never know when it could be your last.  
You just never know when it could be your last.

A hurricane coming in so fast.  
But it makes a dead stop and destroys.  
No escape, no matter where you are.  
Battling your demons from afar.  
They will eventually catch up.  
Keep telling that voice in your head to shut up.  
But you can never silence guilt completely.



It's long past time.  
A dead clock with living vengeance.  
A pattering of the wind and nothing else.  
The crows cackle as they know I'm already here.  
Only darken hearts have fear.

Can you feel it.  
I'm taking over your body.  
Controlling every move you make.  
Controlling every breath take.

Oh Can you feel it.  
I'm taking over your body.  
Controlling every move you make.  
Controlling every breath take.

Do you realize what is at stake.  
Ignoring a past mistake.  
I'm sorry but I will not hesitate.

You never know when it could be your last.  
You just never know when it could be your last.  
The last breath you ever take.

A nightmare lying in your wake.  
A second and a third chance.  
A pasted up glance at a remedy to what I have been dying to.  
On the inside an out.  
The blood has it's voice.  
And it screams for you.  
It screams of your name.  
What did you do?  
From morning till the full moon.  
You keep saying sometime to soon.  
Closer and closer.

Can you feel it.  
I'm taking over your body.  
Controlling every move you make.  
Controlling every breath take.

You never know when it could be your last.

Crawling in inch by inch.  
Do you even notice?  
Stealing and murdering your soul.  
The absence of life.  
Go ahead try my device.  
We all have to pay a price.  
I already paid mine.  
How bout you?  
How bout you?  
How bout you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Last Connection

The last peice is finally gone.  
Memories already forgotten.  
I was waiting for the moment.  
I was waiting for this day.  
It's all okay.  
Even as the hands shake.  
Gone, gone, gone.  
Out of here.  
Delivered in such a way.  
Diamonds in the chest.  
With so many words I confess.  
What is happiness if you can never let go.  
The show on the road.  
I can still see the signs.  
And again we are moving on.  
The crossroads of a summer of dreams.  
A question of seeing the sight of so many bright lights.  
Heavens dormant kiss.  
Always leaving you wanting more.  
Shallow roots unearthed with just a little bit of hard work.  
What is motivational if not the experiences of ones life lived.  
Take the snapshot, do not move, for we do not want it to get blurry.  
Perfection through the crystal glass of a fortune teller.  
Oh tell me did you predict this.  
Predict this.  
A guessing game with the passerby.  
Hello and goodbye with one word.  
Shalom.  
Can you feel my vision of indecision.  
Can you touch my darkness in the closet.  
Can you just reach beneath the skin and tell me what I'm really feeling.  
Is it a tingling, is it the slow cuts of a razorblades.  
Any pain described can't meet the criteria of what's in both my heart and mind.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Last Meal

A single souls tragic fall from grace.  
Embedded in so many stories as long as the mirror stands.  
Reaching beyond the broken wings of sorrow.  
You want to fly but you just can't.  
On the mend sickly harboring all the visions from the past.  
But will they truly last through all the ages?  
Beyond the imagination of all infinite possibilities.  
For even an unknown number can not suffice.

Oh the pain you feel.  
The promise he made.  
On his knees he kneels.  
What has he done to you.  
Forever tied in knots.  
So tight, there is just no way to shake them loose.

The golden crown does change to so many shades of grey.  
Becoming bitter ashes as the smoke rises and the tears fall.  
Reasons become madness inside your head.  
For you have to be able to sleep at night.  
No matter how horrible the sight.  
Oh still envisioning the lifeless charred body you have seen the other day.  
Forgetting by the utmost distractions and interactions.  
Don't lose yourself are the gut wrenching thoughts.

Oh the pain you feel.  
The promise he made.  
On his knees he kneels.  
What has he done to you.  
Forever tied in knots.  
So tight, there is just no way to shake them loose.

A dance with the devil.  
This is the time of mourning when you are suppose to be sad.  
But all you want to be is happy.  
Being torn in two different directions.  
With a sick sense of affection.  
Cold shivering under the thinly laced covers with a wish you were here to keep  
you company.

Thinking about what is right among empty dormant light.  
An overcast among the soul.  
Cloudy when the sun should be shining.  
Saying your goodbyes, when you should be making your flirtatious advances.  
Screaming oh my god how can this be.  
Just how can this be.  
A numbness that is starting to infect the brain.

Oh the pain you feel.  
The promise he made.  
On his knees he kneels.  
What has he done to you.  
Forever tied in knots.  
So tight, there is just no way to shake them loose.

Financial bickering has never been left so silent.  
Another sign of a freshly dug grave.  
It leaves its stain upon everything.  
As if it was somewhere among the autumn leaves in this deeply rooted forest.  
Death is sitting cackling at his sick morbid grotesque joke.  
He claims ownership of everything, yet he truly claims nothing.  
The abyss of decay in my wretched heart, in my wretched soul.  
It cares not for any sense of emotion.  
Just pure devotion in matter fact kind of way.  
Everything set upon its proper place.  
A nature's feast under the caws of the ever hungry crows.

This is the thing you don't want to have to feel.  
This is the side of me you never want to see.  
Because he is so ugly.  
He is a monster that devours with little remorse.  
And there will be no recourse.  
Once it is done, the heart becomes still as the image upon this painting.  
And this is the feast yet again we have gave him.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Last Of Your Time

Why so serious?  
Where's the daily laughter?  
Remembering the childhood happily ever after.  
The images wash over you in this waking dream.  
So innocent, so sweet, so naive, so easy to deceive.  
Is it in our conscious of the mind that we define that precious time.  
How many days are left.  
Are you still counting or just holding your breath.  
Still waiting for that moment when it all takes.  
The final footing.  
The dance has been long and memorable.  
But when you close your eyes what is it you see.  
A rising white castle made of monumental marble stone.  
One last wish too not die alone.  
But in the company of comfort and love.  
The unending struggle.  
An impoverished existence in nothing but pain and suffering.  
And as the tears wail up who is it you blame if not yourself.  
Is it enough to say but I have always been completely sober.  
Is it enough to say I did the best with the cards I was dealt.  
A fogged mind is not just a disease of substance.  
There is many kinds.  
Sometimes it a single lie we tell our self over and over again in which it is defined.  
The pleasure in being constantly numb.  
To feel nothing is sometimes easier then giving in to the raw emotional turmoil.  
The truth can hold so many dark secrets.  
If you know the signs.  
Just read between the lines.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Last Option, Religions Verdict

It should never be the last option.  
But yet more times then not it is.  
And sometimes it angers us to the point it is so hard to forgive.  
Abandon by those who you love.  
A absence from the god above.  
Reason upon reasons.  
Trying to rationalize the irrational.  
Their is no right answer for such a cancer.  
No matter what you do it still happens.  
Second guessing yourself doesn't do much but make you feel as if you should follow suit.  
A trend in the water we must dilute.  
A final dictation read aloud as if we should proud.  
The devout shun all on their beliefs.  
They won't allow a proper burial for the family and loved ones to grieve.  
Religion above death.  
What a mess.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Last Time

I'm gone I'm so gone.  
I can't stand this.  
Like medicine forced down my throat.  
You tell me everything that is wrong with me.  
Yet you want my understanding,  
You want my pity.  
Here let me spit in your direction on my way out the door.

For the last time...  
For the last time...

I'm gone I'm so gone.  
I can't stand this.  
You want everything from me.  
And give nothing in return.  
Like a gentleman I turn away.  
I can't hit a woman no matter the reason why.

For the last time...  
For the last time...

I'm gone I'm so gone.  
I can't stand this.  
Like medicine forced down my throat.  
You tell me everything that is wrong with me.  
Yet you want my understanding,  
You want my pity.  
Here let me spit in your direction on my way out the door.

For the last time...  
For the last time...

I'm gone I'm so gone.  
I can't stand this.  
You want everything from me.  
And give nothing in return.  
Like a gentleman I turn away.  
I can't hit a woman no matter the reason why.



Don't worry you'll be just fine.  
Living with a porcupine.  
A constant pain upon the skin.  
pick pick pick.  
jab jab jab  
stab stab stab...  
A numbness in my heart and mind.

For the last time...  
For the last time...

I'm gone I'm so gone.  
I can't stand this.  
Like medicine forced down my throat.  
You tell me everything that is wrong with me.  
Yet you want my understanding,  
You want my pity.  
Here let me spit in your direction on my way out the door.

For the last time...  
For the last time...

I'm gone I'm so gone.  
I can't stand this.  
You want everything from me.  
And give nothing in return.  
Like a gentleman I turn away.  
I can't hit a woman no matter the reason why.

I don't need to cheat never did.  
A jealous ungrateful stitch.  
Excuse me but stop making these claims.  
A plea to stay with me.  
I'm sorry but this time it is too late.  
Not like so many time before.  
It's not my fault I wasn't even keeping score.

For the last time...  
For the last time...

I'm gone I'm so gone.  
I can't stand this.

Like medicine forced down my throat.  
You tell me everything that is wrong with me.  
Yet you want my understanding,  
You want my pity.  
Here let me spit in your direction on my way out the door.

For the last time...  
For the last time...

I'm gone I'm so gone.  
I can't stand this.  
You want everything from me.  
And give nothing in return.  
Like a gentleman I turn away.  
I can't hit a woman no matter the reason why.

For the last time...  
For the last time...

This is the very last time  
Oh yes t-h-i-s i-s- t-h-e v-e-r-y l-a-s-t t-i-m-e

So come on tell me what you have say.  
As much as you want things to be okay.  
I'm not even listening.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Legacy Of The Self Taught.

Ones right to educate themselves only exist in a place where a price tag is not attached to knowledge. A freedom that all should have, but not all do.

In principle it should never be out of business that we teach, but a passion of duty and legacy. For if you deny even one child or adult this right you deny the legacy they leave behind. This is why I believe in opensource and that books that teach should not be limited to those who can financially afford them. But the question is how to apply such a thought to the 'real world' where it is hard not to be bias towards some while others are exempt. One can argue that a student should be in debt to the ones that teaches, but one can also argue that if there wasn't any students there wouldn't be any teachers. Thus we do limit the legacy we leave behind. The question I ask is it necessary? Of a 7 billion+ population how many are illiterate? How many have denied an opportunity given, while others were never given an opportunity. To decide ones fate by the means of creating ignorance because of the lack of financial resources is to limit our whole society. Because we don't know who will do what given a fair chance. And charity is not enough, it is never enough no matter how hard we try. Because charity is limited in scope. A designated people who are more needy then others, is bias towards others who are also needy.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Life I Didn'T Take And The Life I'M Trying To Save.

If you want to take your life that's fine.  
After all I was in broken home.  
After all I have been all alone.  
It is not like I don't understand.  
But before you do it I thought you let me tell my story.  
My heart break, and why I still live.  
Then if you still are decided you want your end.  
I won't stand in your way.  
That's right I've been there.  
Different, and multiple times.  
From a knife, to bottle of pills.  
Going to the hospital to get my stomach pumped.  
And none of it solved anything.  
Nobody loved me anymore then they did before.  
In fact it scared them, so they held there tongue when they shouldn't have.  
All I have ever wanted is a little honesty.  
Nobody would ever give it.  
Continuously being lied to from everybody.  
The words all the same.  
The speech so rehearsed and so well verse.  
I think a psychiatrist might of wrote it.  
Who ever did they were better then me at these things.  
Open and straight forward explaining what was wrong what I did mention every  
name it would effect.  
From my little brother to my god forsaken mother.  
After all no one is perfect.  
No one is ever perfect.  
In a time of gentle words here your scolding.  
Here's your tongue lashing.  
How could you.  
What you even thinking.  
What good would come from it.  
A wasted life, is the one snuffed out before before he can do anything  
worthwhile.  
A girlfriend that still never came to see me.  
She wouldn't waste another moment thinking about me.  
I think I made her hate me.

Because every time she was near there would be an awkward silence follow by a  
god awful glare.  
But she would say nothing even when I tried to talk to her.  
It was over and I really couldn't blame her.  
Who wants someone who will commit suicide.  
A life taken in vain.  
A memento, left on the necklace you wear.  
This was the first of three times.  
I was 16, I was a mess.  
And I was one of those who said nothing.  
For me it was about attention.  
It was about ending the god awful pain I was feeling.  
The second time I was 18 I just got my first job and got kicked out of my house  
in the same stroke of luck.  
Again I said nothing no warning.  
This time it was my sister that found me.  
She said come on my baby brother you know I still love you.  
It made my want to cry I could die right hear with that being the last words said.  
Third time I was 26, I just lost my job, my friends, and my home all in the the  
same stop.  
This time it was almost to late revived twice.  
My neighbor was the one who called it in.  
He came down stairs to check if everyone was alright.  
He didn't know I was the only one still here.  
All he knew was there huge fight.  
Nobody came this time, nobody could face it this time.  
I have a seriously problem, my life will always be at risk.  
They call it this depression sickness.  
I call it not even being able to be happy for a single moment in my life.  
The emotion like this is so rare but today I'm smiling because maybe I can help  
someone else.  
Save someone besides myself.  
I'm calling out to you, I'm asking you, I'm begging you, don't do it.  
It won't get any easier that I promise.  
I won't lie to you. It's worth it to live my life, to live your life.  
Neglectful feelings are just part of it.  
Feeling so abandon, but even when it feels that way trust me your not.  
Your not.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Lions Are Hungry

Your teeth keep digging into my skin.  
There is no escaping this pool of death I'm swimming in.  
Keep you self righteous hands to yourself.  
I already know who I am.  
I willingly entered this lions den knowing fully well of the possible outcomes.

If only for the right reasons.  
Go ahead hang me for treason.  
I never abandon humanity, a call to country is that how we define our self these days.  
The rich and poor in constant state of war.  
With both blood and words.  
And I'm still waiting for the ink to dry.

On the colder nights do you still consider us equals.  
In all your fairness I think you loss your observation of awareness.  
In silence we sleep, as dreams are all ours to keep.  
Is this what I wanted, is this what any of us ever wants.  
Any opportunity and means freely given.  
To little, to late.  
The desperation will destroy.

The embodiment of gluttons.  
There are those who know they should only take there fill.  
There are those who will split it in half, so others will not go with out.  
A sacrifice for the sinners.  
A search for enlightenment of the madness of mens reasoning.  
What is it that we should be teaching.  
Where did we go so wrong.

Your teeth keep digging into my skin.  
There is no escaping this pool of death I'm swimming in.  
Keep you self righteous hands to yourself.  
I already know who I am.  
I willingly entered this lions den knowing fully well of the possible outcomes.

Your teeth keep digging into my skin.  
There is no escaping this pool of death I'm swimming in.  
Keep you self righteous hands to yourself.

I already know who I am.  
I willingly entered this lions den knowing fully well of the possible outcomes.

Who is worth saving, how does the moral compass guide us.  
Are we all really psychopaths, using greed as our weapon to destroy and control.  
I will make you suffer.  
A false representation of the general population.  
A cast of shadows stands among us.  
Someone will have to pay let it be me.  
Let it be me.  
Understanding what it truly means to be free.

I hold no one accountable.  
Because we are not all the same.  
Each and everyone one us has our flaws.  
Perfection has died many times through out history.  
It often ended in massive bloodshed.  
Let us not repeat those historic mistakes.

If single sacrifice could stop this.  
Let that be me, let that be.  
For I'm already free.

If single sacrifice could stop this.  
Let that be me, let that be.  
For I'm already free.

Your teeth keep digging into my skin.  
There is no escaping this pool of death I'm swimming in.  
Keep you self righteous hands to yourself.  
I already know who I am.  
I willingly entered this lions den knowing fully well of the possible outcomes.

So let the lions come.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Lone Hunger Strike

Feeding on an empty ego.  
Waking up to empty bed.  
Go ahead just lie me I can take it.  
Just one more swallow.  
To forever drown in my sorrow.  
Waking up with no reason for tomorrow.  
Absolution can not found.  
Carrying the last one of a family torch.  
I will not bring another child into this world so unkind.  
It will end with me.  
Paying for crimes I never committed.  
A name written in slime.  
Too many of us, yet there can never can be enough.  
Coping with a inequitable reality.  
Please do hate me, but know I'm not the only one.  
The only one.  
Fame with deaths truest embrace.  
I can feel its sharpest edge.  
With the faintness pain I flinch, and realize I also bleed this horrible color red.  
Becoming just another number.  
Voices just not loud enough to ever be heard.  
The public just doesn't care.  
To busy trying to make there life a little bit easier.  
And I don't begrudge them any of it at all.  
Only wish they would notice the people outside there perfect little bubble.  
The people who are really suffering.  
Why is it when I eat these days is that everything taste so bitter?  
The poisoning of ones heart.  
You have destroyed us.  
If this is evolution, just put me in my grave now.  
It is better then hiding in some cave just trying to hold on and survive.  
Tried and true, the nightmare is almost over.  
The ride is getting ever slower.  
Less do I see any kind of victory coming.  
The victims are still running.  
This is not at all for humanity, this is a disease created by a select few.  
The killer crew.  
The mob kind of hit.  
The media disproportionate portrait.



Just try and control the words I say.  
The coerced spirit if I dare say.  
Paid prostitution of the worse kind.  
One that corrupts the mind.  
What if I told you I didn't listen to a single word you were saying.  
Why because I just can't whether it be truth or not.  
The lack faith, the lack of trust.  
So much dust in the air.  
I can barely breath.  
Choking on the inside.  
Getting skinner each and every day.  
I rather starve then be a slave to system that will kill me all the faster.  
Let my disobedience be just the beginning.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Lost

So far away.  
Clouds touching the grey.  
Rain drops melting my heart.  
A struggle to find the guiding light.  
A deer startled by the not so bright.  
Stories becoming the storms of the yester-years.  
Anger becoming my ultimate fear.  
Is it gone forever?  
Have I reach that moment complete acceptance.  
Fame was never the attraction.  
Eyes glistening, pulsing slowing, fate tip-toeing on a broken ego.  
Where has the ambition gone?  
A forgotten note in misshapen bottle floats across the deadly narrow sea.  
Looking for reprieve.  
Does it lye in that aged photograph.  
Delivering it across a phonograph.  
Maybe it would better with a couple of clicks telegraph.  
Not so fast, not so slow.  
Over a colourless rainbow.  
No, no, no, this just can't be.  
Every symbol so meaningless to me.  
Start the chainsaw and please do take down this tree.  
For it's blocking my view.  
Leaving so confused.  
Head spinning spew.  
Marigolds knawing at the dirt.  
Tell me does it hurt?  
To revert, to reverse that statement which has been made.  
Getting lost in the echo of a cave.  
Trolling under a bridge of the socially confounded.  
Watching as people start drowning.  
Guilt rising up, reach out, shouting do something for its better then blacking out  
in deafening nothingness.  
Breaking out of the routine.  
Making such scene, it must be recorded for all posteriority.  
An unannounced polarity.  
Slammed against the wall.  
And the sounds are drowning it out all.  
Such a pretty spinning little ball.

A last minute call.  
Will it go unanswered?  
Silence of a clam.  
An unheard of brand.  
Meaningless now, but in time, pulling back that shroud.  
Relevance becomes the cost.  
All is lost, all has been lost

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Love Must End

Again your keeping me up at night. Thoughts of you forever on mind. Every time you smile i want to make you do it again. Every word you say i listen too intently. You speak so gently, oh the whispers of an angel. You have me now. Any way you want me. On top of you. You on top of me. Sideways, and backwards. Against the wall so tight. There so much energy in you. We both have seen the dark side of life. From alcoholics suicides, to murder she wrote over coke. We don't pretend, death is all around us. It makes stronger, it makes us weaker. But still real reasons will always be you. I would say I love you. But then i would have harder time with each goodbye. Its a mix emotion I'll never understand. Nothing is set in stone. Perfection doesn't adhere to desires, needs, or wants. Their is no code i must live by till and I'll be damned other then doing the best can. And if this doesn't satisfy I don't care. I shall not shed a tear. For who I am who I will always be. And if this offends you I'm sorry not for it but the loss of you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Love We Once Shared

An unmarked gravestone.

When is the last time you visited?

The forgotten, the forgotten, the forgotten.

How many days have went bye?

How many times have you smiled since then?

How many time have you woke in the middle of the night screaming and clenching you fist?

How many, oh how many tear drops fall and wash away in the stream of lost souls just trying to find their way back home?

His name, empty an hollow, his date of both life and death doesn't exist.

All that remains is some old bones below the dirt of an unmarked grave.

I remember when he was first conceived, things were so different back then.

Not the fear that is present ever so much now.

No one wants to help each other, too afraid to get pulled down.

But once your down here, where is it you think you are going go?

I just don't know ow ow, but I do remember the love we once shared.

I remember as you were taken away in handcuffs crying but I didn't mean too.

Hard to forget such traumatic moments.

Emotion becomes the string to the cloth we are yet to weave.

For love we will all deceive.

An unmarked gravestone.

When is the last time you visited?

The forgotten, the forgotten, the forgotten.

How many days have went bye?

How many times have you smiled since then?

How many times have you woke in the middle of the night screaming and clenching your fist?

How many, oh how many tear drops fall and wash away in the stream of lost souls just trying to find their way back home?

He had such pretty baby blue eyes, just like you.

A reflection of what we hate.

A reflection of what we contemplate.

I still don't understand why you did it.

And I probably never will.

Was he crying too loud?

Did you have to feed him one too many time.  
And does the why make it any easier?

Taking a step back.

Taking it all in.

A unrealistic clouded moment with anger and hate in my eyes.

What right did you have.

Their were so many different choices back then.

How am I suppose to grieve with her ghosts image still sitting right in front of me.

An unmarked gravestone.

When is the last time you visited?

The forgotten, the forgotten, the forgotten.

How many days have went bye?

How many times have you smiled since then?

How many time have you woke in the middle of the night screaming and clenching you fist?

How many, oh how many tear drops fall and wash away in the stream of lost souls just trying to find their way back home?

Just trying to find their way back home.

Just trying to find their way back home.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Lure Of Being Lured

Why do they constantly try?  
When each time fail.  
A lure of no avail

Catch a piece of the sky  
An endeavor forever to set sail.  
The wind howls then makes one last wail.

Dark clouds cover another sunrise  
Dumping the sand of time in a giant pail.  
Down comes the hammer smashing one last nail.

Never to make a compromise  
The darkness will never prevail  
Even in the hardest hail

Just a man in a disguise  
His voice so frail  
His breath so stale.

To the rise  
Even a slug can't forever fail  
Just breath then exhale.

One last good bye  
Just down some ale.  
For here comes that cab you must hale

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Madness Of A Haunting Pain

The one who fights by the fire shall die by fire.  
If only in ones heart to admire.  
With the peddling of courage on a stick.  
If it was so easy not one would be as they stand.  
Mere boys, not the men of man.  
A planned absence not from those who suffer.  
But escaping the sight of it, the misery of it, the pain of it.  
A mourning of the fallen star no one else sees.  
Because they follow there eyes as they believe.  
Neither wrong nor right, because without a light to lead the way there is no  
insight.  
Seeing beyond the trees of a great forest.  
Traveling the distances of hawks, as they swoop down upon there prey.  
Not allowing the fallen go to waste.  
Yet vengeance does not blacken these skies so sullen grey.  
For the sun will still yet rise.  
No blood, for blood can be equally derived.  
As fair trades in life and death is far too little and remote.  
Becoming ones own ghost.  
Shadowing a past once to follow.  
The haunting of the same hollow echo.  
And if it repeats it will continue do so not because reason.  
But because the madness of those who are enduring this pain.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Malnourished

Is it wrong to want to scream for no reason at all.  
An emotional outburst.  
A poison that brings nothing sadness.  
Seeing right through the madness.  
Today love feels no kindness.  
Another rotten apples falls from a dying tree.  
Succession, is the gift not the lesson.  
Marching with precision in a precession.  
To follow, but the footsteps are already gone.  
A spin of a compass, leaves me only more catawampus.  
Hey look at that poor fellow, I think he might be just lost.  
Everything has it cost.  
Revisiting a scene of backwards anatomy.  
Am I the protagonist?  
The instigator, did I insight this transformation?  
Revelations, hindsight is a blind man's tool.  
Feeling like a fool.  
Welcoming the cruel.  
So excited to eat the gruel.  
Just another mule, carrying a dead man's weight.  
Starting over how do I propagate a fully grown tree.  
The fruit that bares no seeds.  
This is me, in so many ways.  
But not for long because I can never stay.  
Absence of follow through.  
A glue that just doesn't stick.  
A wick that will not burn.  
Oh how I urn for what I can never have.  
This comes with the fall.  
The higher the cliff, the more you drift.  
Feeling like cyst that can't be removed.  
So pronounced, just look at it.  
Such a hideous disease.  
But it does not grow, so it is no danger to you.  
Ignored for something better with a well wishing letter.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Man Exclaims Part01

The man exclaims, 'It was by mere chance that I was in the parking lot when the man died, with the murder weapon in my hand. No sir I had o idea how he died. I just picked up the tire iron to check the pressure on my cars tires. I always used this tire iron. For I've always used the one from the parking garage to check my tires.'

the officier spoke sternly in a serious tone, 'that tire iron is not the weapon that killed this man.'

The man questioned in a state of confusion, 'Then what did? '

The officier was angry now. He screamed, 'you did after you smacked him with the tire iron. You ran over him 6 times.'

The man exclaimed, 'but that's not even my car. That's my wife. Mines the one next to it. I'm being framed I swear.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Man Of Maddness

The man of madness  
How can I describe the craziness  
Forgetting his wallet on his back seat  
Screaming at some lady cause they double charged him for his coffee  
Keeping every single receipt  
Penny pinching with deceit  
Paying his employees  
What he wants  
When he wants  
The American forced into slavery  
Good honest jobs are just so hard to find  
Whistle blowers aren't treated to kind  
Top dollar is a figment of the mind  
Faster faster  
Do you jump while being held at finance gunpoint  
Do you say I won't and ask for a raise  
Or to be paid legally as you are.  
Robbing from the taxes of the already poor  
7.25 over, and 2.75 under.  
Never truly work enough to collect unemployment  
Hes a.d.d. and has very little routine  
All I want to do is scream.  
So many holes he slivers through  
Money laundering in Florida.  
Just get them to write the check out to you  
Have your mother cash it.  
Yeah that will do.  
Yeah the IRS has no clue.  
For they have already audited you  
Squeaky clean so it seems.  
Never repair or fix any equipment.  
Just so rigged, its just your employees after all.  
No lunch or 15 minute breaks  
Lovely are the 14 hour days  
No time and half  
all extra hours will be banked for the week in which need  
This is my boss  
This is my job  
This is what pays my bill

No thrills in the thought of this  
For it makes me ill  
Here just give me that pill  
All the insanity will be healed

June 21 2011

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Man Of The Hollow

With words that wed  
They eat upon the simplicity  
For if it can be done, it is  
Like a moment cherished that was never yours  
You become one of the scourge.  
Emotions twist and turn  
Alliances are forged  
With a thought swallowed  
You are the man of the hollow

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# The Man Stuck In The Tree

That is hilarious...

What is?

Well do you over there man hanging from the tree.

Yeah, what about him?

You wouldn't believe how he got there.

Do tell...

Well he believes he was riding broom coming back from seeing the girl in between the stars and the moon.

Okay how did he really get there?

Well from what I understand he got shot out of cannon and it didn't work out.

Where from there is no carnival around here for miles?

Well I didn't say there was.

How is that possible?

Same could be asked about his story I guess.

That is the way all stories go don't you know.

They are just stories.

Not to confuse with what we actually know for fact.

Well I'll be look over there.

What is it?

A broken broom.

Golly Gee.

Sitting underneath that tree.

I wonder what that means.

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# The Man Who Gets Back On His Horse

A man who gets on the horse just to fall off is a great man indeed.  
Not ashamed of what he yet does not know.  
Ignorance can be overcome if we stop using such words as dumb.  
For to belittle someone does very little for their self esteem.  
You can speak the truth and tact still may be redeemed.  
The proper approach is everything.  
A way to explain without in some way offending their name.  
Teachers know the technique all too well.  
We must not dwell on those who still get angry.  
Some no matter what you do can not be reached.  
The child becomes the man.  
And sometimes the environment damns them from the very beginning.

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# The Man Who Still Walks With No Legs.

Without asking how can one ever beg.

Been knocked down a couple pegs.

Look at the man who still walks with no legs.

He no longer sprints, but eh who needs to be always be in a hurry any ways.

That's when most of my mistakes have been made.

Some do well under pressure I don't.

So I don't desire or ask under legitimate or non legitimate to affect my persona.

For I don't have the time to constantly write and as such I don't want people constantly expecting what I can only at certain times deliver.

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# The Man, The Demon

I tell you this man spits out so many ideas in a day  
How is it even possible  
There is just no way  
Maybe not a man  
A demon of sorts  
With talents as every resort  
Lighting coming out of his finger tips  
He hiccups and there's another  
Not all as brilliant  
Not all as defiant  
Each their own unique characteristics  
He builds stories upon stories with nothing other than a fountain pen  
He is the best writer I have ever known  
With proper etiquette that defies all sense of being  
With his words he has shown  
As I just a simple man continue seeing

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# The March To Redemption After Failure

Almost always it takes more than one try.  
When the wind has been knocked out of your sails.  
Remember what brought you here.  
What was it that you believed.  
What was it you thought you could achieve.  
And then march on to be redeemed.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Measurement Of Existance.

Time is an invention of man, it only exist as a measurement of life.  
As such we make it.  
From beginning to end.  
The tell tale spin.  
The deep dive into where you been.  
Odds and evens then.  
A magnitude in which the body shakes.  
The number of beats before the heart breaks.  
A warranty given due.  
Erosion with each step you take.  
Cellular destruction.  
Every action incorporated into this horrifying degradation.  
A compilation of a life lived before it gives.  
A biological marvel.  
And there is no rewind.  
So enjoy what you make.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Medication Is Necessary

The happy pill.  
Diagnosing something one can not see.  
A wound that doesn't visibly bleed.  
Does it make it any less real?  
An how do you get it to heal?  
Sometimes the only cure is daily medication.

The happy pill.  
A silent suicide attempt.  
Why is it so many go unheard.  
Statistics, the deliverer so many verdicts.  
Yet in poverty you are never reached.

The happy pill.  
Just give me the happy pill.  
Make me feel just a little better.  
Tired everyday, not wanting to get up face anything.  
The motivation declines.  
And we stop for just one second too hit rewind.  
Looking back, looking for a cause.

When their is really is none at all.  
A chemical imbalance in the brain.  
Not enough serotonin.  
A smile, a laugh, ambition to do something, to do anything.  
Why is it do so many of us judge this as fictitious disease.  
Let me guess you one of those that don't believe in anxiety or add either.

Well they exist, in both mild and major cases.  
I faced all three, I beat everyone but my anxiety.  
No drugs needed so I thought.  
But what if you can't get in a car without freaking out.  
Heart beating out of your chest, what if I hit that guy.  
What if I cause him to crash and he dies.

A true phobia, and sudden panic attacks.  
And I'm doing this right, I must hurry up, oops too much, oops too soon.  
How do you keep it under control without meds?  
How do you keep focused, when your mind is racing.

Is it even possible?

Next thing I know I got to pull over this car cause I'm hyperventilating.  
Getting into the fresh air and smoking two cigarettes just to calm my nerves.  
I know what your thinking it is not really fresh air if your smoking a cigarettes.  
Fresh air I consider in this terminology anything thats is outside the car.

So why do I need a drug for this.

Because your life is in danger without it.

Not just mine.

So next time you see that person taking their anxiety, depression, or add,  
medication just remember that before you pass your judgments.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Memories Of The Greater Good

Get out of the way.  
Just let me take the bullet for you.  
One mistake  
That is all it takes.  
Then it all over.  
Waking up sober.  
The reality.  
Get ready.  
Hold on to my cape.  
Let me give you my escape.  
Go before it's too late.  
Don't look back.  
There is not time to second guess.  
Just react.

The rain washes all these thoughts away.  
I was just looking into another photograph in my album.  
The memories have each their own little sound.  
As a bird chirps in a melody.  
So do these great harmony.

They're you were.  
Sitting by the pool all alone.  
So I just went right up and started talking to you.  
Breaking the ice with a smile.  
I had no sense of style.  
The shyness I fought through.  
The fog moved.  
So focused on getting to the bottom of what was wrong.  
What was this pretty attractive young girl moping around for.  
Then I met him.  
And it all became so clear.  
The face of many beings.  
Each a different narcissist.  
A falling out, they had already been spread.  
It started to grow.  
It started to sprout.  
Peeking its ugly head out of the ground.

The rain washes all these thoughts away.  
I was just looking into another photograph in a my album.  
The memories have each their own little sound.  
As a bird chips in a melody.  
So do these great harmony.

It was too late things were put into motion.  
With love as my devotion.  
I made a sacrifice, the first of many.  
I took a dive and let him beat the hell out of me.  
For I was smart enough to know what would happen next.  
His evil intentions shown.  
No longer was he in control.  
The spell had been broken.  
He hated me, he tried to destroy me many times.  
Personally, mentally, objectively.  
I took his girl right before his eyes.  
It didn't last long but it didn't matter because it was to protect her.  
It was to make her stronger..  
She would no longer believe any of his lies.

The rain washes all these thoughts away.  
I was just looking into another photograph in a my album.  
The memories have each their own little sound.  
As a bird chips in a melody.  
So do these great harmony.

He could no longer hide behind his ego.  
He was exposed.  
That was the first of many stabs and jabs I took at him.  
Mortal enemies.  
By his character.  
The code he live by.  
They say judge not, unless you want to be judged.  
But the things he did I couldn't just look the other way.  
I should have left someone else be the hero of the day.  
Then maybe she would be with me.  
But for the greater good was my destiny.

The rain washes all these thoughts away.  
I was just looking into another photograph in a my album.  
The memories have each their own little sound.

As a bird chips in a melody.  
So do these great harmony.

I already knew it before I intervened.  
Even now I don't think I would have changed a thing.  
For there was happiness in which I brought.  
Their was never another a broken smile from her.  
Not like that one.  
Always laughing, always looking to be entertained.  
Seeking the next best thing.  
Loneliness would never settle well.  
And this was her down fall.  
Not by him but other men.  
Quick to jump on the band wagon.  
She was damaged, by a blonde hair, blue eyed demon.  
So pretty on the outside.  
Some say he looked liked johnny depp.  
I don't see the resemblance.  
But just maybe.

The rain washes all these thoughts away.  
I was just looking into another photograph in a my album.  
The memories have each their own little sound.  
As a bird chips in a melody.  
So do these great harmony.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Mentally Sound Place Has Been Set Aside

So tell me who bares what right.  
The mentally unfit still have it.  
A bit of an offsetting habit.  
The fleecing of the rabbit.  
Is it purpose not known?  
Fellow men deathly ill.  
Cast aside for the politics will.  
Crooks whom it benefits.  
But they stand not in applaud but in awe.  
A shock because that is there little sister, there little bother.  
Thrown upon the city streets with nothing to eat.  
No pills, to calm, soothe, sedate.  
Crazy does it equate?  
All so you can put more profit in your filthy pockets.  
Men of mice you ought to be all ashamed.  
Instead of calling yourself our leaders as a title to claim.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Midnight Doves

Perfect for someone, isn't possible.

It's like another one of those impossible dreams.

When you realize how much friction is needed to make a relationship work. When you realize that you need be different, and possibly total opposites for a relationship to last.

Lust comes so fast.

Heartbreak hurts so bad.

Broken lovers, are the midnight doves.

Who had to much in common, one left cause he got so bored.

With wings so he took flight

He soared

He found another.

All they time they got into their fights

All the time they made love to make things right.

With their differences is what made them strong as one.

Whole and complete.

These were the doves who were never meant be, but still some how they are just because of who they are.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Monetary Aryan Race

Mutual assured mass destruction.  
With a reluctance we hold our self to a higher standard.  
Their are not crimes in a war.  
The war itself is the crime.  
But not by laws of the governing standard.  
But instead a moral obligation.  
To resist the temptation to skip the peaceful negotiations.  
As individuals we all want something.  
But as a whole some of the things are just not a priority.  
And the majority should be somewhat satisfied.  
Yet in this I think many have failed.  
For a self serving agenda.  
How does it benefit me?  
And if it doesn't why should I bother?  
Because it is not about only you in the decisions that need to be made.  
The bigger picture.  
In and out of the box.  
Ideas are slung around like guns being shot.  
Most disregarded as not even worth looking at.  
Because the name encircling it does not have any fame.  
A entitlement is born not by genetics but who is his father,  
who is his mother is.  
How much money do they have?  
Raising the right breed.  
An monetary aryan race.  
What a disgrace.  
Yet it is very well embraced.  
Why I do not know.  
It should be by what you have done for the people.  
It should be about in all things equal.  
Business savy or not.  
Should one really run a country like such.  
This is why their all these issues we currently face.  
Everyone knows the who.  
Yet no one seems to know how to fix it.  
Is their a cure to greed?  
Their must be if us human beings want succeed.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Nature Of An Unnatural Existence

A key to unlock this dreamy land.  
A key to its command.  
As a spell with an aura of icy blue.  
Water remnants remain yet as the morning dew.  
The thoughts flow lavishly right through.  
No secret place, nothing so hidden in that which is natural.  
Even as spring has risen in excitement to meet this overhanging sun.  
Oblivious to the very essence, and scents that surround.  
Following and flailing all about.  
Look at me hails the trumpet of sound.  
A mocking of those who don't grasp the concept.  
How could one not notice the cautiously approaching deer with its quick, yet  
tame feet.  
But if you listen even closer you would notice she was a mother, with a second  
feint heart beat.  
And the struggle occurs within just as in this forest, where every tree is grasping  
for the right to meet the light though all the oddly shaped leaves.  
Not to be taken for granted, or a given.  
A equilibrium of all things large and small.  
Perfecting a dance of both happiness and sorrow.  
As it changes so do we.  
Nothing is offering or granting immortality.  
Just a mere chance, and we should not rebuke it so easily.  
A wise man is one who listens before he speaks or eats.  
Understanding is as just as important now as it has ever been.  
Even wittiness will not protect us.  
Clever creatures wish for foolish vices.  
There is a heavy burden to pay, for it is neither suppose be easy or luxury that  
allows us all to live.  
Just a chance, one that should not go wasted on frivolous ambitions, lazy  
everlasting lust.  
A crutch used to continuously prop up.  
Trying to a way of life, when that is not how it is given.  
Leave as it was, as it may, as it might.  
Trifle not too much in delight.  
For when in bliss we becomes so ignorant, with no re-approach to what we do.  
And the consequences far beyond just us, we are just the pebble that starts the  
avalanche, yet anything in its way will still suffer just as we do from the event.  
A correction is made, to create order in chaos.

Sometimes like ripples they keep coming.  
But enough waves made, they will be no water in this foreboding lake.  
An empty pond of the past leaves no future.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Nazi's Empire

People line up  
Hands out  
For just one life  
A rope to climb the cliff that so many fell of and died  
We built our bombs  
We shot our guns  
But still we sleep so sound  
So many destroyed  
How can we ignore the truth  
Its our fault  
A human meant to kill  
A human meant to steal  
What someday will be real?  
Suck it all in  
Devour everything  
Then let it go the brain  
Another high  
Another thrill without a chemical or pill  
A great life  
Bodies everywhere  
But don't despair  
You live in luxury  
We will clean this up for you  
What is wrong with you  
A serial killer in disguise  
A politician making another transition  
Nobody blinks an eye  
Our ask why you are even here  
Do you live off our fear?  
Do we pay you for our protection?  
do we pay you for the decisions you make and the lives they take  
Crush our enemy  
A demon on a white horse  
Get our headings  
We will ride the due course  
A Nazi hidden behind the suit  
Words so mesmerizing  
They're our dreams  
And you can't take them from me

For I'll never stop till the evil empire falls  
No matter what it takes  
To the sky full of heavens  
To the pits of hell  
Oh how the earth shakes  
But still i will not waver  
Not till I've become the savior  
That no one remembers  
Like the last mild december

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Neighbors Dog For Your Entertainment

When you watch from the window seal with the utmost entertainment  
Your neighbors dog picks up one of your neighbors tools, goes and digs a huge  
pit, and then buries it.

And then your neighbor comes knocking on your door accusing of stealing his  
tool.

Do you tell him

Or keep it to yourself, and say you don't know what hes talking about snickering  
on the inside?

Laughing so hard it makes you want to cry.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The New World

The gift and the curse  
With this I'm spreading all my messages to the world.  
One then the next  
Another new pretext.  
A systematic absorption through what I read.  
Ideas all my own  
A conversation with whole world at the same time.  
Intriguing this must be to great minds  
Imagine Edgar Allan Poe was living today  
What would he write about?  
Who would he talk too?  
Would it be you?  
Would it me?  
Are you starting to see?  
The great minds of the time stand before you.  
People all over the world sharing in intellect.  
Conversation with people twenty messages long.  
This is the new world of the great poets, writers, and authors all rolled into one.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Next Hitler

I see a Hitler coming on.  
A massacre encouraged by us if we don't speak up.  
Evil will succeed if the good do nothing.  
These camps will turn.  
Become a place where the horrors started.  
A war against those who are different.  
The perfect in-alienable race.  
Genocide by any means is geoncide.  
Starvation, dehydration, free slave labor, deplorable unsafe health condition.  
It must stop no matter the cost.  
My life for theirs if I dare.  
Give those in power an inch and they will devour us all.  
In the future they will make them dig there own holes, line them up shoot them.  
Then they'll find more efficient ways to eliminate this over crowded population.  
Chemical weapons such a cynide have been used before on people considered  
undisirables.  
So don't think about it.  
ACT NOW! ! ! !  
Bring as much as possible pressure to bare before it's too late.  
Because what is being done is not a mistake.  
There is always a desire and destination with hate.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Next Performance

Hello with a pretty face.  
Goodbye with a bitter taste.  
Brushing your tounge with a toothe brush to relieve a different kind of ache.  
Trying to erase disengenious flavors from both the mouth and mind.  
Words with no emotion that are way to damn kind.  
Searching for the right thing to say to keep this horrific diease at bay.  
Always a price to pay.  
Blood, sweat, tears, and finally the years.  
Playing topsy turby with ormental hour glass.  
Using duck tape to wipe you know what.  
Wishing for truly uncomfortable, and desperate but I still have not reach it yet.  
Maybe next year under the Christmas tree there the plans for your furnel will be.  
Keep your pity, keep your poison.  
It would be just to easy swallow.  
Melting marshmellows, somebody has to make some smores.  
Guess that will be me.  
On my knees, hands in the fire, scars that never should be admired.  
Pain written right on the skin, like I wouldn't feel a thing.  
Foolish through a blind man's eyes.  
Maybe a cane would help.  
But only if to take my anger out on someone else.  
Better not somethings are best left forgotten.  
Hollowed out, so divided, profuse unexclusive doubt.  
The ground will open up and swallow it all.  
Talking backwards on an long distance unlisted phone call.  
What's that number again.  
Been there done that, worn an inside out tea-shirt.  
Stumble so you can fall.  
Head first is a sickening thought.  
Driving the first nail through this cross.  
Because it's getting too heavy to continue to carry.  
The punishment of a promise already lost.  
Trust sacrificed for tiniest bit of rust.  
Like age makes your heart wear away.  
Just a stage, just a phase, acting our lives away.  
And here's the next perfomance with a wink, smile the nod.

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# The Nexus Said

The nexus tells us  
Wills us  
Breaks us  
Apart from you  
The stars have swollen  
The trees whisper  
You have failed  
Such ambitions  
Such premonitions

Since we were children  
You have been all I ever known  
We got into our fights  
Over whats not right

The nexus tells us  
Wills us  
Breaks us  
Apart from you  
The stars have swollen  
The trees whisper  
You have failed  
Such ambitions  
Such premonitions

You have brought this upon me  
Its your own catastrophe  
Its your mess  
You fix it  
Or maybe not  
But either way  
You lost  
What the nexus said will be  
Call it karma  
Call it destiny  
It doesn't change a tragedy  
No will  
Its over  
Its beyond the hopeless endeavor

Its not even close to being clever  
Its a shelter being bulldozed down  
Its part of the lost and found  
So what will be  
Will be  
I don't need you  
You don't need me.  
Its just as the nexus said

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Night My Father Died

You got to promise me son you won't forget.

'I promise'

Good now run along tell you mom I love her.

I seen them I coming down my driveway.

I knew there was gonna be a fight.

It's alright son just go.

'And that the last memory of my father.'

My mother shielded me from what happen to him.

They hanged him for taking a side.

Defending those who he believed earned there rights.

He was a lawyer, that did a good of a job and prejudice of the time were just a little to high.

He got off a innocent man, and that night he died.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Night Of The Undertaker

Sign your name and close the book.  
The undertaker's has come.  
Taking the body away to meet it's final resting place.  
So much suffering put to a end with a single stroke of a pen.  
The dearly departed repented in name only.  
Wishing you could hold them one last time.  
So afraid to use the words goodbye.  
Knowing still it won't give you any peace mind.  
So angry, so upset, so depressed, nothing will ever seem enough.  
Building a momument in stone will only make you feel more alone.  
Some bridges weren't designed to be crossed, but instead they are to remind you  
what you've lost.  
The sad, sad, sad, song stuck repeat as the soul feels so empty.  
Nothing can quite fill the void.  
Searching for reasons so you can cope.  
Swallowing your tears so you don't choke.  
Looking for distractions not memories.  
So much fear.  
What if I did something different.  
What if I was just seconds quicker.  
Drinking a glass water like it's beer.  
So much left unsaid and undone.  
In doubt and no one too scream and shout at but yourself.  
Remembering the box of all the promises still unopen high upon the shelf.  
Too early, too soon, feeling like a baby who got stuck on the moon.  
Going through motions of eating with a spoon.  
But nothing is truly digesting right yet.  
A crack egg going bad in the fridge.  
Everything reminds you.  
You see faces but only of her.  
A ghost following all way down the street.  
To your work, to your home, to your bathroom daily rituals.  
There is just no escape.  
Diving deep into some strangers lake.  
Her voice is still keeping you awake.  
No pleasant dreams, just nightmares with very angry demons.  
Foaming at the mouth and seething.  
Waking in a sweat and utter shock having trouble breathing.  
Under a very black sky in which your just trying to survive.



A with each minute that passes you feel less alive.  
Wading through waters knee deep.  
Struggling on so many levels.  
Its just one night in mourning.

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# The Nightmares Won'T Stop

The nightmares won't stop  
The thought process won't drop  
You lie on the floor shaking  
What is this you see?  
Is it a dream or a reality  
A question to explain away evil  
If it is plausible not to exist

Then maybe its fake  
Your not drowning in a black lake  
Your not being bitten poisonous snake  
Your not really awake  
It is all in your head  
An over active imagination  
A mental complication  
What a realization  
Then comes another sensation

The nightmares won't stop  
The thought process won't drop  
You lie on the floor shaking  
What is this you see?  
Is it a dream or a reality  
A question to explain away evil  
If it is plausible not to exist

It also could be  
You pinch your skin to see if this is  
Your trying to open your eyes  
if only to see  
Their must be something you missed  
Explaining away the possibility of your demise

The nightmares won't stop  
The thought process won't drop  
You lie on the floor shaking  
What is this you see?  
Is it a dream or a reality  
A question to explain away evil

If it is plausible not to exist

Then when that coffin you lie in with spikes comes closed  
You'll wake up alive with all your cloths  
But look at all holes  
Their mere shreds  
How is that possible?  
A mental transference of the material  
Then the question comes did you wake into another dream  
This is a sickness and a disease  
If only solving it could be a breeze

The nightmares won't stop  
The thought process won't drop  
You lie on the floor shaking  
What is this you see?  
Is it a dream or a reality  
A question to explain away evil  
If it is plausible not to exist

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# The Normal Person

'They taste funny, says the child who doesn't want to take his daily pills.  
Am I not functional without them? '

'Yes says his father, who is slightly irritated by his son question.  
You will take them.

For they will make you a 'Normal' person.'

'Dad, the boy sequels with utmost curiosity!

What is 'Normal'?

Well son, 'Only where people exhibit similarities can normal exist.',  
in admired manner he says.

'How boring', the child slurs with his tongue sticking out of his mouth.

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# The Nut Wins Again

A rambling chant, the lure of nothing in the art of intent.  
A place to vent about the irrelevant.  
Accustom to speaking to ones self can have mind boggling effects.  
It can teach you the art of self entertainment.  
Nobody else has to laugh because you are.  
A smile and a wink come on now tell me what do you think.  
As I put the peanut in places I shouldn't.  
And to think you thought I wouldn't.  
Just goes to show you don't bet against the nut.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Nuts Who Love Poetry Porno

Why do I attract all the nuts.  
Everyone even more crazy than the last.  
Ones that try to make love through the phone, and instant messages.  
They get upset, when I don't respond back.  
Or say something to the point of I'm not interested.  
They throw themselves even more into it.  
Like I was rejecting talking to them.  
This can go all night, I've seen it.  
Poetry porno.  
I finally cave because won't stop until I do.  
So I let them have their fun.  
Then I tell them to leave alone.  
And they won't, they keep coming back and back.  
It's disturbing to say the least.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Old Hounds Fresh Kill

Freshness is something we always need.  
Rewording the savage beast.  
Glorifying the old hound as he hunts.  
His speed is not that fast.  
But it is a steady pace.  
For him its no longer race.  
He just wants to finish what he has started.  
And he has had plenty of practice accomplishing this goal.  
All cheer as he finishes.  
Bringing in another kill.  
It puts food on the table.  
It's something that we all can eat.  
And we should be both grateful and thankful for it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The One And Only Time

With spinning blades hovering above the bluest ocean.  
I throw out my last life line.  
But I should have known.  
Maybe I've always known you would jump back in again.  
Sometimes you just can't win.  
But you still must give it the good fight and do what's right.  
And with that done.  
I must leave the thoughts of you behind.  
The drowning victim.  
Screaming for help.  
But not willing to help herself.  
So afraid of being alone.  
But not willing to change it.  
Grab and hold on this one last time.  
The flight to be free.  
Trapped in a mental absurdity.  
I'm no good.  
Oh I can do no better.  
Oh I deserve all the beatings I get.  
Keep telling yourself that because it is all you know.  
It is all you ever known.  
I don't blame or hate you.  
But I can not condone what you are doing.  
Not when the doing was not necessary.  
I was giving you the help you needed to escape.  
I was giving you a chance to enjoy every breath you take.  
At a expense all my own.  
I'll pay to ward off the demons of the black skies.  
But only one time.  
Only ever one time.  
I can see what I built burning.  
The futility of what I tried to do.  
It just brings anger in my heart.  
A sadness comes in the form of tear drops as I depart.  
Another failed expedition.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Ones Who Are Silent

So I scare you..  
I don't know why?  
It is true like it or not.  
Censor those ones if you like.  
But it is happening right now.  
And as a peaceful American I won't incite or disembowel.  
I don't have to.  
It already is happening right now.  
Wall street has been under siege for the past two weeks.  
They follow money.  
They follow the greed.  
And they're angry.  
Why won't you let me tell their story?  
You can't stop people from communicating.  
No matter how much you would like to.  
Am to become a public enemy for speaking.  
What about my first amendment right.  
Means nothing cause this is a world stage.  
You shouldn't be scared of the ones you hear.  
But instead the ones you don't.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Dating Game

Cat and mouse court as if there in love.  
Running waiting then chasing and debating.  
Exhilarating.  
Time to breath, time to see.  
Hopelessly romantically.  
Mistakenly.  
Consequently.  
A expressing of both endearment, loneliness, and friendliness.  
Telling of things in the matter of fact kind of way.  
Take off the clothes with a couple of words.  
A dance takes a hold and so bold.  
A stunning absolute as if a mystery has been solved.  
Afraid, so afraid.  
One must bring a matter of trust.  
How much is enough.  
A question of who too ask, those who been down that road know better.  
Both men and women can be dangerous for different reasons.  
A woman can claim rape.  
A man can decide to rape or worse.  
Women are known to black mail, claim pregnancy before they really know.  
Extortion of all kinds.  
Men sometimes really prefer the one stand women sometimes do to.  
A calculated risk to all parties involved.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Only Black Sheep

The black sheep sits among us.  
His eyes' glisten as he waits undivided.  
His ghost knows he's already here.  
It whispers, 'of despair, with a chill in the air.'  
Anger, begets this fear monger.  
Control, and dominance.  
Nothing less then absolute dictatorship, for this tyrant.  
A rule with a iron fist.  
The money's is his.  
Multiple women with polygamous desires.  
A united military is his wanted transgression.  
Put down all, who threat this rule.  
Destroy,  
Hurt,  
Rob,  
Enslave,  
Hate.  
Humiliate,  
Devastate  
Those under the empires flag.  
Burn It.  
It's evil.

It means nothing no more.  
Who are we but mere pawns?  
And a new dawn is coming.  
It will sit to waste human life at the face of greed and gluttony.  
Those who want to buy something and don't need.  
And the people who want make money off everything.  
Including the air you breath.  
Yeah paying for the air you breath.  
Those rich companies get taxes off green house gases.  
Who created them and got us hooked in the first place.  
Which doesn't make any sense.  
Why can't we just do something good for doing it?  
Why does their have to be that catch?

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It's evil.

A creation of our own making.  
Disillusion everywhere.  
Chaos perceived.  
How can we stop what we can not see?  
Systematic eliminations.  
He divides us into different groups.  
Classes these are called.  
He destroys them from the top down.  
Only one sits on the throne.  
Never more is it a free world.  
Could you imagine unending suffering everywhere?  
Could you imagine a place completely ruled by one?  
God shall not be of men, but the devil rides a black horse.

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Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Only Black Sheep (Ancient Times)

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Who are we but mere pawns?  
And a new dawn is coming.  
It will sit to waste human life at the face of greed and gluttony.  
Those who want to buy something and don't need.  
And the people who want make money off everything.  
Including the your cattle and sheep.  
Taxation without representation.  
Those rich horde and sell too those who don't need.  
Only one shall stand above all others.  
Which doesn't make any sense.  
We can't live without paying a price.  
Cause life is precious.  
It's not just given without consequences.

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Those under the empires flag.  
Burn It.  
It's evil.

A creation of our own making.  
Disillusion everywhere.  
Chaos perceived.  
Horses mounted and ready for battle.  
How can we stop what we can not see?  
A strap on the saddle.  
Systematic eliminations.  
He divides us into different groups.  
Classes these are called.  
He destroys them from the top down.  
Only one sits on the throne.  
Never more is it a free world.  
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Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Only One

In my kingdom I set the way.  
Listen me and what I say. I'm asking  
Almost pleading.  
I have a hemorrhage and i must stop the bleeding.  
You will lose em if you if ever let go.  
You are the one for me and I'll do about anything to please  
But still you do not get me.  
Questioning my reasoning.  
Can't someone do something for nothing.  
Isn't their someone out there who actually cares.  
Is it all venom in which we must all be careful.  
Caution is a second emotion.  
In it their can be no devotion.  
Please lets just go with it.  
And maybe I can be the one.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Onslaughts

Of the few banned on this site sending me messages, this one well deserved it.  
Playing riddle me not little head games.  
And making fun of my name.  
But I do not care.  
I don't waver.  
With every moment I savor.  
All because of someone I associated myself with.  
I'm not guilty I say.  
But to my dismay that will not be the way of it I feel.  
Hate is the air.  
Let the onslaughts begin.  
In the end I'm not going anywhere.  
Stand firm my ground.  
Stand firm my voice as it echos my sound.  
You can not claim to be me.  
No matter how hard you try.  
The simplistic view of an outcry.  
But I can not be reached.  
Not by those means.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Perfect Pleasure

Hell has no such fury such as a woman's scorn.  
Twisted and torn.  
A benevolent pretzel.  
I feel the morning lights.  
Too bright.  
A headache.  
Ill take some Advil to go.  
Cause I got to keep up with the show.  
We will walk toe to toe.  
We'll party till the body slows.  
We will walk till it snows.  
We will, we will, we will.  
Oh such a thrill.  
I'm going to reach the northern lights before I come into old age.  
The stars are really not that far.  
I feel so young.  
I feel, I feel so undereducated.  
Silently emasculated.  
Yet I have the smarts to go on.  
Never stop, never stop.  
Even if it hurts.  
Even I can see the curtains.  
Life has no limits.  
No rules, no bounds.  
Its just one leap to the next.  
Sometimes something just misses you.  
Close call, that's all.  
God this world is such a pretty ball.  
But still its bleeds.  
Tossed about. Screams and shouts.  
Sometimes somethings just don't count.  
Not now, not ever.  
Its the perfect pleasure.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Permanent Structure

But of the invisible.  
The white smoke that appears as a ghost.  
You must let go.  
Clear your mind.  
Bring yourself into the present time.  
Agony is watching someone suffer and know you can do nothing.  
Especially when you love them.  
To empower, to give strength.  
When in the mind the chalk board becomes blank.  
An empty sheet is still waiting to be written.  
Solitude waits by the fire from where I'm sitting.  
A pattern not to be repeated, and I concede that I must tell someone of these  
dark secrets.  
As my heart tells me divulge them.  
I know that some will not understand.  
How can he talk like this, how he can speak of crying on his knees?  
Is he not a grown man?  
Is he not suppose to be strong?  
Is showing my emotions so wrong?  
Does it make me weak?  
Should I instead lash out in anger?  
Why don't others see the danger in that?  
A crack from the whip across my back again and again.  
Is their not anybody I can call a friend?  
A question I hope not to see at my end.  
A rope not to be hung from.  
And the time has come.  
For let me just stand strong.  
Let others sit on my shoulders.  
Be the man I never thought I could.  
A birth of a sturdy hard wood.  
Let it not bow even the harshest environment.  
A permanent structure protected by primer and paint.  
A home that never sank or will sink.  
Of the thoughts that run across my head.  
And of the images that will never completely leave.  
I will not dwell on them.  
For what is done, is only a rerun.  
Let them stay back there as I'm looking for new paths and ways.

I'm still here and I will no matter what you say enjoy my stay.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Phantom's Sign

Disappearing off the map.  
A question mark.  
The sign reads where did he go?

Well I just don't know...  
I just don't know...

The publicity of a phantom.  
Dancing and dangling.  
Memories so tempting.  
Reaching out to grab them.

But nothing, and more nothing.  
A absence what should be there.  
A reoccurring flare.  
Turbulent waters.  
Ups and downs.

What happen this time?  
Did he drown?  
Thrown overboard.  
Washed upon the rocks.  
Drifting below the deep blue seas.  
A body never found.  
The sign reads where did he go?

Well I just don't know...  
I just don't know...

Don't suppose I was suppose to.  
A misrepresentation.  
Not everyday.  
Exposure is not my closure.  
Though at time it seems to help.  
Stress launched across the screen.  
The explosion jumps out at you.  
Then again the sign reads where did he go?

Well I just don't know...

I just don't know...  
I really don't know...

Peace resting in my head.  
Waking the dead.  
Limbs so limp.  
They don't want to move.  
But now they have to.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Place Where I Must Start

Looking for a fight.  
I'm a rabid dog.  
I just need to bite someone's head off.  
Shattered our my thoughts.  
In pieces oh how do I put them back together again.  
Who are your friends?  
Who are your enemies?  
Their all dressed the same.  
I don't have a clue.  
I just feel so defenceless.  
Where is my suit of armour?  
Who will protect me from myself?  
Who will break this spell?  
Oh it feels like I'm in hell.  
I'm looking down a well.  
I wonder how far it goes.  
But as everyone already knows.  
All you have to do is climb on down.  
But I'm afraid I might just drown.  
A fear I must overcome.  
I will not let it rule my heart.  
And I guess it's the place where I must start.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Pleading Spirit

Depravity has filled in so many souls.  
Trying to fill this hole.  
With the Internet disgusting images poor.  
A door has been opened.  
Their is no closing it, no not anymore.

You can't silence the beast you once tried to destroy.  
We will always have love for each other.  
We will hold our thoughts and prayers with you.  
We do anything and everything to help our fellow man and woman.  
We are just trying to spread the love.  
Why is it you hate us so much?

Isn't empathy a strength not a flaw?  
The heartless do not take pause.  
A free spirit in flight.  
A flashing of the everlasting light.  
Guidance is being sought how can we ignore it?

We are not criminals.  
We have done nothing wrong.  
We don't promote violence but peace.  
We don't lie, we speak the truth and demand a justice for it.  
Stand up, just stand up for what you believe.  
Do not let them ever win.

Bullets kill, but a united love can never be destroyed.  
No matter the means to control.  
You might be able to show them something they never wanted to see.  
You had to be silenced, it was meant to look like a suicide.  
They couldn't allow you to break what took them years to gain.

Troublesome to refrain with cameras, and everyone watching.  
Defining life as we know it.  
To give a gift without any expectation of something in return.  
Materialistic, will never suit our true needs.  
We are socialistic creatures.  
We need our comforts.  
We need our love.

We need some one to share our pain with.  
How about the whole entire world?

How about the whole entire world?

Would you offer the homeless man on the street a bite of your sandwich?  
I would.

What would you offer those truly in need but not in search of it?

Diverting our tasks to out right slavery.

Why is are so many nations promoting by buying into the luxury and convince.

Do you know where that was made?

Do you know what it really cost so you could be happy with your ipod or similar gadget?

Do you know what it will cost you children or grandchildren?

Do you think about any of this ever?

Not only must we love everyone, but also make sure it is not denied.

When defending humanities rights they are no borders.

No divide between nations, no matter the corporations.

I'm special because I donate to these causes.

But how much do you compared to the funding of the total opposite?

Their is no middle ground, you can't be for peace and promote war sometimes,  
you can't be for love and promote hate, greed, or slavery sometimes.

We numb to the possibility of who we are hurting with only a single dollar spent.

We are not ignorant but instead we just don't care or believe it won't make a difference.

You missing the point, if you are trying to accomplish a goal.

The point of doing something good, is because it is good.

Not because their might be pot gold at the end of the rainbow.

Let me spread my love with this message.

Let me destroy the indifference that is all around me.

Let us be what humanity was always suppose to be with empathy.

Let us do all we can.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Poets Limits

The poet is the story teller of all.  
Not necessarily the servant though,  
because he doesn't write to serve anyone.  
He write as he see,  
he writes as he hears,  
he writes as he thinks it should be.  
Self satisfaction,  
searching for happiness,  
describing his love,  
praying to the angels above.  
Reasons are for the pen.  
A quest to find how it ends.  
The life of a poet is as wild as the minstrel.  
No one way,  
no certain direction.  
His mind defines the limits.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Police Of The World

All wars of the U.S. are a police actions of some sort.  
Lets face it we are the police of the world.  
We always claim its for peace.  
We always justify it with human atrocities.  
Even genocide does not give us the right  
We are not the negotiators.  
But the enforcers of ideas as our own.  
We claim it for the better.  
But who has actually been reading this letter.  
Defined by what in between the black lines.  
What is the hidden agenda is it this time.  
Is it oil?  
Is it a base, of a prime location.  
Are they the makers of our salvation.  
Let me make proclamation.  
If it doesn't involve us why are we their.  
As a saying I heard once.  
Why invade those who will eventually destroy themselves.  
And that what we are doing destroying ourselves.  
With billions of dollars spent in wars that we can't end, or we should be in.  
But that's more important then kids education.  
But that's more important then putting food on the table.  
But that's more important then bringing ourselves out of a depression.  
But that's more important then providing decent health care.  
The one budget that will not be cut, is the one that should.  
By the greed of man, we have become of the damned.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Poor Man Still Has A Heart

Money you can keep it.

I'd rather die hungry with my heart still beating.

When I read these dear john letters of sorts it just disgust me of their intentions.

I will steal your identity with sob story and a offer of financial gain.

All the while the poor are really the ones suffering not the criminals.

Sick depravity it is to prey upon the charity of others.

Even sicker is it to prey upon the poor pretending to be giving out the charity to steal from someone who already really has nothing.

And we wonder why the homeless choose their life.

It better have nothing, then to have to take everything and guard it with your wasted life.

In the consumer age, there will come a time when the people will no longer need the goods and services of so many.

And when it comes I'll be smiling from the heavens.

Because the so many slaves will be set free at once.

The dollar is not your vote, but your restraint.

Forever trapped in a corrupt system where the only way is out is live an impoverished existence, or cheat and steal in till there is no one left to rob,

No matter how hard you try there is no escaping this ugly distorted system.

If it is the best we can come up with, then we have failed as a society in both life and liberty.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Poor Old Woman

The poor womans struggle.  
Alone, and to old to find another as the way she sees it.  
Disabled and so afraid of the unknown.  
Trying to keep her 3 cats warm and fed.  
But the rent has to be also paid.  
10 dollars more a day if she is late.  
Robbing Peter to pay Paul.  
And she in it for long haul.  
Winter has come and gone.  
Now spring has arrived and is suppose to be here.  
This is suppose to be the easy time of year.  
But all April has been so much colder then usual.  
Freezing temperatures.  
Ruining her would be garden.  
Wood Pellets stretching her money thin.  
Sleeping in her truck.  
To save herself.  
Their is no rue in the waits to thicken the soup.  
It is the forsaken loop.  
Being repeated all over the place.  
We must break Americas curse.  
We must help others stand on their two feet.  
While not falling down ourselves.  
If we do our part, and do what is right.  
They're would be nobody living in such a existence poverty.  
Just because their old doesn't mean they don't have feelings.  
It doesn't mean they suffer any less.  
And when I see this woman living off of 500 a month.  
I'm just disgusted with our government.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Potential Onslaught

What is this potential?

What is this fire breathing dragon?

How do we define how others judgements hurt us or help us?

A higher rating of self-esteem.

With thoughts about rewards yet redeemed.

Little achieved so it seems.

But what lies under this veil of darkness of the human mind, of mankind?

Something of a jewel left behind.

Nothing for me is any longer so sublime.

A bitter wasteland, we become so completely disconnected with realities so adjacent to our very own.

The light shines only upon which it is shown.

Recognition of the most demanding entity.

But in what way, a course to stay.

For what is it that's stopping you? Pride, or is it a moral objection?

Wrong is defined by the momentum of the truth.

Victory sails, not on what is gained but what is lost.

So what is it I have lost I say at this moment for I have yet to give in?

That is called perspective, I'm looking up while others are looking down.

As if all these men with wings are an aspiration of something I'd actually want to be.

Maybe it's the way society teaches, breed us is wrong.

For we have all made a acception to it as it is the way it has to be.

Fate protrudes her pretty little the way she always and always will.

She continuously beats me with a stick.

Trying to make me conform.

But to conform one must lie to themselves saying we do not have a choice or a voice.

No individuality.

Brainwashing that along the lines of slavery.

Rules do bend, sway, and break.

Ideas become dangerous and fear creeps in.

What if, as if ever could.

Sometimes our desires, and ambitions differ even if they seem the same.

For the cause, but only to serve a means to my end.

A pretense of reasoning as is there is no set future.

Take it out of the equations it makes things a lot simpler.

If it is not a solid foundation some think it will crumble.

So I say to the wind again and again, come take me, come break me.

Trip me.

Make me fall.

I will get back up a little wiser, a little older, and a little more ready for the next onslaught.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Power Of Being Patient

On the energy flowing through these veins, with ink and a quill I have a soul to steal, writing for the cause, writing just because I can. Many wounds it can mend. Seal away the evil locked inside. Disperse all your pride. Bring you face to face with your sacrifice. The insanity of it, all for a cause that now seems so wasted. But still it lies right in front of me. Giving the finger as it passes by. Makes me feel like a fool. The way whims, follow or lead. Fail or succeed. Give to take. Make or break. A symphony of words flow through the mind. Yes it stings, but look what it brings. So much strength in a mistake. Hard is ground in which at one time quaked rock, and no longer falling for simplicity of that which i see. Just cause its there doesn't mean you should chase. Its not a race. Its a long walk in which you should take it in all. Patients wins the game. A virtue hard to overcome. But your smarter because of it. You become the wanted instead of wanting, the needed instead of trying to please. You have it or you don't, and for now its there. Hopefully it stays, for it makes these more brighter days.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Power To Do Nothing

A useless discussion with the sounds of trumpets in the background.  
Some would say indeed you are only tooting your own horn.  
Dictating words back to sounding board.  
If it has no life, how could we expect it to be reasonable in the art of reasoning.  
Turn it to a slow boil stir the pot and see if still reassembles that which was  
untouched unsullied by human hands.  
A chemical change not physically but ethically.  
In what was once defined as right.  
What if it was all to suddenly to change.  
A backwards upside world that mirrors our very own.  
Or at least what mind has been led to believe is our own.  
How can one know anything different if nothing is ever experienced except that  
set forth in a counterproductive controlled environment.  
Some would even go as far to say it is more of a controlled experiment than a  
controlled environment.  
For the safety of whom, a defined set of rules designed by who and to what ends  
or purpose?  
How do we justify what we really don't really even comprehend?  
Just a pin prick in ocean lives in which some will be the victims through no fault  
of there own.  
It can't be helped some would say.  
For you to be happy someone must suffer.  
But there scales are off on the comparison just made.  
For sometime its a thousand, sometimes its millions just for one smiling face.  
And how they suffer varies in a latitude of ways.  
ranging from minimal to extraordinary.  
And the choices are made upon the pursuit of happiness is without knowing.  
A legitimate or illegitimate indifference that reaches across both land and sea.  
Is ignorance a acceptable excuse, it can be when the contradicting voices just  
can't be heard.  
Why is it that it seems that podiums for those claims are quite small?  
Why is it that sometimes these people aren't heard from at all?  
We can justify going out of our way only when it benefits us in someway.  
When it is without a set price is it also without merit?  
Cost effective defined by the cost elective.  
As a human being what is our primary objective?  
To rule the world by gathering the most power?  
Do we really enjoy slavery, or is it just the benefits from it?  
Do we really get off on all this death and destruction?

Or is it we just are not willing give up our daily comforts?  
What is it that make us so capable, yet so resistant.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Predator

You hear that voice.  
And you already know who is.  
May God forgive.  
We've all made our share of silly mistakes.  
This is no different.  
Trying so hard to not compensate.  
Trying so hard to relate.  
Stories so personal.  
The human predator in one's mind.  
Evil left undefined.  
Like a question always nagging.  
Unfortunate, and unfinished.  
Compassity diminished.  
An alter-ego self image.  
Painting a portrait so unclean.  
Rewording the works of a demon.  
The devil in the details.  
Keeping yourself in check.  
Trying so hard to not become just another victim or eye witness.  
Perspective in the unwritten letter.  
Disembowel all sense of fear.  
All to be near, to be closer to the understanding of the misfortunate why.  
Facing that in which you truly despise.  
Smiling the whole god time.  
Utter violence projected with an image of sunshine.  
Do you waver, do you give in your deep seated emotions with absolute hatred.  
Or do you ignore the attempts to instigate, aggravate the worst parts of yourself.  
Holding breath as one sick mind describes what it truly be alive.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Propaganda Of Money And Hate

Racism from top down.  
A discriminatory clown.  
How can we expect others not follow.  
The enemy within.  
And battle begins, yet again, yet again.

A promotional kind of hate.  
Not a single debate.  
The silence will kill us all.  
When our kids follow suit who will be left to turn too.  
Where is the leadership.  
Did it skip a beat.  
Or is gone forever.

There never is acceptable excuse.  
There is always plenty of blame to go around.  
The tree that falls but makes no sound.  
Just another victim of verbal abuse.  
But it so much more when those responsible do not have to answer for it.  
Running off at the mouth with complete impunity.

We must set higher standard, we must demand it be followed.  
Hollow be that name.  
A slur under highest office in nation.  
The man will take us back to time to before the civil war.  
Indentured servants with a stroke of a pen.  
We must never let him.

This is all of ours fight, no matter race, religion, sex, or country of origin.  
He is representing a nation founded by immigrants.  
Let our history be the sticking point in which we must continually shame him into submission.  
Let him know we will not stand for it.  
Let him know we our not his dogs, and he's not our master.  
A political diaster.  
A political crisis.  
Bring the civil suits, because the only thing he truly cares about more is money.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Puppeteer

Oh master puppeteer  
What is it this time.  
What's on the agenda today.  
Into the fray.  
With no delay  
Pulling strings that cause so much dismay.

It is still the cost is on our shoulders.  
Leader of nothing.  
With words of speeches that have no meaning.  
They fell for it hook line and sinker.  
Now it is time to pull off the shroud.  
Show them the monster I really am.  
Satan aint got sh! \* on him.

Oh master puppeteer  
What is it this time.  
What's on the agenda today.  
Into the fray.  
With no delay  
Pulling strings that cause so much dismay.

They say we love him.  
But it was his false claims and ideas.  
Given up as soon as he got in.  
A solution to a problem we created.  
How come now we feel so jaded.  
We were once again manipulated.

Oh master puppeteer  
What is it this time.  
What's on the agenda today.  
Into the fray.  
With no delay  
Pulling strings that cause so much dismay.

Promise broken, dreams stolen.  
All by this man who rides in on a white horse.  
He looks promising lets keep him for another term.

Oh where do we sign.  
He says there on the dotted lines.  
He claims he's the ender of all suffering.  
And I say I haven't seen this yet.  
I feel so abandon by this master.

Oh master puppeteer  
What is it this time.  
What's on the agenda today.  
Into the fray.  
With no delay  
Pulling strings that cause so much dismay.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Purple Pheasant

I have this driver to a card that won't install on many systems at all.  
It is too old.  
It lacks the luster.  
It has become a filibusterer.  
With graphics so great why waste the time on something only I would have in  
mind.  
The modifications have been trying at times.  
But I continue to search out those who bring the past to the present.  
I'm creating a purple pheasant.  
Not one many will like, but she is most certainly one of kind.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Pyro Maniac

A pyro with a flame.  
Just writing your name in the sand.  
Time tics by and fire after fire does not end the desire.  
It's passion.  
It's love.  
It's a child's laughter.  
Nothing left untouched.  
As he makes his mark.  
Personal and distant.  
He's lived it.  
Through the the fires eyes.  
He can't help it.  
He just want to watch everything burn.  
Burn, Burn, Burn.

He speak to the eternal flame.  
And she rise from the ashes.  
Back again just the same.  
Glowing so bright, so hot.  
So appealing he can not ever turn away.  
A obsession everyday.  
No he doesn't care.  
His mind is most certainly else where.  
He can't help it  
He just wants to watch everything burn.  
Burn, Burn, Burn.

As holy body it rises from the grave.  
As a scientific miracle it saves.  
Staving off the cold.  
Turning something into nothing.  
It's just so amazing.  
Captivating.  
A star studded glaze.  
An everlasting stare into nowhere.  
Exhilarating is the feeling he gets.  
Ever single time.  
He can't help it.  
He just wants to watch everything burn.

Burn, Burn, Burn.

He's a maniac.

No doubt it.

Completely reckless to t.

But its his divinity.

His saving grace.

His ace.

And he has a constant need to play it.

Even if someone dies.

He's not worried about it.

It off to the next.

He can't help it.

He just wants to watch everything burn.

Burn, Burn, Burn.

Yeah just burn, burn, burn, oh burn.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Question Of The New

A new story, a new hero, a new case and study. Another course another action. Painting fate with words that can so easily taint. Praying and forever hoping for the greatness of the success of love. Sometimes it strikes when your at strongest only to tear you down. Sometimes it strikes you when your at your weakest to build you back up. strange is the path it takes. No set way, every time is different. And every time you expose yourself in someway. Open is the mind and heart, blinded by a fool whim. In these waters so deep can you swim?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Quietest Shout

The blood boils in a pot with something new.  
Stepping on trouble with this stew.  
A black cat crossing my path.  
Bad luck with a kiss and hug.  
Am I in love with the pleasures of this life.  
Or is it lust shaping me with just the right amount of precious dust.  
Will the wind blow, and will it be gone.  
Violence with a wink and smile.  
Obscene sex scenes with no names.  
Cocaine sitting openly on a mirror in on a coffee table all lined up.  
A dollar bill all rolled up.  
Is that who we are, slovingly slobes of the american dream.  
No manner or edict to speak of.  
Destitutes of desire.  
Burning down a house for copper pipes and wires.  
Pirating music, moves, and books to make another quick dollar.  
Laundering money through casinos but only if you win.  
Of course the game is rigged.  
Diagnosed with lung cancer and still smoking a cig.  
The truly addicted.  
It is as predicted.  
The market research is there.  
Interactive despair.  
It's in the air.  
Set up from the start.  
A car that will not come out of park.  
Lights that don't work in the dark.  
The kidnapper still waiting in park.  
Taken, tied up, and beaten.  
So much resistance at the previous AA meeting.  
Falling back into bad habits.  
Its a constant static.  
White noise can only exist in a peaceful background?.  
And it is something so hard to find.  
Especially in this day, age, and time.  
We always got something on our mind.  
Emptying it out.  
Oh it is the quietest? shout.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Ravens

They say they were born of dirty blood and death.  
For every one of them who was born under this claim  
A mother has died.  
Healthy they were  
The bodies must be cleaned.  
They were covered from head to toe in a thick layer nothing but blood.  
It was said this is how they were blessed and cursed.  
A gift bared in despair.

(Poem in a Story I'm Writing)

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Real Me

The real me,  
I'm living my life the best I can.  
Sometimes I'm happy  
Sometimes I'm the smart ass  
Sometimes I'm overwhelmed  
Sometimes I'm angry  
Sometimes I'm Upset  
Sometimes I'm flustered  
Sometimes, is as i am.  
No reason to worry about my past  
No reason to worry about my future  
It is the here and now.  
And when I'm down and out I write  
To bear the light in my soul so bright  
I got to keep it strong  
When I get burnt I need ice  
And this is my device  
It heals  
Its my window into a world that as i will it i make it  
In my fantasy, is the love I need  
Its healing powers are beyond the greatest divinity.  
It is my angel whisper in the night.  
It is the stars held above my head so high  
It is to keep me alive

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Real One

Playing the part.

Fitting the role.

Being one of death.

Being one of happiness.

Being of forgiveness.

Many voices are heard.

Multiple personalities.

Which one is the real one.

They all are.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Reality In Fiction

Why is fiction so much better the real.  
A story book wedding.  
A perfect house.  
A perfect family.  
All lies.  
Yet we want it more then life itself.  
We drown our self in it.  
From the movies to the stereo.  
Absolute bullsh\*t.  
Deny it all you want.  
But the truth is we need learn to forgive those we hate.  
Apologize when we make a mistake and if we can make right.  
Keep at it do the best we can.  
Learn to have a plan.  
Don't, hesitate.  
Never procrastinate.  
If we catch a break,  
see it as just that and make the most of it.  
Instead of toasting to it.  
Be thankful, but don't spend to much time on it.  
For it won't necessarily always be there.

And if you do this you wont have as many regrets.  
Ambition is my sword.  
I swing into everything i can.  
One day ill conquer this land.  
Till then I'm the one who constantly has objectives.  
Empower your self with knowledge.  
Constantly read.  
Understanding destroys the ignorance.  
Also take risks.  
But know all the exits.  
For you never know when you'll suddenly need to go.  
Back your \*ss up always.  
Prepare for the unexpected.

What if you were rejected.  
Better yet what if your accepted.  
We are all on our way out.

Dress accordingly.  
If you want to be pretty when you die then do so.  
If you dont care, dont care then.  
Its not a game in which only one can win.  
We all will win. We all will loose.  
So it really doesnt matter what you choose.  
It begins so it can end.  
A happening.  
A action versed to a reaction.  
All the facts are simple.  
The puzzle pieces fit, imagine  
it. All has become one.  
One has become all.  
So there is no time to stall.  
For every second you waste goes to death embrace.  
So just keep at it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Rejection Of Respect

I do not desire your respect.  
Don't you know I'm a freaking reject.  
I desire kinds of attention I'd rather not mention.  
Shallow and alone.  
Look it's another Sherlock Holmes clone.  
What a eloquent poem.  
Written once upon a time.  
When I was looking to rewind.  
Trying to define my past as part of me.  
Then it crept inside and part of my heart died.  
I had break it off.  
As if it was an unwanted girlfriend.  
She was just another.  
Wallowing in pain to the point where you feel so smothered.  
Holding on to the edge knowing this might be the end.  
Suffocation with sweetest embrace.  
A remembrance of not me.  
No not like this.  
It is something I want you to just forget.  
Get it out of your head.  
Cheer to death, and her blessings.  
It is something I both welcome and dread.  
And this morning I think of her yet again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Relationship That Has Failed

Well enough to be well she said.

Well enough to be well he said.

Through the eyes this dragon comes cloudy visions of before and after.

A relationship severed off at the knot.

A confession to the forgotten pastor.

He must not tell, oh he must not tell.

For if he does he is going straight to hell.

The expectations of your betters if there can be any such thing.

Leading with the fork and spoon.

Dining upon the late afternoone.

If I can just make it one more day the whispers go.

An upon this magnanimous road, it always the same.

Its own little prison, always caught up in such a cynical conervation.

There is no great revelation, no secrets of tongues held in some forgotten dusty jar.

A mass exidious, just where are we all going?

Escaping from what?

A petrified landscape frozen in time.

No erosion, or deterioration of any kind.

How could there be with visions in the mind.

Remembering a moment, just a moment.

Thats all one ever really needs.

Proceeding on with both satisfication, and saddness.

Completeness dull as a butter knife dropped in the sinks trash disposal.

Clank, clank, clank those blades go as the sparks fly and the smoke rises.

All jammed up on the inside.

Liars in for a long over extended stay.

Areas full of so much grey.

Soon I pray are the words spoken today.

Nothing left to hold on to when you have been so betrayed.

Emotions disingrating into white dried up powder.

Load the ball into the gun and see what happens, just see what happens.

Bet it isn't so forth right.

Feels like bubble gum in the hair.

The more you pull the more it hurts.

Sometimes scissor are our best option.

Chop, chop then its gone.

Forcability removed because there is no other way.

No it doesn't make it okay.

No matter what is socially accepted I still reject it.  
Full force, full impact.  
The hammer and the nail.  
Smack it down for the very last time.  
Doesn't it feel good to finally escape such horrid weather.  
And in this moment clarity and dryness, what is it your heart really wants.  
The pain too just go away.  
Not a constant reminder of what you didn't do right.  
Somebody just turn off the lights so I can finally close my eyes.  
Sing me a lullabye stories so grand, make me once again actually feel like a man.  
I honestly think I forgot that part of me.  
Who is he?  
Oh the soul searching demons, they are breathing life back into me.  
A burning flame that was nearly extinguished.  
Just a single cup of gasoline.  
And now the words just come to me.  
A desire rattles around in there, and bitter is the loneliness it portrays.  
But somethings just can't be helped.  
Putting it away in box high upon the shelf.  
And now the numbness of it is all I have left.  
Like greeting card that will be read aloud every single day to remind us that even  
in this house there is no escape.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Remorse Of Ignorance

A humble request from the deepness of thought.  
It is not a desire for something that can be bought.  
But the ability to speak straight from the heart.  
Say what you mean and mean what you say with the best intentions applied.  
But sometimes these ideas are not well meant and seem quite popurous to the  
human eye at least at the time when it matters most.  
Why does it always feel like we're chasing our own ghost?  
You know what hes was right.  
To bad we've never had a chance to tell him.  
The remorse of ignorance.  
So instead we market the idea as our own.  
Never giving him the credit due.  
A luxury that has come and pasted.  
A regret of not doing more to protect the idea of doing things for humanity's  
sake.  
A humanitarian in need in a society based off greed.  
A common place where it is do as you please as long as you have the green.  
All a waste so it seems in a world of fultility.  
A million ending to write, which one will be your reality?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Rise And The Fall

A politician named Rick  
Grew up as child believing all the corruption was wrong  
This was his song  
He sung it everyday  
Slowly rising, higher, and higher  
But with with fortune and fame he changed  
Make deals for those who appealed  
For money was now his faith  
It is all he praised  
Then he fell, and was exposed  
As if he was not wearing any cloths  
He tired with all his might to get back in  
But the people would not let him  
They say they will never forget  
What he did was wrong  
I'm sorry but sometimes you just don't belong  
And that their song  
Now Rick live the average life forever remembering  
What could of been  
Regret is for those who do not have a name yet  
With each decision we face  
Is another mistake that could be erased

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Road I Will Not Take

I'm not ready for anyone.

My heart is cold.

I rather take this journey alone.

Then ruin someone else life.

I can't love, because I can't feel.

A fictional story eloquent written.

Does it really exist, no not past where my own two feet can take me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Road Of Hate Traveled

How do you be nice to someone you hate?  
How do you speak lies as if they were truth?  
Sincerity with the light touch.  
So dysfunctional are my thoughts.  
Kill my enemy with kindness.  
But how?  
Do I make them feel proud?  
Feed an ego that makes me want to vomit.  
Strokes oh so shallow.  
As am I in this intent.  
The road of hate traveled.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Road To Nowhere

A boil in your brain.  
A stain in you eye.  
Blotting out the blue skies.  
A soul torn upon a shallow riptide.  
I confess, I undress, shed my snakes skin.  
The mark of twins.  
Two sides to the unforgiven.  
A banjo is playing, but somethings right.  
The sound is so erie.  
Chasing the shadows in me.  
A game of twiddle dumb, and twiddle dee.  
Slipping and breaking a knee.  
A watch out for the ice would have nice.  
Bad advice, a roll rigged dice.  
Mice that eat men.  
How can I defend?  
A horrible game of pretend.  
The nightmare descends.  
The genie broke bottle.  
Glass becomes reflections of your dissection.  
You become the disease infection.  
Just can't get rid it.  
Call it a complication.  
A backwards hiccup.  
Just don't swallow.  
Living a life of the hollow.  
Trying to rest your head on a empty pillow.  
So hard, so ruff, the jagged edges cut right through you.  
Glue that doesn't stick.  
A prophet that predicts the opposite.  
A clear blind fold.  
A choke that becomes a snezze.  
A picture where nobody is in it to say cheese.  
Venom that doesn't poison.  
A bite that doesn't puncture.  
A straight-jacket that sets you free.  
A god that won't forgive.  
A contradiction in every turn.  
This is the road to nowhere.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Rocking Of A Cradle

I honestly wish my portrayals were always happy.  
But as history show us.  
That just can not be.  
Some despise me for it.  
Others dismiss it as being from a nut who knows of nothing.  
As if truth was something evil I was just spewing from my mouth.  
As the a fire flows its own way in a dance that is always different.  
Still heat comes from it, just in a different direction.  
It will continue with out any delay.  
Some will be warm while others will be cold.  
Some will die young while others will die old.  
Fairness is not divided into portions of gold.  
It is not something that can be just bought and sold.  
The equals sign is hard to come by in life.  
So many unknown variables, that the equation is almost always unsolvable,  
The search continues on as I continue to ramble on.  
Sometime the fruits on many years of labor are acquired.  
But usually the these fruits are small in comparison to work it took to produce them.  
We are but plowing the field, planting the seed, and tending to the hope that something will grow.  
A uncertainty is but life from the foundation up.  
And sometimes it is built out of brick and concrete.  
And other times not so much.  
It is a rocking of the cradle and seeing what comes out.  
Not so hard, just the lightest touch.  
And still sometimes things will be lost.  
An unfortunate set of events that no one could of fore saw.  
Still they wish to blame themselves rather than it being left to the unknown.  
And this something many of us condone.  
As a part of a technique in moving on.  
Saying we must forgive ourselves for something we had no power over.  
A constant picking of the leaves of a four leaf clover.  
She loves me,  
She loves me not,  
she loves me,  
she loves me not,  
The boiling of the kettle.  
Watch as it gets hot.

And whistles as if saying come and get me for I'm ready.  
But the ready in this sense is never constant.  
We are only ready as long as we can see what lies ahead.  
With a settlement of deeds accomplished.  
One makes a move still with thoughts of trying foresee ten moves ahead.  
This why chess is such a big game.  
Because a lot of time people are trying to do the same thing within their own life.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Role It Plays.

Distortion.

A blurred babies abortion.

A rolled up contortion.

Uncomfortable.

Habit forming extortion.

Some say just go with it.

Others scream obscenities to the left, and the right.

Here comes another demon slayer, a smooth savior.

Trying to soothe the savage beast.

A flute and a harmonic melody.

Calm the deformity.

Any way you can.

By threats, by timeless wisdom of foreign sands.

Hes got a plan so why won't you share.

Secrets held in the air.

A dare, a sweet kiss, totally innocent.

Intentions unseen, intention clean.

Purity.

Chastised before you know it.

How could you go through with it?

How could you not see what this could mean.

And endless gleam.

Go ahead preach to me you fickle priest.

Explain to me how religion plays a part.

Going to hell from the very start.

Sounds enticing, please tell me more.

Tell me how the almighty is keeping score.

Sounds like he might be behind some horrible wars.

Accosting the poor.

Rules accepted and expected to be followed.

A shell with a heart so hollow.

Empty on the inside, just a soldier of the blind.

Taking advantage of the truly vulnerable, promising them the world.

A pack of lies in a gilded disguise.

Told to abandon the forsaken sunrise for starry nighttime skies.

Blood spilled, and filled in goblet for all too drink.

We all share in others misfortunes.

One way or another.

Slaying ones own brother.

Claims of righteous after the deed is done.  
Speaking tongues.  
What a good son.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Room Gets Smaller

The room keeps getting smaller. What did I do this time? Logic is dead and gone. And time continues to move on. The room keeps getting smaller. No its not fine. I hurt someone very close and I was forewarned. Its was a mistake that created heart break. And the room get smaller. Yes I'm out of my mined. My failures are so large that I have fallen so far under par. A forty foot latter isn't high enough. God how this is going to get rough. And the room gets smaller smaller and smaller till it totters to the brink of collapse and I see the death of others coming. Its a domino effect that I created because I was too desperate. I paid the ultimate price of an unwanted sacrifice.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Root Cause

Where is there ever a place for somebody like me?  
Dead inside.  
A shadow creeps along the riverside.  
Can you even give this creature a name?  
A man with not a single claim.  
A renouncement to all the shackles and chains.

Let god do his worst.  
Let god do his best.

It doesn't matter because my soul is already at rest.  
My hands have long been washed cleaned.  
In a world so cut throat.  
I'm not here to destroy.  
I'm not here to shatter fragile dreams.  
I'm not at war with anybody.  
The complete embodiment of peace.  
Wishing the best for the soon to be deceased.

Let god do his worst.  
Let god do his best.

Heading down the road of nothingness.  
Attachments have become nothing more than fickle frauds.  
Greed is like the obese lust for just one more taste of the filthy fat freaking hog.  
Just one more piece.  
With a knife to spread this butter.  
Just adding a little bit more flavor.

Let god do his worst.  
Let god do his best.

What if the concept gets so god damn stale.  
That I can't down another glass of this ale.  
A sobering moment if there was ever one.  
The possibility of failure of an entire world.  
The negative feelings are overpowering and quite obvious.  
We first fail as human beings, then we fail as creatures of this earth.

Let god do his worst.  
Let god do his best.

Heres a toast to that.

Let god do his worst.  
Let god do his best.

And I'm sure he will.  
And heres a toast to that.  
heres a toast to that, as if it was a matter of fact.  
A sentence has been passed.  
Its already over.  
A hidden decline with veil covering those who think they're truly divine.  
The words like a river keep flowing through my mind.  
This wickedness is quite hard to describe.  
It's everywhere, yet no where to be found.  
One day we will all drown.  
I keep hearing those screaming is it my turn?  
An I think to myself what is the rush?  
The kingdom is slowly turning to dust.  
We continue to try wash away all this rust.  
Only to realize too late that it was the root cause.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Scam Continued

My bank account ha ha,

I think not

My identification photo

Again I say go play with a rubber duck or something

For I'm not the ignorant fool that your so use to.

Maybe I should make up a bank name, a number, a address, a send the a random photo of a friend.

And see what happens

For it might be entertaining to see them pretend to be someone who has never left the country and try to access a bank account that does not exist.

For they are going to do one thing that is clean out your bank out

As the man who gives everything shouts, I have been ripped off.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Search Will Never Stop

In the search of the truth there is always more question than answers.  
You must use both your heart and head and find your truth.  
For in what you see will not be the same as me.  
Even as you find one there will be another question in its place to remain.  
It is enough to drive one insane.  
But in this pursuit you find the unexpected, and rejected.  
In this pursuit you will find both sadness and happiness.  
And with everything that is found there will be another possibility out there.  
Which lead you to a forever continuation of your search.

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# The Second Appeal

I remember you as perfectly as if yesterday.  
I wish that was today.  
My dreams are filled with this foggy haze.  
You still hold that love I crave.  
Wave after wave the memories keep crashing in.  
No escaping it.  
No denying it.  
A washed up fool who keeps trying.  
If you only knew what I have went through.  
I'm last drop of dew on a single blade grass soon to be whisked away.  
My heart only bleeds for you as yet again you about to choose.  
Wish me you well, or tear me down straight into hell.  
Either way it doesn't change what I feel.  
So powerless over something so real.  
My soul to steal if only it is to your appeal.

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# The Self Confidence Needed To Overcome

Self confidence is what is needed when one is down and out.  
Being brave, being not ashamed of who you are.  
Judgments will be placed with distaste.  
And they do not have to be to your liking to overcome.  
Don't be dumb and hide or run.  
Instead face the adversity head on.  
For this could change the very outcome.

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# The Shadows Dance

But why not today?

Have all efforts been exhausted?

Is there a limit in this fix?

Is there a time limit on picking up these rotting sticks?

Do they in turn bring decay to one's hands?

Is it a spreading of cancer so infectious that upon touching it you will die within the hour?

Again why tomorrow, why not today?

Will the sun shine a little brighter with the disappearing of the clouds?

A shadow walks upon the stage dancing with an unwillingness to leave.

And I will mourn his loss once he's gone.

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# The Shining(Revised)

Another one of my masterpieces comes to me, like it was always there.  
Seen through the eyes of deep seeded despair.  
Out of the darkness into light.  
Not so bright, sitting under this rain cloud.  
Erase out the doubt in your mind.  
Unveil what lies beneath that shroud.  
Time wont wait even as the heart breaks.  
Let all the pain fade.  
Let me write like I'm truly insane.  
Take another poison pen and bring upon the world the perfect ending.  
It's no game.  
I don't celebrate the distasteful things in life.  
I cut every thing down to the very core.  
They come from in the depth of my very own soul.  
I'm telling you exactly as i feel.  
Exactly as thief would steal.  
Robbing me of all my strife.  
I'm sorry you just can't.  
No, not on this hour.  
Like candy every word you speak I shall devour.  
It brings me my power.  
For I know exactly your intent.  
Your such a deviant.  
And thank you for another masterpiece.  
Can you see the writings on the wall?  
Before you get a chance to even blink, I will cause you to fall.  
Straight into the cracks of hell.  
Oh well.  
Emotion swells, the church rings its bells.  
A postcard burns into ashes in the nights sky.  
It's picture so perfect.  
It can never bring back what was inside.  
Sometimes in the end it just best to forget and let go of all regret.  
Blood letting just wont heal.  
No matter what I saw as my destiny. it's over, and yes I'm sober. I've come to  
my senses.  
I do not desire any more of the same thing.  
No matter the circumstances. your no victim.  
I can't be manipulated or agitated by the insignificance of desperate pleas.

Would you not agree?

And now I try to write this symphony.

This is another masterpiece that has brought me so much peace and tranquility.

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# The Sickness Of This Abandon Child

In the darkness of this abandon child eyes.  
Lies the secret to the loss of so many lives.  
A theory of the abomination of love.  
First an animal, cute, defenseless, and harmless.  
His backyard becomes an enormous cemetery.  
A reaping of lost souls.  
Each with their own crime written upon humanity.  
The endless profanity.  
A constant rape of ones mind.  
Testing and trying new things every time.  
An experimentation of how one dies and why.  
A murderous curiosity that becomes an obsession.  
He makes his mark as if it was his profession.  
An art of ugliness, bitterness, and complete sourness.  
A taste once left can never be forgotten.  
Watch as the apple born becomes stale and rotten.  
All the way to the very core.  
The inner innards.  
A rapid decay and decline.  
Do you still think he is fine?  
Do you still think that he will be okay?  
As the shadow comes it erase this day.  
Horrific acts blinded by a distant light.  
Were they right?  
A sickness in which their can be no end in sight.

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# The Silence Of Defeat

Sometimes we must go on the offensive.  
If it is only to survive one more day, one more night.  
A delay to end the twilight.  
For one must not go down without a fight.  
For a sudden silence can be deafening.  
A sign defeat without a single retreat.

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# The Silent Slaughter

The massacre.  
The unending slaughter.  
Mothers and daughters without faces.  
No I can't see them but it doesn't make them any less real.  
Can we as human beings not hear there unending screams.  
Feeding the war.  
Arms for profit.  
Sacrifice, bodies do lay.  
At our feet.  
At our gates.  
The evil hearts of men.  
Swearing to the march to freedom.  
But oppressing others for the noble cause.  
Salt to the wound.  
Oh how it stings.  
Knowing not what we really have done.  
Hiding like hermits.  
Soulless comforts.  
Knights of the darkness.  
Training for enslavement.  
Giving orders to kill civilians.  
Then we claim to be the good guys.  
The greater good, but where do we draw the line?  
How do justify it.  
How do we look in the mirror and not see ourselves as monsters.  
Evil red beast with wings.  
Blood lust, and pure greed.  
Mindless armies.  
All for forgotten words written on a piece paper.  
That our laws no longer recognize.  
What makes us any better?  
Then those we massacre.  
Then those we slaughter.  
How many lives have we truly saved.  
The idea peace, only if benefits us nobody else.  
I'm sorry but I just don't accept that selfishness.  
Patriotic is just not convincing me.  
A given duty, a given loyalty.  
Paid to hide our dirty laundry.

Hidden Hitler.

He's among us as much as he is dead.

We protect him, we give him cause.

We provide him with food and shelter everyday.

We make it so it's okay.

Under veil secrecy, the truth considered treason.

Marked for death, come on whose next.

Stand up, we need more heroes.

Feed the resistance.

Speak out, let them know you can't just shut you up.

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# The Slaves Are The Ones Holding The Guns

A culture shock.  
Time to take off our bullet proof vests.  
Time to put down our guns.  
Let the violence end.

Children marching in formation upon the battle field.  
With signs held up so high.  
With rubber kisses and beatings of a life time.  
Let us take note, let us make a record.  
Do whats right put down your guns and join us.

Slavery is over.

A culture shock.  
Time to take off our bullet proof vest.  
Time to put down our guns.  
Let the violence end.

Slavery is over.  
Slavery is over.

Herding the cows with greener pastures.  
Desire turns to lust.  
Slowly our hearts start to rust.  
Soon they wither away in to this black powder.  
Ashes to ashes and the dust upon the dust.  
Rubbing us the wrong way.  
And the sparks become the flames.

Slavery is over.

Just taking orders.  
Just meet your soon to be replacement.

Slavery is over.

A culture shock.  
Time to take off our bullet proof vests.  
Time to put down our guns.

Let the violence end.

Money changes hands once again.

Another change in the ammunition.

Brutality has no pretty face or eloquent taste.

This bitterness creates a sickness that just won't go away.

Slavery is over.

Just taking orders.

Just meet your soon to be replacement.

Slavery is over.

Slavery is over.

Just taking orders.

Just meet your soon to be replacement.

Slavery is over.

A culture shock.

Time to take off our bullet proof vest.

Time to put down our guns.

Let the violence end.

Under any pretense we should stand for this creed.

What divides us and them is our right of our freedom of speech.

Ignoring what is so far out of reach.

Like little kids we are still learning of the consequences of doing nothing.

Slavery is over.

Just taking orders.

Just meet your soon to be replacement.

Slavery is over.

Slavery is over.

Just taking orders.

Just meet your soon to be replacement.

Slavery is over.



The slavery is now over! ! !

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# The Smell That Follows

How dare you say that your farts don't smell bad if they're your own.  
I'll have you know ever been around me after I had some eggs.  
I can clear an entire house faster then entire fire department.  
They run over each like mad dogs trying to escape anyway they can, the only  
reason I don't is I've come to the understanding that it will follow me no matter  
where I go.

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# The Smile With No Name

So you want be famous.  
Do you even know what that means?  
People watching you every move.  
Waiting to catch your every mistake.  
Photographed in the nude sleeping with who.  
The personal becoming public.  
Sorry but you can shove that concept where the sun doesn't shine.  
Just get away from me, leave me alone.  
Do not follow, I need my peace of mind.  
A quite place to go fishing in a no named stream.  
I will never desire that kind of attention.  
No matter the money that could made.  
Embracing the lonely parade.  
Yes, oh yes its just me.  
And that's way I want it to be.  
Please don't take it so personal.  
Obsessive stalking creeps.  
In the shadows waiting for there moment.  
Everyone is digging for gold.  
But me, no not me.  
Just a regular Joe, with average name, in a speck of a town, working and living  
without a trace.  
The map is blank, the slate is clean.  
Even after all the years.  
Fortune bestowed upon child like ears.  
Did you not here the first time.  
Let me explain with a mime.  
Delectable is this unending silence.  
Bliss is the lack of drama and violence.  
Happy in the moment each and everyday.  
No grands plans for someday.  
Future unknown, with the present already being satisfied.  
No I'm not hiding, I'm just not inviting.  
Encouraging the daily worship.  
Idle upon false gods.  
Avoiding all lighting rods, no matter if it's pain or pleasure.  
Take every measure.  
So I can continue to write these letters without running into any bad weather.  
Remaining weightless, a feather upon the empty paper.

In a scene full of distractions, taking no interactions.  
A this is how I hold on to my smile with satisfaction

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# The Social Out Cast

All are against me and say I can't do it  
To change habits so hard  
A social disease not up to par.  
You just not smart enough.  
You too poor, and dumb to learn anything.  
You disgusting, ugly, and make me want to vomit.  
Over and over again words are said to humiliate and defame  
It makes you want to change your name.  
Disappear to a new world.  
A world where, I can defend myself with greatness  
Where I can treat others with kindness  
And it never be considered weak  
Or your motives questioned.  
Oh hes sucking up so you won't say what everybody else said  
Like that is bread everybody should be fed  
Who are you judge what you don't understand  
A man so disorganize and distraught  
Hes caught  
Destine to fail  
I say NO HE'S NOT! !  
With a knife hes cut himself free  
With anger he writes and practices  
Methodically he tells all his stories  
Most far from great.  
But this is how he starts to relate.  
Explaining everything as he see it  
Becoming part of it as he reads.  
Only on a paper can you be who ever you want to be.

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# The Spinning Cat

With a string and a toy tied to a ceiling fan  
The cat's start chasing  
A mouse spinning and spinning  
If ever caught it might end in with an animal in distraught  
Torture of mind  
To just pass by some time

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# The Split Of Impossibilities

I've already wrote a thousand songs.  
Each one out of my head and long gone.  
Trying to fit the pieces where they belong.  
Searching for strength to go on.

Loneliness is only a small part of it.  
For all hearts for a time ache.  
Life experiences are the cake.  
There what I am after.  
Not necessarily the happily ever after.

Risk versus reward.  
Did you see the bulletin board.  
It was giving yet more directions.  
Inviting a worlds travel in dissections.  
Maybe I have become lost in my own head.

Show me gold, show me rubies, show me all the riches of the world.  
Metaphorical faces.  
Tragic embraces.  
Violence so senseless.  
So much more then I will ever have time to explore.

Each cavern so deep, when will this bottom I reach?  
Stalagmites and stalactites looking at me with haunting eyes.  
But I can't stay for too long, my breath already nearly gone.  
Caring must continue on beyond my being, beyond anything I am trying to  
achieve.  
The split of impossibilities.  
Just a factoring of probability.  
I can't save them all.  
I can't stop the world from falling.  
I can just do my part then move on along.

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# The Squeeze That Just Might Kill You

I will not let fear keep me in a plastic bubble.  
I'm sorry I just don't care no matter the amount of risk involved.  
During your birth you could of died.  
During every breath you take you could die.  
An aneurysm can occur cause extreme amounts of pain anytime before you die.  
Nights of constant screaming.  
Agony to the infinity.  
And sometimes in the case of brain cancer their is no remedy.  
If you believe for second you safe locked away behind close doors.  
You in for a eye opener.  
One day you'll wish you didn't.  
Germs can kill.  
Pills can kill.  
Smoking can kill.  
Fire can kill.  
Electricity can kill.  
A simple fall can kill.  
They are millions of way you can be killed each and every day.  
You are living one big fat lie.  
So just take some wings and soar.  
Embrace every moment while your still here.  
Because it won't be too long before gone.  
The reaper will come and your fear of your own mortality will remedied once and for all.  
The only solution I see is take nothing granted.  
Don't dwell that which is too petty to really worry about.  
It's just the small stuff listen to me.  
Come over here if you need anymore encouragement I'll give you a hug.  
A squeeze that might just kill you.

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# The Steps That Must Be Taken

Cleaning up the broken glass.  
No preventive measures taken.  
Sorry if I come off abrasive.  
But we can do better.  
The science has been out there for years about how to slow the spread of  
disease.  
This is not our first pandemic.  
A society ignoring what doctors say.  
Is a sign decay.  
A society who cares so little about their children.  
Shouldn't have them in the first place.  
There is no excuse you can come up worth the risk.  
8 percent is not an acceptable number.  
schooling is the easiest answer.  
We must slow the course and endure some simple sacrifices.  
The masked men come marching.  
The masked women come marching.  
The masked children come marching.  
Marching towards the right feel safe.  
The invisible contagion.  
Will it pick you?  
Will you choose to save a life?  
Please mask up and social distance.  
Protect me and I will protect you.  
Do your part, I will do mine, or watch your loved ones get seriously ill and  
possibly die.  
It's simple as that.

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# The Sting Of Love, Hate, And Uncertainty

Why can't love be something simple?  
Why can't we pour our hearts out each and every time?  
Why do we lie to escape what we fear, or what we hold dear?  
The emotion didn't even touch you.  
Not even a faint aura was felt.  
In all its cheerless glow.  
Hoping beyond hope.  
That barrier would finally be broken.  
But how could it with walls so thick.  
The plastic bubble that can't be penetrated by any amount of pricks.  
Laying it on thick.  
Yes laughing always makes it feel better.  
Such occasions of frustration must be dealt with as they didn't exist at all.  
Ugly on the outside never in.  
Mirror, mirror, what if I told I didn't care?  
Would you get mad and crack in spite of me?  
Would you repeat words that forever haunt me?  
If so I'm more then ready.  
Hands always steady.  
Like its all been a preparation for something.  
The question for me has been what?  
The drive behind the drive so to speak.  
The reason through an experiment and scientific calculations.  
Like it could ever be understood in such way.  
Please mad mathematician stop your outrageous statistics.  
They are really not helping.  
Your are not answering any questions I don't already know.  
Maybe I should just go.  
But again there are those feelings of uncertainty.  
Can we ever say I just don't know without it being held against us?

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# The Story Of My Life

Once upon a time  
The story of my life.  
All we want too see.  
Is everything nice and sweet.

I'm here to tell you the truth.  
I'm not always the best guy in the world.  
Jealousy has caused me to do things I'm not proud of.  
Anger nearly sent me to jail.  
Hate has made all my friends disappear.  
Indifference has created my impoverished existence.

Once upon a time  
The story of my life.  
All we want too see.  
Is everything nice and sweet.

But that is just not so.  
And if you don't believe me I think you should just go.  
Don't wait up for I won't follow.  
I'm a tree standing still.  
And my insides are rotten and hollow.  
I'm just waiting for a better tomorrow.

Once upon a time  
The story of my life.  
All we want too see.  
Is everything nice and sweet.

The champion of the horrible deeds.  
To better myself out of self greed.  
A soul just looking complete.  
A soul that is only feeling more and more defeat.  
Bury me alive.  
Kill me before I kill the sky.  
Bring this world in to a forever kind of darkness.

The champion of the horrible deeds.  
To better myself out of self greed.

A soul just looking complete.  
A soul that is only feeling more and more defeat.  
Bury me alive.  
Kill me before I kill the sky.  
Bring this world in to a forever kind of darkness.

Once upon a time  
The story of my life.  
All we want too see.  
Is everything nice and sweet.

A story that I'm quite embarrassed to tell.  
Practice makes perfect.  
Just listen to me as exhale.  
Not enough wind left in me to blow even the tiny sails.  
They are so many secrets I still need to reveal.  
An open canvas, for all to see.  
No curtain shall hide it till the right moment.

Once upon a time  
The story of my life.  
All we want too see.  
Is everything nice and sweet.

I'm here to tell you the truth.  
I'm not always the best guy in the world.  
Jealousy has caused me to do things I'm not proud of.  
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And my insides are rotten and hollow.  
I'm just waiting for a better tomorrow.

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The story of my life.  
All we want too see.  
Is everything nice and sweet.

The champion of the horrible deeds.  
To better myself out of self greed.  
A soul just looking complete.  
A soul that is only feeling more and more defeat.  
Bury me alive.  
Kill me before I kill the sky.  
Bring this world in to a forever kind of darkness.

This is the story of my life.  
And their is just no way to make it right.

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# The Struggle

The struggle.  
Just to keep warm.  
The back breaking work.  
Just to keep a roof over my head.  
The minimum wage slave.  
Or get locked in a cage.  
With choices so grim.  
Sometimes one must think outside the box.

A trade illegal by any other means.  
But when comes to necessities.  
It goes right out the window.  
With the knowledge and know how.  
We would all do something of which we shouldn't be proud.  
What the courts say isn't what you believe.  
With money it can be bought, but your conscience can not.  
Guilt never goes away, it just sits their an rots.  
Becomes a poisonous apple inside you.

The struggle.  
Just to keep warm.  
The back breaking work.  
Just to keep a roof over my head.  
The minimum wage slave.  
Or get locked in a cage.  
With choices so grim.  
Sometimes one must think outside the box.

Talents so few.  
Desires dwindling.  
The candle melts away.  
Their is a time limit.  
Have I reach it yet?  
I just don't know.  
How could one?  
I have no crystal ball.  
I have no magic cauldron.  
I have no special recipe.  
I'm no Einstein.

He believed time viewing was theoretically possible.  
I believe of the past most certainly.  
But of the future I just don't know.

The struggle.  
Just to keep warm.  
The back breaking work.  
Just to keep a roof over my head.  
The minimum wage slave.  
Or get locked in a cage.  
With choices so grim.  
Sometimes one must think outside the box.

A dedication to every one in the world.  
No matter rich or poor.  
We are all human.  
We all have needs.  
Let not lust or ambition to succeed turn into greed.  
Lets lift each other up when we need help.  
Lets not abandon someone for something ugly such as indifference.  
Be proud of the rarity of our existence.  
Realize life is precious.  
No number should ever put upon it.  
And know that these decision we make determine the outcome of the entire world.  
No matter how powerless you feel.  
No matter futile it seems.  
Know you can make a difference.

The struggle.  
Just to keep warm.  
The back breaking work.  
Just to keep a roof over my head.  
The minimum wage slave.  
Or get locked in a cage.  
With choices so grim.  
Sometimes one must think outside the box.

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# The Subject Will Not Be Changed

I'll keep writing about it in till something changes.  
To effect the outcome as if my life and everyone else's depends on it.  
Which it does.  
Not phased, by the hate, by the misdirection, by non scientific talking points.  
A political agenda, an out pouring of propaganda.  
Money buys speech platforms.  
But not mine.  
I will not be silenced or go away quietly.  
Causing an uproar defiantly.  
Let it be known it matters to me.  
Even if I have no children of my own.  
In this world sometimes you have go all in to reach those less than convinced.  
Let these be my bullets in a war that must be wage.  
Let every word, syllable, letter, sentence be my pretense.  
Putting out a fire with a tiny rubber hose from just a spoon full of water.  
It has to be done, it has to be won.  
I won't give up, I won't stray to far.  
A point to be made.  
Let it be sharp, let be jagged.  
Let it leave a lasting impression.  
Leave no room for doubt.  
Shout it from the rooftops.  
Whisper it in passerby ear.  
Put it in a love note.  
Make it a musical.  
Make it theatrical.  
Make it the favorite mystery.  
Make it scariest horror.  
Make it good versus evil.  
Line after line.  
Truth repeated in every which way.  
From midnight till dawn.  
Make it part of your god damn lawn.  
For if we don't then were all good as gone.  
Dying, dead, to the great beyond.  
Noble is the cause, but only if we keep lights on.

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# The Suggestion Of Propaganda

When someones jealous and upset  
because you can do something they can't,  
What is the first thing they do.  
Attack your character.  
Try to defame by suggestion.  
Suggestion is as propaganda is in war.  
It is to take the hearts and mines of the people  
And turn them against you.  
Anyway to stop you from being able to see what it is your trying to do.  
If your destroyed in public eye whether its your friends or the world.  
Attempts a stopping from completion.  
Listen to me the watchers of the doers.  
I will not stop or be impeded of progress by the means or likes of you.  
Say what you will, or better yet do your own.  
Instead of this judgmental thrill.

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# The Sun Will Come Out Again.

Another blazing summer comes to an end.  
As a kid it is time for school again.  
As a adult it is surviving the winter bitterness.  
The bills will be piling up soon enough.  
Got to keep on it.  
Robbing Peter to pay Paul.  
Making a lot of phone calls.  
One job just doesn't seem to get me by.  
Flying by the seat of my pants.  
They say all you got to do is ask for a little help.  
And they will come.  
I haven't seen this yet.  
If it was a bet I would have made millions.  
Self dependence on overly indulgent society.  
The basis of greed.  
The white widow.  
Who will she get this time.  
Who has she made sing the poor man blues.  
With holes in my boots I go to work.  
Just trying to make ends meet.  
Take a seat their millions of you.  
You number will be called just wait in this line.  
Hours go by before you get denied the help you so desperately need.  
Sorry but you just make too much.  
We'd rather pocket that money.  
In good time everything will be fine.  
Oh angel give me wings.  
Let me fly high and live life as if I wasn't already dead.  
Already dead, already dead, already dead.  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Sometimes you just got to make the best of what you have.  
Even when the outlook looks so grim.  
The sun will come out again.

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# The Tears Haven'T Started Falling Yet

To remember and never forget in the good times we met.  
Hurried with a quickness and abruptness.  
A death with suddenness.  
Remember what we loved and what we hate about ourselves.  
What we did we say with regret.  
As the tears haven't started falling yet.  
But overcoming it with a single thought of the better place you went.  
As hoping our repentance can bring us there.  
With a promise we swear.  
Knowing not who is listening.  
But not even caring.

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# The Tears Run Red

The tears run red.  
Theirs a feeling looming as if I was better off dead.  
Once love has failed, What can be left to be said?  
The words still sit locked up behind these iron gates.  
A climatic dire need to escape.  
As if one actually could.  
I feel so fragile, as if at any moment I might just break.  
On my knees begging for mercy.  
And all I get is this demon eyes looking back at me.  
Full of hate.  
Full of contempt.  
And all I can say is I made her that way.  
Inflict upon me the suffering that was meant for you.  
If only to save you from a mistake.  
I'm not who you really want.  
I could never be that hero that move the mountains for you.  
Only in a valiant sacrifice that you will never bare witness to.  
Someday just maybe you will realize how much I really loved you.  
A protection in a form of rejection.  
A invisible shield will be forever held over you.  
A white knight you shall never meet.  
All you see is a shadow of who I really am.  
The man who will never let you in.  
Not today or tomorrow no matter the sorrow.  
A drill straight into the heart.  
A soul left completely in the dark.  
And the dreams that someday this can change.  
Even I can not with all my desire make these stars rearrange.  
An alignment just right.  
A guidance of the true light.  
Wishing away the darkness of this storm from sight.  
If not tonight, maybe sometime soon.  
Before life is forever extinguished.  
Time is very precious.  
And each day I feel is so wasted.  
A constant intoxication.  
Washing away all the thoughts of remorse.  
If only to forget all the regret.  
A decision had to be made,

Choices are limited even in the happiest parade.  
But for some reason I feel you will never know.  
So I'm writing this one for you one day to read.  
I'm letting you know even my heart bleeds.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Thank You Is For Whom?

With invested interest all can not be equal.  
Tempted is the alternating egos.  
Which one, which one.  
As if all will not be right till chosen.  
The greatest gift is the silence of an unknown acknowledgement.  
Giving a helping hand is the reward.  
No need for a humming or bickering chorus.  
Better should only be used as increment never a comparison.  
How did you improve.  
And for whom, the benefit of all or just you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Time Is Now

The time is always now.  
There is a phantom that is always haunting me.  
An expectation to give in and bow.  
An absolute surrender and no less.  
Because partialities are just not accepted.  
Especially when it comes to the heart.  
Even if its your very first.  
These feelings both portray and betray.  
When looking to its eyes, tell me what it is that looking back?  
I know it's somewhere written upon a page.  
A dig for gold.  
A mighty fine treasure to hold.  
A message from beyond the grave.  
A expression we all crave.  
Of my life I can most certainly say it saves.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Town Take Over

Every night a new break in.  
Every night a new scream.  
Every night another crime committed.  
An escalation.  
This city is moving in to your town.  
They are taking over.  
There's nothing you can do.  
Either sleep with a gun under your pillow or move.  
And the meeting concludes.  
An abandonment of so many of my memories.  
I was raised right there.  
But now I'm afraid to even go.  
For the chance of being shot at don't you know.  
Another mini Philly happens to show.  
A beast that continues to flow.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Tradition

Tradition is not a path I know. Set before me is a greatness my family knows nothing of. For none of us has made much more than 30,000 a year. Educational wise college hasn't been a strong suit. But these days I feel its needed especially if one has to rely on themselves. I've seen what happens if you have it too easy. My one sister went down that dark road. I've also seen what one with the smarts to make it all the way but is pushed to hard and treated to harshly. Me and my other sister traveled down this road. But for me I will persevere and do things no one thinks I'm capable of. I have not failed. I have been just delayed. Hopefully soon things will be set in motion that will take me down a road I will travel alone. I have high hopes and goals, that will take years to complete. But its has been a long and fair wait. And now i can put my talents, skills, to a use I've been so longing to do. And I pause for their is so many that I've left behind in the past year. Some because of the way they treated me. Other because of how they treated others. Yet more I met under the wrong circumstances which caused and creative differences. I did not mean for it to happen that way but yet it did. I dont regret any of it. I will always remember the good times. In the end i tend to not value friends for they come and go. But family will always be thier. It is very hard lesson to learn sometimes. But in the end it holds true almost always. With certain exceptions. This is my path of tradition

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Trapping Lust

A mere possession.  
Locked up a body with slavery does bind.  
Mashing ones soul, you say he can't be.  
No control of the bleeding desire.  
Seeing the man straight into his own fiery grave.  
Motionless spirit do come back with strength.  
Fend off these attacks with haunting eyes.  
Bend not to her heart, will or mind.  
And then you just might survive.  
Some are not true, they do deceive.  
Creating toys and devices to employ to a liege.  
Setting out to siege, pilfer, and burn.  
Defer from this task, remove your mask Medusa, and will put you upon the  
mirror and watch you and I both turn to stone and crumble through the ages of  
time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Trial Of An Entire Nation

Still throwing money at our problems.  
Still you don't get it.  
The fix is already in.  
It's happening with or without your consent.  
The regression into oppression.  
Silence is not dissent.  
Just be happily content in all your suffering.  
Hope light as feather.  
Someday just maybe things might just get better.  
Sucking in the poison.  
Trembling in fear of an unknown enemy.  
Just maybe it is the enemy within.  
A cast of sin.  
Everyone one a little different..  
Human survival so inner dependent.  
I'm a society runaway.  
Civil disobedience is absolutely necessary.  
Carrying the signs.  
Showing them we know what's going in United States.  
A surveillance state.  
An inverted totalitarianism.  
Because it is so hidden.  
Beneath all the lies.  
The never ending propaganda machine.  
A government completely compromised.  
Corporate bought and owned.  
A dollar diminishing so fast.  
The jobs nonexistent.  
The wages impoverished.  
Food contaminated by gmos.  
Water being fluoridated and polluted because they are one and the same.  
Homes being seized by banks that lied.  
Whole cities going bankrupt.  
We are becoming a third world nation.  
Indefinite detention without due process.  
War crimes committed with no consequences.  
Corporate run government agencies.  
Whistle blowers hunted after to the ends of the earth.  
Making raids on medical facilities in states that disagree with current federal

laws.  
Debt piling up like no tomorrow.  
Too many wars on too many fronts.  
Spread too thin.  
And they are already lost.  
Power is still consolidating and concentrating.  
Somebody has been sleeping at the helm.  
Wake up, wake up.  
Just wake up, wake up.  
Wake up before it is too late.  
Because we are drowning in the ashes.  
Designed to burn the principles of this country down.  
Moral objectivity.  
Where is that?  
Doing the right thing.  
Regardless of consequences or reward.  
Where are the real investigative journalist in main stream media?  
Do they even exist?  
An unbiased point view.  
Not this world that they betray.  
It is so skewed.  
Question everything you think you know to be true.  
Because we are all really ignorant in someway.  
Accept nothing that has not be proven beyond a reasonable doubt.  
The motto of a jury an it's out.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Truth Fades In The Everglades

The truth fades in the everglades. Jewels turn to stone. Battered and broken. Twisted from the inside. Free ride. Written on a piece of cardboard, hung in the window of what's now an empty house. Bringing back the memories as the truth fades in the everglades. Moss floating in the sky. An everlasting sunrise. It never ceases to amaze. Wish you could see it with me one more time. But now the truth fades in the everglades. Swallowed by miles hot humid nothingness that is so enchanting, memorizing, and hypnotizing. It's something once you've been here you could never forget. It's hard to digest but the truth fades in the everglades. A trick of the mind. A complete loss of all time. You were all that mattered. And now I pray where the truth fades in the everglades. In the beauty of the beast. Horrid thoughts run through my mind. I have feeling I will see you soon in the one place. the truth fades in the everglades.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Ultimate Knock Out

&lt;/&gt;&lt;/&gt;When the dust settles  
Taking this to the next level.  
When it comes to angels and devils,  
You just don't know who's gonna win.  
My bet was on the under dog.  
But all bets are off.  
My face bleeds from beating after beating.  
The sounds rings and you have just been defeated.  
The ultimate knock out.  
A one two punch.  
With a sound that cracks.  
And know I'm laying on the ground flat.  
But I get up again, and again.  
Damn this man just won't give in.  
No surrendering never.  
Most certainly not a quitter.  
It just not in me.  
So you just better kill me.  
Cause I have already solderized the previous wound.  
Even as it's mending I'm preparing for another attack.  
Always under attack, under attack.  
Look out, oh you better watch your back.  
If you think it's beneath me it's not.  
An underestimation of me and all I got.  
Right down to my very soul.  
A soul that has been ripped ragged.  
So many jagers, constantly being prodded and poked.  
If you think any of this is a joke,  
Your sadly mistaken,  
My hearts busted and broken.  
The blackness has envelope me.  
Releasing the demons in a downpour.  
Their coming with their razors claws and beady little eyes.  
Their my present for me to you.  
My beautiful sick and twisted love.  
An infestation of hate.  
A question of how much can you really take before you break.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Under Valued Pawn

Setting the example, setting the bar.  
How can we expect others to follow such a travesty.  
A dying dynasty.  
Which at some point meant something.  
Reaching a new low.  
Becoming everybody's favorite punchline.  
Beating upon a already dead horse.  
Trying to make it look as if it is still galloping with a heart beat.  
An illusion of perversion, cruelty.  
Never seeing the face behind mask.  
So many questions need answers, and few are ever asked.  
Still pretending we are living in past.  
So afraid of how things will change.  
Power, Money, and Notoriety.  
There are those who want too control it, and there are those who want to spread  
it out too infinity.  
Take the few and turn into the the many.  
But sometimes the lines of whose whom, aren't drawn so clearly.  
Propaganda the misleading mystery.  
Generations information overload.  
Time to close all the windows.  
Let the headlines be blurred, because it has to start local.  
Becoming our own heroes, in our own little world.  
Fighting for truth without the rose tinted glass.  
In in its ugliness, full disclosure.  
Conspiracy, means your brave enough to try and provide an alternate theory.  
One viewed to be false, or in contradiction of presented assumed to be genuine  
facts.  
But who dictates what's real?  
The masses blinded by sweet words?  
An advertisement is targeted and use on you.  
Our social nature being used against.  
Deemed now a threat, we lose our freedom of a voice.  
To provide quality insurance.  
Once censored there is no undoing the damaged that has been done.  
Fear nothing but the concept of fear it self, to justify silencing you.  
A democracy eating itself, alive.  
And what for? Protecting a certain standard of opinions?  
Then the people must scream, they must shout and never stop in till their voice



is heard.

Take a pawn, and turning it into a queen.

Making it across the chess board unnoticed and unseen.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Undereducated

Just remember I don't come from the best  
For what I write is but pure desire and dedication  
An obsession in which I will learn my lesson  
Being poor doesn't deny me the right  
Today or tomorrow night  
I draw you in because I write what I would want to read  
Not just anything will satisfy  
For I am picky only of those of true intellect  
Attract my utmost intention  
Think of me one who likes to read new inventions  
Always original, and always a draw  
I read and re read to perfect indeed  
But I'm of the undereducated so I'm still flawed  
Ten years of constant writing and no schooling has made me the next  
undereducated bread winner  
A defender to those who criticize, by stereo type  
But I care not  
For I am what I am.  
You want to judge, judge by the mistakes, in my grammar I make.  
Teach me to appreciate the English language  
Be my gauge, tell me what I can do better.  
For I read all comments and letters.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Unforgiving Moon

The madness of it.  
How could you ever say that?  
Fluffed up wishes and premature kisses.  
We have just met, and already it feels as if we are going places I'm not willing  
go.  
So we have somethings in common.  
With heart of gold, maybe it is still not enough.  
A card left to wish you well.  
The loneliness victim of this hell.  
There is no happily ever after.  
At least in my mind.  
Always living with second best.  
Because the first is still yet come.  
And upon all the waiting and drifting in and out consciousnesses.  
What is it exactly we have become?  
Sinner or saint.  
In such a world how do I even begin to equate?  
Maybe the horse was just not fast enough.  
Maybe the race wasn't meant for all to win.  
The bruised becomes the broken.  
And with the rubbing of my shins.  
Where did all these scars exactly come from anyways?  
When I have been sitting so quietly numb.  
The melodic twists.  
More downs than ups.  
And my hearts is always telling mind to just shut up.  
Just go with it.  
You can do no better.  
Accomplishment for whom?  
Why are you still trying so hard?  
Why haven't you already given up?  
Accepting things for the way are.  
What if I told you it is a pill I will never be willing to swallow.  
No matter how sweet the flavor.  
Temporary is all that can ever be savored.  
And I can never be satisfied with excuses and reasons to leave all these  
questions unanswered.  
The spreading of a mutation of a cancer.  
Give me the cure and watch me become the next dancer.

An out right stripper at least in my mind anyways.  
And sometimes that is all that matters.  
It's the thought that counts when you are so in doubt.  
Counting the seconds, how does this fickle time really make a difference?  
If it is synonym for our mortality.  
Why are we not capable failure?  
Why can't we admit our weakness and move on?  
A kiss of the dice, throwing them twice.  
Does this make us anymore lucky?  
In the game of fortunate few.  
There are those who matter, and those who don't.  
Which one are you?  
The classes that ever divides.  
Wider and wider.  
This rift is not something someone can just easily overcome.  
A design of intention.  
The mentally ill's guinea pig's cage.  
There is just no way out not without killing a few of your own.  
Rubber bullets and crush cigarettes.  
Burnout and still approaching death.  
Let it be quick.  
Let the pain not leave a single shiver.  
Fear to yet overcome.  
Into the darkness forgetting about it all.  
The blackest moon I've ever seen.  
It is like it really trying to come clean.  
The absent of colors to redeem.  
This is her tonight on a very eerie twilight.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Unintended Lover

Riling up the kindred spirit.  
Bring hope, bring good cheer.  
Some one please do pass a beer.  
For this is a time of celebration.  
This heart still beats.  
No matter intentions so meek.  
Piety is the rock throwing.  
Wild is the aim.  
I'm not even there.  
And I can still feel bitterness in the air.  
A little child screaming it's not fair.  
How could you?  
Only in the book of fairy tales.  
I don't even know you.  
Truly, honestly, and abruptly.  
Shocked, and horrified.  
Mystified by the such a solid belief of a narcissists lie.  
Oh to what length is one to go to put on a good show?  
But for who?  
I'm on Saturn, and where exact are you?  
Staring out upon the stars from such a distance.  
Years too late, you try reach me.  
An when it is not possible, you feel utterly humiliated.  
And how is that my fault?  
I never shot a single foreboding arrow your way.  
Struck down by your self satisfaction.  
The ego takes another twist.  
Another dive.  
Sparks intended to collide.  
In what book have you been reading?  
In what crystal ball have you been seeing?  
A march towards an illusion.  
I'm sorry if the smoke fooled you.  
But the words of attachment never even existed.  
My lips were never moving for you.  
I'm sorry girl but I was never into to you.  
Not like that.  
As intelligent as you are.  
No matter how sexual promiscuous you are.

It never made it beyond the page.  
Beyond the stage.  
Drinking dragons blood.  
Breathing fires breath.  
As lonely as I might seem.  
Your intentions never came off as clean.  
Dirty letters.  
Hating me for the unknown.  
Trust me when I say you can do better.  
You can do so much better.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Un-Intentional Shooting

I'm gonna tell you heart breaking story  
Not because I want to.  
Its a must.

Theirs was a kid named Robert of the age of five.  
He lived just down the street.  
He father and mom were getting drunk.  
The usually for them.  
Every night and day that is how it begins.  
Well he had friends over that day.  
There was something special he wanted show them.  
He we upstairs to grab the something.  
He came down stairs with the smile of smiles.  
He said 'close you eyes for this is a great surprise'.  
Then with flashes and bangs went one, two, three.  
Three children were gone.  
His mom walked in screaming, 'my god son what have you done'.  
The boy said with tears in his eyes, 'I was just trying to have a little fun.'  
His mom screamed 'somebody dial 911'.  
Next sounds were the sirens and flashing lights.  
The paramedics and cops were running.  
They were too late all three children were declared dead on sight.  
The boy, his mom, and dad were taken away from the home.  
Split apart for the rest of their lives.  
All because of one simple mistake.  
They didn't lock up their guns.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Unspoken Muse

With fear, comes desire.  
In those words you do not speak holds your power.  
As the muse will push you to bounds unknown.  
Only in dark times are we truly alone.  
So their is light.  
Even if we are not noticed.  
Words will be still spoken.  
Embolden by the thoughts of her.  
Glistening upon all the emptiness.  
A winters bitterness.  
A survival of a long trial.  
Endured and shared with the world.  
Written in stages.  
To be read by those through the ages.  
The magic in these sages.  
Hidden behind a perspective, a view.  
It is part of you and everything you do.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Vagrant At The Coffee Dinner.

Stopping in for more coffee.  
Throwing some change on the table.  
I don't have much.  
One cup and I'll be on my way.  
The waitress says 'that's fine good sir'  
'Where you heading anyway? '  
'Don't you know it is getting late? '  
Darling darkness does not stop my travel.  
A world to unravel.  
Even if it is one I have never come to know.  
'But what is the reason, don't you have a home or bed? '  
'Family lost or dead? '  
'My pretty vagrant what makes you one now? '  
'With others looking on in disgust I know sometime it is not always choice.'  
What if I told you I wanted to start a new life with nothing?  
No chip on my shoulder.  
Nobody that even knows me.  
That's all I've wanted.  
Escaping a past life that I never really lived.  
Finding work where I can.  
Servitude to no one but nature.  
If she wants me to die she'll take me.  
I won't cheat or steal.  
Never, no matter how I hunger, how I thirst.  
Some lives can only be learned one way.  
And it is not by over welcoming my stay.  
Thanks for the coffee.  
And just like that he leaves, and is gone.  
Never to be seen again, at least by that waitress.  
But who can say for certain where he went?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Victim

&lt;/&gt;To be a victim one must par take  
whether they realize it or not.  
Something they do or say  
Makes them the ultimate prey.  
I will, If I may  
If I might  
Guess I'm not being very forthright.  
Better luck next time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Victim In Me

On the radar again.  
Scope it out.  
Stealth to the extreme.

Oh how their is a victim in me.  
I know what I'd do put in the position.  
I know how I would do it.  
Reading minds.

On the radar again.  
Scope it out.  
Stealth to the extreme.

Oh how their is a victim in me.  
Coordinating the attack.  
Knowing they won't be able to do jack.  
How I love the powerless.

On the radar again.  
Scope it out.  
Stealth to the extreme.

Oh how their is a victim in me.  
Can feel the desperation.  
Can you see the celebration.  
The joyous occasion of misery.

On the radar again.  
Scope it out.  
Stealth to the extreme.

Oh how their is a victim in me.  
On the retreat.  
A sign of defeat.  
Isn't it neat.  
The blood flows right beneath your feet.

On the radar again.  
Scope it out.

Stealth to the extreme.

Oh how their is a victim in me.  
It's never easy for a king to capture his throne.  
Be careful of mercy.  
Be you not considered weak.

On the radar again.  
Scope it out.  
Stealth to the extreme.

Oh how their is a victim in me.  
One taste of sweet victory and theirs no going back.  
The brutality of ambition.  
Look at all the heads of your enemies.  
Piked all over your kingdom for all too see.

On the radar again.  
Scope it out.  
Stealth to the extreme.

Oh how their is a victim in me.  
Tears fall upon their deaths.  
Jeers and cheers fall upon their deaths.  
Rage fills some.  
Others completely fall apart.  
A sickness that cause them to come undone.

On the radar again.  
Scope it out.  
Stealth to the extreme.

Oh how their is a victim in me.  
Oh how their is a victim in me.  
Or these thing I would not be able see.  
A fortune teller be.  
A march right in the midst of destiny.  
The wounded are so plenty.

On the radar again.  
Scope it out.  
Stealth to the extreme.

Oh how their is a victim in me.  
Oh how their is a victim in me.  
Or these thing I would not be able see.  
A fortune teller be.  
A march right in the midst of destiny.  
The wounded are so plenty.  
They are always so plenty.  
And one is me.  
Oh yes one is me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Walk Of Sorrow

Oh how cold it has got tonight.  
Even as fire lights the sky.  
A canvas of destruction.  
An abolished future,  
A little boy walks the streets searching for food for his sister.  
He steps in the wrong place and boom he's gone.  
I have been covered in his entrails and I never wanted to be.  
His sister will die.  
And their not really anything I can do because I don't know where she is.  
God if you hear me.  
I'm sorry I didn't search fast enough.  
I'm sorry I couldn't hear her cries.  
I'm sorry I couldn't catch her tear dropp as she made her last unanswered plea.  
Born in sin.  
Live in sin.  
Die in sin.  
Where it begins it will also come to an end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The War Is On

The war is on, the battle is already won. With the words you speak cut right into me. Such a wicked little dagger. Now i shall draw with some blood. Paint a portrait, that describes the truth. Wrap it around your neck like knoose. Choking you from the insides. Building you up to tear your down. Drowning in mixed emotions. A bruised ego. Your too easy. There you go again making more assumptions with a flare. Can anyone taste the rumor in the air. Its only what you know. Not which way the wind blows. The affliction of your fiction does not leave a scar. It doesn't even come close to matching up to par. The secrets you keep will be released like a disease. Exposed, hey now where are your clothes? No more being shielded from it all. You shall stumble, trip and fall. Just one phone call. Everything stolen from right under your feet. Please don't make me. I would rather leave things be. I don't want to put anyone in agony. I take no pleasure in this. Just leave me alone or the war is on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Watcher

Like a watcher I must listen and see.  
But never intervene.  
Death of the soul has come over me.  
A conscience with a little less stress.  
Secrets galore, one time, one place, a person is erased.  
Like venom it eats at you inside.  
To know and do nothing.  
So powerless.  
I've become the watcher.  
A star collector,  
A master of all and none.  
What is wrong cant be undone.  
With an erie sound and light.  
Guidance should be forthright.  
But still I hear the whispers of many clouded minds.  
Dark are the times.  
I've become the watcher.  
Distant but so close that i can feel the auras of those who walk the path a little  
too fast.  
An error in judgement call.  
To proud to take a chance instead of the fall.  
I've become the watcher and yet still I musn't make a move.  
For my turns coming.  
But till then I must be patient and use the indirect power suggestion.  
For any act of aggression would just lead them astray.  
And that will never be okay.  
So I will be on the front line with my eyes and ears as a watcher.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# The Wave Moves

And the wave moves  
I must look for for something new  
A change of pace  
Slowly easing into it as I always knew I would  
How I'm so different  
The spark is still well lit  
But it definitely isn't as it once was  
Not a falling  
Neither a calling  
The null effect has entered my door step  
Should it be wept  
Well the tears aren't flowing yet  
But I see them coming  
As if it was of some prediction  
With since of conviction  
I must because I must

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Way It's Phrased

With a dull dagger I stab at the inequality within the system.  
Fair is fair.  
Oh how it goes right in to despair.  
A lack of standardization or any kind of relevant organization.  
Humanity in the mist of a major castration.  
Supreme being of elevation.  
To rise, to fall.  
With words of broken dreams, and broken promises were in a constant stall.  
Why is it we continue hesitate?  
Accomplishment of the greats.  
An aptitude to adequately debate that if this has been nothing but century  
probate.  
And when pendulum falls who is it you will call on?  
Makeshift demon of distractions.  
No real interactions.  
Puppets upon puppets with a pluck of single string.  
Swayed emotions under the guise of promotions.  
But no truths can be held in the illusions of the past.  
A narrative in which were all suppose to fit.  
No matter positions of frequent habits.  
A contractional reactional sensationalism.  
It is very important but we won't get into it.  
A lack of any real substance.  
Only a pitch, and another play as entertainment.  
The cheers get less and less.  
An amusement park is losing more business every day.  
Why because all the rides are the same.  
Just phrased in a different way.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Widower Before Death Does You Part

Have you ever grieved for someone before they died?  
Then when it comes you feel so little of someone so important to you.  
All because their soul left long before the body decides it must too also go.  
Is it right to feel such a way before it ever truly happens?  
Is it right to move on so quick.  
Why is it the older I get the easier becomes to forget?  
Why do I have to force myself look deep in the back mind for something that  
shouldn't leave me till the end of my time?  
Suffient is of little words that are quite subtle.  
Only a few will do.  
Even when a lot could be said.  
Your gone and I am still here.  
Suffering everyday.  
The pain never truly fades.  
We just learn to deal with it in our own way.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Woman And A Web Cam(Name Revision)

The women said but I only need your help  
With money in hand  
Please with support me but not ever know me  
I say to you the writer on the other end  
How can you blame the victim  
With plans wicked and full of deceit  
Robbing the poor only if to get off your feet  
The body with a video is your tool  
Through the internet you sell it  
A cam so tiny with lies you speak  
I need help you ask  
As if you were the first come past  
You say I'm moving to your town  
Where maybe my soul can be found  
I need friends, a job, and your credit card number  
Only in a complete slumber  
Could I miss something so amiss  
With my blissful ear I listen  
If I could help you my dear  
But it's beyond all redemption  
Every word spoke is a horrid thought I must control  
Sorry but I will not fall down that rabbit hole

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Wonder Of A Strange Woman In Your Bathtub

Have you ever come home to a strange naked women in your bathtub?  
I don't know whether to scream get out, or ask if I can get in.  
The disarming strangeness of dualities of positions stricken.  
Sometimes it is easier to try to not understand.  
So ignorance is not an excuse but a fact.  
In this scenario, why, how, when would be all be very interesting stories.  
But the one of you ignoring basic logic would be the most fun and dangerous.  
I wonder where you end up, sipping champagne out of tall glass laying next to a  
very beautiful woman, or laying in the bathtub with your head smashed?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Words Have Been Changed.

Did they claim it is not perfect?  
Did they change some of the words?  
How could they destroy such artwork.  
Picture perfect, hanging on your wall.  
You still remember it all.  
It would effect me the same way is all I can surmise.  
Its like a signature.  
Shrunken it has become a miniature.  
Where is the literature?  
Buried under some delet key, most likely.  
I'm so sorry with the greatest sympathy.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The World Isn'T Limited In My Escapes

Being of a problem solver  
Their is things I just love.  
Like a challenge of the impossible.  
A million variables effects it.  
Beyond words can it be explained.  
Sometimes it drives me the point of nearly going insane.  
Fixing a computer that would otherwise be trashed and considered unfix-able by  
the pro's.  
Fixing a dvd player that disc won't spin because it does not sit level.  
Creating a stereo out of an old computer speakers, a walk man, a subwoofer,  
and a weather band radio.  
Creating a program that produces html templates.  
Creating a program that produces css designs.  
Learning as many computer languages as possible.  
The list is very long from the calculus equations of circuit boards design.  
To the binary code read and converted to hex.  
Then assembly grabs a hold and the operating system comes to be.  
Knowledge to the infinity in bounds and limits.  
The internet is created as a library of fact and fiction.  
Learning to write stories as my own.  
In both line and paragraph form.  
Being color blind and learning to put the puzzle pieces together by shape.  
In chess continuing the game after checkmate.  
The world is not limited in my escapes.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Wrong Kind Of Fire

If you want to trade with words and clicks.  
Go play with some match sticks, and write down every sound you hear.  
Let it not be filled with lies.  
I'm not interested in a credit given its due.  
For promises of those words so versed sounds quite rehearsed.  
I won't be the one to make you famous.  
This is not a popularity contest.  
You must have mistaken me for somebody else.  
I'm the angel of death.  
Not a success to write about.  
So cynical and I can't help it.  
This is my book of misery.  
If you don't like it.  
Please stay out of it.  
Please don't ask to be invited by some fabricated kindness.  
I have no time for it.  
For my life is continuing to fall into so many pieces.  
And you most certainly can't help from that kind distance.  
Nor do I want you too.  
It is never a thought for profit.  
For me it's only ever a expression of art straight from the heart.  
Once you realize this, then I might just tell you what I truly like.  
And if you feel you must you can do the very same.  
To do it any other way is just playing games.  
And I don't play with fire.  
I build it from scratch.  
From the neck to the head attached.  
Out my eyes, through my ever moving fingers.  
Sorry but I know your number.  
For your not the first one of those kind of singers.  
Sing a song of a different tune.  
Paint a portrait not of eye candy, but of substance.  
Just give me the good stuff because I'm always hungry for more.  
There is no score board.  
That was all in your head.  
Stop believing what they all said.  
Write with passion not as if its a have to everyday.  
Like a life sentence of the most monotonous torture.  
Please don't be another one of those vultures.



## Ace Of Black Hearts

# The Wrong Word

Another curse word I just wrote you instead of your.  
Why am I in such a hurry that I skip whats needed.  
Even as my fingers are bleeding.  
I still hit repeat.  
The meaning missed and not complete.  
Feeling defeated, get more angry by the minute, by the second.  
Opps I did it again.  
Going to have to buy another laptop I guess.  
One of these days I'm going to grow the patience needed.  
For that hurts the wallet in ways I can't describe.  
Like an addict it comes before even food.  
Suddenly homeless on the street then I really lose.  
Maybe that, just maybe that's some I shouldn't do.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Their Back

A construction company is yet again in my yard.  
Ripping and tearing.  
This time it is the state that agitates.  
No notice, no guarantees, no nothing.  
Who are we, but a mere number.  
Coming to fix something, only to leave it worse.  
With nasty words I curse.  
Spit out the words lawyer and sue.  
But still It doesn't do anything to get through.  
Deaf ears  
They don't care.  
Its not their money being wasted.  
A tax dollar lost, a tax dollar gained  
All the same.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# There On The Prey Ond Prowl

Now why would I do that  
Do I look like that perverted fool you think I am.  
Maybe its my heart of gold  
that attracts you like bee's to a flower.  
I think this conversation has already gone sour.  
Be careful for in which your soul I might just devour.  
Tell your friends to look out for, look out for the lunatic  
I'm telling you he's one of the mad men  
I can already hear you say.  
And that's perfect, just so perfectly okay  
So have a good day.  
Better luck with your next prey.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# These Pages Have Captured My Human Soul

Competition these feelings I try to avoid.  
Jealousy it crawls inside.  
Conquer and divide.  
So paralyzed.  
Hating you for no obvious reason.  
Uncomfortable moments.  
Feeling like a parasite.  
How do I describe the thoughts that run across my head.  
It's more than wishing you were dead.  
Oh no the plan has gone awy.  
The laughter coming from that mirror make me wants hide.  
Deep, deep inside.  
There is a crying child wishing he would get his way.  
Just this once.  
Planting the bomb, and just like that it's gone.  
Who was that man, why was he here.  
He's not me, oh dear.  
Trying to prove to who?  
A crisis of conscious, and a moral obligation.  
Oh thy love is just another complication.  
I don't want to get hurt so I won't let you in at all.  
Wish I could bring down these walls.  
Built from the pain over the years.  
Somethings don't just disappear.  
They fester, a cancer to the human soul.  
The desire for having complete control.  
So scared of what I can't.  
I know beneath the surface lies this demon.  
And he is clinging.  
His name is fear.  
He will chase me to the ends of the earth if I let him.  
It is easier to let go then admit you just don't know.  
Erase it all.  
A mind numbing existence.  
This is the couch and my therapist.  
Magic are the pages tried.  
Releasing all the truths.  
And only in this place do I not have to put on a brave face as if nothing wrong.  
Only here can I be anything but the calm I portray.

Only here do I feel I truly belong.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# They Took Her Away In Hand Cuffs

The ghost walks upon empty and silent streets.  
Permanently embedded in a picture.  
Oh so lonely.  
Oh so lonely.  
A murder out of love.  
A mystery in time.  
Waiting to be solved.  
Closure.  
Minds at ease.  
Minds at peace.  
Understanding the why.  
Desperate tempting contemplations.  
With a gun in your hand.  
Pulling the trigger under emotional duress.  
Hiding the evidence.  
Guilt rises up inside.  
Living the hollow life.  
Nothing more than a mere shell.  
The soul long lost.  
Sometimes it just isn't worth the cost.  
Mercy me, how could you.  
What were you thinking.  
As my heart is breaking.  
Out of the movie screens.  
Straight in my living room.  
I can still hear the sirens blaring.  
Even my tears can't save you.  
A bed roses wilt away.  
Acid to the skin.  
Only in hallucinogenic dream could this be true.  
Yet it is.  
Arguments of gut wrenching contradictions.  
Mind boggling internal conflicts.  
But I love her.  
You can't take her away.  
Oh no, oh no.  
Say it isn't so.  
Just say it isn't so.  
I will believe anything you tell me.

And just like that she is gone.  
And I'm left with so many more questions than answers.  
My partner stop dancing mid stride.  
Now my feet don't want to move.  
No matter the music or motivation.  
Such a horrible revelation.  
Sleeping inside a blood soaked painting, knowing there is no escape for me.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Thinking Of Somebody Else

Born not stay.  
Born to just go.  
And the phoenix rises from the ashes.  
Rebirth in its purest form.  
No reins, no control, none at all.  
On a cold January night filled with a deluge of fright.  
Combing out all knots, remember the pain once more.  
Every face is just a blur.  
Staggering in the dark.  
A drunks delirium.  
It's so contagious.  
The deep seeded hate.  
With no reason at all.  
Emotions to rage and stew.  
With no direction to just let loose.  
All bottled up, and the cogs just stop turning.  
They just stop working.  
A devil is on the inside.  
Standing in crowded streets with not one uplifting or upbeat thing to say.  
Memories that forever leave this stain.  
All that was done, that was accomplished was in vein.  
Purpose unfulfilled.  
Roaming the plagues of this earth, just looking for a cure for this curse.  
Futility at it's best and worse.  
The pot best left unstirred.  
No matter the combination of words, it doesn't ease the suffering.  
No reason go on at all.  
And as the cord is tied up and the stool is kicked.  
The very first and last thought is who benefits.  
As if it is not enough to just give up.  
You must make it better for those you leave behind.  
And tear falls from his eyes.  
The very first time in a very long time since he has last cried.  
Knowing the most important moment is always the last goodbye.  
No rekindling the long dead fire.  
With no fuel to feed it what is the point in trying to keep it.  
A disaster of fates hands reaching.  
Another perversion as a horrid diversion.  
Off on another unending excursion.

To save yourself sometimes you have to think of somebody else.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# This Child's Letter.

Come away with me.  
Time to be kid again.

A game of chance.  
A happy frolicking dance.  
Dressing up.  
Having a tea party in some to toy cups.  
Rolling a big yellow tonka truck.

Come away with me.  
Time to be kid again.

Playing tag your it.  
If you think you can catch me come and get it.  
Hide 'n go peek.  
Seeking is so much fun.  
On the run fast as I can go.

Come away with me.  
Time to be kid again.

Pretending to be wizards and warlocks.  
Who is the most powerful?  
Who is the most creative?  
Oh such a vivid imagination.  
No fair you can't do that?  
Oh can't I?

Come away with me.  
Time to be kid again.

Come away with me.  
Time to be kid again.

We're as young as we feel so they say...  
Man I miss those days.

Just come away with me.  
And maybe all your dreams will come true.

Time to be kid again.  
Always and forever.

Pulling all kinds of pranks.  
Just for another laugh.  
Superstition is a requisition.  
Black candles, for the devils magic.  
Ha ha got yah.

Come away with me.  
Time to be kid again.

Codies, oggie boogie.  
The creep, the nerd.  
Stereotypes and clicks absolute absurd.  
A floating brown turd.  
Di gusting is so tasteful.

Come away with me.  
Time to be kid again.

No need to be tactful.  
Bruatily honest.  
A good cry and it is over.  
Picking a four leaf clover.  
She loves me, she love me not.

Just come away with me.  
And maybe all your dreams will come true.  
Time to be kid again.  
Always and forever.

So many different experiences.  
A writers wet dream.  
Not as complex as it seems.  
Simplicity.  
So many questions.  
So quick, not in the least bit hesitant.

Ick she kissed me.  
I got her disease.  
Spit balls shot across room.

A class clown.  
Circles on the marry go around.

Just come away with me.  
And maybe all your dreams will come true.  
Time to be kid again.  
Always and forever.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# This Idea Will Not Be Negotiated

I got an idea.  
I'm sorry, but I can't tell you.  
'Why not? "  
Cause I want money.  
'Really? "  
Yeah I'm a greedy bastard.  
'How much is greedy? "  
How's does 80 percent sound?  
'No, sorry not happening."  
'You're just not good enough."  
This idea will not be negotiated.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# This Is A Place Where In My Argument I Lose

A writers anger without the vulgarities of the modern time.  
How it is so hard not to say curse words where they would fit so well.  
To understand as only a poet would with a passion would.  
Denied the American vocabulary I know so well I seek out means and words  
To bring you down to my hell.  
To express the hatred, and meanness that takes over with thunder  
It has been taught to me by a society who finds it only offensive in public  
writings like poems.  
In a books one is aloud, to say what ever they want.  
I have read entire sex scene's in book and one word of such a nature is wrong in  
a poem.  
Defined by those who believe all poems are met for kids.  
Look at some the best lyrics describing anger, the rawness of them it the ability  
to use vulgarity and speak your mind as you so choose  
But again in the poet world this is a place where in my argument I lose.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# This Is A Private Conversation

Out of respect.  
Out of memories.  
Speaking with the dead as if they never left.  
Having a laugh or two and knowing its alright the way I remember you.  
A strangers mark longing to come out of the dark.  
If they only knew.  
But who cares of that game of whose who.  
Just remembering is important enough to satisfy.  
Some matters are to stay private.  
A delights fancy of hallucinations walking right through that door.  
Singing a good old song.  
But for some reason now the tune is wrong.  
It isn't as it was before.  
The clear becomes the fog and slowly fades.  
Please bring back the angels light tonight.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# This Is Not My War Anymore Then Yours

Those who wage this war behind the scenes I ask you what for?

A way life you have already destroyed, and continue do so even more.

A punishment from god, or to force political change.

A fascist regime.

Dictators clothed under a garment of innocence.

No hands are clean, yet the illusion is painted on portraits and put in the history book as is.

Some know better, motives run deep collide, and divide.

I will not give either side, the chance.

For no duty or honor is in the sculpting of this change.

They both destroy lives, and I want no parts of it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# This Man Wants To Be King

Setting the stage for a public outrage.  
Abusing the courts to remain in power.  
This a vote of no confidence.  
In the current elected official.  
Scare tactics won't work.  
You are an abomination of politics at play.  
You have already over welcomed your stay.  
You have so much blood on your hands with the deaths still climbing.  
The sad part was you were warned over and over again.  
Incompetence.  
So don't tell me democracy suddenly doesn't work.  
An evil selfish little man.  
I will take a stand at the polls.  
Lie after lie.  
Attacking businesses that don't agree with you way of thinking.  
Unfit for office is understatement.  
An egotistical self centered narcissist with the education of a sixth grader pulling  
at the levers of power.  
An the consequences could be dire.  
He needs to be reined in before the damage can't be undone.  
Destroying us by fueling the hate.  
It's no longer a debate, but a debacle.  
An embarrassment to the entire nation.  
Even his own party is jumping ship.  
His racist rhetoric compounds already problematic issues.  
His tirades at times are complete nonsense.  
He gives credence to conspiracy theories that have been debunked by scientific  
fact.  
And hopefully soon his chaos will be over.  
So make sure do your part because this man is against free and fair elections by  
what ever actions he deems necessary.  
A dictator in the making.  
If we let him.  
Speak up now while you still have a voice and choice.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# This Night Is Done

Recording all the memories.  
Writing another one down in the diary of Jane.  
A complementation of the mentally insane.  
Riding the rails of this train.  
Such a long train.  
It goes on and on.  
Someday, someday, I will look back and say wow that was me.  
I was definitely kinda crazy.  
I was a shaker and a heart breaker.  
Getting down at a quarter after 9.  
The party would continue all night long.  
I would drink till the moon was gone.  
Watching another rising dawn.  
Settling down when the lights come on.  
Sometime you need to give the body mind and soul a break.  
There is never enough time.  
Can anyone else relate  
An observation with two steps back.  
So slow to react.  
All the sensations have become numb.  
The painless fun.  
This night is done.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# This Storm

The move to make.  
The breath to take.  
By storm, it hits to live by this heart.  
In worlds which couldn't be any farther apart.  
Even with you not knowing who I am.  
You have already become part of my plan.  
Upon making my stand.  
Even if it doesn't seem that grand.  
Still here I am.  
In denial I'm not.  
In which a dream is sought.  
The cost can never be too much.  
With such meaning no more than such.  
Tip toeing across this high voltage line and knowing that all will be fine.  
I will not be burnt, I will not be even a little bit shocked by anything I come across.  
As a page floats away among the sudden wind,  
I know a new one will be written.  
Will I like it being the question.  
But even if not being the determination.  
Continuing no matter the headache or aggravation.  
Promises but mere whispers upon the head.  
Threatening in which that I don't keep.  
Mentioning that which of I don't speak.  
The practices of the deep.  
Holding on to secrets meant to be released.  
Honesty with the foreboding sight of being perceived as naive.  
Come on now you must not give yourself away before it is time.  
Decision made by the clock we define.  
I keep telling myself its all in my mind.  
An illusion in which the outcome is not known.  
How can that ever be?  
I have eyes in which I most certainly can see.  
Distance definitely not being under par.  
As light passes through it is converted into electrical signals which are sent to describe.  
But could the description be wrong?  
An Imaginary breaking of another dawn.  
Could it really be the sun falls as the night comes?

As many poets said before me said it is a dream within a dream.  
Trying to explain what one doesn't understand.  
How can that ever happen?  
And in these meager attempts, has it brought me any true satisfaction?  
A revelation which has been incubating.  
Finally its ready to be hatched.  
But what will born out of this storm?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# This Time It Is Your Turn To Listen

A play on ones needs.  
Crimes of necessity.  
A life shortly lived.  
Misgivings not in the heart but in the mind.  
Running from another high tide.  
Hail is the glory of the already sinking vessel.  
For it has served us well.  
Servitude straight out of a novel written from the abyss of hell.  
But as the aging clock continues to count.  
And regret mounts brick by brick.  
A sun dial designed with nothing but a broken stick.  
Measurement inch by inch.  
If it was so good why weren't they any encores.  
Chants of the we want more.  
Abandon by foreshadowing truth.  
Some wrongs can not be undone.  
Surely they do happen upon this very dangerous stage.  
But if the question is what is truly desirable?  
Then I think not.  
A path that goes full circle.  
Again upon the ears comes this constant ringing.  
A dull yet irritable sound.  
That you try to drive away by what ever means you have at your disposal.  
A complete numbness while attempting to put your head through a brick wall.  
Painting yourself in to early grave.  
If your absolutely quite you can here my soul bitter screams.  
Bitter very last cries, and in that moment you realize he is human.  
He is not perfect, he does not measure up to your expectations.  
From the wrong generation, try get across the wrong equations.  
A body completely motionless.  
How can one pretend to be happy when they are not.  
Faking it in a padded room, how unfortunate yet so true.  
So crazy about you, yet full of so much disgust.  
Digesting these mixed emotions like they are but a mere appetizer.  
When is the full course meal coming because I'm still waiting?  
Procrastinating and debating.  
So afraid of being too hasty, knowing all too well the importance of this choice.  
Trapped by the disguise of empty ploy.  
A promise made not by words but by body language.

Being lead on in the acts of kindness.  
A trade to be whisked away.  
A empty bottle of whiskey to leave lay.  
Some say bottoms up but I can not.  
I gave it up so long ago.  
Parting is this party ego.  
Celebration of misery.  
Laid upon me as if I should feel guilty.  
That is your life story, not mind.  
Favors oh how sweet the flavors.  
But only if I can leave right after.  
No more day dreaming in the hidden shadows.  
We must come to this understanding.  
Because the therapist has already clocked out.  
With emotions of continuous doubt.  
Where silence turns into unending shouts.  
Who will quell the angry beast when I'm gone?  
The victimless victim.  
Sorry if you missed me.  
But I just could no longer deal with it.  
And we must not have a repeat.  
Don't bring me into it so personally.  
Leave the past in transit.  
For I have time for it.  
There is only one future.  
And we must journey there with nothing but the clothing on our backs.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Those Unspoken Words, 'your Dead'

I write to remember.  
I write to to forget.  
Letting go is so hard.  
Sometimes it feels as if I'm drowning.  
But physically I know I am fine.  
Just trying to get you off mind.  
Just trying to erase the past.  
Wishing the pain would fade.  
Just give me a dull ache.  
Not the longing of a screaming heartache.  
An escape, white noise, a distraction, any bliss is better then remembering that deadly kiss.  
Searching to fill the unimaginable, unfathomable void that was left in your wake.  
Just give me absolutely darkness, even in my dream I'm haunted by your face.  
The truth of it, the tradgey of it.  
Another statistic, no one even bats an eye.  
I didn't get to say goodbye.  
It's just not right, none of its right.  
A reality I'm not ready to accept.  
I can't even say those unspeakable words.  
My lips start to move but nothing comes out.  
Gasping just to breathe.  
Yeah that's me in a light I never seen.  
I kicked you out, and sent you on marry way.  
I was so angry, but now I'm so broken.  
Because it feels like its my fault, the guilt of we still had time.  
So much unsaid, we grew up as kids on the wrong side of the tracks.  
This wasn't the first time, but it is last.  
And I hate myself for it.  
There is no time like the present.  
Words to live by with such fragile lives.  
Snuff out without a second thought.  
Goodbye by the graveside.  
Memories to choke on as a life line.  
Bring me out of the gutter.  
Give me a drug, that lets me travel through time.  
Because this feels like dying.  
To infinity and beyond.  
Reaching out for another breaking dawn.



And the final thoughts I have are your gone, so now I'll have to find a way to move on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Those Who Are Less Fortunate Than You

Consolidation.  
The gathering of a nation.  
Make us one.  
Make us whole.  
Destroy this void.  
With armies sent to destroy.  
Under political control.

Creating a martial law.  
Protesters are silenced with the sounds gun fire.  
Lethal force has been authorized.  
And blood pours and pools right under our feet.  
There is no going back.  
There is no retreat.  
That flag marks the day of defeat.

Consolidation.  
The gathering of a nation.  
Make us one.  
Make us whole.  
Destroy this void.  
With armies sent to destroy.  
Under political control.

Consolidation.  
The gathering of a nation.  
Make us one.  
Make us whole.  
Destroy this void.  
With armies sent to destroy.  
Under political control.

Monsters with innocent faces.  
The poison in this water has become so tasteless.  
Does this mean it won't kill?  
The fight for the freedom of the defenseless.  
Let our cry be heard.  
Let them hear us all over the world.

Consolidation.  
The gathering of a nation.  
Make us one.  
Make us whole.  
Destroy this void.  
With armies sent to destroy.  
Under political control.

Divide us into groups of races, religions, classes and other discrimination's.  
It doesn't change that we are all made of this flesh.  
With hearts that all beat the same.  
We all bleed the same.  
No matter the cage we're imprisoned in.  
This won't change.

Consolidation.  
The gathering of a nation.  
Make us one.  
Make us whole.  
Destroy this void.  
With armies sent to destroy.  
Under political control.

Consolidation.  
The gathering of a nation.  
Make us one.  
Make us whole.  
Destroy this void.  
With armies sent to destroy.  
Under political control.

All we ask for, all we want, all we seek is the right to be as we are.  
Is our very existence so wrong?  
That no haven or shelter shall be given to those who less fortunate than you,  
then you, then you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Those Who Have Been Blinded

We have traveled and traveled far.  
To touch the sun, the moon and the stars.  
All in this hope of unlocking the soul within us.  
Set us free from these chains we bind ourselves with.  
Spitting out these demons, who look a lot like us.  
But are they?  
Or are they imposter's, to reflect what we see ourself as.  
An impressionists art.  
Does it stick to the mind.  
Not wanting let go.  
Surrendering ourselves to truth over an ego full of pride.  
We are weak, but we can also be strong.  
The question is to know where which emotion belongs.  
And appetite to eat, before anybody else gets a chance.  
Next running off to dance, but is it too soon?  
Should we have waited till others came and went.  
When smoke rises and you can no longer see the night sky.  
Can you still say you have clarity?  
Hyperventilating from your own hysteria.  
It is only man that lives within his own madness and blames others around him  
for it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Those Who Will Continue On

Tossed out on the street like filthy hogs.  
Jumping from shelter to shelter.  
Another lost mother.  
Another lost father.  
Another lost child.  
What is it that they now call home?  
How do you get a hold of them.?  
Bouncing from place to place.  
Such a disgrace.  
Humiliation with not an ounce of pride,  
Humble and brave.  
But still they try to survive.  
Rather than committing suicide.  
A forever a question of why.  
But they know it doesn't matter for the facts lie in front of them.  
They can't wait for change.  
They have to make it.  
They have to create it.  
In a world so dark their are those who will continue on.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Thrombocytopenia

But you promised, but you promise.  
And you died without even saying goodbye.  
Anger, confusion, sorrow.  
Feeling it through my heart as it becomes hollow.

## Thrombocytopenia

Why did it have to be this way?  
Questioning the very existence of the day.  
As if it could be changed.  
As time could be stopped, or rewound.  
Please somebody hit pause then play.  
Then just maybe it would be okay.

## Thrombocytopenia

Sometimes the simplest of words will do.  
I loved you.  
I loved you.  
To the point of insanity then there was only more.  
I speak in past tense to help me move past the thoughts of it.  
The grieving process.  
A process that one time is more than enough.  
A ghost that has become this numbness.  
A skeleton that haunts you in the back of your mind.  
Flash backs from time to time.

## Thrombocytopenia

Trying to grab on to stars before they fade.  
With so much at stake.  
Why does their have to be so many aches and pains.  
When does the bleeding stop?

## Thrombocytopenia.

A wound that just won't heal.  
And I can feel.  
My insides pouring out through this wound that just won't heal.

This wound that just won't heal.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Through A Poem

I meant you through a poem.  
And you are now all that's on my mind.  
Waiting in hopes for a response.  
Somebody so like me it's scary.  
With words we must always be weary.

I don't know how far this will go.  
But no matter it's nice to have another friend.  
So close that words are not really needed.  
But they first take precedence as a foundation trust.

Honesty tied on the end of this rope.  
I'm hooked like a junky.  
And I never can get enough.  
Will you be the one?  
And to think I meant through a poem.  
All to through a poem.

And this I write for you as if it's my last.  
So personal, so quick.  
I think I'm going to lose it.  
You're not tonight.  
Don't make me come down and get you.  
The search for the truth.

I meant you through a poem.  
And you are now all that's on my mind.  
Waiting in hopes for a response.  
Somebody so like me it's scary.  
With words we must always be weary.

I don't know how far this will go.  
But no matter it's nice to have another friend.  
So close that words are not really needed.  
But they first take precedence as a foundation trust.

How can I be falling for this ink.  
Blotted and jotted down with a personality to bare.  
You're such a spitfire.



An attitude that lights me on fire.  
Makes me glow in ways I didn't even know.

What is the fatal attraction?  
A draw to a satisfaction.  
Am I really that desperate or is there something so true in what you write.  
There is only one way to find out.  
Risk is life.  
And I shall live it tonight.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Through The Looking Glass Of Our Past

The only time we find closure, is when we are satisfied with a past part of our life and don't have the need to revisit it in our own minds.

Closure is about more than more than moving on from death.

It is about coming to a point where you feel no guilt or regret.

Rarely is this achieved, but like any good book we must attempt to make room in our lives for the next chapter.

Sometimes we succeed, but mostly we fail to erase those demons.

Those forsaken memories.

Those damned tragedies.

That haunt and chase, bringing us to the brink.

Sometimes we do break.

A mental collapse.

Another soul broken.

But sometimes we brace and face it.

No need to fake it.

When those tears are real.

A sadness that continues to steal.

Time wasted on mistakes already made.

A looking glass that tempts all.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Throwing Out The Painkillers

I woke up this morning thinking why can't I?  
Invincible Indestructible.  
Ambitious for absolute no reason.  
Time the madness of my season.  
Giving some spice, to such a simple life.  
The thorns only hurt the first time.  
Callouses upon the mind.  
The numbness of the cold and unkind.  
Still searching for the feelings so divine.  
An ah so this is what it means to be alive.  
Some think I might be a little suicidal as I keep climbing on the horse with no saddle.  
But anything that dull the senses for me it is absolute pointless.  
If this is an experiment gone awry.  
Then nothing I do is so dangerous as doing nothing or protecting myself from all the things that could go wrong.  
A flag to wave, a face to shave.  
A soldier of fortune and opportunity.  
The mouth becomes the gun, and the finger tip each become individual bullets.  
Take aim, stake a claim on existing in this world.  
Never to own, just a steering wheel with a hell of a lot of gears.  
The experience of flying to the unknown.  
Why should anyone be so afraid.  
We are constantly dangling off the edge.  
The cliff begins to not look so high.  
Just bring a parachute and jump.  
Nothing like a soft yet accurate landing.  
The choice all ours.  
Always was.  
We just need to open our eyes.  
Stop walking as if we will always be these blind old men.  
Its not wicked as sin, to be continuously smiling.  
Where ever I go.  
It doesn't matter the judges and jury.  
Because the only prejudice against me I will ever accept is my own.  
Inner peace for me that is what it should mean to be alive.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Ticking Time-Bomb.

A divided horizon.  
Swallowing the unending poison.  
Look another human is destroying.  
Like what you see earn it.  
Like what you eat earn it.  
Like what you breath earn it.  
The garbage rises up.  
The smoke becomes the fog.  
The pavement becomes the frying pan.  
The animals run as fast as they can.  
Not that it will matter in the end.  
But somethings are worth defending.  
No matter the cost, no matter if you stand before a tank.  
On the brink.  
Violence has incited.  
These tick keep biting and spreading their incurable disease.  
Ruthless greed.  
All we see is the tail of the giant demon.  
Scream with me, make them hear you.  
I will not go silently in the night.  
This is everybody's fight.  
The science is there, we can't delay, we can't procrastinate or it will be too late.  
The apocalypse in which four horsemen do ride.  
Trust me when I say you can't just sit idly by.  
Lives our at stake, the whole damn planet is on the line.  
And there is no reason for the madness.  
We have the answers, it's just a matter of creating the will to change.  
We are all to blame, some for not speaking up, some for obscenely profiting from  
it.  
Others using more the you need.  
Yet more for not believing what's been proven.  
This not a theory, but a reality.  
But not one written in stone.  
And time is the ticking time-bomb.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Time To Choose

Your eyes pierce right through me.  
You know I want something more.  
This is why your leading me on.  
I feel like a mere pawn.  
All I want is to be so close to you.  
But I know somethings wrong.  
I can tell with the anger with your voice.  
This was all by choice.  
Nice guys finish last.  
Lust comes on so fast.  
I tell it no, still it will not to go.  
To know, to show.  
Even its not with me.  
Don't you see hes a cheat.  
His life will never be complete.  
I help you anyway I can.  
As a friend. I can do only so much.  
Then you'll get me to the point.  
Where I'm completely done.  
Don't push your luck.  
I can give you something more.  
Whens the last time you truly loved him?  
Whens the last time he asked for forgiveness?  
If you can go back and find a date time.  
Then never mined. I'll let it go.  
Put it out of your mind.  
This is fine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Tired Eyes.

Oh tired eyes.  
Tear drops covering the skies.  
Getting blurry.  
Trying to fight it with all you might my child.  
But you'll just tucker yourself out all the faster.

Oh tired eyes.  
Easy is your laughing.  
A giggling, in a language only babies speak.  
At least your happy.  
Some times it is so the hard to soothe the cranky.

Oh tired eyes.  
Why oh why are you still up.  
So fussy, just hush mommy will be home soon.  
Here watch the me spin your moon hanging above you tiny little crib.  
Soon you will go to bed.

Oh tired eyes.  
Oh tired eyes.  
Good night, sleep tight and if we ever find bed bugs that bite we will be calling  
the exterminator.  
Screw any critter biting our kid.  
At least at an age where shes still so defenseless.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# To Be Honest Is To Slowly Kill Yourself

Slitting my throat  
Listen to me as I choke  
Being the fool again  
Stop pretending  
Why do you lust the one thing you can't have?  
Why do I do the right things?  
Honesty kills me  
I lie on the inside  
But on the outside, I'm always true  
Slitting my throat  
Listen to me as I choke  
No holding back no more  
The words will hit the floor  
Please indulge in my sobriety  
Pass it around  
Let us stop being angry and violent men  
Defend what we hold dear  
Sacrifice everything for it  
Slitting my throat  
Listen to me choke  
I'm damned as damned can be  
The evil is all around me  
It engulfs me  
Forever in darkness  
Under a moonlit sky  
So again I ask why?  
Time to step back and pray  
Slitting my throat  
Listen to me as I choke  
This is something I didn't need  
It was from falling and hitting to many branches down an old oak tree  
This is where it ends for me  
Sorry its history and forever it will be

Ace Of Black Hearts

# To Blame

If you are to blame for the sake of blaming  
Approach it cautiously.  
For you could destroy yourself  
Not everybody else

If you leave it anonymous  
Meanings could be twisted  
You could be misled  
Here eat up, for everyone needs fed

If you are to blame for the sake of blaming  
Approach it cautiously  
For you will be owned and bought by a label  
Considered a teller of fables

If you leave it anonymously  
Meaning could be twisted  
Fortunes be read  
Then the topic becomes dead

Ace Of Black Hearts



# To Expose

To expose

Lets take the watering hose

Washed cleaned

Shinny smooth

A babies bottom

When it is reviled

It has been sealed

With the wheel still spinning

Its like reliving the unforgiving

Like satan's heart

You just can't know

What is it made of?

Is it poison?

Is it the dust from all the rust?

With rain let it wash over us

To expose

Lets take the watering hose

Washed cleaned

Shinny smooth

A babies bottom

When it is reviled

It has been sealed

With the wheel still spinning

Its like reliving the unforgiving

Like satan's heart

You just can't know

What is it made of?

Is it poison?

Is it the dust from all the rust?

With rain let it wash over us.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# To Heaven Or Hell?

I keep hearing out of greed.  
We were born out of it.  
Like a sin it paints us all as targets.  
I want your money, blood, sweat and tears.  
It is hard work that we all fear.  
Like a sickness, we must do it.  
To put food on the table, pay the rent, garbage, water, you name it.  
With a signature bared.  
Not of what we are, or how we do it.  
It is just needed to verify a number.  
But of course we remember.  
We know what it took.  
Sometimes it makes you feel like a jealous crook.  
It's all mine, I will not share.  
But where are you taking it, to heaven or hell?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# To Never Forget

For a moment you made me forget who I was.  
Spinning a rose, collecting shells from the ocean.  
If you stick it to your ears you know you can hear the waves.  
It is true I know it sounds crazy, a sound of continuous crashing and splashing.  
I can't explain the why but it is something I've known ever since I was a little boy.  
Yes they were some good times, from panama city fl beach, and mini golf, to Atlanta Georgia six flags the roller coaster rides so high, to the bump cars that made me feel as if I could drive.  
The sun capturing the sky.  
Permanent burning it into my mind.  
I was there if only one time that's fine.  
Better then a postcard of someone spoils and happy phrases.  
They just make you feel so jaded.  
Drive across the country, we stop in so many strange places, from the west Virginia mountains of giant blue rocks, to the Tennessee beautiful lakes.  
I remember those days, how could I every forget.  
From grandfather catching catfish from the beach.  
He stabbed his foot in the artery with one somehow.  
I remember it so clearly because my cousin passed out from seeing all the blood.  
Each moment as precious then then the last.  
This is why I write so I can never forget.  
Never forget anything so precious.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# To The Rise, As I Disappear.

It all fades, becomes a blur.  
So hard to remember.  
So tainted with the poison of the past.  
Hate me at last.  
A wish comes true.  
Here's the pieces i was holding of you.  
The silence of this night.  
I will never forget.  
You are not a threat.  
A wasted regret.  
I was hoping to make myself whole.  
And i was pushed into a deep depression.  
But you gave me a transgression.  
A saving grace.  
Another ace up my sleeve.  
If its even possible to believe.  
Now I make my mark and then i shall leave.  
Then disappear.  
Cause it hurts to have so many friends turned foe, near.  
Dear john letters, with no heart.  
So cold oh so cold.  
Your are ice.  
Because of our differences.  
You are weak.  
I'm strong.  
You need some to hold on too.  
I would say grab me and never let go If it would heal you.  
But i know it won't.  
Guilty by association.  
My crimes are his and i just cant relive it.  
Forgive but never allow myself to be forgiven.  
Destiny has fallen.  
She has made her choice and now i must rejoice.  
Put on a suit and tie.  
For i must dress the a tire.  
A career in the shadows.  
Become one of the educated.  
Never settle for second best.  
Invest the money into to even high education, and throw to charity.

For i only need to live, not waste.  
Greed has never been a goal of mine.  
A touch of fame maybe, but in an intellectual way.  
A invention i can call my own.  
The roots have been sewn.  
Deep in the precious earth, i found a place in which i can be okay.  
Cleansed of that which makes men evil.  
I must be naive, for i believe i must work for every thing i get.  
And that's where i will end it.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## To The Vet's Office

With people that don't even know.  
My dear dog you have warm their hearts and minds.  
With a sympathy card is sent at the loss of you.  
You were the best I ever known.  
You saved a boy's life.  
And you saved mine.  
I will never forget you.  
No animal could ever replace.  
A one of a kind.  
Thank you all for the best wishes and hope you have sent.  
I will stay strong against all odds.  
As my dog only survived while I was by it's side.  
Once left alone she went peacefully.  
With regret I still wouldn't done anything different.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Tonight Is The Night

writing the burning away  
finally I feel I can say things are okay  
the darkness is gone once more  
high on pedestal are the gods  
looking down upon us with envy  
for we can feel whats isn't internally real  
so fragile eyes  
so much love in disguise  
a soul wound up so tight  
tonight is the night  
listen to me a as i speak  
I'm writing the burning away  
I'm sorry for the delay  
i should have said so much so long ago  
it too late but still it must be said  
cause its all in my heart and  
its time it takes the lead  
its time to bury the greed  
and humility just pure honesty  
I loved you  
even as you went left I went right  
still things must be set right  
tonight is the night  
writing the burning away  
i wish i could stay  
but passion is igniting the desire  
I look to you and admire  
so strong is the temptation of going another constellation  
god how much aggravation can come from instincts so right  
tonight is the night  
tonight is the night  
ohhh the night baby the night  
were making things alright  
tonight is the night  
writing the burning away  
this is a risky game we play  
but in the end I'm not afraid  
I'm the knight so brave  
I better behave for i know things can wait

slowly this road i shall take  
the closer i get to the moons gate  
the less I feel the hate  
the hole is gone at the break of this dawn  
a winter set so perfect  
falling to the lust i just might  
tonight is the night the night we make things alright

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Too Early To Smile

Awww come on don't tell me you were expecting.  
You couldn't honestly believe in such a travesty.  
A twist, a swing and a miss.  
To fail, a single kick to spill the pail.  
Sand castles crushed.  
Secrets hushed.  
So rushed, in a hurry to solve nothing.  
A nothing that is a something, if only to your heart.  
A petty fancy, a dance with a strange woman named Nancy.  
Angered by the gods of refusal.  
How could they be so dismal.  
Stormy clouds a blackish grey.  
A fix, a repair, in a eying stare.  
Not so glazed, so hazed.  
A wondrous wonder, a mischievous blunder.  
Set dire, urgent, needs not so ready to be met in waiting.  
You are already celebrating.  
For what I do not know.  
For it is not a shallow glow.  
A happiness bestowed.  
Not wishing wells with parting of ways.  
But a your welcome to stay if this smile brings you so much dismay.  
Scary is this bliss.  
Avoiding the for looming wish to kiss.  
Tongues that taunt and chide.  
Secret desires do hide.  
Control to which I abide.  
A thorn in and applied.  
And a slight sting derived.  
Bodily needs deprived.  
Do not smile.  
It is not becoming.  
This is not a conquering.  
An uncertain unclear surrender.  
What does it really mean?  
What has been gained?  
Time to acquaint.  
Time to change a sinner into a saint.  
Or to find out no matter what he just ain't.

Let it be known the registered complaints.  
For it does taint.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Too Late, Too Far Gone?

A creature is born.  
A creature dies.  
The inherent essence of life itself.  
Dictated not by our choosing.  
No matter how hard we try.  
Time is either slowed, or sped up.  
Infinite does not exist this reality.  
Yet we are still our worst enemies.  
Playing the odds with futures generations.  
A climatic sensation.  
Embracing the ultimate pleasure.  
Tell me does satisfy.  
Into to the flames with some gasoline so it is worse for the next guy.  
The burning into oblivion sickness.  
Ego centric.  
Selfishness does not even describe it.  
Oblivious to what we could be.  
No respect for even our own history.  
No respect for even our fellow human being.  
No respect for any life in existence.  
Out to destroy ourselves and everyone else.  
Driving a fuel truck with no brakes.  
A path is but what we make it.  
Risk versus the reward.  
Wise versus the absurd.  
Floating chaos encircling, the ever entrenched and well guarded order.  
Trying so hard to define a mass president.  
What is important, and why is it so?  
A falling flag down the pole.  
Revolution or evolution?  
Perspectives of the same illusion.  
What is it you think you see?  
What is it you think have a right to?  
To breath, to eat, to drink, to sleep, to live in peace and harmony.  
In what scifi fantasy?  
What would make you think or believe you are more deserving then any other  
life form in existence?  
There has to be balance.  
Or no will survive this century.

We must learn to co-exist with the environment.

Everything in moderation.

Do not so highly value the paper your money is made of, but what is in our food, water, and air.

The simple practicality of self sustainability.

There is a clock like it or not.

We can prolong the inevitable if we so choose, but know we can stop it.

At some point humans will no longer exist or evolve to a being far superior the current one.

Adaptions and mutations happens at microbiological level constantly.

Why is so hard to believe that we too can change?

And this change is what we so desperately need.

But will it come soon enough?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Too Many Unknowns

Here we go again.  
Ridged as nails.  
Wicked as sin.  
It was never where do we begin.  
It was more like when will end.  
The sex was good, till the bottom dropped.  
Middle aged and the pleasure is just gone.  
Rosy are the images of a bitter youth.  
Never happy with what you have till it's no more.  
A new waking dawn.  
Limb by limb ripped off.  
Just a shell to make your way through this hell.  
Holding your feet in fire as long you can.  
Agonizing moments leave us but a little more wanting.  
A journey across the horizon.  
One day you'll meet your maker.  
Tell me are you prepared.  
Are you not scared?  
Darkness succumbed.  
Silence whispering upon the eardrum.  
Be very wary.  
A whimpering impression left as mere foot print.  
A stained carpet that is over time shredded into tiny little fibers.  
Worn away.  
A formal decay.  
All proper like from our very limited understanding.  
The complexity of this is beyond our very own self awareness.  
Diving deep inside.  
Feeling the summer breeze, and the winters glare.  
A constant battle in every thing we see.  
As if it was never meant to be.  
A rotten seed.  
A cancer growing like its got all the answers.  
When in truth, it is just committing its own suicide.  
Because once you go so does all that physically attached.  
But beyond that I really don't know.  
I do not have gate into that window.  
It is ultimate question of all creatures large and small.  
Like it or not were one of them.

Get down with dogs, get friendly with the trees, become one with nature.  
They are all living beings too.  
Their lives eventually end too.  
And maybe somewhere there is one out there with knowledge long forgotten, or  
waiting to be discovered.  
We are but a subatomic particle in a galaxy of unknowns.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Too Much Sweets

Sometimes the ones we loved the most.  
Are the ones who we must let go.  
Sometimes the sweets are bad for you especially if in large doses.  
Even the ones closest can drift apart,  
Bring about a new wave and a new start.  
Changes for the good, only time will tell and only if you truly know yourself that well.  
As much as you think you see sincerity of such clarity,  
Often we must continue to repeat the same mistakes.  
Is the cup yet full?  
Is enough truly enough?  
A day left behind in both the heart and mind.  
In this moment it is something you and only you can define.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Too Much To Bare

A spot light in the darkness.  
Let it shine on me.  
Let me rise up from the ashes.  
All but dead.  
The lifeless body that still moves.  
Those flames destroyed my shoes.  
Now I walk bare foot through so many shards of glass.  
Each step more painful then the last.  
A blood soaked numbness.  
A embodiment of coldness and hate.  
A another empty breath to waste.  
Why is it no one hears me?  
The noise drowns out all my screams.  
The demons are still chasing me.  
Wake me from this nightmare.  
Please tell me there is an escape.  
Living on pins and needles.  
Don't be afraid now, just dive right on in.  
An that is just what I did.  
Don't let me become that monster I was made out to be.  
Recognizing the entity not so forgiving.  
It can not be defined by evil or good.  
No emotional attachments, in the decisions it makes.  
It is cutting into me because it is the way it has be.  
A matter fact.  
Indeed there is no master.  
Indeed there is no preferential favours.  
A mix of all of the flavours, and still the taste is the same.  
Bitter sweet, and ironic.  
I carried the sword that now killing me.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Tooth Decay

It's all busted.  
With expectations so cheap.  
Lies and deceit.  
Let the fiction reap.  
Oh reap what she can.  
For in this world of the damned  
When you make a demand, it is questioned and counter questioned.  
As if your never right.  
As if you have absolutely no insight.  
Try as you might.  
You just won't be able to fix her tonight.  
No not tonight.  
She ugly, she unfortunate, and of her your so blissful.  
It is as if she don't exist.  
A marker on a map.  
A designation area for the collapse.  
The poverty level is just to low here.  
The perfect spot.  
Let the experimentation begin.  
Let it spread and rot.  
Like your grams a teeth.  
One by one the areas are gone.  
And as human being it is not fault but our own.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Torture Of Repetition

I'm not one to accept a gift.  
Your offer is just too good to be true.  
In terms written that I have yet to understand.  
The good lord has a list of names.  
In heaven as my stage.  
A march's final count down.  
Surrounded by the warmth of the flame.  
Let me follow the rocky path of a guided light.  
A decision has to be made.  
And I'm so afraid.  
What if it is not right.  
Hesitation is my abrasion.  
And it has skinned my knees raw.  
The crow encircles my frozen body speaking in his caws.  
He's waiting for me to make my move.  
The stench of death must hover in this stale air.  
I'm telling you that won't be me.  
No it won't be.  
Not by choice.  
I will never surrender.  
I can not be chained to a mountain so a vulture can continuously eat my soul bit  
by bit just so it can grow back again.  
I will not live in that sort of torture of repetition.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Torturous Head Games

I written about you before.  
Spoke of the good times.  
Spoke of the hard.  
Like a distant star you seem far.  
Gone is everything but mere whisper of your name.  
But still every memory is cherished.  
Locked away in a box.  
Never to be lost or forgotten.  
You made me who I am today.  
You brought me back to life when I should have died cold and alone.  
Let the crime fit the punishment.  
But you told me no.  
You can never give up or give in.  
No matter the ghosts that follow your ever footstep.  
Beat them back if you must.  
Under your breath go ahead mutter and cuss.  
I know its hard to move on.  
But you must.  
These attachments are just to clingy for me don't you see.  
Smother someone and they will not be able breathe.  
And they will do everything they can to break free.  
The more you want it.  
The more you can't have it.  
The pleasure of torturous head games.  
Mixed feelings that would drive most insane.  
But not me oh no, I distance myself and just numb the pain.  
I learned the serious ones do not play.  
They make their move.  
They tell you how they plan stay.  
The long haul till death does all part.  
Their just three little words.  
They forever echo in mind.  
What I should have said so long ago.  
But now its too late.  
A broken heart.  
Give me another injection before the rejection starts.  
Sitting by the hearth of a warm fire.  
Staring off empty space.  
Knowing its nobody fault but my own.

Self loathing is something I never condone.  
But here I am contradicting my self.  
Like fish out of water.  
I'm flopping back fourth.  
Still I know I must stay the course.  
I know the answer will come.  
But do I have patients to endure?  
Or will I baited with another lure.  
I do my damndest to not allow it rest assure.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Tossing Out The Childs Toy

They speak of the heart as if it is a child play thing.  
Something to throw away when your through.  
Like that that secret document, put it in the shredder.  
Just make it disappear.  
The pain is all in your head.  
The emotionless dead.  
Those tears that fall are not Niagara, and mean nothing.  
They serve a purpose just not what you think it is.  
Does lying to yourself make it easier to forgive or be forgiven?  
As realities do the beating just remember it's a child toy and you don't really  
need it anyways.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Trapped In A Magical Painting

An image drawn.  
A picture to capture world.  
Once inside there is no way out.  
The magical door that only opens from one side.  
Disappearances with what is thought to be insight and vision.  
But only if you knew, it is a creature all its own.  
Ensnaring and enslaving its victims at random.  
Colors never seen from the alternate dimension.  
A portrait hanging upon the wall.  
Prisoners passed by everyday on the way down the hall.  
Screaming but no sounds come out.  
How it was made is not truly known.  
It is older then the time of our recorded age.  
Some knowledge has been forgotten.  
Some things of have not been passed on.  
Tell me are any people you see in this painting recently added?  
Where have there poor souls or bodies really gone?  
Are they happy in the world in which they have become lost?  
Tell me is the moon rising, or is it again portraying another dawn?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Traveling In The World Of Dreams

A ghost.  
An apparition.  
A habitual existence.  
Is it really even there?  
In the darkness of despair.  
With eyes to stare, to compare.  
What is really different?  
The same bout.  
The same longing shout.  
Just let me escape this rigid place.  
A cavity to embrace.  
Poison right from the mouth.  
It is seeping in.  
And I just don't know if I can stop it.  
Pain pooling.  
To many flashes, to many sudden images.  
The waterfall that forever kisses the long forgotten glorified stream.  
I want to be there right now.  
Gazing through a spinning dance of the soul.  
But it will never be completely.  
Lost in thought is always only temporary.  
Moving through time.  
For a moment it almost rhymes.  
Riding a dust cloud through entire world in the matter of seconds.  
It leaves me so breathless.  
It is so magical.  
It is so beautiful.  
Any forgone conclusion with words can't properly describe.  
Drifting through walls.  
There all in my head anyways.  
Getting around the blocks.  
Nothing can stand in my way.  
Not in my dreams.  
No never, not in this endeavor.  
The clothes I'm wearing just appeared.  
Got to fit in with current environment.  
Yep that's right always dressed for weather.  
From the biting wind in a crystal cave in the middle of February.  
To humid day in the rain forest with so much life.

It glitters with so many greens.  
All shapes and sizes.  
No compromises.  
No deforestation.  
What an aggravation.  
I know it must feel like for the native.  
Greed for a select few in all of humanity.  
I can't fix society.  
But I can drown out all the awful sounds.  
The ones I don't want to hear.  
I acknowledge they exist.  
But it doesn't mean they should playing non stop in such a pale background.  
A constant sadness.  
I'm sorry but I can't have it.  
Avoiding the unending madness.  
This is how I do it.  
Each and every morning.  
Can't you see I just want to be happy.  
I do want to stop all the suffering.  
But no one man can do it alone.  
It is together, or we accomplish nothing.  
Failures of the soon to be forgotten.  
Don't worry about he wasn't so important.  
Just a naive man, such a ridiculous plan.  
We will never allow that kind of change.  
Life would be hard for all of us.  
But isn't that the way it suppose to be?  
It not suppose to be Christmas day all year around.  
Mere objects, possessions, conveniences.  
A diamond for a child's hunger, or murder.  
These are the kind of trades also ruining the places in which live.  
In generations to come what kind of place will be living in?

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Traveller

A golden future is not known.  
But only hoped for.  
As you make progression down an unfamiliar road.  
Make sure no stone is left unturned.  
For in travelling such distances sometimes things could be missed.  
Insignificant, or very important.  
The urgency varies, but still a traveller must be wary.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Trust But Verify

Trust but verify  
Don't believe every word that falls of the sky  
Trust but verify  
For anyone can lie  
Trust but verify  
Even if your looking straight into their eyes  
Trust but verify

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Truth And Pain

Through a parasite eyes  
Doubled vision, amplified.  
Oh why won't you just die.  
Do me one last favor before you go.  
Oh give me just a single glimpse of the after life.  
Let me know how it really goes.  
A ghost creeping through front door.  
Yes I have been here before, but not like this.  
Can you not see the smoke rising above the early dawn.  
Take a single snap shot, because that's as close you will ever get.  
I built these walls with my bare hands.  
Your on the outside, and now your never getting in.  
My hate is a promise, my anger is another.  
Don't even get my started with all the fires I have been burning.  
You are the fuel, and I have the match.  
Let the blaze of glory go on so slowly.  
Look into my eyes tell me if I'm lying.  
I'm definitely not crying.  
Tears don't fall when I feel nothing.  
A blank emptiness boils from the inside.  
A dull sensation that was thought of as pain.  
Now the knife doesn't do what it use to.  
I do not bleed for or even need you.  
The suffering is over.  
Kissing the four leaf clover.  
Lucky me, lucky you.  
Time to pack your things.  
Go before I crush that self centered ego.  
You think you know, you don't have a clue.  
I freaking hate you.  
No love, no torlerance for your assumption of ignorance.  
I will not be treated like a down syndrome child.  
I'm not blind.  
I can read between the lines.  
I notice when somebody has been continious lying to me.  
It will not be ignored, I will not pretend it didn't happen.  
That's not how it works.  
Not this time.  
The flag has already been raised.

It is my fire to light the way.  
Today, tomorrow it doesn't make any difference.  
Truth and pain.  
It's aim is true, as the arrow is knocked.  
I know where it will go, I know where it will land.  
I have no need for your forsaken future plans.  
There are just empty words.  
String him along, I'm sorry that just will no longer work.  
Time to be free, because now you are my new number one hated enemy.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Truth In Small Doses

Always truth in small doses  
For you don't know how one might react.  
To know all the facts.  
They might see it as attack.  
Personally, honestly.  
The point has been made with a stone of jade.  
Their is no escape.  
Denial for the existence of your survival.  
It just cant be.  
No  
Never  
Not in my world.  
Abandon all realities, then you will see behind those closed doors.  
Open and come forth once more.  
Bias upon bias.  
A belief that causes me to ache.  
All for the sake of causing a little less pain.  
The mercy of the insane.  
Come on we all should ride this train.  
But the diagnose would not be so grim.  
Rip the flower out the ground from the stem.  
For an end is an end.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Truths Varying

With truth varying  
Victims do par take  
The obese become of the depressed  
The ignorant becoming belligerent  
The greedy becoming of the cheap and hiding their secrets  
The vain becoming defensive and bullying till they here what they like  
The poor locking their doors hiding and ashamed to be part of this world  
The smart pretending to be dumb just fit in.  
No one wants to be not accepted  
Its hard to accept your different  
Its hard to accept you got a problem  
Acceptances are key to truths within the bounds of the futility in life.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Trying To Change A Destiny

By changing who we are, are we changing destiny?  
Spinning the wheel in reverse.  
Does this accomplish something different?  
Many forks in the road lie ahead.  
How do we know where they lead.  
Do we ride the heart as if it was our steed?  
Or do we use our head in its stead?  
Thoughts become questions looking to be complete.  
A wholeness, not an apple half eaten.  
Facing an assortment of demons.  
Some visible.  
Some not as in the air we breathe.  
Each with its own features and characteristics.  
Just a tiny piece of humanity.  
Traits that create me.  
As a being willing to accept that some flaws are not the best suited.  
Analysing and coming to my own conclusions.  
Figuring out what is an illusion.  
Enduring what is real.  
Being brave even facing my own ghosts at my heels.  
They cling to me and I don't know why.  
Always in the back of my mind.  
Reminding me of this life and that I don't have infinite time.  
For every mistake that is made.  
It cost at the expense of my expectations.  
Generous seem to be my donations.  
A formula to an infinite of calculations.  
All alphabetised in files of such a huge to do list.  
Who will continue where I leave off?  
A question that does nothing to remove the frost.  
Some would say that I'm too soft.  
For I do everything in my power to avoid conflict.  
Even sometimes upon my own loss.  
Toss the ball catch it again and again.  
Trying to be a true friend.  
But will it really matter in the end? ?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Trying To Escape Loves Prison.

Intense suspense and intrigue.  
What makes her heart flutter so?  
Peeking through a hidden window.  
Who is he indeed?  
Does it matter if he makes her happy?  
Yes happy.  
That is all that matters to me.  
The world around her lifting.  
Suppression of the infection called jealousy.  
We can't have it breeding anymore then the average curiosity.  
Fickle is this fountain of love.  
You can not choose when to turn it on.  
And it mixes with about anything so perfectly.  
A water soluble.  
A hanging and melting icicle just above the heart.  
Drip drip it goes.  
When it enters the veins, there is no way to get it completely out.  
Not even with clearing of ones mind.  
Walls indefensible.  
Make your position known.  
Some topics are easier to avoid.  
No pretending.  
The best solution is just to try to ignore.  
Maybe if it runs its course it will pass in couple days.  
The painless escape.  
Evading.  
Getting outside so I can run.  
To be free I just need some fresh air to breath.  
Suffocating, and knowing there is nothing I can do.  
You can't love someone who doesn't love you.  
We tried this once before.  
I felt used like a whore.  
A tool to make a move.  
I think it is better to keep my distance and not become another of her stepping stools.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Trying To Escape That Which Is Within.

Even with the sun shinning.  
There is no resolution.  
A story book conclusion.  
Broken and lonesome.

The whispers hold secrets that need to be divulged.  
A dark desire from the blood lust of vampire.  
Creature of the night, burns upon the day light.  
From flesh to bones something is always missed.  
Does the heart truly stop beating?  
Trying to speak and the only thing that comes out is a mere hiss.

It's not who I am.  
A man not one of the damn.  
Hell has no fury like the present.  
The past is already forgotten or is it?  
A candle light vigil in ones mind.  
Remembering only the good times.

A deluded illusion.  
A vacuum full of pollution.  
It is trying escape.  
Trying to take.  
Like a plant rooted and ready to grow from inside of the naked seed.  
But it needs, something left to be found.  
A lost puppy looking for his master.  
A heartaches disaster.  
Tear down the previous walls and put up the plaster.  
If love can't be found within one must look outside.

A forked road with no direction.  
Never made it there because I got lost at the intersection.  
A confession to a prison.  
I gave you the key and you locked me up in.  
And even with door open I would not know what to do.  
Because it is the only life I have ever known.  
Isolations protections, and projections.  
They're still infecting me.  
And nothing you do can save me.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Trying To Overcome The Withdrawals

Rolling.  
Tossing and turning.  
Can't sleep.  
Can't get enough to eat.  
These craving are killing me so slowly.  
An addiction of weakness.  
There all I am thinking about.  
Some one drug me, induce a coma.  
Finally maybe I could just get some sleep.  
Instead of rocking my feet.  
Hands jittering.  
Teeth clamoring.  
Body chills and sweats.  
An uncontrollable fever.  
Please don't let me relapse.  
Please just let me collapse.  
No chance to be that mouse after the cheese.  
He can sniff it out from anywhere within the maze.  
It so much feels like the everlasting cure.  
A continuation of only wanting more.  
Resisting the unending urge.  
Tempting it is to go off the deep end and splurge.  
This maybe my last defiant surge.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Turning Emotions Into Fiction

Another story I tell  
Words are my weapons  
With what I write  
Pages worn, crumbled, and kind of worn  
It's another creature creeping out from the night  
It's the stars shooting across the twilight  
I build a foundation for life  
With feeling of anger, and rage  
It's a scary thriller  
With feelings of love and happiness  
It's a happily ever after  
With feelings of guilt and pity  
It's an accidental murder she wrote  
With the feeling, with so many feelings  
How do I describe?  
What I can't with my own tongue  
Lips are sealed  
Secrets are buried  
Never to be revealed  
How can I be fully healed?  
When I have no one to deal with it  
Acceptance is only part of the bigger picture  
I just can't see it all yet  
But it's there like a plaguing despair  
Hiding within the air  
I can taste it  
Bitter as it can be  
A sour apple is good for the mind  
But only if you eat it slowly away  
Pretend you're okay  
But the soul is still destroyed  
Emotionally wrecked  
A reality check  
How come dreams taste so sweet?  
Face it  
Face the truth  
Demons captured on the inside  
The bottled up hate burns  
It's still trying to escape

But all that falls  
Are my tears of feelings that will soon disappear

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Turning To The Rose

Pretty little mocking bird.  
Ever repeating the words to be said.  
A temptation to satisfy.  
To soothe both soul and mind with an outright lie.  
I will not fall for it.  
The fictitious disguise.  
A wall made of nothing but masks.  
A illusion of heaven that can't last.  
It never does.  
Freedom is as it always was.  
Trust is always sitting among the gallows waiting.  
The replacement comes wearing his good new and shiny suit.  
Screaming look at me I'm special.  
But why is that you honestly believe.  
Cut yourself, watch it bleed, and tell me we are not the same.  
Interwoven as the fabric of your disgust.  
When the rust shakes loose of this brittle heart I'm not sure anything will be there.  
How sharp do you believe this blades edge is?  
With a wicked grin, I will smile and it will be all fine.  
Seclusion, meditation, calmness to infinity.  
Divinity and bliss at the same time.  
Clouded thoughts shall no longer enter my mind.  
Let the purest of roses climb this vine.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Two Choices

Eternity is but unknown as a number.  
Forever is but you in a slumber.  
We are all trapped in some way.  
Voice becomes mere whispers in the silence of the night.  
Calling to the angels who sit upon the twilight.  
Their two choices we can make.  
Either wait for the answer.  
Or seek out our own.  
Some only wish to forget they are all alone.  
Others accept the fact as proven.  
And in their eyes there can be no reason.  
For they are blinded as a sun set can be frozen in a picture.  
Never believing their can be fissure  
An opening of the earth can exist beyond their reality of a reality.  
For when one gives up, all hope is lost.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Ultimately Satisfied

In truth I don't think either one could or should be forever satisfied.  
It is like reaching the end of the Internet.  
Does that mean you read every single page?  
Or did you just get bored with it.  
Ultimately satisfied does not exist in humans.  
We have this need to always be doing something.  
Whether it is always productive or not depends on the individual we are speaking  
of.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Unchangeable Destiny

Fortunes told of the wizard of the green  
Dead so it seems  
But is he really  
An elaborate hoax.  
With wisdom the poison will be swallowed  
An apprentice so silly  
With squandered powers on which he chokes  
A destiny will be made.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Uncontrollable Shaking

I can't get my hands and body to stop shaking  
Yeah I'm that upset  
Yeah I'm that offended  
Yeah I'm that hurt  
Yeah I'm that humiliated  
I want to hide  
I want to bury my head under the sand  
I want to travel back to my world  
The one in which I'm strong  
The one in which I belong  
The one in which it doesn't feel so wrong  
If they only felt it as I do  
They have no clue what I'm going through  
Desperation in a senseless fashion  
A million different reactions  
But which is the right one  
a burnt and melted hand  
Between a hot stove and pan  
The skin blisters with blood pooling inside as puss was oozing  
Soon it'll be released as will I

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Under The Knife

Inviting the world for a plunder.  
Echos boom in the background like thunder.  
Groggy in a waking dream.  
As they cut me open I want scream.  
But nothing comes out.  
Not a peep or single sound.  
Funny men with all white mask sorround me.  
One with a scapel in his hand saying something but I just can't understand.  
My body will not move, no feeling at all.  
A numbness with no control.  
And finally there is again not knowing how I got here on this steel table.  
A fear factor times ten, praying to god, and saying goodbye to all my loves in my head.  
Then I pass out again and wake with a nurse with bleach blonde hair and baby blue eyes saying hope you enjoyed stay.  
Or maybe it was roomservice and I'm just completely utterly confused.  
But I'm outta here.  
Gone like the wind.  
Hopefully never to be back again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Underneath

My easy heart follows  
I'm not but the way I am  
A symptomatic urge to please  
I just love this disease  
Let the arteries bleed  
Let me fill the red sea  
Let me do this in your company  
A presence of happiness and laughter is all I need to see  
An existence to breathe  
This is my desire  
With my soul lighting the fire  
No need to rewire  
There is not a god damn thing wrong with me  
So stop acting like you my cure  
Rest assure you don't you won't  
Too personal for my taste  
So much negative energy  
It's just a waste  
Can you relate  
Drama shoved right your teeth  
I can cross that bridge  
But why when I can go underneath

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Underneath The Riddle Of The Burning Frost.

Tongue made of needles.  
Just bite down.  
Pleasure in pain.  
Dethroned and defamed.  
Getting inside my head.  
Trying to terrorize.  
But my blood is thicker than your water.  
Fickle friendly obsession.  
Death, deadly, desperately.  
Tell me can you close your eyes?  
Well I can mine.  
Not a second look upon the forgotten brook.  
I don't even remember her or you.  
Cold icicles placed directly upon my lips.  
They stick and I rip anyways.  
The blood runs.  
The ink dries.  
Sealed with fire.  
The burning frost.  
Must prevent any further infection.  
A cauterized rejection.  
Nothing left connecting it.  
Oh what does he mean?  
Thrown hands in the air wishing I would come clean.  
But don't you like my riddles?  
They are the truth underneath.  
A place where the lava still runs wild.  
No forced path, no forced location.  
Out of weakness it travels nothing else.  
The soil does not grovel where we want it to.  
Kneeling before who.  
I'm sorry I don't even know you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Unknown

Change, when the trust is gone.  
Know where you belong.  
For sometimes it hard to see.  
Blinded by a fools kindness.  
Letting go of everything.  
Baring yourself for everyone to see.  
The humiliation of being humble.  
Deny whats waiting for you under a tree.  
Pretend like your a disease.  
Bury all your wants and needs.  
Better yourself only to not succeed.  
Failure of a plan so perfect that nothing should go wrong.  
A pitch black soul sucking the life right out of you.  
Being bled dry only to realize.  
It was all for nothing.  
A unrelenting premonition.  
This will happen when least, suspected.  
Rejected, before you even try.  
Stall time.  
Wear it down.  
The disappearance of friendships everyday.  
How quickly it fades.  
A constant change.  
Become one of the deranged.  
So it ends with one changed.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Unnatural Desires

Tell me oh tell me do you want a pysco.  
A social misfit.  
Super fablous fantastic.  
Mentally erratic.  
All I hear is the static.  
Vividly imagining skulls cracking.  
A sound that excites, a sound invites and bites at the same time.

So tell me, oh tell do you really want pysco.  
An alter ego that changes as it goes.  
Is he jeckle or hide this time?  
Is it torture or murder on his mind?  
With whips and chains, violent sex lites the fires but never fills the desire.  
Pulling out solid teeth with a pair of rusty plyers.

So tell me, oh tell how you want another pysco.  
The pain the feeds, breeds the unholy seed.  
Breaking bread with satan for another day.  
Tell him how you yet again come to play.  
The higher the stakes the better.  
No moral compass.  
No right or wrong.  
A junkie for the rush.  
No matter the consquences.  
No sequence, rhyme, or reason.

Tell me, oh tell me, if you will please on your knees.  
A beggar to the stone.  
Winding up dead or all alone.  
Making up excuses.  
Saying it is because you come from a broken home.  
Indulgence and tolerance from a from the faceless anarchist.  
Bringing some gasoline and crossing a couple wires.  
Haunting screams, and a pugnant stench burning flesh.  
This life is a constant fight against death.  
Yet we reach out for it not because it's what we need, but because of how little  
achieve.

If you want pysco, thats not me.

Even on my darkest night, my most desperate moment.  
I'll choke on it before I'll give into those emotions.  
It's not a reluctance to indulge in a little self destruction.  
But a reflection outward of what lies deep inside.  
I will not hide that I'm just trying survive.  
If that's not enough, then you want too much.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Unsure When You Should Be Grieving

The tears fall my friend.  
The venom creeps in.  
Hate and sadness.  
Chaos upon a madness.  
A uncle has died.  
And you have no right to view the body.  
All because your immediate family hates you.  
With a wicked grin your mom says your an grateful son.  
As you take her home.  
But I stand before you and can tell your a giant when comes to love.  
Let measurements be only measured in heaven and hell.  
As your daughter and granddaughters fight.  
Your wife has already made up her mind.  
Your in another pickle tonight.  
Not sure what's right.  
Taking sides does not settle well.  
An asshole either way.  
So just do what you feel.  
Do not hesitate on what others think.  
The pots and pans banging go clank, clank, clank.  
That's all you hear inside your head.  
A moment of clarity, to breath and grieve it all you need.  
Too see it to the other side.  
All those feelings locked and bottled up.  
Don't let them just ride.  
It was meant to be a release.  
I'm telling you those demons need to be set free.  
Running wild as they should be.  
You don't have to be drunk, to have the courage to be honest.  
Facts will be faced whether it leaves a bitter taste, or is embraced.  
Some things you can't hide, runaway, or have any blissful escapes.  
You stand upon two roads not yet taken, and now you have no choice.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Untitled\_1

Only in my dreams  
Can I achieve  
Everything you want from me  
When the skies goes dark  
You are my spark  
Even though you are so far off  
Worlds apart  
In the past, present, and future  
An ugly creature  
It crawls right out from my heart  
Where is the hate  
Is what my soul debates  
Can you relate?  
Are you one to agitate?  
With memories that keep me awake  
Burning at the stake  
I gave all that I wanted you to take  
A bad headache  
Eyes being sucked in  
Pain is where i begin  
With every ring of those wind chimes  
So pain is where it must end  
A sorry soul  
With absolutely no where to go  
Stuck in an unknown foreign land  
Angry with where I am  
Hiding from every truth  
I made my mistake  
Hiding from the demon I let loose  
Afraid of the abused  
So fearful of who gets blamed  
I just don't want to know the names  
Their never the same  
Their leading me to a question  
How to stop it  
Without ignoring it

- I never wrote a title for this one so I'm not sure what to title it just yet

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Unwanted Images

It didn't work on that guy over their.  
Look at the one pointing his finger.  
Look how the effect of it lingers.  
He doesn't believe that absent memories can be retrieved.  
He's upset.  
He feels he has been deceived.  
I tried to tell the man just breath.  
But he wouldn't listen to me.  
He demanded a refund plus damages that been done.  
By putting those unwanted images in my head he said.  
I ask him of what images?  
He kissed me, grabbed me in a place I prefer not to say and said those images.  
Now I'm too disturbed and also want my refund.  
What refund you might be asking yourself.  
Well for the money I shelled out so he could go.  
He had major problems against anybody that was not straight.  
And now he's gay.  
This hypnotist is just wrong.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Unwanted Pill To Be Swallowed

So bitter.  
So angry.  
Sometimes I wonder if anyone can hear me.

So bitter.  
So angry  
Even a blind man can see.

Not fair the child screams.  
Not fair the demons taunts.  
Obligations, stuck in an isolated space station.  
And the escape hatch is just down there.  
But a sign hangs in the air, stating beware, your freedom will come at cost.  
Something great will be both gained and lost.

So bitter.  
So angry.  
Fortunes smile upon those who decieve.

So bitter.  
So angry.  
If only I had it in me.

What's wrong, what's right.  
There's a rift in the sun lit fading sky.  
A body divided from the inside.  
Searching for a solution, in the shadows of another life.  
Such an ungodly plight.  
So many lives held under single kife.  
The necessary due dilligence to avoid the possible strife.

So bitter.  
So angry.  
A darkening cloud hovers over a promised destiny.

So bitter, so angry.  
Oh so bitter, so angry.

Shackles I created.

Walls I put for my protection.  
Another dissection.  
Just give me an injection.  
The blue pill makes it all go away.  
But just remember sorry will never fix this.  
Decisions, decisions.  
Only if I had the precision.  
Six steps ahead and it is still not enough.  
Calling my own bluff.  
Such a bad hand of poker.  
The game is rigged.  
I've been cheated.  
But I can't be just defeated.

So bitter.  
So angry.  
Crushed in blender till it looks so pretty.

So bitter.  
So anger.  
But you know this already.

A history that repeats, with a lesson that can never be learn.  
Only the heartless, with the cruelest of intentions could.  
Swinging off the rooftops.  
Someday always I knew I would.  
The ball has been dropped.  
So pass it on, over, under, just as the sound of thunder.  
Such a blunder, it makes me wonder.  
A mind that never sets still.  
And with three clicks of your heels.  
The illusion appears of what could be real.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Unworthy Needs

A favor for favor.

Trades eliminate non-existence needs.

The bartering of proceeds.

Self sufficient, self reliant.

On our own two feet we must stand.

A society that has lost this, is a society in which we are less than that of man.

Going back to dark ages,

Famine ride us hard, make us worthy once again.

Because we really don't seem to understand.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Upon Closer Inspection

Tell me do you find me a bore, well fine then saddle up with horse.  
Do not one moment give me laughter and applause and the next call me fraud.  
For I never ask for it.  
Rub those ruby slippers, pick that four leaf clover and wish me luck and move on.  
For this campfire is by invitation only.  
Sorry if that caught you in the jaw.  
But it still didn't hit what I was hoping for.  
Still ignoring those knocks at the door.  
Please do come in, blessed it be the mortal sin of surrendering.  
Anticipation becoming quiet music in background.  
I have no strategy to shock and awe.  
Tail tucked between legs only for a pause.  
Hesitation only left out as an afterthought.  
A farewell gift duly to depart.  
If only if this man had a heart.  
But alas I must not.  
At least not this cold and dreary winter.  
Started out good enough with mild September.  
But now we are getting into December.  
I don't recognize that man in the mirror.  
Your right he does have a poor looking figure.  
Wonder how he got that way.  
A thread spun so many time it become terribly frayed.  
The home of so many rotten eggs.  
A cesspool pool of such a vindictive natures.  
A spite to totally despise.  
Even it has risen from the ashes or early grave.  
Still disgusting is the way it behaves.  
A judge of character sitting miles away with binoculars lens painted all black.  
How could you ever tell?  
As this body begins ache.  
With whiff of the previous used bait.  
Do you really believe that all are attracted to the same thing?  
Indeed maybe I am happy fitting the part when everyone is looking for the next  
big disgrace.  
If this was race I would beat you all.  
For I have already been here way too damn long.



## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Vacant Memories

Hello there, don't despair.  
For I know, I know oh I know how to lift you up.  
Bringing the heavens down to you.

Music to put out the cold.  
A fire to make you young again.  
If only for second, temporary bliss.  
Planting a seed in what seems to be decay.  
Praying it grows.

Hello there, there must be something in the air.  
For I know, I know, oh I know this won't be the last night.  
Just lay with me, and lets look above at the stars.

Music to remind our souls.  
Clearing out the cobwebs with such a simple photograph.  
Bearing down on the past.  
Like a book you start reading, but don't need finish.  
Going hey I remember this.  
Remembering such a profound, yet faint memory.

Hello there, are you prepared?  
For I know, I know oh I know how we got here.  
Bringing it back you.

Rewinding, re-writing, fighting, for what's left.  
Is it ever fair?  
The disease sucks your life away from you.  
Slowly eating, bit by bit, nothing left.  
Who am I you ask?  
Such a rotten task.  
But I owe everything to you.

Hello there, emptiness laid bare.  
For I know, I know, oh I know the shame you wear  
Exposure to things you use to be able to do.

All but bed ridden, no words can explain the pain.  
Some days I feel as if I'm going insane.

You don't even remember your name.  
The flesh and soul have divided.  
An equation I can't conquer, a no solution riddle.  
No method to the madness of the rhythm playing this fiddle.

So I say hello there, to the blank stare.  
I know, I know, oh I know those cloudy eyes.  
They have been devouring everything that I use to enjoy.

Sadness extends like an arm trying to pull me down.  
Into the depths of hell.  
Within a human prison compelled to forget all you know.  
Welcome to the end of the show.  
Then it happens, to the hospital, on a ventilator.  
Decisions I don't want to make.

So one last hello there, as I sign the legal letter.  
I know, I know, oh I know what it feels like.  
My choice, my voice, my final words.  
Suffer not, for a better place you must go.  
Because it is the only hope I have.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Victim Of Parasites

So hard it is to describe what I have went through  
In the book of ages I couldn't fit all  
Does that make it garbage?  
Is a emotion that just sits, wasted?  
Would it be any different if that was me?  
And this was you?  
Judge not unless you have the follow through  
With convictions so convincing  
It make me think you almost believe every word you say.  
You can't make fun of what you can never understand  
So grab your long twig  
Poke at me from a far  
But just remember you are as the star  
Who is suppose to set a better example.  
It's not a pre-emptive strike  
It's exacting revenge with words as your knife  
With no just cause you try to stab me right in the heart  
Is it I scare you with my thoughts and concepts?  
Fear the predetermining factor  
To the melting down of this reactor  
I just want you to remember with every stone thrown  
I'll come back harder and faster  
For its where I thrive  
For I am but a mere victim of parasites

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Victory Silhouette

Victory is my tune  
They call me a loon  
I say maybe so  
But I must move on with the show  
For everything can be mine  
All I have to do is try  
A burning desire above all else  
A box is waiting upon the highest shelf  
Nothing left to waste  
I know this place  
It holds all the names  
Trying to just touch that fame  
Rejoice in course I'm sailing  
The seas are high  
The waves are mighty  
But I'm not bailing  
For this is to the wind and sky  
I know no feelings of being so flighty

For all I got to is try  
And victory will be mine  
I'm crossing swords with the best  
The great and intelligent  
A challenge beyond all the rest  
A lesson must be learned from all the resentment  
Let the dust settle  
Let me shake the hand of the devil  
Hey man I'm just passing through  
Hey man I'm just tying on my shoe  
Putting on my velvet coat  
Crossing this pretentious moat  
With a body full of air I shall jump in  
If only to float  
I won't give up not when I'm just so close  
This is all I love the most

Thank you with a thousand tear drops  
From the echo of my heart  
For no matter where you are

We will never be apart  
In your soul I shall not leave it so cold  
No matter where I go  
I want you to always know  
My thoughts are of you  
In everything I do  
Pick and choose  
I promise I'll do the best to never allow myself to lose

Its my creation  
Its my revelation  
Its my imagination  
Creating all the sensation  
A melodic twist  
Feel the rhythm  
Feel the rhyme  
Not him  
He's not of our time  
Somewhere lost in the past  
But I tell you as I write this so fast  
I'm here now and I will stay  
I will not just go away  
For today is new  
And tomorrow has not yet come  
So just try to kill this man  
He will not be undone  
It is as I am  
This has only begun

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Vocab Builder 1(Testing The Use Of Unfamiliar Words)

This is a true 1. alexithymia at its greatest.  
For me my words are like poison.  
And with each sentence it becomes an object of ostranenie.  
Walking into the jungle of vagary.  
3. Dormiveglia, dormiveglia.  
Eyes open upon a closed mind.  
Constantly walking in the sun like a true 4. heliophilia.  
Thoughts cast upon this 5. retrouvaille.  
Finally we meet.  
Writing down to the very fragile bones.  
An insatiable appetite to embrace with a scripturient as the nature  
This is but a past 7. mizpah.  
Time to 8. uitwaaien, uitwaaien with no where else to go.  
For 9. tacenda is the way it should be.  
Rather than this 10. lalochezia filling up all these pages.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Voice Of Reason

A casual countdown to a casual black out.  
The clock has stopped.  
The heart has struck fear.  
Is it still beating or fleeing.  
Got to just got to run away get away any way you know how.  
Oh how you feel like a coward.  
Leaving others to get devoured.  
But if you want to survive you must hide.  
The alternatives are just suicide.  
Go into the depth of the mind.  
Just to find their not much different then you.  
The basic necessity eat, drink, sleep, stay warm, reproduce.  
A voice of reason is what separates you from them.  
It makes you a gem in the world.  
A manifestation of preservation.  
Is it another quaint essence, or is their some kind of correlation?  
Are we masters of our own disaster?  
Are we destine to destine destroy ourselves?  
What does our ingenuity truly manufacture?  
Does our anger inhibit our ability to see clearly?  
Question everything and know nothing.  
Fill books with the quite elaborated.  
Details spread so thick theirs no room for the cake.  
Then it becomes absolute ridiculous.  
How many came from you?  
You have no clue.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Voice Of The Dead Lover.

I know you will never understand.  
Oh how I wish you would.  
Oh how I wish I could.  
Reaching you from beyond my grave.  
An angel has come to save.  
Are thou truly so brave?  
Risking it all in the name of love.  
Just because of something I never was.  
A creature of conformity.  
A lie that burns the eyes.  
A tear dropp that will never fall.  
No matter how hard I try.  
If only to die delivering the ultimate message.  
My thoughts are always with you.  
It is getting cold.  
I can no longer see.  
You will always be a part of me.  
Call it destiny, but to the next world I must go.  
Becoming an empty vessel on a bed.  
This is the voice of the soon to be dead.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Voices Of Murder

Sometimes things just don't go our way.  
Not matter how hard you try to change the unchangeable.  
It still won't be possible.  
And in this futility you will learn the most important thing in life.  
Acceptance.  
Every now and then in a new direction we must walk.  
Even the most righteous paths vary.  
Let us not shed tears for what was lost before we take a look at what we have  
gained.  
Wasting is the clock and the time locked within.  
It leaves a stain on many hearts and they dart jump and skip along the rocky  
road ahead.  
Wear the best boots you can when it come to the walk through life.  
For pain is common.  
And it beckons your summons.  
Some will never be use to it.  
No matter what they wear.  
Doing it for the wrong reasons.  
Becomes a manifestation that festers a regret and doubt.  
And the creature comes into it's own.  
Growing into a grimly shadow.  
It grabs a hold of you and it doesn't want to let go.  
For it needs you to breath.  
It needs you to exist.  
It becomes the importance of the unimportant.  
Always your fault.  
Always blaming and beating yourself up.  
Those voices in your head just will never shut up.  
Everyone keeps telling you it is not your fault.  
But you can't even hear them.  
The whispers among the screams,  
Your worst enemy is yourself.  
A reflection out of sync.  
The anger and hate builds.  
Walking into the killing fields.  
Reliving all that tension.  
But it doesn't stop their.  
Creating chaos, depravity, and despair.  
Just to feel better.

Ripping up a promise in a letter.

Washing off hands cover in blood.

An unjustly justification.

They only fade so you must do it again and again to quell these oh so horrible conversations in your head.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wake Up

I dreamed of you, then woke up only to realized  
everything still so screwed up.  
It was beautiful,  
I fought for my right to be with you.  
As I won, as our journey only begun as one.  
I get ripped out of one reality dragged into the next.  
I cant wait till I find you.

Oh where are you? Oh who are you?  
Every night invading my dreams like a ghost who can't let go.  
But I hope its not that cold cause  
if so I never want to die.  
I'm so afraid of having to search you out in the after life.  
I know of your existence only in my minds own fantasy.  
I know your name like I could ever forget.  
Reyanne oh Reyanne where are you when I come running.

I know you name but still know nothing of you.  
Oh Reyanne whats secrets do you keep,  
oh Reyanne tell me about your family.  
Let me inside from the outside like a stranger looking to explore. Sometimes just  
you know and I'm caught in that moment.  
Girl I can't forget ya an we haven't even met yet.  
Impossible its just a dream.  
then let me wake up, wake up,  
oh Reyanne please wwwwaaakkee uuuupppp! ! !

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wall Between Us

Bitterness is like a sickness.  
At first the symptoms are mild.  
Over time they fester and get worse.  
Left untreated it spreads to others.  
Love is the only cure.  
Certain and for sure.  
As if my words are of the pure.  
But it doesn't matter.  
Because I know.  
I walked in that shadow.  
I've been down that road.  
I can't be angry with anyone.  
No matter how hard I try.  
All I can do if their intentions are to hurt and inflict pain.  
Is to put a wall between us.  
Separate my body from my soul.  
The heart follows.  
Resting my head upon the gallows.  
If you want it, take it.  
But my love I own.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wall Of Fear, Honesty And Religion

How did you break through?  
It was fear that protected me  
It was my wall of honesty  
It crumbled like it built out of nothing but dirt  
Brought upon all kinds of hurt  
The unspoken to even the closest friends  
I could never truly let anyone in  
Was it pride?  
Was it the lack of understanding?  
Names can never brand me  
Because I know of so much worse  
Even as I say what could of happen  
Help wasn't really what I needed  
It was what I believe  
Held together with ropes so strong  
A mental brick wall  
But even the strong sometimes fall  
How do I build it again?  
I no longer fear it  
The truth holds my own conflictions and contradictions  
If I was psychologist, I'd be scared  
I am over analyzing again  
But it can't be helped  
Especially when I'm feeling like this  
Understanding is all I got  
And some days its just not enough  
But I still pull through  
I always do  
Because I built the morals to which I adhere and follow  
It would bring happiness to most  
But all it does is relieve the pain  
That would otherwise drive me completely insane  
Religion has made me sick  
Because of what happen  
I went on with an idea  
That could be found and followed as I lay the foundation  
That was one of my revelations  
I mixed rules with an unnamed god  
Karma seemed so much better then heaven

Even the pegans 3 fold belief stuck  
Mix and match what I believed was right  
Then I put it under a candle light

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wars Being Waged In My Head

&lt;/&gt;The black death has got too me.  
Shoot me full of pain killers because of such a simple gash.  
Such aghast.  
I think way to fast.  
My decisions aren't so well thought out.  
There more of a slip a tongue.  
I accidentally say what should be played.  
This is my life.  
And its in such a disarray.  
It's like a chess board with none of the pieces in there right places.  
Shuffle them up.  
Another hiccup, wars are being waged in my head.  
Some days I want to listen to whats being said.  
But alas I resist the temptation, at least till the dust settles.  
The coffee in the kettle is always best served black.  
Do I lack the proper tact.  
Is it a wait and see game?  
I wish I could forget all the names.  
Whose really to blame?  
I got it pushed upon me, don't you see.  
I guess you cant win when the shades are too black.  
I think its time to write a new contract.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Was He A Human Being?

The abused know not another way.  
And if they take it into their hands be free.  
It can end in tragedy.  
A murder out of guilt or fear.  
Is it for the ones you love dear?  
Or does something else that lies here.  
Blood soaked tears.  
When they dry up and wash away.  
What is left to say?  
A happiness that should be grief of the recently decease.  
Obscenities that the children will forever bare.  
Scars burned into you.  
A crime committed upon another human being.  
A last resort for some is the reasoning.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wasted Chance

Secret admirers are not always so secret.  
Sometimes all you have to do is ask.  
Then like the breeze just a moment ago.  
It's gone.  
It's part of the past.  
You and her are now lovers.  
All because you spoke up before it was too late.  
Yes sometimes the heart will break.  
But you will never know with a wasted chance to take.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Watch It Burn

Lighting the money up, watching it burn.

Oh the pleasure I get from destroying something that was earned with so much blood and sweat.

So dirty, so greedy.

Always a give me more.

Another hand out.

Lets start lighting the money up, watch it burn.

Welcome to the world that has been.

Backwards to front.

Its sideways again.

Its a constant hindrance on society.

Shove it in our mouths right through the front teeth.

Tell us whats fair, as we shiver from the chill in the air.

The words bring as much despair.

Hide it all in your lair.

Protect yourself from the snare that was set for you and just you.

Lets start lighting the money, watch it burn.

Feed the furnace.

Better then buying the lies built around it.

Oh Satan you evil creature, divulge your secrets.

How do you blind so many in such a mass proportions.

The great distortion.

The master of illusions.

Lets start lighting the money, watch it burn.

Building a huge bonfire, burying our dark desires.

Moving on, if we are not already too far gone.

Resting our heads with one eye open cause we cant quite call this home.

Sometimes your better off alone.

As time passes will it get better or worse.

Am I cursed.

Did some voodoo happen while I wasn't looking.

Was it something that's been brewing and has been a long time coming.

A disease with no end in sight.

Time to make things right.

Lets just burn all the money in sight

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Watch Me Fade

Watch me fade.  
You wont change.  
You play a game.  
Leave a stain.  
That just wont go away.  
And this will be a price you pay.

watch me fade.  
Always the same.  
A forgotten name.  
A picture on post card.  
That says i cared.  
Preparing for a long trip.  
Digging the trench I'm gonna hide in.  
Selling your soul to keep a friend. Watch me fade.  
The bar has been raised.  
No longer afraid.  
I lost and will lose nothing.  
Its for the best.  
Its hell of a mess.  
But this time their is a rewind.  
Its pact that cant be taken back.

Watch me fade.  
Going right into the clouds.  
Covered by a shroud of darkness.  
Lift that veil.  
Protection from sight.

Watch me fade.  
Dawn, changes to dusk.  
I will do what I must.  
Where is the trust.  
Ashes turn to dust.  
A speckle on a painting.  
Millions of them.

Watch me fade.  
Forget my face.

Forget my name.  
Memories will wain.  
Traveling through the plains of endless time.  
Lost in my mind.  
Digging deep for the soul I keep.  
I have found it again.

Watch me fade.  
Assumptions made out jade.  
Its so perfect that it can't be.  
Don't you see.  
Your disease has crawled inside me.  
It slowly eats at my skin.  
So i was there to defend.  
So you were just pretending.

Well watch me fade.  
Gone with the wind.  
This time i wont be back again.  
You have what you want.  
So don't.  
Because i won't.  
It went way to far.  
This time it has left scar.  
I'm not a martyr for your cause.  
I will not miss one bit of it.  
I no longer give in to a reason that does not exist.  
To care has only brought me despair.  
I was choking on the air.  
But now i can breath.  
Now i know why i must leave.

So just watch me fade, just fade.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Watching A Flower Wilt Away And Die

To many abandoned moments.  
The river can't run dry.  
No more strangers passing bye.  
Dodging all the lights.  
Living all these lies.  
You can't change my mind.  
Even among summer skies.  
A flower not watered wilts away and dies.  
Becoming nothing more then dirt and earth.  
In a position of discomfort.  
I sit and wonder.  
Where did I go so wrong?  
Leading a stray straight into decay.  
I watched her burn and did nothing.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# We Are Of The Ignorant

The lie is sometimes easier to swallow.

Accepting the truth sometimes seems out of this world.

But it only because we've had our eyes closed since the day we were born.

We are of the ignorant.

And yet we are still proud.

That banner still waves.

The truth isn't for the feint of heart.

Their is not a solution for us all.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# We Are Responsible For Our Own

Hungry, dying, souls screaming for something to latch on to.  
Hope is all that has ever mattered.  
Bitter pills are best swallowed with a tall glass of water.  
Drink up, you are still alive, you are still breathing,  
Your hearts ever beating.  
I can hear there thumps clearly as if I had my ear to my own.  
Choices are sometimes are not ours to make.  
Spirits broken.  
Minds invaded.  
Armies lay waste to something good as if it no longer holds no importance.  
They underestimate a cornered dogs strength.  
Biding his time to bite the hand that both smacks and feeds.  
Loyalty to who?  
We do not respect that kind abuse.  
A servitude because its honorable, but never for coin or out of fear.  
It smears moral, and destroys faith and belief in those who lead.  
Just watch the people and see.  
Listen to it there millions against a select few.  
How could one argue yet the puppeteer continues to pull the strings.  
Hoping they will not break.  
At least not all once.  
That kind of the blow would be devastating.  
Revealing how emotions are easy manipulated and aggravated.  
Like a feather to skin, does it not tickle and itch so that you try to make it stop.  
Ice hits the water for it to only rise up.  
Given little choice, die suffering or die fighting.  
Either way the end result is the same.  
Some live some don't in nature that it is strong, here it's the weak but intelligent.  
But when a man has power.  
He continues hunger for more and more.  
A lust to the humans deep darkest desire.  
Consumed not with grief but the grab for more control.  
To own the world, as if it was just mere possession.  
A chess game, where the pieces on the board aren't as obvious as they seem.  
The winner takes all but does he understand what all really is?  
A shiny gem every getting dimmer, and dimmer.  
Self restraint with these taunting of giant egos.  
Mans worse enemy is that blind to what he himself is part of and that is man.  
No one single entity should deemed fit for selections of us all.

That kind power to go to ones head and can have dire consequences.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# We Are The Good Guys

What lies behind these words thick, heavy, and dark.  
A stroll at midnight through the park.  
A slasher film gone terribly wrong.  
The killer dies before the murders can even start.  
As hate turns into love from far above.  
A shadow knight gazing upon the sun.  
He knows it will mean instance death if he looks yet he still does.  
It was not the way it was suppose to be.  
And with the supposing their was only one possibility.  
A delight of delights, with heaven almost in sight.  
Breaking the angel wings, ripping them off, and making them his own.  
Cruel and unjust, but how would it be if it was the only way.  
That is to say in a world where only one rule rules.  
A blatant attempt to try to make everyone eat the same old gruel day after day.  
Watch as the taste buds within the tongue decay.  
They know of nothing any better so why would they even care.  
Oblivious to the world beyond which I let them see,  
It is for all our own good.  
Let the mind not be tempted by wondering thoughts for who really knows where  
of this wondering might lead  
As if something only of the bad could ever come.  
A fear unjust, but engaged in so much.  
You can't protect yourself only we can.  
So their is most certainly no need for you to have those guns.  
The right to bare arms against most certainly not us.  
Oh how the tables could turn and have already.  
A projected image of our constant happiness.  
But how could that be in any reality?  
Visions so poor, images continuously blurred.  
What you think you saw was really never their.  
A panic of the great despair.  
Please we need to breath so clear the air.  
A constant of squeezing is not nurturing, but instead smothering.  
A life choked out, by its own heritage.  
You were born into it so you will never escape.  
The race is fixed and only we know the winners.  
We create them every day.  
Images for you to continuous idolize while our lies are written into law.  
Effective immediately to save you.

Come on now you would not refuse the help, for I know you need it.  
All we ask is first you must let us spit in your face as we chain you to this electric  
fence.  
No how much do you want with the switch being in our hand.  
Just remember we were the ones that gave a damn.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# We Are The People

The man says, 'hey will somebody listen?  
I need to talk with someone to get this off my chest.  
In a persecution I transgress.  
With something missing in my heart, I fall into a category:  
I'm such a mess.  
Befuddled by every ones current situation.  
Emasculation of self being.  
We are one as a whole,  
Or not at all.  
I keep hearing an think to myself.  
Self sustaining.  
We must live off our own doings.  
Not those of others.  
We must create an equal trade.  
We have consummated a sickness that continues to increase.  
At a speed so fast I don't how it will end.  
Absolute destruction?  
Or the downfall of so many.  
Their is a enemy.  
We can't see it in our fake peace and harmony.  
If we portray it as better, will it be?  
No social security to the old and disabled.  
Your all done for.  
Your are all property of big corporations.  
That is what is depending on this.  
Yet I hear talk as if it has too happen.  
We are the people Mr. President.  
We are the people Senators.  
We are the people Congressmen.  
You just speak for us.  
Don't take that for granted.  
For you are still in the bounds of an agreement.  
To defend us as human beings.  
Not rob us of our dignity.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# We Locked Ourselves In

A creature born into captivity.  
Told don't worry it is not permanently.  
You have a choice, be free and shortly die.  
Or be a slave of generations indefinitely.

If it was your life, what would you choose?  
Be free and fight off death as long as you can?  
Or serve, knowing the fruits labor will not be equally shared?  
Equal, and fairly don't exist under guise that life is limitless.  
The smarter the creature is the more weaselly it gets.  
Why because survival is dependent on time it has, resources needed to be  
sustained and energy spent to acquire such resources.  
Another words why bother to do it by yourself if it is truly counter productive?  
That is solely is dependent on being given a true alternative.  
Especially if you can cheat and steal your way all the top.  
In a sense the very essence of the concept of survival is dependent the very  
essence of the concept of competitiveness.

Nature doesn't abide to the moral juncture or impasse that defines us as humans  
beings.  
She says, 'if you have food, you won't starve.  
If you have clean water then you will neither suffer from common afflicted  
disease, of dehydrate due it's undrinkability.  
If you can create fire and have wood, then you can stay warm.  
If you can find a safe place of comfort, then you can truly sleep soundly.'

The rules are morally abstract.  
They're no rhyme or reasons of how it is done.  
Because that is a social choice in the affliction of acceptable norms.  
Where the possible is suddenly not, because a group of social psychopaths thinks  
they more deserving then anyone else.  
That is nature at her worse.  
Oppression can not be defined by words.  
One without conscience leads a world without choice.  
The moral become irrelevant.  
The question we should be all asking is in long term is it sustainable?  
Is competitiveness needed in a world where we become this community?  
Where we are so interdependent on each other for our very own survival?

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# We Need To Help Those Who Can'T Help Themselves

A child's game

Each motivation different

Outcomes tend to be the same.

A Suicide

A Shooting

Violence by a means of the extreme emotion

A feeling of being so disconnected

Feelings of rejection

Humiliation can cause such devastation

Harm ones soul by the under minding ones self esteem.

This is how we create the weak.

When we should strengthen those whose life look so bleak

Yes I have turned the other cheek

But not everybody is like me

We need to help those who can't help themselves

Ace Of Black Hearts



# We Won'T Be Tolerating These Bad Apples

Diciding for a group of individuals the guilt lies on them to bare.

Who gives you the right?

When they had nothing to do with it but instead it was their association with past tendencies.

It is no better, then saying this was done to me so now I'll do it their children.

Do we blame a serial killers child for his murders.

No do we watch them most carefully, most certainly.

They say the apple doesn't fall from the tree.

But I say it doesn't matter because it will be a new tree.

Maybe it bares the same bad fruit, maybe not but we will not know if it is not given the chance to grow.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wearing A Ghost Of A Cloak

A ghost in the attic locked in wooden box with rose covered thorns.  
A thousand year old storm.  
An ocean tears falls away in the record of repeating early morning.  
Fighting against the sentries of monster within.  
Trying to stay calm amidst so much rage.  
Knowing where the fault lines lie.  
An with next earthquake knowing where the land will rise.  
No surprise even if and when I die.  
Dressing up all fancy in a suit and tie.  
Trying to pretend this life just doesn't matter.  
But already seeing its outcome.  
Like a voice of premonition off it goes say but what if nothing can be done?  
Maybe it is time to just run.  
Retreat back in the darkness.  
The abyss of the unknown.  
A world most don't even know.  
But I wear it like a cloak.  
It protects me from anyone getting close.  
Misfortunes everywhere I look.  
There is so many out there that are nothing more the pathological crooks.  
Stealing at the heavenly price of their own souls.  
Reaching out for the last little bit of control.  
But all we are doing is digging our own hole.  
Little by little.  
Just grab a shovel, a stone, and know that your not alone.  
No matter how tight the web has been weaved.  
The eyes do not deceive in what they have perceived.  
There is only retreat among this outright deceit.  
Some things can only be blamed on the whole society.  
No matter the whom to who of the doing being done.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Welbutrin

Angels whisper in the night  
Stars among the twilight  
Dark birds hovering above my head waiting for their daily lunch  
Should I fall here, I will disappear  
One can not be seen, if not there  
One ca not be heard, if not there  
Watch your step  
One can not be touched, if not there  
But I don't just disappear, I leave little pieces of myself everywhere  
The dire straits of this life have elongated for way too long  
Depression wins in the end  
For the self righteous suicide  
Is all but for a dieing friend  
I'm drifting in an out  
Where am I?  
Who am I?  
Why am I here?  
Starvation is feeling so weird  
Soon I will die alone  
I keep pushing everyone away  
Stay down so I can drown  
The little voices always say  
Am I crazy?  
I think it's a possibility  
Mid life crisis in the oddest way  
Leaving everything behind me  
Starting anew  
Spit and chew  
Such filthy habits  
They die so hard  
Now I'm officially barred

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Welcome To My Craziness

The shame, trying to tame the beast inside.  
It can no longer hide.  
It has lost the cover of darkness.  
Like a sickness I must get rid of this.  
Anger inward, blood spilling into the bathtub.  
Just another attempt at a precious thing we call life.  
Please say it will be alright.  
Please say I haven't wasted too much time.  
Being torn inside.  
I know and welcome death.  
Hes always been waiting contemplating anticipating how it will all end.  
Hes not what i would call friend.  
His whispers are mere poison.  
They drive you to edge, then he says go ahead jump.  
Quick and so painless.  
Welcome to my craziness.  
Its another Alice and wonder land.  
Nothing makes any sense and its suppose to.  
Playing guessing games of what I really want to do.  
Destiny has been confused.  
Slow and methodological are my thoughts.  
Driven by urges i have yet to understand.  
I see the plan  
I can see your hand. I know your demands.  
Feed the flame and fire with a fan of desire.  
I only want the best for you.  
And still i cant talk to you.  
Because of a pact i cant retract.  
Sworn to a twisted secrecy.  
Blasphemy of myself to a infinity.  
Pull the skin over my face.  
Hide the disgrace.  
Always smiling, when i should be one of misery and suffering.  
No destain for anyone in this heart.  
Even when its all falling apart.  
I brush off the battle scars like their nothing.  
Absolutely nothing.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Welcome To My Hell

Broken bones.  
All alone.  
Scream but nothing comes out.  
Shouts falling on deaf ears.  
They don't care, they don't care.  
A soul filled despair.  
Theirs a chill in air.  
The end is near.  
Your body just disappears.  
Where did you go?  
Nobody knows.  
Dust upon your clothes.  
Surrounded by absolute darkness.  
Blood dripping from your head.  
A fall into the deep.  
A life so precious.  
Yet it can be so meaningless.  
So much yet you wanted to do, but there is no more time.  
Lock and buried deep inside.  
Making marks with your nails.  
Cracking them one by one.  
A body torn apart.  
A arm ripped out of its socket.  
Are you praying for your heavenly depart?  
As you lie in wait of that which isn't coming.  
What do you think about in your last moments?  
Are you spiteful to the very end?  
Are you one that cries?  
Are you one too pray for forgiveness of all your sins?  
Are you one that looks up to the sky?  
Will the answers ever come?  
Will this ever be done?  
Is it all a dream?  
So real, from touch, to taste, to smell.  
Only sight is lost in the place you dwell.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What A View

Someone dipped into to the acid again.  
A backseat driver, in my space ship.  
Tell me what to do, only if you think you can.  
Mighty architect if only in your own head.  
So what's the master plan now that your seeing the moving stars.  
The world in a different light, a different perspective.  
The beautiful motion sickness revives all the senses.  
Melting walls, time, and space.  
So many details in the colors.  
A calming effect, like looking out on a cliff overhanging a huge ocean with a  
dying sunset.  
A place where seconds are hours and the days are already gone.  
Not wearing down, playing a game where I could drown.  
If you could only hear the sounds, Music that's my greatest escape.  
Worth the risk?  
But what's without?  
Why live in doubt?  
Crawling back into my own skin.  
How to describe where I've been.  
That's a damn good question.  
A mind conditioning matter.  
Falling off the latter in to the shadows.  
Look out below.  
Dancing with the devil before the show.  
Talking to my alter ego.  
Making plans with river and down I go.  
With only a canoe and some paddles.  
What a view.  
Oh what a veiw...  
Even if it's only in my mind.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What Can Only Be Found In The Heart

The question is can all the lost be saved, come forth repent and moving forward trying to behave.

A moral dilemma in what some us do for a living.

Does it mean we are forsaken?

Lost children to be forever abandoned.

Is there any hope in changing that which becomes evil?

A seed planted, watered, sheltered, now it grows.

But there is twist in it, it not as god wants, but as we want.

We are the nature of human beings, no matter the religion in which we believe.

Morality is not some writing in a book, it is what is in your heart.

Doing what's right from the start.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# What Comes Next

Hello my friend, did you miss me.  
Once again we're on the hunt.  
Searching for that someone.  
That everything that brings comfort to our hearts.  
We're so much alike, that we could never be anything more than good friends.  
I fear our fights would be horrible, because the flaws that bother us the most,  
are but our own.  
And I can tell you I would much prefer not going it alone.  
But sometimes there isn't choice.  
Following that deep voice.  
Feeling like your nothing more than a ghost.  
A empty vessel carrying nothing but faint memories, and stories that have been  
collecting dust for the ages.  
I do not desire the spot light, I do not desire what with most men drives.  
An ego that feeds on it's self.  
A disgusting rat eating it's own tail.  
Going in these vicious, and pointless circles will not help.  
A back and forth rap a tat tat.  
The final beating of this drum.  
A humming of some old forgotten tune.  
This time it's different, this time I know what I want, I know what will work.  
This time the clock stops and it's time to unwind.  
Becoming a distant background in a painting so full of life.  
From the birds, to the trees, to the sun setting, to the smells in the air.  
The fog has lifted, and I am no longer scared.  
This is who I am, not a boy but a man.  
Ready for whatever comes next.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What Have We Done?

Revel in it.  
This worldly world.  
All this life that surrounds me.  
All this happiness.  
Pours into me.  
Birds chipping there cheery song.  
From dawn till the sun is gone.  
The nocturnal creatures come along.  
Even upon the sight of death the cycle keeps going from the insects and worm  
that inhabit this earth.  
So much, so diverse.  
In nature everything fits and seems perfect.  
Only the humans seem out of place.  
An unlikely invader.  
A space case.  
With so many implements of destruction.  
We claim to be the ultimate creators, the greatest builders.  
Maybe with our ego.  
But I don't see it anywhere in the land of concrete, glass, and steel.  
The sky scraper never belonged, useless to all but us.  
Deranged claim from dirt to the heavens.  
Time to go back to the roots.  
Where it all started.  
Maybe then become one.  
A harmony the ability not to disturb.  
Learning everything serves a purpose.  
What is ours?  
And the answer to that must be earned.  
And not be assumed already known.  
Celestial insects.  
Gods among the shadows of men.  
The protectors, the defectors, who knew turning against your own kind would  
bring such peace of mind.  
A sign of the times.  
Hiring the truly blind, hoping in them we can find a solution to the crime.  
An unbiased point of view, with so much carnage to go through.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What If He's Not Dead?

I exist, I am not dead, therefore

I am now on here.

As things change so do I.

I never have been much for social networking.

As much as I use computers, I am always the last to come and the last to leave.

Patience is a virtue not a pipe dream.

I am here in presence, but does that mean I am really here?

The perception of pretense is always open for interpretation.

I'll give you the right to ask, just as I have the right not to answer.

The phone continues to ring but the voice mail is never reached.

I beseech you to please tell me who is it is exactly your trying to get hold of? .

If I know him you'll be the first to know.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What If It Fails?

The gamble fails.

All your finances fall in to shambles.

What is one to do without those hard earned guarantees?

Somebody should have told you a long time ago.

There is no such thing as a bet without risk.

Without the doing of any 'earning'..,

can you really call it 'work' or 'learning'?

The only case is if you lose.

Rebuilding structure requires time and effort.

And the way in which it raised is usually improved.

We should always should try not to repeat the same mistake.

And when one does you can draw the conclusion..,

that they are likely to do it yet again.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What If No One Comes To Help?

Blood sores.  
Poison is the enemy.  
Silent are its victims.  
Some call it the flesh eating scourge.  
Soon enough you'll be hearing another dirge.  
Oh if only there was a cure.  
But not this time.  
Penetrate the body.  
Through the water, upon the air.  
On the table.  
Entering through the skins pores.  
Dissolved directly in to bloodstream.  
With the sharing of needles another contagion has won.  
Sterilization doesn't seem to be solving it.  
Victory is not upon the road paved of gold.  
Scores and scores.  
The stench of a dead mans fire.  
The aroma that forever sicking and knot the stomach.  
What is total this time?  
Tell me what is the morality?  
Quick and virulent.  
Up with chickens and just another one of the fallen by supper time.  
Superstition does not help.  
Go head throw the salt over your shoulder.  
It won't stop a single microbe.  
Some believe it was a weapon created by the government.  
To wage war in a way that completely devastate a country.  
Sick in the millions and still counting.  
They couldn't find the source.  
They don't know who was patient x.  
Completely lost in martial law and quarantine.  
Gunned down for trying to break free.  
A catastrophe of our making.  
Nothing we can really do but hope, pray, and wait.  
Claimed servants of god push upon the desperate making a mockery of a already lost soul.  
Even in such times, they will those who will rise above it.  
Looking after each other, that is a humans ultimate duty.  
No matter the chaos filled world, if someone is not will walk upon the darkness

with a guiding light and a help hand.  
Then we are already doomed, we just don't know it yet.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What Is A Fraud?

Interests of the people should always be conveyed as a whole.

While divisions indeed do exist, we can not let a select elite few dictate the choices for us all.

For the majority not a minority.

Let there be no seniority.

A special interests to those deemed appropriate by the paper strewn across the sky.

Which keeps being printed with no consequences in mind.

A ride that the lines keep getting longer each time.

Soon no one will come for the wait itself because it is not worth the debate.

When the accomplishments are of a single entity with no defining merits of legitimacy.

The meaning of one word defines a lie spread abroad.

That is what we all know as a fraud.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What Is Poetry?

The joy of writing the unwritten.  
A call to the pages of the forgotten.  
Torn back and ripped away.  
Ideas floating though time and space.  
Catch them while you can.  
The dreamer of dreams.  
The foundation of man.  
Adding your own brand.  
Adding your own flavor.  
Creating a history is just one step in one moment in which we have.  
Threads melting down to the wax.  
A soul trying to relax.  
A dance in lust and substance.  
Fighting against love.  
Trying to deny its very existence.  
Describing a military sub.  
A fictional rub.  
An attention seeking poet.  
Maybe I just need a hug.  
Maybe I need an excuse to live.  
Praying for forgiveness.  
Evil deeds done.  
Accomplishments to some.  
Thoughts of going on a long run.  
To a quiet park where nature overcomes.  
Poetry is everything to everyone.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# What Is The Greatest Prize That Can Ever Be Won?

I'll do it to the point I can no longer afford to do it.  
Helping a family destroyed by this man if you want to call him that.  
Fixing a trailer given to me that he abandon.  
Taking the flood money and running is what he did.  
Buy the flashy t.v. instead of building and fixing up your home.  
Beating on you wife because you hate your life.  
Self destruction till you are nothing.  
Ashes fall on me from a fire you created.  
But I'm still standing covering my mouth so I don't breath your poison in.  
I'll give it my all and even more.  
Not because begrudge you anything, but because if I don't I'll have watch her  
suffer, her kid suffer, her grandchild suffer.  
Good men that do nothing are no longer good men.  
I might fall on my own sword, but if I do I know someone might just come to my  
rescue.  
Because those who help, listen to, and share with others about their own  
misfortunes are the first to receive help.  
In any friendship communication is key.  
Let pride not destroy ones own dignity.  
Self respect is as you make it.  
Self esteem can always be redeemed.  
A prize waits inside the heart that has been won.  
It is called love.  
And nothing else can even compare.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What Kind Of Poet Is He?

To express oneself with words is to be a poet.

Generally anyone who writes could be considered a poet.

It just to what magnitude, and degree are you?

Do you do it with passion?

Do you do it with a sense fashion? (I try to do it with both, but that is not always achieved. But I always do it with passion for I love to write.)

Does their always have to be a purpose behind it?

Or can you start writing and see where it leads.(A lot of the time that's me, but I do both with and without purpose.)

Do you do it all the time, does come in waves, or is it a one time thing.(For me it comes in waves.)

Is they a trigger, or is it spur of the moment? (Me in general it is triggered by an emotion. It doesn't matter where it comes from either.)

So you see it's not a question of are you a poet, but what kind of poet are you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What Sits Before Me

Fighting just to breath.  
Fighting just to see.  
Fighting just to be.

Through these clouds.  
A divided shroud.  
And my heart pounds.  
So scared of what it'll take to be free.  
A unpredictable destiny.  
With fortunes at the hands of no one.  
A unmeasurable mercy.  
I'm begging you please.  
I'm tired of being stuck in the middle of the angels killing fields.  
And I can do nothing to stop it.  
A topic I just can't drop.

Fighting just to breath.  
Fighting just to see.  
Fighting just to be.

A mere existence that by itself means nothing.  
What is done with it is something.  
As I reach the bottom of another bottle.  
I realize I still feel so hollow.  
An empty shell wishing for a escape from this hell.  
Make a offer I'll take it.  
Trading my soul to the devil.  
Let the sickness take.  
Let the rotten melody escape.

Fighting just to breath.  
Fighting just to see.  
Fighting just to be.

An unending cancer.  
The saints are up there still dancing.  
A party that is never ending.  
Ignoring every part me.  
Ignoring every sigh and scream.

Completely abandon.  
I just can't take it.  
I just can't take it any more.  
Their has to be end to this monotonous slow death sentence.  
I feel all options have fully explored.  
I have the key but it is the wrong one.  
Secrets must be unlocked by some one.  
Is that suppose to be me?  
A question that eats at me.  
Everyday its repeated.  
The evil has already been seeded and sown.

Fighting just to breath.  
Fighting just to see.  
Fighting just to be.

I can't understand it.  
It is beyond my reason of the logical kind of thinking.  
Mentally I thinking I'm breaking down.  
A wheel that has been on the road for way to long.  
The tread is already to far gone.  
A darker then normal dawn.  
A dead looking newborn fawn.  
Skinny and underfed.  
Not getting enough sleep.  
With dreams of the yet to come.

The yet to come.  
A godless world.  
A concerning set circumstances sits before me.  
I know what's wrong.  
But no one will ever listen to such little voice.  
Feeling like mouse making his squeaks.  
While the lion roars.

This is why,  
This is why I'm  
Fighting just to breath.  
Fighting just to see.  
Fighting just to be.

Just to be my mere existence sits before me.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# What We Have

Being gobbled up from the inside.  
Stuck between my past life, and what is right in front of me.  
I can almost taste it.  
A table set for two.  
I wonder what it includes.  
Just me and you.  
Oh baby the things your putting me through.  
Like a game of madness.  
Desire and urges all over the place.  
I'm in the rocket ship.  
Let's go to outer space.  
Watching stars collide.  
It is quite amazing.  
Is it a fantasy written in my head?  
Or is it real?  
Oh the power of suggestion.  
A taste of something really sweet.  
And all I want more.  
A paradoxical door.  
Once closed it won't open no more.  
A time limited, a time granted.  
The moments we have lets make them forever.  
A photograph to burn.  
Who needs it when we have this?  
Memories of the perfect and distinct flavor.  
To be happy in a eternal bliss.  
To say I love you would not be enough.  
Nope no words, so just let me just show you.  
With my hands and arms around you the passion burns.  
There is a fire in our eyes tonight.  
And with that all the pain is gone.  
Like it was never really there.  
Dust in the wind.  
Blown away, hopefully to never return.  
The key to my heart you have it.  
You unlocked it.  
You touched it.  
You massaged it.  
You are my healer.

My pretty angel.  
I don't care if you think your not.  
I see you for you.  
A honest and deep soul.  
Looking for another who can understand.  
Let me be that man.  
Forever and always.  
It is Christmas everyday I'm with you.  
Like little children we are so giddy.  
Not one bit clingy or worried.  
We already know we have one another.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# What's Down Memory Lane

Riding that black horse down memory lane.  
Why does it always feel as if I'm the one who is insane.  
The caution sign still remains the same.  
Danger do not swim.  
Feeding the sharks to there limit.  
Staring through the twilight, still waiting for the stars that should be soon  
glittering.

Riding that black horse down memory lane.  
Why does it always feel as if I'm the one who is insane.  
Take your pills; Crush, cut, and snort them up like it's cocaine if you want, if it  
makes you feel better.  
Lighting fire to another unfinished letter.  
How do I reach you, when your already gone.  
Through a windshield right into a tree.  
Oh how I wish I could trade places.  
Oh how I wish that was me.

Riding that black horse memory lane.  
Why does it always feel as if I'm the one who is insane.  
Who is insane...

Picked on as kid.  
Filling in gaps.  
Build a bridge, a monument made of stone.  
Knowing I was never alone.  
Calling hades from a broken phone.  
Oh how the fire still burns.

Riding that black horse down memory lane.  
Why does it always feel as if I'm the only one who is insane.  
A voice that haunts, a picture that doesn't fade even when close my eyes.  
It's the one and only broken sunrise.  
A place where tears turn into ash and time goes bye way too fast.  
Always trying rewrite the past.  
Remembering all the times when you made me feel like such an ass.

Riding that black horse down memory lane.  
Why does it always feel.



Oh why does it always feel.  
On the edge of my seat, and begging me to smoke with you please.  
You just need to relax, you just need an escape.  
The fights take there toll.  
I wish I would have given another whirl.

But now..  
But now...  
I'm riding that black horse down memory lane.

But now..  
But now...

Into the present.  
Walking among living, but feeling so dead inside.  
This is the black horses ride.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# When All Hope Has Been Stolen

On the dark side of the moon know I still love you.  
No matter the time that passes, or the sleepless nights.

Crushed and broken.  
All the hope has been stolen.  
Cancer was her name.  
Slow death and pain was her claim.

Today is a day that is suppose to have a upbeat overtone.  
Today is the day that is suppose to remind us we are not alone.  
In all cosmos, count the stars with in a single galaxy.  
Oh the fallacy, a flawed vision that couldn't be any clearer.

Crushed and broken.  
All the hope has been stolen.  
Cancer was her name.  
Slow death and pain was her claim.

Just inhaling a pesticide.  
Attacks from the inside.  
Is there any coming back from this?  
Fingertips numb, hair already gone.  
A body is so useless without love.  
A soul already gone, already heavenly departed.  
Oh I can still remember how all this started.

On the dark side of the moon know I still love you.  
No matter the time that passes, or the sleepless nights.

Crushed and broken.  
All the hope has been stolen.  
Cancer was her name.  
Slow death and pain was her claim.

I can still hear the blood curdling screams.  
And the whispers in absolute weakness.  
The vomiting in convulsions.  
Somebody sing me a lullaby so I can close my eyes and escape this tragedy.  
And her tears fall, she is so afraid.

And there nothing I can say that will save her.  
Holding hands so tight soon to realize there is no longer anybody there.

Crushed and broken.  
All the hope has been stolen.  
Cancer was her name.  
Slow death and pain was her claim.

Crushed and broken.  
All the hope has been stolen.  
Cancer was her name.  
Slow death and pain was her claim.

So crushed, so broken.  
So crushed, so broken.

On the dark side of the moon know I still love you.  
No matter the time that passes, or the sleepless nights.

Choking on the last goodbye.  
And the fatal kiss that is still eating at me inside.  
Here's to you my darling.

On the dark side of the moon know I still love you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# When All The Words Are Gone

I hear your doubt.  
I hear you turned inside out.  
God hates me.  
God burns me.  
Each and every day with words so hollow.  
The emptiness makes it so hard to swallow.  
The absense of all artificial flavors.  
A death touch to ones very soul.  
God hates me.  
God burns me.  
A bonfire to conquer the skies.  
Grabbing at the moon with plans of pulling it on down.  
Knuckles crack as the hammer starts to pound.  
The echo of a empty heart beat of. a sound.  
A half of a tick then its gone.  
God hates me.  
God burns me.  
A place set in constant discomfort.  
He who shall go on nameless.  
Patience and one you one day might become famous.  
Even if its only in your own eyes.  
Happiness is always a supprise.  
Conquer and divide.  
Just trying to stay alive.  
Breathing so shallow.  
Oh  
Oh  
Oh  
I don't know if I'll make it.  
But it is just so breath taking.  
So I will just take it and see if I still make it.  
There are no words left when the soul is finally gone

Ace Of Black Hearts

# When Are Limits Reached?

An interesting metaphor.

But whether the name fits what it describes is the question.

A title in comparison to the discoveries sometimes don't meet where they should.

Robbing the Latin language of its properties in the name of a claim to fame.

As stardust falls, is it the as same as you remember or as your grandparents remember?

Does it affect you the same way.

A hypnotist of the day.

In the words he speaks, only of the time is it meant to keep.

A search for the infinite possibilities we do seek.

Changes are employed by the best and the worst.

Is it a battle of good and evil?

Is it a battle of conscience versus no conscience?

A social path is written.

Latitude is given.

But how much is too much?

Restrictions to keep our values in check.

Be careful if you don't it might be something we all forever regret.

A choice made for us all in the name of discovery.

But was it worth it?

Did it meet a single satisfactory standard?

And who is to make that judgment?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# When I Put In Black And White For You To Read And You Don'T...

When I put it black and white for you too read.  
And you don't  
With a message you plant a seed  
To grow it won't

To ask such a vague question  
An expect me respond.  
Well how about a question to the question as a lesson

When I put it in black and white for you to read  
And you don't  
Don't expect me to believe  
No I won't

I have no willingness to take part in the frivolous  
Even if it is from the anonymous  
I say stupendous, another rejected letter  
Lets surround it with hearts and feathers

When I put in black and white for you to read  
And you don't  
Don't expect me to conceive  
For accepting the idea of innocence I just won't

Ace Of Black Hearts

# When I'M Angry

When I'm angry  
just get away from me  
murder on the mind from time to time  
Please duck behinds those clouds  
For I don't know how much longer I can control myself  
Ripe for blood  
Hate my twisted love  
You come to me  
Feed me the evil intent  
Always the victim  
Always in this prison  
Slavery of the worst kind  
In the heart and mind  
Controlling you and there is nothing you can do  
Oh no you don't  
Oh no I won't  
Death is sneaky  
It creeps  
It explodes  
Emotions running wild  
The cage beast wants to be free  
It clings those iron bars constantly  
Its calling my name  
Saying just let me at him  
I'll do things you can not  
Not in your wildest dreams  
And this is how the monster always comes  
So gentle I might seem  
But when I tell you run  
Go on disappear, desperately with complete and utter fear  
For hes methodical  
And I can't forever hold him in  
If you do this in time you'll be forgiven  
Not by I but the beast locked deep inside

Ace Of Black Hearts

## When In Doubt (Shout!)

One worries about some misguided fool will taking your words out of context.  
Let my artistic work not be a banner to wave.  
For I do not wish one to thrust them selves into darkness.  
But content is read, and given certain dues.  
By those who represent you.  
So when you see something needs to be advised of its meaning.  
They edit and revert to original.  
Why befuddled?  
Again I don't understand.  
Not the first time, or last time.  
I have no rebuttal.  
For they don't even answer me.  
Yet they put me up front.  
I guess I have attitude problems.  
We all have our issues to worked out.  
I will solve mine sooner or later.  
When in doubt (SHOUT!) .

Ace Of Black Hearts



# When It Comes Push To Shove

A passion may die as a wilting flower only to be reborn next year.  
Stronger and fiercer.  
The teeth sink in this time.  
Their is some bite.  
A spice of I've been here before but I got to do so much better.  
A flame to the letter.  
Ashes in the ocean to remember the forgotten.  
This is for you and my love.  
Let it reach the heavens above.  
Let my thunder in my own voice to shake it down to its very core.  
That is me when it comes to push to shove.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# When The Clock Stops

Tic toc thin as air.  
With so little of words how do we compare.  
Voices in our head.  
A short little shelf life then its dead.  
Reproduction of the flawless.  
The black crows music setting the tone.  
Going caw, caw.  
Going caw, caw.  
Mono in a single ear.  
Just listen to colors vibration.  
Waves traveling great distance.  
Could it really be possible.  
On outside the window looking in.  
Wanting so bad to be single part of it.  
Ingesting, and digesting.  
With bounds and leaps will we ever reach the fullness of understanding?  
Deprived of all eloquence.  
How can we dance in the pouring rain, if we never learned how?  
Painting a whole life a single stroke at a time.  
All the while knowing not single rhythm or rhyme.  
All the more hating all this black and white.  
Leave me not empty nor happy.  
A satisfied heart abandon for that which not known.  
Nothing more powerful then whispers all on there own.  
Fitting into dream bigger then me.  
Trying to explain a catastrophe with the writings on my wall.  
Just another scribble of imperfection.  
Guess the hype was just not good enough.  
Even upon the view of this great blue bay.  
Sitting ones life away.  
A prisoner in an invisible cage.  
The bars are really there.  
And with escape being so intimate.  
Let me ask you one last question.  
Oh can you handle it, oh can you handle it.  
Drowning in a water fountain that is all dried up.  
Screaming help me in bitter agony.  
Frozen in a moment of wishing waking thoughts.  
And that when this clock will stop.

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# When The Lies Have Been Undressed

Lies hung loosely around ones own neck will eventually get tight.  
Like sharks they will bite.  
The pain caused can ease ones suffering or destroy entire families.  
Their is a right moment for the truth.  
A place where it should be faced.  
With little hesitation ones heart is crushed and they still smile.  
We live in a world full of denile.  
Where so many are just faking it for something a little easier.  
Why should I project my problems on to you.  
Why should I cause you your stress that gives you an ulcer.  
Avoiding the unavoidable.  
Settling for second best.  
When she gets undressed you will see her nakedness and you need not be  
ashamed.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# When The Peace Negotiations Have Failed

The fight for our freedom.  
Its not for me, but for you.  
Chained to a steel chair, condemned in silence.  
Accusations of inciting of violence.  
What do we do when the peace negotiations have failed?  
What do we do when your brother is wearing a uniform and pointing a gun at you?

Do we love all of them all the more?  
Forced into a war.  
Choices of poverty by a single declaration.  
We are the people and we will not be silent.  
Even if it means dieing.

We stand in a line holding hands stopping all traffic upon the city streets.  
A nuisance to the wealthy.  
But you will hear me.  
I do not stand alone.  
Their is 99 to everyone of you.

The fight for our freedom.  
Its not for me, but for you.  
Chained to a steel chair, condemned in silence.  
Accusations of inciting of violence.  
What do we do when the peace negotiation failed?  
What do we do when your brother is wearing a uniform and pointing a gun at you?

Do we love all of them all the more?  
Forced into a war.  
Choices of poverty by a single declaration.  
We are the people and we will not be silent.  
Even if it means dieing.

What is it this movement is if not trying.  
The old ladies, and men you see are out with their canes and wheel chairs.  
They support us in this fight against oppression.  
Why don't you?  
Why is it that so many walk away in the face of adversity.

You say, but they pay our wages.  
But with out you they would be no wages to be made.  
A profit decayed.

The fight for our freedom.  
Its not for me, but for you.  
Chained to a steel chair, condemned in silence.  
Accusations of inciting of violence.  
What do we do when the peace negotiation failed?  
What do we do when your brother is wearing a uniform and pointing a gun at  
you?

Do we love all of them all the more?  
Forced into a war.  
Choices of poverty by a single declaration.  
We are the people and we will not be silent.  
Even if it means dieing.

Trust me when I say it is worth dieing for.  
Centuries ago our founding fathers did the same.  
The mother country would not hold us captive to debts created to create their  
city of gold.  
And today the same rules apply.  
When a government gets out of control.  
We must say no, no, NO! ! !

Ace Of Black Hearts

# When The Snow Stops Falling

That's right I know.  
Even with so much fiction portrayed.  
Utter useless are the words already broken.  
Demons walk among these pages.  
In yellow and pink squiggly lines.  
The closer you get, the more distorted it is.  
The mirror is even walking right out of the room.  
For it has had more than enough for the day.  
Why repeat the incomprehensible.  
Maybe I'm no longer looking for your answers.  
Maybe I'm no longer looking for your cancer.  
You can just keep it all.  
I will find something else fill the void.  
Swallowing the poison.  
What if I told you it no longer works on me.  
So scarred, so marred.  
Remember you weren't the first to do it me.  
I just met you along the way.  
And I was so happy to say goodbye in such a hurry.  
Swallowing your pride.  
Sorry baby, but I already did that, and now I'm plenty sober in a completely  
different reality.  
Metaphorically speaking.  
In pretty little phrases is a hidden paradox.  
A shotgun and some salt rock.  
It may hurt a lot but at least it doesn't kill you.  
Mercy upon even my most hated enemy.  
And to think at one time I loved you.  
But now it is your turn to know.  
Another blow to already shattered ego.  
Just another melting snowflake on a spring day.  
It's not my fault, I take no responsibility for your actions.  
So just get over it already.  
Just get over it already.  
What is the time again?  
Soon my tracks will be gone.  
A ghost among the ever lost stars.  
Purposefully, Willfully, Intentionally.  
Just try and stop me.

## Ace Of Black Hearts



# When Will We Reach The End?

To explain to you all the things I believe in  
Is as explaining to you all the thing wrong with the world  
And with a list so long  
It starts unrolling.  
When will we reach the end?  
Never.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Where Did You Come From?

Christina, you think I forgot your face, name, or sexual preferences.  
Master and slave dominance.  
Certain sick desires we do all crave.  
Like being locked up in a cage.  
But still I do not know what you want from me.  
For I'm not into that never was.  
I'm sure your best of friends told you as much.  
I left her 7 years back, why now are you haunting me with your presence.  
We haven't talked in years and even when we did not much was said.  
I don't need your threats setting upon my door step.  
You were the one who warned me, and for that I thank you.  
Lol, want a smoke?  
You gave me a head start before my heart had a chance to get ripped apart.  
But that doesn't explain why you are here now.  
And why you using a fake name to contact me, pretending like your someone else.  
Come on the picture tells it all.  
You weren't exactly hiding it.  
Yet you seem to think you got the drop me.  
But I know better.  
You want something either ask or leave me be.  
Please all I want is my peace.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Where Does It Lead? ? ?

Strange is the day, in the sun and still feeling cold.  
Making another move so bold.  
A million keys you hold.  
Which is the right door?  
Is it marked by a shadow?  
Does it have an reflection?  
Does it lead to another dimension?  
Does it house this worlds greatest invention?  
Does it teach you the art of prevention?  
How does one know if they don't go?  
Its not about ego.  
Its not about that which you don't have.  
For wants and needs are always there no matter the place in which you stand.  
Its the unknown.  
Its a curiosity.  
Like a cat we chase.  
Something new.  
Bring on the fall dew.  
Ancient instincts, haven't changed.  
No matter how sophisticated we get.  
We must never forget that we haven't seen it all yet.  
The arrogance of progress.  
Leaving your guard down creates such a mess.  
But we can't control it.  
Its the pure practice of chance.  
Its learning that new dance.  
Another fancy.  
A collector hanging the bullsh\*t on the wall.  
The important hiding in the dark.  
A voice silenced by that which we don't understand.  
Putting a label to it.  
Trying to make it fit.  
Inventing a common practice.  
Always hesitating.  
Afraid but we must know how far down the hole goes.  
Have we created the black blizzard?  
Blacking out what can't be understood by the average man.  
A plan so simple but still it wont make sense.  
For your using a false pretense as a defense.

Presumptuous reasoning.  
A guesstimation of the stars in a constellation.  
How many, have you really counted them all?  
Because you say so, just don't cut it no more.  
We need the proof that can never be provided.  
A fate already decided.  
As it ends i fear our souls will disappear.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Where Is My Angel?

The angel has spoke to me again  
She's always here  
Even when she's not  
The love is still never forgotten  
Swimming though time  
Never totally out of my mind  
Someday we will be together again  
Lost so deep with memories meant to keep  
The angels has spoke me again  
Whispers in the night  
Such a delight is the pain I feel in my heart  
It lets me know I'm still alive  
It gives me a reason to survive  
No matter how much my life is torn apart  
I'm still standing  
I'm still moving  
She is my strength  
The angel has spoke to me again  
She has the voice of the wind  
Swaying in an out  
But never gone for too long  
I think she misses the life we once had  
We gave it our all but as children  
Our kingdom had to fall  
Rules of society made it  
To where it was never meant to be  
Lies in all our hearts  
She keeps whispering  
Calling for the forgotten world  
To collide  
Swallow the pride  
Pray for no more suicides  
A chance for the dance we never had  
All washes away like  
Picture on a postcard  
The angel has spoke to me again  
She's always here  
Even when she's not  
The love is still never forgotten

Swimming though time  
Never totally out of my mind  
Someday we will be together again  
Lost so deep with memories meant to keep  
The angels has spoke me again  
Whispers in the night  
Such a delight is the pain I feel in my heart  
It lets me know I'm still alive  
It gives me a reason to survive  
No matter how much my life is torn apart  
I'm still standing  
I'm still moving  
She is my strength  
Where's my angel now  
Where's my angel now  
Where is she please come back?  
Your life so short  
Your life already gone  
The angel has spoke to me again  
She's always here  
Even when she's not  
The love is still never forgotten  
Swimming though time  
Never totally out of my mind  
Someday we will be together again  
Lost so deep with memories meant to keep  
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It lets me know I'm still alive  
It gives me a reason to survive  
No matter how much my life is torn apart  
I'm still standing  
I'm still moving  
She is my strength  
Where's my angel now  
Where's my angel now  
Where is she please come back?  
Your life so short  
Your life already gone  
Oh where's my angel now

## Ace Of Black Hearts

# Where Is This Going

Destine to stay  
Destine to wait  
Destine to be  
Someone who needs other peoples agony  
Why me?  
How do I fix whats never been broken?  
I was looking at it, as it stared right back at me  
I waited till it was too late  
How empty am I?  
Bottomless darkness  
Please forgive my arrogance  
Please forgive my lunacy  
Please forgive my anger  
Its been bottled up for so my years  
That now if I drink my conscience completely disappears  
They guilt is a pleasure  
If that's the case I wish it would become light as feather  
So I could weather this horrible storm  
I don't want to feel so worn out by the end of the day  
Day after day  
Will I be okay?  
Only time will tell  
But it goes so slow right now  
I just don't know  
Where will this go?  
Please tell me where this will go

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Which Side Are You On?

My eyes there burning.  
What I see can never be.  
Monsters, stifling images.  
Fear, taking its firm grip.  
Don't let go.  
Never let go.  
Frozen in shock, counter stock.  
Busted up and for what?  
Pride, a sad little ego.  
Filter out all the sounds tell me what it is you still hear.  
The shaking, the vibrating, the quivering arrow that is still flying.  
Aiming for your heart.  
Take you out.  
A needle with a bitter poison dipped.  
An aggressive intensional trip.  
Ankle sprained, but body still unharmed.  
Tell me does it yet disappoint.  
In the anger of the night.  
The blood is very conscience on my hands.  
It knows who it is.  
It knows who it isn't.  
Tell me who is really pretending.  
An actor in mocking.  
Earning his hanging stocking.  
If I could only say I put him there.  
A place, a monument set in a case.  
In what honor, in what distaste.  
Cruelties revelations.  
A bloody discourse.  
A soured remorse.  
A desecration of the holy corpse.  
How could you?  
Disgusting, nothing could be more shameful.  
The revenge taking out on those who can no longer move.  
Somebody is definitely to blame.  
And I blame you.  
Yes your that kind of fool.  
I blame you.  
Hitting my head with a pigeons stool.

How could you?  
To what level do you stop to stoop.  
An organized regroup.  
A reformation, a reorganization of the same attack.  
The same urge, to hate and destroy.  
The thoughts of marching on the entire world.  
It starts with these city streets.  
It starts with my death and defeat.  
A standing in line holding hands know this is probably the end.  
But still the power is strong.  
The sense of duty overwhelming.  
The vanity of death, is humbling to even us.  
In all her glory tonight we become the sacrifice.  
The martyrs in the thousands.  
The only thing standing between a dictator and his rightful place.  
Not picking up a single arms, for it won't mean the end or cause his men to  
disarm.  
There is no need to sound off the alarm, we all knew someone was gonna get in  
his way and somebody was gonna die.  
What nobody expected was the lack of fight.  
A lack of physical violence.  
A peaceful resistance.  
Caging and imprisoning.  
Banners yet waving, trying to stop this enslaving.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Who Are The Anonymous

There two kinds of alcoholics those who can function and those can not  
We call them functional, and nonfunctional alcoholics.

One works every day just to celebrate

The other calls off sick, bums money for another drink and continues to celebrate

So to the alcoholics who are anonymous which one are you?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Who Are You I Dream Of?

I dream of you again.  
Surprises with such a twist.  
When push comes to shove.  
Where do you stand?  
On the receiving end.  
It all blends in.  
Like the hollow existence it is.  
Yet I feel the love from all directions.  
Its an an infection, just give me another injection.  
I rather feel nothing then a confusing pain without a face or name.  
Its the remembrance of the alternate plane.  
Then why is it so hard to explain.  
My mind fumbles and bubbles over the right word.  
Its just not yet there.  
A descriptive verse hovers in the air.  
Not real but not fake.  
Impossibilities are at stake.  
All because I dream of you.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Who In This World Truly Knows?

Pushing the moth right into the flame.  
Watching it die.  
Should that make me cry?  
Becoming of the poetically insane.  
Something gone wrong with this man's brain.  
A nut that just won't shut up.  
Hey is that a bad thing?  
Or is it a plus?  
Question straight from the just because.  
Ask many and maybe a few will be answered.  
It's still not enough.  
I got a million more where they came from.  
Why because I still feel the need to learn.  
It's like a turning of another books page turning.  
Have I reach the end yet?  
If so it's on to next.  
Another crumbled paper.  
Maybe I should attack this one with lazars.  
Turning up the phasers.  
The mental game changers.  
I seek passage.  
Will you let me through?  
God damn you  
Drinking my mid evil tonic with my eyes closed.  
Hey now I'm hallucinating  
Look over there that womens wearing no cloths.  
Eh maybe that's the way it suppose to be.  
Who in this world truly knows?

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Who Is The Traitor?

Entrap enslave,  
Even the slightest bounce betrays.  
Pretenders.  
The would be defenders.  
If they weren't apt to subtle suggestions.  
Like fools, they follow words not to the end, but a perverse interpretation.  
Why I scare them I just don't know.  
A simple man, an idealist to some.  
But my words are my weapons.  
Nothing more, no picking up the pitch forks, or lighting the torches.  
No, such an appalling appetite.  
As if I don't hunger for stopping atrocities from across the world, but it doesn't  
mean I would resort to such ignorance, or extreme measures.  
I'm harmless as ruffled feather.  
But words are more dangerous to some I guess.  
I invite them, to explore every conversation I've ever had, they'd find it rather  
bland.  
I'm really not that social.  
My mere Internet existence is very meek indeed.  
They are the traitors who don't trust or know their own people.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Who Is This Person Inside My Body?

Here the sounds? There coming.  
Time to start running.  
Start gunning for the nearest exit.  
Only one window hangs open.  
Every other crevice locked up so tight from the outside.  
The air doesn't even dare move through these blockages.  
Try as you might there is no breaking down that door.  
So just jump out and be free even if it only is temporary.  
For all we ever have is a moment.  
A millisecond upon a clock that can't be moved forward or backwards.  
A free falling destiny.  
No clue where you might land.  
How could you even try to plan for anything better?  
The very last handwritten letter and as ink the ink dries your left to wonder why.  
Hands reaching out for the invisible sky.  
As sun shines right in your eye it has both a blinding and awaking effect.  
What is left in this empty suitcase of parlor tricks?  
If I can not see what does it mean?  
Who is my real enemy?  
Does he lie within me?  
With a ghosts echo whisper sending chills right up the spine.  
He says lets go.  
The show is not quite over.  
Can it ever be if it never really ends?  
Time wasted or spent.  
A perspective skewed and bent.  
Laying upon the cold rails still waiting for that train to travel the distance.  
Sorry sir, but I'm afraid you just missed it.  
A kiss with death can sometimes be so tempting.  
It's lure always leaves you feeling more empty.  
A whiskey bottle laying with just a swallow left in it.  
Do you drink up or or say that's enough.  
That similar to the way I see life.  
Walking on the paved dirt road that leads straight to hell.  
Miles to go.  
Better to enjoy it while it last.  
Because sometimes the trip happens so fast.  
Fading dreams of our past.  
So much contrast.

Can you not see all these bending lights.  
Souls passing each other with no notice.  
No clarity.  
Bringing about more disparity.  
Is this desperation so dangerous?  
Does it push us bounds and leaps ahead of time?  
Or is a weakness of the self awareness of the human mind?  
To be alive, to take a breath of fresh air.  
Only if I dare.  
Only if I dare.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Who Is Wearing The Suit Now?

Pink turtles in superman suits.  
Please do save the day.  
A metaphorical defense for the justification of an antagonist.  
Pulling off a heist in disguise.  
I wish you well on your road straight to hell.  
Of the utmost finery are the raging flames.  
They are like sub zero ice upon the skin.  
You can't pretend.  
Not with me.  
Payments made.  
Throwing candy at a parade.  
These feelings aren't even close yet.  
Try to understand I liked all you said.  
But the words written weren't really meant.  
Aggravating the blood that has already been shed.  
Sometimes it can't be helped.  
Smile without regret.  
Beds are made to sleep in.  
Not just to sit and look pretty.  
I'm not angry.  
I just don't want to get anywhere near you.  
You like biting and it is not to my liking.  
I still wear teeth marks to prove it.  
Second chances, are mistakes of how one glances.  
Just a betters fancy.  
I'm just a lone soldier on the march to scorn.  
I already have a shadow there is no room for more.  
So just save your self, because I'm already lost.  
A dropped diamond.  
It shines when you see it.  
But it doesn't mean you should pick it up.  
Who knows who had there grimy hands on it before you?  
On my hands I can't count the amount of hearts I've went through.  
Each worse then first.  
She was the best.  
Supporting my head while I rest.  
Sleeping so sound.  
Not in a very long time.  
A scattered mind.

Across the galaxy.  
Tell me will you come see every piece of me.  
Because you seem so determined.  
Even though it isn't really even a fight your part of.  
A casual stranger.  
A casual conversation.  
Nothing else because I'm not my self.  
Vulnerable always.  
I could fall for the most hideous beast with only a few kind words.  
Attraction has never been my satisfaction.  
Faceless personality.  
Tell me what is that you expect from me?  
If not to just forget.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Who Will Take Responsibility For This Gift?

What if the words you said were exactly as it is.  
Out of darkness comes a heart to forgive.  
No stone left unturned.  
No matter how hot it gets.  
Please do not fret.  
This is not over just yet.  
A pledge from the bottom of our soul.  
A peace sign too your lips.  
Deliverance in an unannounced package.  
Just unwrap I await the surprised look in your eyes.  
Yes I give you life.  
So desperately needed even in times of treason.  
We are not so blessed if we need a reason.  
An precious gift is set upon the pedestal.  
For all to see, for all believe.  
Give him our best, show him we are not like all the rest.  
Test in both faith, and love.  
Chained is the spirit that know this not.  
Diluted is the man who think this such a waste.  
Do we not breath same air with a tongue to taste?  
Arrogant is the soul that is so self involved he doesn't notice him at all.  
More important things to do, says who?  
Please do tell us how to judge ones character.  
Take your acts of generosity and graceful charity.  
Just a simple conversation and maybe a small gift will do.  
Not to leave a rift in anothers stomach.  
Starvation is but due to children's inability to share when they become all grown up.  
Pictures sewn right into the dingy mattress.  
Do tell us about it.  
Not like it can be helped or avoided.  
Where do you think you are living?  
This is not the land of the free or the home of brave.  
Being run by the truly depraved.  
Pulling the strings from behind the curtains never to be seen.  
But at least if it can not be stopped, give us hope, give a sense of peace and harmony among so many clusters of chaos.  
Each one with movement and momentum.  
A snake getting faster and faster.

Trying so hard to fix a disaster with some putty and plaster.  
But the time is never given its proper due.  
Always in a hurry to go, without ever knowing where.  
Circles, a race track upon the mind.  
Icicles going drip, drip.  
Go ahead take sip the freeze is almost over.  
As the heart grows fonder, the eyes get colder.  
A weight to forever shoulder.  
If you must, you must.  
I will not deny you the right to sling your dust.  
Just remember after you done, someone will need to clean it up.  
Messes to be made, an undisclosed location is the destination of this parade.  
If you can find it you doing better the me.  
When the fog lifts I will finally be able to see.  
But where will it be?  
A destiny unanswered, the consequences of a cured cancer.  
Over the wall there has been a breach.  
A storm brewing in the warmer and salty waters.  
Where everything seems to be so fine.  
But there is somethings hidden underneath.  
A wound so deep, cut into the skin and just maybe you begin to see.  
A crisis of conscience, a crisis of bad choices in a very bad situation.  
Sometime the solution is not upon you and never will be.  
Accepting futile efforts, the portions your own size.  
Does this make them easy to swallow?  
Knowing you left your butt bare flapping in the air.  
Special delivery, and with sting punishment received and situation changed never  
to go back the way it was again.  
Sometimes all we have are our prayers for forgiveness.  
And nobody will get rich off of it.  
Sad to say but generally this candles burn away.  
But every once in a while.  
It is here to stay, to instill the truest form of humility.  
Servitude and civility.  
We are all but lowly servants as father and mothers keeper in a garden of roses.  
We must make sure they all survive.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Who's Really Nuts?

'Lol, I've never actually met one of them.'

'What does one look like? '

Well if you have ask, heres a mirror just take a look.

'Well golly gee he's a handsome devil'

'And to think from the way you talked it sounded like he was a really bad guy.'

And how exactly can you tell what hes like without talking to him?

'Oh I have, do all the time, and we get along just fine.'

You know what I've had enough this guy is most certainly nuts.

Why doesn't someone just lock him up.

'Because in reality I'm not the one they see walking around conversing with themselves.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Why A Living Wage Is Needed.

There is as much a need for labour intensive jobs if not more as intellectual jobs.  
And not all the jobs require the same amount education.

Without fast food workers cashiers, dishwasher, construction workers, janitors,  
sanitation workers, factory workers, labours of all walks of life.

This world would come to screeching halt.

No more buying fast food, no more eating at a fancy restaurant.

No more buying any thing from any store.

No more ware house worker storing the food yet to come.

Hope you know how to grow your own food.

Hope know how to dig or have well for water.

And even then I hope know how to generate electricity for your water pump.

No more travelling because roads rails, air or water because everything is out of  
repair.

Roofs are falling in because again because those damn labours are not there.

Trash is piling up because nobody willing to take your garbage.

Businesses are becoming disgustingly filthy because there is no one to clean  
them up.

Your gram is dieing because she live in assisted living place where they don't  
require any certification and the workers are fed up.

Your grandfather is dieing too because the CNA doesn't make much more in at  
nursing home or hospital.

You can't work because there are no day care workers to watch your kids.

You will starve, thirst and die without them.

All while we ask the question why do need to pay a living wage to the under  
educated.

Well to put it simply there is needs to be somebody under educated for you to  
live accustomed life.

Somebody has to be a labourer for somebody not to be.

Ace Of Black Hearts

## Why Won'T You Get In?

'I'm going swimming, aren't you going to get in too? '

Maybe in a little bit.

'No you won't, you are going make me drag you in.'

'Everybody needs to have a little fun.'

'Put down that book, because it is the life we are experiencing, not some made up fantasy.'

Hey give me my book back you jerk.

'If you don't get in I'll throw it in.'

'I swear I will do it, you doubt me? '

'It will be a 'kerplunk'.'

'Don't you know, you should never doubt your friends.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wildly Drifting

Some people you just can't capture.

No matter how hard you try.

I guess I'm one of them.

Fleeing in the night.

Not out of fear but pleasure.

Like a stone skipping across the water I go.

Bounce, bounce, bounce, but no for certain plunk.

Surrendering to nothing but my own body tiredness.

Worn out from the long ride.

When I awake from the deep sleep I'm sure to succumb I will again be on the run.

Direction is the wilds, as wind blows the leaves.

Nothing drawn clearly.

No map, just a drifting chalk line.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Will The Queen Of The Ice Accept A Rain Check?

I don't need you.  
Never did, take your heart it's frozen.  
A block of ice so solid.  
In a kiln it still would not melt or be set free.  
Mighty queen indeed.  
You grab a hold like you want something.  
Attention seeking behavior will get you no where.  
Jealousy used to apply pressure, to a wound you thought by now you would have opened.  
But now I'm sure you are coming to find out.  
I'm not so easy.  
I'm not so cheap.  
I'm not wooed by the first pretty little thing.  
Tease me all you like, for I'm a snake who regularly bites back when under attack.  
And to think you were just starting to put the claws in my back.  
Nails ripping and tearing.  
Were you hoping to see me bleed?  
Is that what gets your rocks off?  
A little game of twister.  
Bend how many ways, how fast?  
How many moves you think you got left?  
If I know it means you already lost.  
Playing a game avoid the frost.  
Seeing if I like the cold.  
What if I told you I did.  
Would stop all these fruitless attempts?  
A rubber stamp, a signed agreement.  
Leave while you still can.  
Because it is only gonna get worse from here on out.  
I don't desire anything from you.  
Other than the peace you so happily stole from me.  
It was rightfully mine and now I'm taking it back.  
Here take this and call it a rain check.  
Maybe someday we will make amends.  
But right now I definitely don't want to be your friend.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wind Of The Forgotton

Easy come easy go,  
Don't you know?  
Hanging yourself with a short enough rope.  
And the temptation swings closer.  
Tell me now are you any worse for wear?  
Finding a mishaped glass in which too stare.  
Is she fat or skinny, just maybe no underwear?  
Even if our worlds collide how do they compare?  
With a smile, with a little flair watch as I burn the air.  
Stardust sucked into the feint memories.  
A blip so small why would anyone notice at all.  
Its the wind of the forgotton.  
Screaming something, maybe its just I can't hear you.  
A mishap so intentionally accidently spun in a thick web of confusion.  
Welcome to another of my many illusions.  
What is catapulted up must sooner or later in all eventuality come down.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Winters End

Colder then ever before.  
A chill that just won't end.  
My body is frozen still.  
I don't dare move.  
For the pain is more then I can bare.  
Sharp needles constantly attacking my feet.  
A hunger for something I don't have to eat.  
A desire to be complete and full.  
Time seems as if it stands still.  
I know that can't be as much as it seems to be.  
A trickery of the mind.  
Hypothermia is so close I can touch it, taste it, and as I do so well to embrace it.  
If that the way it has to be.  
Facing my destiny.  
No sadness at all.  
Even if I die standing here, or I'm overcome and happen to fall.  
An injury to boot.  
Just get a gun and please shoot.  
Take my wallet, take my cloths, take everything only leaving cold naked body for  
all to see.  
Just look at all those scars indeed.  
Their can be no humiliation once you dead.  
So their no worries.  
This is my winters end.  
No body ever remembers when a life begins.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Winters Over

I made it through.  
Another winters over.  
She was bitter.  
At one point I didn't know if I could make it.  
Yet I did.

I made it through.  
Another winters over.  
She was bitter.  
At one point I didn't know if I could make it.  
Yet I did.

Time for some repairs.  
Make it even better for the next year.  
I must be prepared.  
For the harsh realities that bring so much despair.

I made it through.  
Another winters over.  
She was bitter.  
At one point I didn't know if I could make it.  
Yet I did.

I made it through.  
Another winters over.  
She was bitter.  
At one point I didn't know if I could make it.  
Yet I did.

Stipping off all these cloths.  
I was so overloaded.  
Like a snake I'm shedding my skin.  
Replacing it with something better then.  
Putting out my sign soon.  
Home made and hand crafted.  
So green all I used was my surroundings.

I made it through.  
Another winters over.

She was bitter.  
At one point I didn't know if I could make it.  
Yet I did.

I made it through.  
Another winters over.  
She was bitter.  
At one point I didn't know if I could make it.  
Yet I did.

Still there is no single silver bullet when it comes to life.  
No antidote to some difficulties.  
Sometimes you must face things headon with a little sweat and hardwork maybe  
you'll come out on top.  
Provide a helping hand to those who still have not.  
Just because your better off doesn't mean so is everyone else.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# With Each Memory Drained

With each memory drained  
I feel better  
I write another letter  
But never the same  
Not as I once was  
If only because  
The loss of love matters not that much  
I keep telling myself

What was her name  
I think I already forgot.  
A remembrance that matters not  
Is it really the now that you got?  
Grab hold  
Squeeze till it never stops  
Like a heart dieing  
I must try harder, harder

With each memory drained  
I feel better  
I write another letter  
But never the same  
Not as I once was  
If only because  
The loss of love matters not that much  
I keep telling myself

What did her face look like  
Another one erased  
I am walking backwards  
Picking myself apart  
Digging and searching  
So maybe these feelings  
Will just fade

With each memory drained  
I feel better  
I write another letter  
But never the same

Not as I once was  
If only because  
The loss of love matters not that much  
I keep telling myself

As I touched her only the way a man could ever know  
What were the sounds  
The moans, the whispers  
In the dark  
I must make it blank  
Wipe the slate clean  
But it just seems mean

With each memory drained  
I feel better  
I write another letter  
But never the same  
Not as I once was  
If only because  
The loss of love matters not that much  
I keep telling myself

Where was it we first met  
In the summer yet  
If only I could just forget  
I must be stronger  
I must not hold on any longer  
Like an obsession it just won't die

With each memory drained  
I feel better  
I write another letter  
But never the same  
Not as I once was  
If only because  
The loss of love matters not that much  
I keep telling myself

What was the first kiss  
What was the first taste  
With such a sweet embrace  
This is something I just no longer want relive

I gave it all I have give  
Still suffering.

With each memory drained  
I feel better  
I write another letter  
But never the same  
Not as I once was  
If only because  
The loss of love matters not that much  
I keep telling myself

The muffled sounds of a fight  
Screams and shouts brought to the light  
Just dim it all out  
Absolutely nothingness  
A void I must become  
With a sadness that must be unknown

With each memory drained  
I feel better  
I write another letter  
But never the same  
Not as I once was  
If only because  
The loss of love matters not that much  
I keep telling myself

Ace Of Black Hearts



# With Money And A Mouth Peice Of The Wise

Walking in paradise and not even knowing.  
You think your the only one.  
A theory tried and proven wrong.  
Their is so many of us.  
Small insignificant.  
A minuscule being.  
You simply don't matter.  
It's alway the bigger and the baddest.  
Jump just a little higher.  
To reach the ledge and climb up.  
To only a different level.  
Being controlled.  
By those who have cheated.  
They are smarter and you have been defeated.  
A conquest to somewhere.  
But where are you?  
A never moving frozen stone.  
Solid and alone.  
Taking on it all.  
Weathering the storm.  
Listening to the thunder roar.  
Enduring the slamming of the doors.  
The gates to heaven are closed to you.  
Not till you have seen it all.  
The third man rides a horse in with his cane pretending to be of the wise.  
His old appearance with thinning gray hair is just another disguise.  
For he's here to create compromise with the black knight.  
Like the forbidden apple he passes the fruit.  
Mmm, it taste good and all we want is more.  
He makes his promise.  
Then points to the dark shadow.  
And soon we are engulfed in the darkness.  
Not of the promise land.  
One of the damned.  
As close as you are going to get to hell on earth.  
With the whispers of those who have been cursed.  
Echoing from this place.  
We are all swallowing with disgrace.  
We are not the symptom but the problem.

Falling for it everytime.  
With lies we believe.  
It is only what we tell you.  
With intelligence bought and pay for.  
The ultimate form of mind control.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Withheld Check

Dear sir, we hate to inform you.

But your check is being withheld for the following reasons.

The first is it cost more to live then you make.

The second is we are no longer writing dead beats like you checks.

Third you are just not greedy or desperate enough.

Ambition is good you know, when is the last time you cut someones throat?

Congratulation to the fact that you allowed us to enslave you to this treacherous job.

It is not work hard and you'll get a lot further.

It is no matter what you do you are still going to starve.

Here's your favorite dish of ham and beans with no meat or bone just a lot of artificial flavoring.

Take your tiny portion in your tiny cup and don't forget the lick it clean.

After all it is better then bread and water.

If you don't like our current generosity, mail in a heartfelt letter and we promise we will get to it long after you dead.

Hell we might even give something to someone claiming to be you.

It is just how the system works.

Don't ask us why, because we might know, but we definitely don't care.

Misfortunes beware.

Poverty is but a mirage of snares.

How can you really prove it is you who live there.

Far as were concerned there has to be first acknowledgement of your existence in the first place.

You have neither wealth, nor name.

Prominence an invention that has yet to be tamed.

As much as you feel degraded by what we have all said, imagine how we feel giving you the time of day.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Without Given Notice

Next time you remove something of mine at your liking.  
Without given notice.

For it is my right as the author.  
The reason behind the reasons.  
Things do not just happen.  
With a grievance I will make you aware of just how offended I am  
I am not the son of sam.  
My works are not evil in intent.  
They are as I feel, as I am.  
I say to you judges and juries  
What gives you the right  
Without given notice

Like a contract I feel it has been broken.  
What has been under copy write has just been stolen.  
I think not I own the original.  
It in a note book and on my computer  
So good luck and god bless.  
I wish you the best  
Without given notice.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Without The Ones I Love, Without The God Above.

Without the ones I love  
Without the god above  
I am of but of the weak  
An existence so bleak  
They say come on man you should really turn the other cheek

Listen to every word I speak  
I'm here to teach  
So mistakes won't be repeated  
A heart that I can't stop the bleeding  
With my words I can only hope I'm reaching  
Let distance divide  
Still I shall try to change the tides

Without the ones I love  
Without the god above  
I am of but of the weak  
An existence so bleak  
They say come on man you should really turn the other cheek

Listen to every word I speak  
For I'm not here cause I like to preach  
Pain can be prevented with right medicine  
An antidote with and injection  
A simple confession  
To my self  
And everyone else

Without the ones I love  
Without the god above  
I am of but of the weak  
An existence so bleak  
They say come on man you should really turn the other cheek

Listen to every word I speak  
My intent is not of the cheap  
Bury all the greed in the dead sea  
For it is dead to me  
I've done things in my time I'm not proud of

I've made up reasons that start with because  
I tried to justify the why  
It engulfed the sky

Without the ones I love  
Without the god above  
I am of but of the weak  
An existence so bleak  
They say come on man you should really turn the other cheek

Listen to every word I speak  
I must eat  
Not because want to, but because I need to  
Someone has to keep this body alive  
Through those evil eyes I watched you die  
Didn't lift a finger, you said it was what you wanted  
Didn't try to stop you, figured you wouldn't go through with it  
But you did and now it is so hard to forgive

Without the ones I love  
Without the god above  
I am of but of the weak  
An existence so bleak  
They say come on man you should really turn the other cheek

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Words Of Poison

I'm sorry but I can't be this little whore.  
Let those wanting go wanting.  
Temptation is the blood in the letter.  
Will the writing ever be the same?  
Poised upon a very high cliff.  
Am I ready to jump or fly?  
Asking are those of questioning young minds.  
Wings grow in quite strange ways.  
A backwards walk through time.  
An envy of that which is nothing more the grime.  
Easy it is holding to that long lost life line.  
One more chance, as if others have gone wasting in a shallow grave.  
If so for some reason I can not find there bones.  
Deep in throat a knot moves up and down.  
What have I've done this time.  
The desires of the undeserving.  
Kneel below the self serving.  
Off with my head if you must.  
But beware do not swallow the blood.  
For it poisonous.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Words To Remember

Beautiful words, oh such beautiful words.

Calling out, reaching out for someone, for anyone just to know you're not alone.

Fighting the good fight.

As it is described.

As it is prescribed.

The daily dose of medicine to help me get through this.

Sometimes, oh sometimes I wonder.

Is this body even mine, or is it just a lone from some higher power.

And I quiver as it starts to get weaker.

I was a vampire but now the blood is losing its effectiveness.

Another cane field set a blaze.

And like the rodents of like kind and like mind I'm looking for my escape.

Losing all my sensations, from taste to touch.

Whats left isn't much.

Breathing through some tubes.

Being told this life isn't for you.

Knowing given a fair chance you could do much better.

Out of time and going out of your mind.

Becoming a dusty old book put high on a shelf behind others.

Hidden from veiw never to be picked up or read again.

Once forgotten can we once again remember?

Helpless to the will of others.

Compasion an empathy becoming more and more old fashioned.

Just another prositute hooking on the street.

Never mind how she got there.

Who even cares.

She is selling her wares like we all do.

But the question is why does she even have to?

A life that isn't free.

Endebted slavery.

Burn it all down.

It was never that met to be.

An over indulgence in sympathy.

It does not help, it does not even carry the day.

Pity is for those who have already given up.

Just scream change it, if you want it bad enough, if you think this life is too rough.

Make sure your loud enough that no one can hide from the decidance.

Victims of the onlookers haunting eyes.



The nothingness shouldn't be a surprise.  
It is the way it has always been.  
The greed continues the feed this endless machine.  
If you looking for the guilty, it lies in our very own silence.  
The moment you had a chance to speak, and said nothing.  
Thats when things got so much worse.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Work, Work, Work

Just let me unlock the secrets of the soul  
Give me the power of self control  
In a calming meditation I transgress  
Hopefully my life will be considered progress  
In such a backwards world  
Where what ones does means nothing compared to what one has.  
Call me a quack  
See how slow I am to react  
As if I accepted my role  
In this act  
Imagine that  
I'll take what I got and do the best I can  
Breaking down to take a stand  
Eh, what's the next plan  
I'll worry about that when I get to it  
Think on your feet  
Here just take a seat  
Kick back and relax  
Your good for now  
You don't have over consume  
Please don't eat that cow  
My god wow  
I guess that makes someones parents proud but not oh not mine, mine  
The shift of the tides  
Work, Work, Work  
Break it all down and look what you have found

Ace Of Black Hearts

# World At War

All hands on deck.  
Were at the brink of another war.  
May god save our soul.  
For chaos will reign with the hot embers of a past fire.  
A holocaust in a sick sense.  
A massacre of millions and billions of men, women, and children.  
The scale could be devastating.  
Life as you know it is over.  
No where to hide. isolationism is dead in the water.  
We are being taken over and exploited in every way.  
Our freedoms gone. slaves to the minimum wage.  
Revolt and we all die.  
Is this the reasons we sacrificed so many lives.  
Forsaken by our own people.  
Told that if we speak out against them we must be one of them those terrorist  
without even making a threat.  
Oh what have we done?  
Can you yet see the anger of regret.  
This battle becomes a guerrilla war.  
Every state out for itself.  
A completely divided nation.  
A collapse of many cultures and civilization.  
This is one that no one can win.  
No matter the intent.  
Another cold war.  
Tip toe, in the most round bout way.  
Because annihilation will destroy all civilizations.  
No backing down.  
Great men stroking their ego's with very dangerous threats.  
The insanity of it.  
A hair trigger please stop before were all done for.  
Oppression solves nothing.  
Silence the lambs.  
Sacrifice those lambs.  
Please save all the lambs.  
Blood is blood and we all bleed the same.  
We all die the same.  
Death will not change a thing.  
We must negotiate for inner peace for those already deceased.

A tribulation to the financial devastation we brought upon our self.  
Can you now see we must cut and soder it off before it destroy us all.  
Its not about separation but self preservation.  
So the next one that says we should be spending.  
Oh yours so wrong.  
The moneys already gone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wounded Soul

Vision through a crystal ball becomes a past tense.  
A child witness bare and to become a man of arms.  
Lead if you dare, with wealth comes despair.  
Waking up from the nightmares and atrocities unwarranted.  
But still they are there.  
A poison that will forever thicken the air.  
Some are choked out while others make it through it just barely.  
Sleeping with one eye open.  
Trust no one, not a way to live.  
But what if one doesn't have a choice.  
A forced obedience as you say.  
Do we blame the innocent, of becoming not so innocent.  
When it is the way one is raised.  
Patriotic, to whom first your country or your people?  
Sometimes it's hard to imagine for an American like me to understand what you  
actually went through.  
But I do and we all should, because it could stop it from happening.  
Good men who do nothing out of ignorance, are foolish men.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Writing To

Writing to feel  
Writing to heal  
Writing to steal  
Writing every emotion..  
With such a white background.  
It makes no sound  
Even as the keys I pound.  
Let my words have bite  
Let from my words drip out meanings beyond meanings  
Its something I try to be constantly be achieving.

Writing to feel  
Writing to heal  
Writing to steal  
I want every heart and mind  
Sucked in cause this is my world stage  
No sense of the time.  
Never to turn the page  
Stuck in to a world oh so oh so fine

Writing to feel  
Writing to heal  
Writing to steal  
Listen to her melody, as she sings.  
Let chaos reign down from the skies  
What will this day really bring?  
Will the letter say good bye?  
Will it mend everything?

Making everything better.  
Destroying all the consequences  
That exist in your world.  
Welcome to the place I visit daily.  
Inspirational maddness,  
It attacks, attacks, and attacks.  
With perfect sadness  
I must let go once more.  
And then the words hit the floor

Writing to feel  
Writing to heal.  
Writing to steal.  
Becoming one with my soul.  
Fighting for its one and only control.  
Its mine, Its mine. Its mine.  
In this reality it subsequently is not  
A constant questioning of what?

Writing to feel  
Writing to heal.  
Writing to steal.  
With every sound, taste, and light.  
The worlds get get oh so oh so bright  
Understand that which is not so forthright  
This is my night, and day.  
So come on join me, please this way.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Written In Blood And Love

In pages written in blood, in pages written love.  
Stories are told of you grow old together.  
Live to dieing forever.  
Scarred by the pain of misery.  
Scarred by the imperfections the have created so many rejections.  
Give me the antidote to the poison that I have slipped in my own drink.  
Let me breath the life in again.  
Drowned out all the cowardliness of my angel who holding me up.  
Such a beautiful crutch.

Still in the pages written in blood, in the pages written love.  
We are just one of millions.  
Every story is the same.  
All that's changed is the names, places, and faces.  
Erase it all.  
Rewrite the entire fall.  
Let the wind take me.  
Let the lightning strike me here and now.  
For i will not let it cloud my judgement.  
No matter the storm that's brought on.

In the pages written in blood, in the pages written in love  
Hate me for the right reasons  
Hate me because I am what you wanted me to be.  
In all the irony.  
I didn't change for you.  
It was done way before you came along and sang your song.

All the pages have been written, in blood and love.  
The Shakespeare play Romeo and Juliet to the fullest.  
Its the cruelest games in tragedy strikes without a ounce of leniency.  
No mercy to those who are jumping without a life line.  
Protection against the evil of an accident so quick.  
A slip becomes a fall.  
Next your trying to stall buy a little time.  
But its in vain.  
Nothing can be changed.  
Its sink or swim till you reach shore.  
So long off stripped of everything you thought was important.



Values so mixed up in these pages written in blood, in the pages written in love.  
We have killed another pair of doves.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Writting From The Heart

Writing from the heart  
It is all have ever known  
For when you're cold and alone  
Who do you really got?  
But of course yourself  
Full of thoughts.  
If you were even given a chance  
What would you do?  
Well I choose to write from the heart  
Tell you of stories not of fantasy but of today  
But a reality in horrid way  
It is to celebrate  
Who I am  
Where I came from  
An explain stories untold  
that will never otherwise unfold.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Wrong Kind Of Persuasion

Is there a hell?  
Is there a place where tortured souls dwell?  
Is it as it should be?  
Do they belong.  
Should they be gone?  
Free of their pain.  
Everlasting stain.  
A conscious in which the names repeat.  
The unending beating of such savagery.  
Why are we okay the possibly such an existence.  
Why do we need such a place to do what is right.  
Rules to compel.  
Please exhale, start over.  
From the beginning.  
To the very end knowing what you did was cruel, and you won't be forgiven.  
The pulse of acceptance.  
It's a constant.  
Responsibility for our fellow human beings.  
A punishment to confine said to be created by the divine.  
But why would they need it?  
All powerful, all knowing.  
Predicting our downfall with the fleecing of freewill.  
A projection in the heart of all men, and it kills.  
Obligation to the expectation.  
Do tell.  
And the giant has been felled.  
But what for?  
To be shown it can be done?  
The fame of morality won.  
Yet this game is still ongoing.  
Ideas of believers being peddled with crosses to bare.  
The truths of scars is they don't always leave the same mark.  
Words warped and twisted to our benefit.  
Nothing but darkness, that how the night of mankind always ends.  
Say what you want if you want.  
The choice is all yours, but know your judgement will be taken with a grain of salt.  
For you are not the almighty, and he doesn't need someone to speak for him to know the difference between wrong and right.

You wearing a broken halo alright.  
And it's been that way since the beginning of time.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Xavier

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

This is my gift you.  
Don't worry, I wanted to.  
No appreciation is ever needed.  
I'm just not that conceded.  
In fact I'm a ghost.  
I was never even here.

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

A love for all so strong.  
A free spirit.  
Is that so wrong?  
Life is but full of times when you will be walked upon.  
I say so what?  
I'm doing what feels right.  
Let us hope I don't get burned tonight.

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

So many screams.  
How could one ever reach them all.  
It's like a million calls.  
Answering with this is 911 what is your emergency.  
An every time you know their will be another one.  
When beating upon a dead horse does it move?  
Sometimes you do have too pick and choose.

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

Triage on the battle field.  
One wound so serious and then the next.  
It goes straight in the heart.  
A dagger forever piercing.  
The pain of repetition.  
Knowing no matter what you just cant save them all.

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

For the goodness of my soul.  
For the redemption from my lord.  
For a better world.  
So many reason.  
But I don't need a excuse.  
A life must never be abused.  
We can not take it for granted.  
For a second one will not be given.

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

Tell me now is this common behavior?  
A physiological analyzation.  
The words and thoughts of memorization.  
We can't all be your hero.  
But this time just let it be me.  
Let it be me.  
A call to destiny.  
A play upon both the heaven and earth.  
A wish to remove a curse.  
With all my desire burns a fire.

It can't be just put out.  
It has been burning for way too long.  
A life in which I belong.  
Thoughts that become a continuation of a song.

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

Stranger in danger.  
Let me be savior.  
Let me be your Xavier.

Please just let me be your savior.  
You ask of my name?  
And I say, It's Xavier.

It's Xavier.

It's Xavier.

It's Xavier.

My Name Is Xavier.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Yeah That Character Is Me

The masterful character, can I create him.  
Can I describe him as if he were me.  
A blending of skins.  
Not to pale, not to dark.  
Swimming among the hungry sharks.  
They just want more, they don't care at whose expense.  
Even as it is me that bleeds for them.  
The sacrifice.  
A ritual everyday.  
Rolling the dice to find my way.  
Living upon a dust cloud that slowly fades.  
Being the fool, being the home-wrecker.  
Happy and cruel.  
Tripping and falling off a very short stool.  
It can't hurt if you already so low to the ground.  
Rewriting the history of this little boy as if he never existed.  
Yeah that was me, the dirty little bastard full of stones, and not afraid of taking it  
on all alone.  
Taking beatings because who is over and over again.  
Yet it feel likes ages ago, scars are all that remain.  
Abandonment is just a mere shadow.  
It walks with you, it keeps you strong on the darkest of nights.  
If I lived through my childhood, I can survive anything.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# Yellow Stone

Poor yellow stone.  
Yet another victim of oils unending greed  
Winding down a river so clean.  
It is no longer so pristine.

Gas sky rocking upon our great travels  
And again it harming our environment  
Mother nature you will have your revenge  
With a sweet and unending embrace.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# You Are My Faith

You have brought me here.  
No time for fear, courage out of control.  
Take on the world with nothing lining my pockets.  
Living the life of a poor man.  
Just scraping by looking for the better life.  
The American dream.  
And theirs millions of us so it seems.  
And i know if i find it i must share it.  
Will you do the same?  
Will you stop the selfish claims?  
What is yours is mine and mine yours.  
You've taught me so much in so little time.  
It reminds me of ours past.  
Fast forward then rewind.  
Dreams i thought to be dashed, by broken promises made so long ago.  
I'm not that lawyer dressed in that fancy suit.  
I don't own that castle.  
But that was made without understanding, of things so simple yet very complex.  
I was just a kid watching my mom struggle.  
I needed something to hold onto as i do now.  
I'm not down or out.  
Feel the power of faith.  
Feel the power of my energetic embrace.  
Just a taste of my new race.  
Even when the game has changed.  
The basic concepts are the same.  
But this time i shall not let go till I have it.  
You are the catalyst to my chemical reaction.  
Suddenly everything makes sense to me.  
It was right in front me.  
Direction has hit me like an infection.  
And i will do it right here so you can see it and you are always near. Thank you  
my friend again.  
You stick with me through thick and thin.  
You've turn on the light where my path was once so dark.  
A lifted spirit  
I don't deserve it.  
But still you are there.  
Now I'm prepared for what i need to do next.

Lining it up all like dominoes.

And the only thing i can do to keep them from falling is to keep all those fake friends out.

Here's to you, and what i know you must be going through.

But still you listen to my constant venting.

But its all over 5 fake friends gone in one month.

Enough is enough.

I broken the ties that they tried to hold me down with.

Loves deadly kiss can be desperate and lonely.

But it no longer can controls me.

Again i thank you for it.

You made me remember my purpose, what i was searching for.

You unlocked my door once more.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# You Have Just Been Censored

I've got an opinion  
'Yeah what is it? '  
Just shut the hell up and I will tell you.  
'Now why would I want to do that? '  
Well because your fucking fat.  
Or maybe it's some other simple fact.  
I'm an opinionated asshole.  
What are you going to do about it?  
'I'm sorry sir but you have just been censored.'

Ace Of Black Hearts

# You Have To Believe To Meet My Friends

Hearing voices

You don't say.

I hear them all time.

I could rattle off a long list of names.

Each one is inside my head.

Fictional to you but not me.

Oh no they are real.

From their touch, taste, to smell.

Even what they wear.

Whole conversations, and jingles.

Even some outrageous stories.

I would introduce to some of them.

But that would require you to believe the way I do.

Believe the way a narcissist sees himself the hero of his story.

If you don't believe how can you expect to hear or see.

Indeed a child forever in the land of fantasy.

But if that is the case, this one really messed up childhood.

No they are friends in my time of need, and you just get the sharing of the proceeds.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# You Made Me Just Another Stepping Stone

You claim to be all alone.  
You made me just another stepping stone.  
What are you trying to conquer?  
Do you see the pearly gates laying beneath all that money?  
Why cant you do what you love?  
Is it really asking to much?

You claim to be all alone.  
You made me just another stepping stone.  
Is this something I'm suppose to condone.  
No I won't.  
No please don't.  
Your starting to cry.  
I can see the tears in your eyes.  
This is the hardest goodbye I will ever know.  
And all you can say is so, so, so what get f\*cked.

You claim to be all alone.  
You made me just another stepping stone.  
I'm sorry but that's all gone.  
The manipulation has become extremely aggravating.  
No more deviations from the here and now.  
I don't need the why.  
For greed is the credence for it all.  
Yet you still explain away.  
Like I will again be the sucker of the day.  
You seem vexed.  
Its not that complex.  
I just don't give a sh\*t.  
Not no more.  
Not like before.  
I cant believe in illusions so fake that if I touch them they might just break.

You claim to be all alone.  
You made me just another stepping stone.  
The seeds have been sewn.  
The bait has been set. In this trap I wonder who you will get.  
Will you ever love and regret.  
In your eyes we met.

It was a flirtatious bet.  
Words were said.  
Somehow we ended up in together.  
You said forever as you were trying to use me till I had nothing left.  
But I knew, and I told you it just doesn't work that way.  
Listen to the words I say.

You claim to be all alone.  
You made me just another stepping stone.  
Just another stepping stone.  
So be alone and ask nothing more of me.  
Please don't lie and say you loved me.  
Antagonistic and unrealistic.

You claim to be all alone, all alone.  
You made me just another stepping stone.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# You My Friend

In detachment certain things can be learned.  
A love that will always be doesn't teach us of harsh realities.  
It make us as a closed minded entity.  
You my friend have learned of pain and agony  
These feelings are normal and let us know we are still alive.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# You Need To Hear It

Appalling as it might seem.  
Sometimes you need it.  
Sometimes you don't like it.  
But that don't make it any less the truth.  
Being honest can be very offensive.  
And make one very defensive.  
But sometimes you still need hear it.  
So you can come to the acceptance of it.  
Instead of living in denial.  
A fantasy world of make believe.  
A imagination full of trickery.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# You'LI Be Just Fine

A broken heart.

A tear drop.

Here's a tissue.

Get up move around, and you'll be just find.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Your Already Taken

Pleasure is all mine, god how kind are those eyes.  
How many times have they been compromised?  
Anger in control.  
I'm becoming another prick.  
Not what I wanted.  
But my love has been broken.  
Right through ringer. I stand no chance.  
Even with a desperate glance your already taken.  
So I'm becoming numb again,  
which is really dumb with the internal feelings have for you.  
But what can I do, sit and wait for an opening in the gate.  
No I cant, time isn't infinite.  
I had my chance.  
Now theirs a dance and I'm not the partner.  
Your just another fantasy playing tricks with a desperate heart.  
So I must let go with voice cold.  
I'm sorry I'll love you always.  
But this has become shallow.  
Your demoralizing my values.  
And that just wont do.

Again I Edited This For Content,  
So If You Want Read The Original Message Me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Your Biggest Mistake

Love in a moment of wait.

A question to oneself about the hesitation.

Doubt in the crowd.

And he's ruining the party tonight.

He gives you all the wrong reasons.

And everyone your believing.

Without looking with your own two eyes and seeing.

Without listening for the words of sincerity.

Doubt he was your biggest mistake without any clarity.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Your Just Not Quick Enough

The truth is one lives with hope.  
While the other sees the eventual defeat.  
There is no set reality where the truth may be avoided.  
You can ignore it and be happy.  
You can accept it and be happy.  
A paradigm of illusions.  
A ghost that is never the same.  
A question of who is to blame.  
As if anyone can actually distribute fault fairly.  
A reflection that's ready to smack you squarely where you can not yet see.  
The blind spot is hidden beneath.  
Covered in bountiful treasures.  
It is a distractions impact and they will be never enough time to react.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Your Regrets Not Mine

Wish I could say your innocent.  
But your not.  
You deserved what you got.  
Betrayal takes all forms.  
And from this penance I truly adore.  
Yes I built door.  
Yes you walked through.  
But you didn't have to.  
The choice was all yours like so many times before.  
Want to blame me.  
That's fine, let's dine on your sins.  
I have no problem taking all the credit.  
As long as I can smile and enjoy.  
A callous reaction, that's not about satisfaction.  
I have no subversive superpower.  
But I'll own it all the same.  
Manipulation a baseless claim.  
But still you could have believed this is what I wanted.  
Because I never told you it wasn't.  
Why because I couldn't care either way.  
Maybe that was the way it suppose be.  
I would never make a claim of such divinity.  
A story foretold, this is growing old.  
I have no sympathy, even as your still calling.  
And again I hit ignore.  
A debt is not owed.  
For you were the one caught in the act.  
On my bed with no clothes.  
Dirty deed done, and now you wonder why I am gone.  
Maybe it was fun before that moment.  
But now I can only hope it was worth it.  
Because that sting will stay with me.  
I won't be able to forgive and forget.  
But your right about one thing no regrets.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Your Unemployment Has Been Denied

'Sir sorry, but your unemployment is denied.'

Why?

'Well to put it simply your white, and should be able to get a job no problem.'

Okay what does my skin color have to exactly do with collecting my unemployment?

Isn't that discrimination?

'Well no, because your white.'

'We have done studies on this and their is no such thing as discriminating against a white person.'

'This is why we can deny you and not the Hispanic.'

'Because we don't want the headache of legal lawsuits.'

So your are saying I can't sue you?

'Yes, they're are no free handouts here.'

'Oh and good luck with the job hunting.'

Wait just one minute, how dare you I payed into it and have every right to get it back.

I am no different then anybody else.

'I sorry sir but you are and this is goodbye, 'click''

Ace Of Black Hearts

# You're Alive

Your writing with no emotion.

Sway me, take me on journey through your eyes with words of feeling that you surmise.

Capturing a shooting star, making a wish, eliminating all sadness.

Inviting all the madness but only if you can feel it.

Only if you can steal it.

Bring life to what was dead and dormant inside.

You're alive.

So tell me.

So show me.

Bringing down the darkening midnight skies.

Even if only for one night.

It's long enough.

I know it can be rough.

But just know you're not alone.

So own it.

Ace Of Black Hearts



# You'Re Not Mistaken

The bars in a row.  
They bend and bow.  
Melting straight into the wall.  
An unsettling vision.  
A captain aboard the ship beyond the deep blue sea.  
Saying come with me.  
But if not here then where to?  
A satisfied heart.  
Perfectly strummed harp.  
City please do sleep through it all.  
Don't wake into arms so scarred.  
Battles fought and lost.  
What is it to win?  
What is it to begin?  
With understanding to mend.  
Ailing for I don't know what.  
Drowning sorrows that just won't shut up.  
Herbal tea brewed and poured in a pretty little cup.  
Even as I drink I'm still stuck.  
The more I move, the more I sink.  
Look out down below.  
A dropping of egos.  
No decent hat to provide the proper cover.  
Too much ducking.  
Get out of the way.  
Okay but who is to really say.  
Authority delayed.  
Your not my father.  
Your not my brother, or some lost lover.  
A debt of gratitude.  
Is the sugar enough?  
The sweeten deal.  
I think I'm feeling the effects of unknown pill.  
I was dosed and didn't even notice.  
Or maybe I just didn't care.  
Inhibitions beware.  
Drained dry.  
Pooled out.  
Flooding the world with an absence emotion.

A simple desire for closure.  
But in the measuring I think we forgot what we were after.  
Enjoying a disaster.  
Pleasure in pain.  
A drought dying for the rain.  
Is there a beating of these hearts?  
Completely numb.  
Begging to be shot with a gun.  
As if it would be fun.  
A smile with no regrets.  
Hit me with a bag of bricks.  
Better than rocks and sticks.  
It is too easy to miss.  
Don't worry about forgiveness.  
For I have come asking.  
And for that I deserve the punishment received.  
I'm so sorry but I can't just leave it be.  
This is what has been done to me.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# You'Re Too Late

Screaming really loud.  
Stomping upon the rough ground.  
Cuts upon the wrist.  
Hopelessness.

Memories extorting.  
I can feel you on the inside.  
Twisting me alive.  
A struggle to save me from myself.

On the edge.  
Too many regrets.  
Poison pills you weren't meant to swallow.  
Insufferable misery I love you to god damn much.  
Angels and demons can't even reach my mind.  
Not this time.

Memories extorting.  
I can feel you on the inside.  
Twisting me alive.  
A struggle to save me from myself.

Left for the dead.  
Bones to grind.  
A new disease is attacking my spine.  
Get out, get out.  
Breathing slowly waning.

Screaming really loud.  
Stomping upon the rough ground.  
Cuts upon the wrist.  
Hopelessness.

No escape.  
An invitation to death.  
The willing victim.  
The willing whore.  
How much pain am I suppose to endure?

Memories extorting.  
I can feel you on the inside.  
Twisting me alive.  
A struggle to save me from myself.

It is to late.  
It is always to late.

Ace Of Black Hearts

# Zoned

Blood soaked dirt.  
Accidental intentions.  
A scream then a whisper.  
The very last ember.  
Then its pitch black darkness.  
No escape, no entrance nor exit.  
The very last infection.  
Gods complete and absolute rejection.  
A pale horse with an ever more pale complexion.  
A rider with no solid footing.  
Attachment null and void.  
Inviting a collision with a cold and barren asteroid.  
A world inside a world destroyed.  
Our only vessel and most of use it for nothing more the show.  
If we only knew, the absence of all certainty.  
Bells rings, but nothing is heard.  
Voices of absurd.  
All sight completely blurred.  
A mind warped and disturbed.  
A body that continues to stir.  
No reasoning behind the maddening movement.  
An unhealthy twitch.  
Scratching at the invisible itch.  
Never satisfied.  
An urge to purge.  
Still waiting for the hurricane final storm surge.  
Knowing when it goes back out you'll be going with.  
Searching for forgiveness just brings more emptiness.  
Sometimes you have no choice but to abandon ship even when you know the risks.  
Even if you can't even swim.  
A fish with two different names.  
How do we even know it's really the same.  
Mirror images with a kiss saying don't worry I on top of this.  
Confidence stuck on auto pilot.  
Sometimes we all need a little guidance.  
Yet we resist with so much defiance.  
Giving in, eating crow, bite, chew, swallow.  
A hollowed out shell in which we use to call home.

Overstepping our very own comfort zone.

Ace Of Black Hearts