DARKSIDE DILLUSIONS

101 MELODIES OF MISERY N MAYHEM
FORWARD

IN THIS, MY THIRD INSTALLMENT OF DARK POETRY IN THE SERIES, I'VE PULLED OUT SOME OF THE DEEPEST DEPRESSION YET. AS AN AUTHOR WHO'S STILL INCARCERATED FOR SOMETHING THAT HE DIDN'T DO, SOME DAYS INSPIRATION COMES IN THE HARDEST FORMS. I'M STILL NOT TRYING TO DEPRESS OTHERS WITH THIS FORM OF EXPRESSION. MY ONLY GOAL IS TO SHOW THEM THAT THINGS AREN'T SO BAD NO MATTER WHAT YOU ARE GOING THROUGH, IT'S MERELY A VERY TEMPORARY EXPERIENCE. LIFE HAS PLENTY OF UPS AND DOWNS, AND IT'S HOW WE CHOOSE TO DEAL WITH EACH OF THEM THAT DEFINES WHO WE ARE AS WELL AS WHO WE WILL BECOME. I SINCERELY HOPE THAT YOU DO ENJOY MY LATEST COLLECTION OF PURE MINDBENDING POEMS. PEACE BE TO ALL!

RESPECTFULLY,

MICHAEL MAROTA

MICHAEL MAROTA * 091119
#501307622
DEDICATI0N

TO MY SWEETEST DAWN MARIE,

WITH EVERY DAY SINCE GOD SORROWFULLY
SEPARATED OUR SOULS, THE HOLE IN MY
HEART PAINFULLY HAS GROWN. HOPEFULLY
SOMEDAY OUR SPIRITS WILL CROSS PATHS
AGAIN. UNTIL THEN, ALWAYS KNOW THAT
I WILL SPEND AN ETERNITY SEARCHING
FOR YOU. I MISS YOU BABE!

OODLES AND BUNCHEs,

MICHAEL MAROTTA

(YOUR LOVING WIDOWER!)

MICHAEL MAROTTA        09/11/19
#501307622
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Michael Marotta
# 5013076.22
VIOLENT FANTASY

WHEN YOU'RE SET UP TO FAIL,

THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR AN ESCAPE...

NOW LIFE DRIVES IN IT'S NAIL,

YOUR SOUL'S DRAINED FROM INSANITY'S RAPE...

I'LL LEAVE HER THERE STILL CRYING,

WALKING AWAY'S ALL I CAN DO...

SLOWLY BUT SURELY SHE REMAINS DYING,

OFF OF HATRED'S POWER HEARTACHE DREW...

SO MANY GORY SCARS PAINFULLY ITCH,

I'M LOST UNDER CUPID'S HYPNOTIC TRANCE...

YOU BROKE MY HEART YOU BITCH,

KILLING ME WITH JUST ONE GLANCE...

WHY CAN'T WE FEEL TRUE LOVE,

LUST ISN'T THE ONLY WAY OUT...

SHATTERED DREAMS LOOM TOO FAR ABOVE,

RAINING DOWN MUCH JEALOUSY AND DOUBT...

WILL LOVE EVER BE WHOLE AGAIN,

HOLD ON A MINUTE YOU'LL SEE...

TRAPPED DEEP INSIDE SPITE'S MASSIVE DEN,

WEDGED TIGHTLY BEHIND FATE'S VIOLENT FANTASY!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 1 083018

# 501307622
SILENT EXECUTION

TWO HEARTS FALL DESPERATELY IN LOVE,
NOTHING WILL EVER DRIVE THEM APART...
UNTIL JEALOUSY RAINS DOWN FROM ABOVE,
KILLING THEIR PASSION BY VENOMOUS DART...
DESTINY HAS SEALED DESTRUCTION'S WICKED FATE,
MAKING HEARTACHE QUICKLY COME TO PAST...
SORROW INCREASES AT AN ALARMING RATE,
CUPID'S ROMANCE UNWINDS AND DOESN'T LAST...
IF ONLY THEY'D LIT THAT SPARK,
THEN MAYBE THERE'D BE SOME DESIRE...
BUT INSTEAD JOYFUL EMOTIONS TURNED DARK,
CRADLING THE SOULMATES BETWEEN BARBED WIRE...
TOO MANY TIMES HATRED BURNS INSIDE,
CAUSING US NOTHING BUT ENDLESS PAIN...
DURING EVERY FIGHT PATIENCE GETS TRIED,
TAKING IT'S TOLL ON ONE'S BRAIN...
CAN'T WE AT LEAST JOIN BACK TOGETHER,
THERE'S ALWAYS PEACE FOUND BEHIND RESOLUTION...
ARGUMENTS ONLY TOUGH SOULS CAN WEATHER,
EXTACK DYING UNDER VIOLENCE'S SILENT EXECUTION!

MICHAEL MAROTA PAGE 2 092518
#501307622
BETWEEN DREAMS

MY INNER MIND LOSES ALL CONTROL,
RELEASING IT'S DEMONS UNTIL THEY'RE GONE...
YOU'RE LEFT FEELING LESS THAN WHOLE,
AND WON'T SURVIVE UNTIL TOMORROW'S DAWN...
DRIVEN TO MADNESS BY PURE FRIGHT,
NEVER KNOWING HOW YOU CAN RETURN...
NOW DARKNESS SWALLOW UP HEAVEN'S LIGHT,
HAPPINESS IS BLACK FROM HEAVY BURN...
SORROW WHISPERS CHAOS IN YOUR EAR,
AGONY LURKS AROUND EVERY LAST CORNER...
SOULS CRUMBLE UNDER TOO MUCH FEAR,
INSIDE PRIMAL INSTINCT WILL Surely STIR...
LASHING OUT AT EVERYONE WHO'S AROUND,
SLASHING THRU THEIR SKIN WITH EASE...
THIS PRODUCES SUCH A BEAUTIFUL SOUND,
YOU'LL LEAVE THEM LOUDLY BEGGING PLEASE...
SOME PEOPLE JUST CAN'T STOP GREED,
EVEN WHEN THEY HEAR HOLLOW SCREAMS...
ANGELS CRY WHILE HUMANS NEEDLESSLY BLEED,
BECAUSE EMOTIONALLY WE'RE TRAPPED BETWEEN DREAMS.
HOLLOW ILLUSIONS

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS HURT ME,
BY DRIVING NAILS INTO MY SOUL...
YOUR SLAVE'S ALL I'LL EVER BE,
BOUND TO LIVE UNDER AGONY'S CONTROL...
HATRED FOR THE TREATMENT I RECEIVE,
KEEPS HAUNTING EVERY LAST HORRID DREAM...
NO WAY OUT I CAN'T LEAVE,
IN SILENCE NOONE HEARS ONE SCREAM...
OUR JOURNEY WAS A WONDERFUL TRIP,
BEFORE JEALOUSY RIPPED US CLEAN APART...
NOW REVENGE'S BLOOD WILL SURELY DRIP,
DIRECTLY INTO THIS MASSIVELY SCARRED HEART...
MISERY AND LONELINESS BREAK THE RULES,
LEAVING SO MANY SCARED ABOUT LOVE...
SOULS PILE UP BELOW CRIMSON POOLS,
DEATH RAINING PAIN FROM HIGH ABOVE...
ONCE LINES HAVE BEEN SCORNFULLY CROSSED,
HOPE SUFFERS MANY DEEPLY TWISTED DILLUTIONS...
SANITY WANDERS OFF BECOMING HELPLESSLY LOST,
FOLLOWING THOSE WELL PLACED HOLLOW ILLUSIONS!

MICHAEL MAROTTA    PAGE 4    092618
#501307622
INSTINCTIVE THOUGHT

HATRED STARTS TO BOIL DEEP INSIDE,
BURNING UNTIL ONE FEELS COMPLETELY HOLLOW...
BODIES'LL PILE UP DURING THIS RIDE,
SOON INSANITY AND MADNESS WILL FOLLOW...
HOW DARE ANYONE CHALLENGE YOUR METHOD,
surely they don't have any clue...
you didn't care what was said,
you'd kill all but a few...
along the way things get scary,
reality spins wildly out of control...
death's burden you'll not easily carry,
as agony starts taking it's toll...
regretfully there is no actual remorse,
atleast none that can be seen...
stuck running down evil's treacherous course,
for blood lust i now surely feen...
like an addict needing his fix,
i'll search out something never taught...
going numb while revenge's needle pricks,
surviving only by pure instinctive thought!

Michael Marotta Page 5 093018
#501307622
DEADLY DESIRE,

WANTING ONLY HER HAND TO HOLD,
GOING INSANE CRAVING THAT LOVING TOUCH...
INSTEAD I FIND IT ICE COLD,
LEAVING ME LONELY WAY TOO MUCH...
NOW OUR PASSION'S IN A DITCH,
LYING LIFELESS WAITING FOR DEATH...
SHE'S BECOME THE WORLD'S BIGGEST BITCH,
CHOKING OUT MY FINAL DYING BREATH...
WITH ONE LAST HARLOT LIKE TEASE,
SHE'LL ADD YOU ONTO HEARTACHE'S LIST...
TREMENDOUS PAIN WILL BUCKLE YOUR KNEES,
WHILE YOU'RE BLEEDING FROM BOTH WRISTS...
DON'T STRUGGLE OR IT'LL GET WORSE,
DRIVING THOSE NAILS INTO CUPID'S COFFIN...
WHAT'S GOING ON IS FATE'S CURSE,
WAKING UP SO MANY DEMONS WITHIN...
ONCE THERE WAS SOME SLIGHT CHANCE,
BUT IT'S BEEN BURNED BY FIRE...
TRAPPED UNDER LUST'S ALL POWERFUL TRANCE,
SOMEWHERES BETWEEN SIN AND DEADLY DESIRE!

MICHAEL MAROTA PAGE 6 093018
#501307622
WICKED ITCH

I'VE WANTED THIS SO VERY LONG,

BUT BEEN TOO AFRAID TO ASK...

I KNOW THAT IT'S COMPLETELY WRONG,
LEAVING ME HIDING BEHIND SHAME'S MASK...

HAVE YOU EVER FELT TOTALLY SHY,

TRAPPING YOUR EMOTIONS IN LOVE'S CAGE...

NOT SURE HOW OR EVEN WHY,

IS WHAT BRINGS ON THE RAGE...

WORDS MIGHT NOT MEAN MUCH TODAY,

ONCE YOU'VE DISCOVERED MISERY'S UGLY PLOY...

HAVING NO CHOICE THEY'LL ALL PAY,

FOR USING HUMILIATION AS A TOY...

PAIN RINGS LOUDLY INSIDE MY EARS,

CAUSING MASSIVE DAMAGE BLOW BY BLOW...

NOW YOU'LL EXPLOIT THEIR WORST FEARS,

MAKING THEM PREY JUST FOR SHOW...

SCREAMS OF AGONY SOUND JOYOUSLY FUN,

BRINGING DEATH WITH EVERY FREAKISH TWITCH...

HAPPINESS COMES FROM WATCHING BLOOD RUN,

FULFILLING TRAGEDY'S FREAKISH AND WICKED ITCH!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 3    100318

#501307622
PRIMAL ROAR

THERE IS NEVER A CLEAN BREAK,
ONLY ONE THAT BRINGS YOU LOW...
ANY EMOTIONS SHOWING ARE TOTALLY FAKE,
HOW TRAGEDY HEALS WE'LL NEVER KNOW...
THE HURT DOESN'T REALLY GO AWAY,
IT JUST KIND OF HIDES INSIDE...
EVENTUALLY EVERY NERVE WILL FRAY,
CAUSING CHAOS AND ANGER TO COLLIDE...
INNER DEMONS UNLEASH EVIL'S VERY WORST,
BRINGING YOUR BODY ONTO IT'S KNEES...
TASTING BLOOD HASN'T QUENCHED THEIR THIRST,
SOON YOU'RE FEEDING ON HUMANITY'S DISEASE...
RAZOR BARBED WIRE SURROUNDS MY HEART,
WITH ICE RUNNING THRU COLD VEINS...
YOU'VE TRIED KILLING BUT FELL APART,
ALL WHILE FIGHTING OFF UNSPEAKABLE PAINS...
THERE'S MANY HORRORS YOU'LL NOT ACCEPT,
TOO MUCH VIOLENCE YOU'D RATHER IGNORE...
BITING DOWN AS HATRED SILENTLY CREPT,
UNTIL RELEASING DEATH'S TERRIFYING PRIMAL ROAR!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 11 100518
#501307622
JAGGEDLY TORN

WHO DID YOU THINK SHE'D BLAME,
AFTER ALL HER LOVE'S TOO PERFECT...
NOW YOU'LL WALK IN WRETCHED SHAME,
BECAUSE HEARTACHE'S JEALOUSY'S UGLY SIDE EFFECT...
ONCE TWO FORMED CUPID'S WONDERFUL PAIR,
BUT ONE LAUGHED WHILE RUNNING AWAY...
KILLING WITH AN ICE COLD STARE,
CAUSING THE OTHER'S HEART TO DECAY...
YOU'RE SO WEAK WITHOUT YOUR SOULMATE,
BARELY ALIVE YOU'VE HELPLESSLY CRIED OUT...
LOSING BLOOD AT AN ALARMING RATE,
DEATH'S COMING FOR ME NO DOUBT...
I'VE BEEN RIPPED LIMB FROM LIMB,
DURING SLOW AND PAINFULLY AGONIZING TORTURE...
MY EYESIGHT CONTINUES GROWING EVER DIM,
BONES BEING CRUSHED BY IMMENSE PRESSURE...
THOSE RAZORED CLAWS CUT ON COMMAND,
I'M WISHING I'D NEVER BEEN BORN...
NERVES SNAP LIKE A RUBBER BAND,
LEAVING OUR INTERTWINED SOULS JAGGEDLY TORN!
SUDDEN IMPACT

THINGS NEVER GO QUITE AS PLANNED,
CHAOS LURKS AROUND EVERY DARK CORNER...
ON WHICH SIDE DO YOU STAND;
WHO'S ALLEGENCE FLIES ACROSS YOUR BANNER...
DESIRING TO FIND ALL THE ANSWERS,
LEADS DOWN A BARELY TRAVELED PATH...
GOOD AND EVIL'S LINE QUICKLY BLURS,
BUT ONLY ONE WILL SUFFER WRATH...
LIFE'S SLIPPING AWAY SO DON'T CHOKE,
HOLDING EXTREMELY TIGHT OR ANARCHY WINS...
INSANITY'S PAINTING IT'S FINAL BLOODY STROKE,
REPAYING EVERYONE THEIR MANY MORTAL SINS...
WHERE'S THAT HERO WE DESPERATELY NEED;
DEATH'S STENCH TRAVELS THRU STALE AIR...
CRYING WHILE WATCHING EACH OTHER BLEED,
MASKS OF SORROW WE'LL REGRETFULLY WEAR...
NOBODY CAN STOP REVENGE'S ULTIMATE RESULT,
SOMEHOW SANITY DOESN'T STAY FULLY INTACT...
YOU'LL FAIL MAKING IT YOUR FAULT,
LEAVING THEM BRACING FOR SUDDEN IMPACT!

MICHAEL MAROTA PAGE 13 100618
# 501307622
THICK BLOOD RUNS LIKE WET PAINT,
COVERING LONELY HEARTS IN WRETCHED SHAME...
NO ONE TRULY IS A PERFECT SAINT,
EVERYONE CAN FIND SOME SINISTER BLAME...
OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND,
TIME NEVER HEALS ALL THOSE SCARS...
I AM ALWAYS BEING LEFT BEHIND,
RAVING MY CHAINS ACROSS THESE BARS...
WHO'S THE ONE THAT TIME'S FORGOT,
IT REALLY DOESN'T SEEM TO MATTER...
THEIR LAUGHTER'S HEARTACHE'S BITTERLY STINGING SHOT,
INSIDE YOUR EMOTIONS SNAP AND SHATTER...
ADRENALINE DROPPING HARDER THAN HEAVEN'S RAIN,
LEAVES LOVE SO DRAINED WHILE BROKEN...
MISERY THROWS YOU UNDER DEPRESSION'S TRAIN,
YOUR CRUSHED BONES AS AGONY'S TOKEN...
ONCE PEOPLE RECOGNIZED CUPID'S CUTE SMILES,
 SOMETHING TOO GLORIOUS NOT EASILY REPLACED...
YEARS UPON YEARS PASSED BY MILES,
FROM ALL THOUGHTS I'VE BECOME ERASED!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 16 122918
#501307622
RESCUE ME
FROM BEHIND SHADOWS WE SILENTLY CRY,
ALTHOUGH NO ONE HEARS US DOING SO...
IF ANYONE REALLY TRULY KNEW WHY,
THIS WOULD SURELY INCREASE MY WOE...
HAVING STRIVED FOR NOTHING BUT PERFECTION,
FALLING SHORT WAY TOO MANY TIMES...
NO LONGER WORRYING ABOUT OTHERS REJECTION,
EMOTIONALLY NUMB COMMITTING ONLY RATIONAL CRIMES...
SUICIDE CAN BE AN EASY OUT,
AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT ONE MIGHT BELIEVE...
WHEN YOUR MIND BEGINS TO SHOUT,
INSANITY'S WEB WILL SUDDENLY TIGHTLY WEAVE...
NOTHING IN LIFE IS EVER CHEAP,
AND YOU CAN'T FIND CUPID'S MATCH...
LEFT BURIED UNDER PAIN BEYOND DEEP,
YOU'LL NEVER NOTICE AGONY'S BLOODY SCRATCH...
TAKE HEARTACHE ON A WICKED RIDE,
IT'S NOT MAGICAL LIKE LOVE'S DECREE...
ALONG THE WAY THEY'VE ALL DIED,
BEGINNING PLEASE WON'T ANYONE RESCUE ME!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 17 01119
#501307622
DEEP INSIDE

WHERE HAS SANITY TUCKED ITSELF AWAY,
WHY DO SMILES RUN FROM ME...
DARK THOUGHTS FILL EACH WAKING DAY,
MAKING HAPPINESS NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE...
SURROUNDED BY MISERY'S RUSTY BARBED WIRE,
NEEDING HELP FOUND FAR UP ABOVE...
PAIN ISN'T WHAT I TRULY DESIRE,
NEITHER IS AGONY'S VERSION OF LOVE...
SOMETIMES FEELINGS GROW EVER TOO INTENSE,
CUTTING US LIKE A SHARP KNIFE...
DEPRESSION BECOMES AN OVERLY TAXING EXPENSE,
TAKING AWAY YOUR ALMOST YOUTHFUL LIFE...
SLOWLY THE VOICES WILL LOUDLY RIOT,
DON'T GIVE IN THOUGH STAY ALERT...
SOMEHOW YOU MUST KEEP THEM QUIET,
OR THEY'LL CAUSE SO MUCH HURT...
LEFT BEHIND FEELING NOTHING REAL ANYMORE,
YOU'VE STARTED HEARTACHE'S NEVER ENDING RIDE...
BEAUTIFUL SKIN THAT'S ALREADY BEEN WORE,
NOW GETS TORN DEEP DOWN INSIDE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 18 07/14/19
#501307622
URGES

CREEPING UP FROM DEEP DOWN INSIDE,

FEELINGS OF PAIN BEGIN TO SURFACE...

FROM EACH ONE YOU'LL COWARDLY HIDE,

BECAUSE THERE IS NO SAFE PLACE...

SO MUCH DIRTY BUSINESS YOU'VE CONDUCTED,

THINGS FOR WHICH YOU DIDN'T REPENT...

NOW YOUR SOUL WILL BE ABDUCTED,

AND BEATEN UNTIL IT'S COMPLETELY SPENT...

HOW CAN ONE WEILD A KNIFE,

WITHOUT HAVING THAT TRULY SAVAGE DESIRE...

INSANITY HAS BECOME THE PERFECT WIFE,

SWEETLY WRAPPED INSIDE RAZOR BARBED WIRE...

AN EVIL SYMPHONY WRITTEN WHILE CAGED,

INSPIRED BY DEATH SPARING NO EXPENSE...

SILENT WHISPERS LEAVE SOULS VERY ENRAGED,

ADRENALINE FUELED TRIPS THAT'RE EXTREMELY INTENSE...

CROOKED PATHS ARE BEST LEFT ALONE,

SINCE MAYHEM COMES IN SPORADIC SURGES...

THIS HEART'S TURNED INTO HARDENED STONE,

FIGHTING THRU TOO MANY MORBID URGES!

MICHAEL MAROTTA    PAGE 19     08.17.19
#501307622
STILLBORN

Sorrow fills this mother's broken heart,
her dreams now crushed by death...

An unborn soul viscously ripped apart,
before it breathed its first breath...

Snuffed out like a wet match,
choked off helplessly unable to fight...

Life ended with one savage snatch,
becoming blacker than the darkest night...

Sorrowful notes evil's maestro does compose,
playing them with such smooth finesse...

Heaven's child is who he chose,
feeling no remorse he'll never confess...

Around bony fingers and tightly bound,
no one can hear any painful cries...

Held underwater while slowly drowned,
eyes wide open as purity dies...

She'd have given anything for him,
instead now she must sorrowfully mourn...

Looking back everything seems so grim,
when Cupid's baby came out stillborn!

Michael Marotta

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#501307622
ADRENALINE RUSH

SENSING DANGER KEEPS ONE ON EDGE,
BUT INSIDE FEAR RUNS RED HOT...
LEFT TEETERING OFF OF SANITY'S LEDGE,
WAITING FOR MISERY'S QUICK FATAL SHOT...
BLINDED YOU DON'T DARE EVEN FLINCH,
IF ONLY YOU'D SWALLOWED BRAVERY'S PILL...
FROM DEATH'S NEEDLE COMES A PINCH,
ONE'S BODY QUAKES FROM IT'S CHILL...
ICY VEINS NOW RUN EXTREMELY SLOW,
EVERY NERVE STARTS TO VIOLENTLY QUIVER...
AGONIZING PAINS CAUSE TOO MUCH WOE,
RAGE TAKES OVER REPLACING ANY SHIVER...
WHEN THE ARROW HITS DON'T WAIL,
THERE'S SATISFACTION IN STANDING UP STRONG...
EVIL HAMMERS DOWN THAT RUSTY NAIL,
SO BLESS HIM WITH LOVE'S SONG...
PIERCED LUNGS MAKE AN EERIE SOUND,
INTO OPEN EYES THICK BLOOD GUSHES...
EVEN THO YOU'RE BEYOND TIGHTLY BOUND,
KILLING COMES AS YOUR ADRENALINE RUSHES!

MICHAEL MAROTA           PAGE 21           08/16/19
#501307622
MORBIDLY OBSESSED

LOVING HER HAS BECOME TOO UNBEARABLE,
YET YOU LONG FOR A BRIDE...

TO LOSE SELF CONTROL IS TERRIBLE,
AS INSANITY TWISTS THE OTHER SIDE...

BEFORE IT HAPPENS STOP ANY MADNESS,
DON'T MAKE OTHERS INTO YOUR PREY...

BECAUSE ONCE YOU'VE FALLEN BEHIND SADNESS,
YOUR ANGER'S ON OPEN PUBLIC DISPLAY...

SHE HID BEHIND EVERY VENOMOUS KISS,
BLOOD RED LIPS WITH HELL'S BITE...

SEDUCTIVELY THOSE WHISPERS WOULD JOYFULLY HISS,
WHILE BARBED WIRE WRAPPED SO TIGHT...

LAYING ON EACH OTHERS CHEST EVER QUIET,
YOU'D BEEN UNAWARE OF DEATH'S GORE...

BUT NOW YOU'RE SUFFERING LUST'S RIOT,
UNDER ITCHY SKIN THAT HEARTACHE WORE...

GET AWAY QUICKLY STAYING TOTALLY ALERT,
OR BY NAILS YOU'LL BE CARESSSED...

THERE'S NOTHING WORTH SUCH DEEP HURT,
NOT UNTIL ONE UNDERSTANDS BEING OBSESSED!

MICHAEL MARotta  PAGE 22  08/17/19
#501307622
EXTINCT

There's motives behind every action taken,
who can possibly know them all...
Many times inner demons will awaken,
weak souls surely crash and fall...
We walk around without any clue,
Yet inside intense rage quietly grows...
It'll split one's brain in two,
Now confused only insanity happily shows...
Hiding behind those beady black eyes,
Is a bloodlust never felt before...
Your sense of goodness quickly dies,
Numbness spreads through each open pore...
You're bred to feel no fear,
Everything's prey when you experience pain...
You'll never shed blood nor fear,
However others'll fall like crimson rain...
Be careful tho because they hunt,
It's too late once you've blinked...
That hammer's heavy but not blunt,
Sorely the dominate breed's become extinct!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 23  08/17/19
#501307622
BLAME GAME

HE SAID SHE SAID WHO CARES,
HIS FAULT HER FAULT NO ONE KNOWS...
HOURS OF EXTREMELY HATEFUL BLANK STARES,
INSIDE SO MUCH RESENTMENT QUICKLY GROWS...
ALL THIS TIME NEITHER SIDE BLINKS,
NOT WANTING THE OTHER TO WIN...
WITH EVERY MOMENT EACH EGO SINKS,
WHO'LL COMMIT JEALOUSY'S SPITEFUL LITTLE SIN...
THERE'S NO MORE PAIN IN LIES,
THEN WHEN THEY'RE SPOKEN LIKE DAGGERS...
ONCE HIT SOMEONE'S HEART ALWAYS CRIES,
WHILE THEIR BRAIN WOBBLIES AND STAGGERS...
FIGHT BACK BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE,
COME ON YOU CAN DO IT...
YOUR OUTCOME IS SEALED BY FATE,
BECAUSE CUPID'S ARROW NEVER DID HIT...
DESTINY CAN'T BE CHANGED OR BROKEN,
ESPECIALLY SINCE DEATH CALLS EACH NAME...
USE PAIN AS A GOLDEN TOKEN,
FOR VICTORY DURING HEARTACHE'S BLAME GAME!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 24 08/17/19
#501307622
Savage Beating

As we run out of time,
our world seems to close in...
Living under broken justice and crime,
reality becomes an ever blinding sin...
Is there even a way out,
Or does death stalk us endlessly...
Watch but don't move humbly about,
Because there's dangers you can't see...
Sticky blood drips into your eyes,
Blind you'll head for safe cover...
Thru heartache cupid suffers then dies,
All without finding that perfect lover...
Look back however don't get caught,
Nothing's worth losing this joyous life...
With her jaws life's lesson's taught,
You've gotten the black widow wife...
Scars swollen from such harsh torture,
Stitches can't close these deep gashes...
Decide now if romance remains pure,
Before hatred kills by savage lashes...

Michael Marotta  Page 25  07/17/19
#501307622
EAT YOUR HEART OUT

SWIMMING LOST THRU VASTLY EMPTY TIME,
FINDING NOTHING TRUE ALONG THE WAY...
GONE QUICKLY WITHOUT REASON OR RHYME,
AS IF YOU HAD N0 SAY...
SPINNING BLINDLY FROM BEGINNING TO END,
SHADOWS LAUGHING WITH AN EERIE SOUND...
BROKEN PROMISES THAT ONE CAN'T MEND,
ON YOUR OWN WORDS YOU'VE DROWNED...
KEEP IT UP YOU'LL BE TOLD,
DON'T WORRY ABOUT A SAD TOMMOROW...
GRAB SOMEONE'S HAND KEEPING TIGHTLY AHO LD,
BECAUSE LIFE'S FULL OF AGONIZING SORROW...
ICE RUNS INSIDE NEARLY COLLAPSED VEINS,
WHEN HEARTACHE REARS ITS UGLY HEAD...
BLOOD SOAKS ONCE PURE HEAVENLY RAINS,
I WON'T BELIEVE I'M ALMOST DEAD...
SEEING HER MADE ME FEEL BLISS,
PERFECTLY SHE SEEMED SO TRULY UNREAL...
AN ANGEL BLESSED BY DEATH'S KISS,
MAKING MY HEART LOVE'S LAST MEAL!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 26 030719
#501307622
DAYTRIP

IMAGINE EVERY DREAM ROLLED INTO ONE,
SO MUCH HAPPINESS WITH EACH NOTION...
NOW PICTURE A FULLY LOADED GUN,
SCREAMING FOR YOUR INNER SELF’S DEVOTION...
HOW MANY BULLETS WILL IT TAKE,
COME ON DON’T CHICKEN OUT AGAIN...
IT’S ONLY BAD WHEN YOU’RE AWAKE,
GO AHEAD SQUEEZE DEPRESSION’S TRIGGER THEN...
BEING AFRAID YOU’LL BITE DOWN HARD,
CLOSE THOSE BEAUTIFUL EYES WITHOUT FRIGHT...
FLIP OVER JUST THE RIGHT CARD,
OR CHANCE LOSING LIFE’S GUIDING LIGHT...
HATRED AND RAGE CAN CONSUME YOU,
TAKE ENDLESS MEASURES TO STOP IT...
JEALOUSY’S TOXICITY POISONS QUITE A FEW,
TOSING THEM DEEP INSIDE AGONY’S PIT...
WALKING DANGEROUSLY NEAR SUICIDE’S JAGGED EDGE,
FEELING HOT THICK BLOOD SLOWLY DRIP...
VOICES YELL JUMP OFF THAT LEDGE,
WHILE NERVES TEAR FROM INSANITY’S DAYTRIP!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
FROZEN INSIDE

ONCE I WAS HUMAN AND CARED,

BUT NOW MY HEART HAS FROZE...

VOICES OF REASON ARE OFTEN COMPARED,

HOWEVER INSANITY ALWAYS GETS POORLY CHOSEN...

HOW DOES ONE GET THIS WAY,

IS FOR ANYONE TO AWKWARDLY GUESS...

DANGEROUS SCENES LOOPOED ON AUTOMATIC REPLAY,

BECOME VERY AMUSING I’LL SURELY CONFESSION...

DEPRESSION’S LONELY TRIGGER YOU MUST SQUEEZE,

LIFE’S JAGGED LITTLE PILL YOU’LL SWALLOW...

DANGLING FROM AGONY’S ROPE BEGGING PLEASE,

BLOOD DRAINED VEINS NOW COMPLETELY HOLLOW...

JUMP OFF SANITY’S THIN LITTLE LEDGE,

TEARING EVERY LAST NERVE IN TWO...

SPRAWLED OUT BROKEN UPON PAIN’S EDGE,

YOU’RE DYING QUICK WITHOUT A CLUE...

LOVE’S NOT COMING AT ALL ANYMORE,

SO GIVE UP OR TASTE DEATH...

THERE’S NO FEELING INSIDE YOUR CORE,

AS YOU’VE BREATHED HEARTACHE’S ICY BREATH!
CUPID'S SONG

SHADOWS LURK UP FROM DOWN LOW,
SEARCHING FOR THE WEAKEST OF PREY...
WITH EVERY BREATH PANIC DOES GROW,
NEVER KNOWING IF TODAY'S YOUR DAY...
CROUCHED IN DARKNESS THEY GO UNSEEN,
THEIR VOICES ALSO CAN'T BE HEARD...
HOLLOWED OUT BONES PICKED EXCEPTIONALLY CLEAN,
DEATH STRUCK AGAIN WITHOUT ONE WORD...
MY DAY IS SOON I'M POSITIVE,
I'LL NOT FREEZE BUT BOLDLY FIGHT...
THERE'S NO WAY I WON'T LIVE,
AS I'VE GOT A POISONOUS BITE...
BLOOD'LL FILL THIS NOW WICKED MIND,
NERVES STRETCHED WAY PAST SIMPLE SANITY...
VOICES CAUSING ME TO REMAIN BLIND,
BY TRAPPING EMOTIONS IN CONSTANT PITY...
YOU'LL LOSE WHEN PLAYING DEPRESSION'S GAME,
TOO MANY VARIABLES END UP WRONG...
DON'T THINK YOU'VE ESCAPED SOCIETY'S BLAME,
JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE HUMMING CUPID'S SONG!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 29 020419
#501307622
TEARS

MANY THINGS CAN CRUSH OUR SOULS,
YOU'RE SURE TO STUMBLE UPON ONE...
TENDER FEELINGS CREATE SOME HUGE HOLES,
EXPLODING YOUR HEART USING MISERY'S GUN...
ALL PEOPLE HAVE TIMES THEY CRY,
RENDERING THEM CRIPPLE DEEP DOWN INSIDE...
SADNESS COMES WHEN YOU SAY GOODBYE,
RIPPING OPEN GASHES BLOODY AND WIDE...
UNTIL FEAR STOPS PULLING THOSE WIRES,
NO ONE WILL EVER TRULY BE FREE...
INSULTS JUST KEEP FUELING THE FIRES,
CHAOTIC DEMONIC THOUGHTS TAKE OVER ME...
YOU'LL FIGHT UNTIL LOSING TOTAL CONTROL,
ASKING YOURSELF WHY DO I KILL...
NEVER ONCE WILL INSANITY FEEL FULL,
DEADENING EVERY NERVE LIKE A PILL...
CALMNESS ISN'T FOUND IN ANYTHING ANYMORE,
ONLY TRUE STRENGTH CONQUERS HUMAN FEARS...
LUST FOR FREEDOM RELEASING RAGE'S ROAR,
DOUSING AGONY'S FLAMES WITH BLOODY TEARS!

MICHAEL MAROTA PAGE 30 020719
#E01307622
BLOOD STAINS

BEFORE LETTING GO OF HER TRY,
LOOK BACK ON THE BETTER DAYS...

OFTEN WE ARE LEFT WONDERING WHY,
OPPOSITES ATTRACT THRU SUCH STRANGE WAYS,

DIDN'T TWO HEARTS BECOME ONE SOUL,

THAT JEALOUSY HOWEVER SOON SET IN...

INTERTWINED AND ALWAYS FEELING SO FULL;

LUST SNEAKILY CAUSED HIM TO SIN...

LEARNING HIS ONLY TWISTED SICK DESIRE,

SHE WAS LEFT WITH TOTAL HEARTACHE...

TEARFULLY PICKING UP SOME BARBED WIRE,

AT LAST REVENGE SHE'D SURELY TAKE...

INNER CONFLICTS AROSE FOR A MOMENT,

NO REMORSE COULD SADLY BE FOUND...

HEAVEN HAD AN ANGEL IT SENT,

EVEN THO HE'S NOW HELL BOUND...

ANOTHER VICTIM CLAIMED BY DEATH'S SPELL,

RAVAGING BLOWS WHILE BOUND UNDER CHAINS...

TRAPPED INSIDE TORTURE'S TINY STEEL CELL,

SLUMPED OVER THOSE STICKY BLOOD STAINS...

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 31 08/17/9

#501307622
NUMB YET RAW

LEFT FOR DEAD BUT SOMEHOW ALIVE,
A CRUSHED SOUL TRYING TO YELL...
BY SOME MIRACLE HE MIGHT SURVIVE,
AN ANGEL UNDER LUST WHO FELL...
PURE SEDUCTION BROKE HIS GLORIOUS WINGS,
PAINFULLY HE'D SMACK INTO THE GROUND...
NOW SHE JOYFULLY PULLS LOVE'S STRINGS,
Proudly parading her new toy around...
CONTROL IS SOMETHING THAT TASTES SWEET,
EXCEPT FOR AGONY'S VICTIM TRAPPED INSIDE...
HOWEVER BEING DRAGGED DOWN MISERY'S STREET,
OPENED BLOODY GASHES EXTREMELY WIDE...
NERVES OF STEEL STILL GET TORN,
AND BONES CAN ALWAYS BE BROKE...
YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN,
WHEN ON HER LIES YOU CHOKED...
SHE ALMOST KILLED ALTHOUGH SHE FAILED,
IT PROVED ONE SEVERELY FATAL FLAW...
ON HELL'S CROSS TWO HEARTS ARE NAILED,
BOTH BECOMING FOREVER NUMB YET RAW...

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 32 08/18/19
#501307622
CUTTHROAT

ASSIST ME AND WE'LL DO GREAT,
AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT YOU ONCE SAID...
AFTER BEING STABBED I FEEL HATE,
ALL OVER MY BACK YOU'VE TREAD...
BUT IT'S OK I'LL GET MINE,
DON'T WORRY IT'LL BE VERY QUICK...
BLOOD SPATTER LIKE FINE RED WINE,
FROM A BLUNT RUSTY NEEDLE STICK...
YOUR CRIES WILL GO SADLY UNHEARD,
SO SCREAM UNTIL YOU'RE WORN OUT...
THE LINES OF INSANITY ARE BLURRED,
DEATH CREEPS IN NOW WITHOUT DOUBT...
WITH EYES THAT'VE BEEN SEWN SHUT,
I'M LEFT TO HELPLESSLY WONDER WHY...
AGONY'S PAIN GROWS DURING EACH CUT,
REGRET FILLED THOUGHTS ABOUT EVERY LIE...
WE'D HAVE GONE ALL THE WAY,
INSTEAD TWO PEOPLE'S RESPONSIBILITIES I'D TOTE...
HOWEVER REVENGE'LL TASTE SO SWEET TODAY,
BECAUSE KARMA ALWAYS PLAYS HARSH CUTTHROAT!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 33 08/18/19
#501307622
THIN THREAD

BLOOD RUNS DOWN A SCARRED BACK,
IN THICK RED BEADS OF PAIN...
STRETCHED OUT ON THE TORTURE RACK,
BEING BEATEN WITH SPIKE LADEN CHAIN...
HOW DID I END UP HERE,
SIMPLE LUST TOOK OVER MY MIND...
I'M UNABLE TO CRY ONE TEAR,
BECAUSE WITHOUT EYES I'VE BECOME BLIND...
SHE'LL CUT ME UNTIL JEALOUSY'S DEAD,
DEATH WILL DEFINETELY PLEASE HER RAGE...
BULLETS PENE TRATE AN ALREADY CRACKED HEAD,
BOUNCING IT AROUND THIS RUSTY CAGE...
WHY CAN'T HEARTACHE EVER BE FORGOTTEN,
BROKEN HEARTS AIN'T ALWAYS SO BAD...
INSTEAD MISERY MAKES US FEEL ROTTEN,
DRIVING OUR EMOTIONS WAY PAST MAD...
LEFT FOR BREAKING THIS ANGEL'S HEART,
FOR MERCY I'LL WISH I'D PLED...
OPEN GASHES TORN TOO FAR APART,
ARE HELD TOGETHER BY THIN THREAD!
TIDAL WAVE

SANITY DOESN'T HELP ME TO COPE,
AS THE MADNESS COMES CREEPING IN...
HANGING ONTO A BARBED WIRE ROPE,
WHILE MY NERVES STRETCH PAPER THIN...
IT'S TIME FOR AN UNSUNG HERO,
ONE THAT'LL SURELY SAVE US ALL...
BECAUSE PAIN CAUSES MISERY'S HARSH UNDERTOW,
SLAMMING WEAK PREY INTO DEPRESSION'S WALL...
HOW CAN WE AVOID THIS MESS,
THERE'S NO ESCAPE ROUTE WITHIN SIGHT...
WITH EVERYTHING THAT YOU MUST CONFESSION
OR SUFFER AGONY'S WICKEDLY VICIOUS BITE...
AROUND AND AROUND LIFE'S BATTLE GOES;
SO MUCH RAGE BUILDING UP INSIDE...
NOW THICK RED BLOOD PLENTIFULLY FLOWS,
TAKING HUMANITY ON DEATH'S SAVAGE RIDE...
LUSTFUL GREED BECOMES YOUR WORST ENEMY,
WILFUL MAYHEM IS WHAT YOU'LL CRAVE...
THROWING ASIDE EVERY FRESLCHLY DEAD BODY,
DROWNING THEM UNDER INSANITY'S TIDAL WAVE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 35 082019
#501307622
AFTER SHOCK

REVENGE NEVER DOES TASTE AS SWEET,
UNTIL YOU EAGERLY SQUEEZE THAT TRIGGER...
NOW YOU'LL WALK DOWN MAIN STREET,
FEELING SO STRONG AND IMMENSELY BIGGER...
BUT BE CAREFUL BECAUSE KARMA STINGS,
FILLING IT'S OWN TRULY SINFUL NEEDS...
SORROWFUL AGONY IT TOO QUICKLY BRINGS,
NOT BEING HAPPY UNTIL EVERYONE BLEEDS...
BROKEN SOULS DEATH SURELY DOES REQUIRE,
SEEKING OUT THE WEAKEST OF PREY...
HE HUNTS THEM WITH SUCH DESIRE,
USING FEAR TO MAKE NERVES FRAY...
IF ONLY WE COULD FEEL STRONG,
OVERCOMING OUR OWN BROKEN DOWN EGO...
HANGING FROM A ROPE SEEMS WRONG,
ALTHOUGH IT'LL END ALL PAINFUL SORROW...
BALANCE YOUR MIND DON'T GO INSANE,
WICKED THOUGHTS MUST REMAIN UNDER LOCK...
KEEPING DEMONS DEEP INSIDE ONE'S BRAIN,
CAUSES AN UNBELIEVABLY VIOLENT AFTER SHOCK!

MICHAEL MAROTA PAGE 36 082019
#501307622
DEMONS IN MY MIND
SO MANY VOICES INSIDE ONE'S HEAD,
TELLING THEM TO ENJOY MISERY'S RAPTURE...
BUT IF YOU FIGHT BACK INSTEAD,
YOUR SANITY THEY MAY NOT CAPTURE...
HAUNTING MEMORIES OF WHAT ONCE WAS,
KEEP ME FROM FOCUSING ON TOMORROW...
I'LL PRAY FOR DEATH JUST BECAUSE,
AS I'M DROWNING UNDER DEEP SORROW...
TOO MUCH DISPAIR CAN BE HARD,
CLinging onto a mostly broken soul...
WHEN DEATH FLIPS THE RIGHT CARD,
AGONY'S FINAL BELL WILL LOUDLY TOLL...
TIME TICKS AWAY AT ALARMING SPEED,
WHILE BLOOD Drips BETWEEN SHARP NAILS...
RAW JEALOUSY SOON FILLS THAT NEED,
WITH CRUSHING NIGHTMARES IT RUTHLESSLY IMPALES...
TRY TELLING YOURSELF THEY'LL GO AWAY,
EVENTUALLY INSANITY'LL DRIVE REALITY BLIND...
LEARNING COSTLY LESSONS EACH NEW DAY,
FUCKED BY DEMONS IN MY MIND.
BOTCHED SUICIDE

TWO TRAINS COLLIDE CAUSING MASS CARNAGE,
BODIES LIE ALL OVER BLOODY GROUND...
ONE PERSON'S MISERY ON DEATH'S STAGE,
CAUSED SUCH AN UTERLY WRETCHED SOUND...
SCREAMING AS SKULLS CRACKED WIDE OPEN,
BONES BREAKING LIKE PANES OF GLASS...
IT WAS TRULY DESTINED TO HAPPEN,
BECAUSE HEARTACHE BIT HIS SORRY ASS...
HE THOUGHT I'D RATHER DIE ALONE,
HOWEVER FATE HAD A BIGGER PLAN...
THEY'RE ALL COVERED BY AGONY'S LOAN,
IT'LL SPARE NO WOMAN OR MAN...
THIS WILL BE WAY TOO EASY,
I CLEARLY HAVE AN UPPER HAND...
UNTIL BEING DROPPED ONTO MY KNEE,
NOW REALIZING WHO'S REALLY IN COMMAND...
I'M SO SORRY YOU'LL LATER SAY,
BLINDED UNDER YOUR OWN STUPID PRIDE...
YOU TOOK THOSE EXTRA LIVES TODAY,
COMPLETELY BOTCHING UP THE SIMPLEST SUICIDE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 38      08/21/19
#501307622
SUPER PSYCHO

JOYOUSLY WATCHING AS SHE BLEEDS OUT,
TELLING HER THIS WOULD LAST FOREVER...
BUT JEALOUSY'S ARGUMENT LED TO DOUBT,
FEELINGS OF ABANDONMENT MADE LOVE SEVER...
COME BACK I SWEAR I'LL CHANGE,
IT'LL BE BETTER NEXT TIME AROUND...
HOWEVER THAT PROMISE SEEMS TOO STRANGE,
SO WITH CHAINS SHE'LL REMAIN BOUND...
KEEP HEARTACHE UNDER LOCK AND KEY,
BECAUSE ONCE FREE EVERYONE WILL PAY...
SWEET SEDUCTION CARRIES AN EVIL DEGREE,
ON BROKEN BONE'S MISERY'S SONG'LL PLAY...
IF IT'S LOVE YOU'VE BEEN AFTER,
YOU'RE DEFINITELY NOT LOOKING HARD ENOUGH...
THERE'S ONLY PAIN IN INSANITY'S LAUGHTER,
AND FOR ENJOYMENT AGONY'S ALWAYS ROUGH...
CAUSING ALL THOSE TEARS BECAME FUN,
SOMEHOW THO I'M LEFT FEELING HOLLOW...
LOOK WE HAD A GOOD RUN,
UNTIL YOU DROVE ME SUPER PSYCHO!

MICHAEL MAROTA
SO DELICIOUS

REVENGE TASTES SWEETER WHEN SERVED HOT,
SITTING BACK YOU'LL SIP JOYFULLY SLOW...
THEY GAVE SURVIVAL THEIR BEST SHOT,
HOWEVER KILLING THEM BECAME A SHOW...
PUTTING HUMAN SUFFERING UP ON STAGE,
WANTING ALL TO WATCH PAYBACK UNFOLD...
YOU SO GRACEFULLY GUIDED INSANITY'S RAGE,
DEALING OUT TORTURE THAT GOES UNTOLD...
WHEN THEIR BODIES LAY COMPLETELY BEATEN,
VIOLENTLY STAB EACH ONE FOR FUN...
DON'T WORRY THEY'LL SOON BE EATEN,
WHILE THE CRIMSON BLOOD DOES RUN...
IF ONLY THEY'D LEFT HIM ALONE,
MAYBE NONE OF THIS WOULD HAPPEN...
THRU OPEN GASHES NOW SHOWS BONE,
LIKE BEING INSIDE THE LION'S DEN...
HUMANS CAN'T HELP FEELING NEEDLESS ENVY,
ACTING CRUEL AND MORE THAN VISCIOUS...
BEHIND JEALOUS RAGE WE DON'T SEE,
EVEN THO IT TASTES SO DELICIOUS!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 40 082119
#501307622
VITAL NERVE

A twisted smile he always wore,
Deep down inside ran thick scars...
Every dream somehow ended up tore,
Leading to years behind steel bars...
All alone with only his voices,
Some friendly and some not so...
They've helped him make bad choices,
Letting much unnecessary blood heavily flow...
Time's taken away any happy visions,
Replacing them with endless gory nightmares...
Stitches can't close these wide incisions,
Caused by other's viscously icy stares...
Twelve days left until you die,
Atleast that's how it almost feels...
Then again this life's death's lie,
Because everyone's fate karma justifiably seals...
Silently hiding is of no use,
Agony's savage arrow can violently curve...
Don't worry tho fear's an excuse,
Until venom reaches your vital nerve!

Michael Marotta Page 41 082219 #501307622
SKULL CRACKS

HEARTLESS BITCHES TEAR OUT MANY HEARTS,
NICE GUYS WILL ALWAYS FINISH LAST...
THEIR LIPS PIERCE LIKE POISON DARTS,
EXCEPT THE AGONY RUSHES IN FAST...
THEY'LL TELL YOU THAT YOU'RE THEIRS,
WHILE BuryING FANGS INTO YOUR SKIN...
STABBING MASSIVE HOLES WITH ICY STARES,
ENJOYING EVERY MOMENT OF ENDLESS SIN...
BLOODY CRIMSON DROPS FILL SWOLLEN EYES,
SOMEHOW THO YOU'LL BLOCK OUT PAIN...
MAKING SURE THIS TIME SHE DIES,
ENDING A TRULY CRUEL VIOLENT REIGN...
ONCE YOU'RE FREE KILL SO QUICK,
BECAUSE SUCH SAVAGE BLOWS SHE'LL LASH...
DON'T FALL FOR ANY SEDUCTIVE TRICK,
OR SUFFER FURY'S VICIOUSLY GORY SLASH...
IT'S TIME TO EVEN JEALOUSY'S SCORE,
THERE'S NO ESCAPING YET SOMETHING LACKS...
STRETCHED LIMBS BECOME BROKEN AND SORE,
HOWEVER JOY'S WHEN HER SKULL CRACKS!

Michael Marotta  Page 42  08.22.19
#501307622
BAD GUY

FLAMES ARE SEEN BEHIND HOLLOW EYES,
RAGE SEEMS TOO INTENSE TO CONTROL...
SO MANY SAVAGE BEATINGS AND LIES,
HAVE TAKEN A WICKEDLY VISCIOUS TOLL...
I ONLY WANTED YOUR SWEET LOVE,
BUT GOT ICE COLD HUGS INSTEAD...
YOU'D RAINED DOWN PAIN FROM ABOVE,
SADLY TWO I'M NOT YET DEAD...
PUTTING FEAR IN MY BROKEN HEART,
I'D THOUGHT YOU'D FELT THE SAME...
INSTEAD IT IGNITED
HOWEVER AS TERROR RIPPED ME APART,
INSIDE IT IGNITED HATRED'S RED FLAME...
NO MORE ABUSE WILL BE HAD,
ANGRILY I'LL COME OUT ON TOP...
NOBODY LIKES SEEING DEMONS GET MAD,
BECAUSE THEY NEVER SEEM TO STOP...
ADRENALINE NOW RACES AT FULL SPEED,
TORTURE BRINGS AN AMAZING ENDOPHINE HIGH...
LAUGHING WHILE DEATH MAKES YOU BLEED,
I'M HEARTACHE'S NUMBER ONE BAD GUY!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 43  082219
#501307622
PINK CLOUD

GUNS KILL PEOPLE EVERY SINGLE DAY,
SOMEONE DIES WITH EACH PASSING HOUR...
DEATH'LL ALWAYS MAKE SOMEONE SORELY PAY,
PRAYING ON US FROM HIS TOWER...
PIPE BOMB CLAIMS TWENTY INNOCENT LIVES,
STANDOFF ENDS WITH TWO PEOPLE DEAD...
WHY MUST WE ALL CARRY KNIVES,
WHAT ELSE NEEDS TO BE SAID...
CHILD STILL STRAPPED IN HOT CAR,
WHILE ANOTHER DROWNS HER MOTHER SLEEPS...
LOSS ALWAYS LEAVES MISERY'S WICKED SCAR,
BECAUSE KARMA SAVAGELY PLAYS FOR KEEPS...
WHEN OUR EYES OPEN UP WIDE,
MAYBE WE'LL NOT HURT EACH OTHER...
BUT IT'S LIKE THAT TIME DADDY LIED,
AS HE KILLED YOUR YOUNGER BROTHER...
DEPRESSION SHOULDN'T RULE OUR EVERY THOUGHT,
KEEP THOSE VOICES FROM GETTING LOUD...
HOWEVER IF CARNAGE IS BEING SOUGHT,
TURN YOURSELF INTO A PINK CLOUD!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 44 082219
# 501307622
TOTAL SILENCE

NECK HIGH UNDER POOLS OF TEARS,
THE WORLD'S SORROWS WEIGHING ON ME...
SO MUCH ANGER SO MANY FEARS,
UNSPoken PAIN WHICH NOONE WILL SEE...
WHY DO HUMANS HIDE BEHIND WALLS,
HELP CANT REACH THEM ON TIME...
THEN THEY GO SHOOT UP MALLS,
DEMons COMMITING A MEANINGLESS HATE CRIME...
NOBODY LISTENs TO WHAT I SAY,
EVEN THO IT MAKES PERFECT SENSE...
INSTEAD INNOCENT PEOPLE DIE EVERY DAY,
BECAUSE SOMEONE HOPPED OVER SANITY'S FENCE...
JUST WHEN YOU THINK YOU UNDERSTAND,
YOU'RE BEING ROBBED FOR YOUR WALLET...
BY IDIOTS WITH GUNS IN HAND,
TEN DOLLARS IS ALL THEY'LL GET...
FOR ONE MOMENT WON'T ANYBODY THINK,
THERE'S ALREADY ENOUGH TRULY SENSELESS VIOLENCE...
PUSHED UNTIL LUNICY BECOMES DEATH'S LINK,
SITTING TOTALLY STILL ENJOYING TOTAL SILENCE!

MICHAEL MAROTA PAGE 45 082319
#501307622
BLOODY MIST

LITTLE WHITE LIES HERE OR THERE,
WON'T HURT ANYONE'S FEELINGS I'M SURE...
LAUGH WITH THEM BUT DON'T STARE,
TOO MUCH TEASING NO ONE CAN ENDURE...
SOME WILL CHOKE DOWN JAGGED PILLS,
OTHERS MIGHT SEVERELY SLIT THEIR SKIN...
THOUGHTS OF MADNESS GIVE US CHILLS,
WHO CARES I'VE BEEN BROKEN WITHIN...
IF I OVERDOSE ON THESE DRUGS,
AN EMPTY BODY'LL HANG SO LOOSE...
I'D USED THESE TO REPLACE HUGS,
NOW NUMB WHILE TIGHTENING THE NOODLE...
NOBODY EVER CARED FOR VERY LONG,
AT LEAST THAT'S HOW IT TRULY FELT...
I'LL FOREVER SING A SAD SONG,
AFTER BEING BEATEN BY TORTURE'S BELT...
STARING DOWN THIS GUN BARREL AGAIN,
HANDS BAULED LIKE TWO CLAIGNED FIST...
AN EAGER MOUTH SWINGS WIDE OPEN,
EXPLOSIVELY MY BRAIN BECOMES BLOODY MIST!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 46 082319
# 501307622
BETTER OFF DEAD
A MOTHER'S IMAGE OF HER SON,
CAN SEEM SO PERFECT AT TIMES...
BUT EVENTUALLY THE TEARS WILL RUN,
AS HE COMMITS VERY HEINOUS CRIMES...
WHAT WENT WRONG SHE'LL ALWAYS ASK,
DID I NOT LOVE HIM ENOUGH...
TWO COLD EYES BEHIND MANY MASKS,
LEAVING NO DOUBT THAT HE'S TOUGH...
ICE RUNS THRU WIDE OPEN VEINS,
PUMPING STRAIGHT INTO AN EMPTY HEART...
ONCE HE'D FELT TOO MANY PAINS,
UNTIL EVERY NERVE GOT RIPPED APART...
COMPLETELY NUMB FROM HEAD TO TOE,
FEELINGS CUT OFF BY INTENSE RAGE...
BLOOD DRIPS OUT LIKE HEAVEN'S SORROW,
WHEN ANGELS SCREAM INSIDE DEATH'S CAGE...
YOU'LL SLASH AND YOU'LL CLAW,
WHILE BEING BEATEN UPSIDE YOUR HEAD...
EXPOSED NERVES GET RUBBED ENTIRELY RAW,
SURELY I'D BE BETTER OFF DEAD!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 47 082419
#501307622
UNSPEAKABLE HORROR
IS THERE PAIN IN THIS VOICE,
HOW MUCH AGONY DO YOU HEAR...
TOO LATE I'VE MADE A CHOICE,
AFTER ALL YOU'D LEFT OUT A FEAR...
IF I'D NOT BEEN SO ROUGH,
WULD THAT HAVE CHANGED YOUR MIND...
NONE HAD EVER CALLED MY BLUFF,
ON THEIR FEAR I JOYFULLY DINED...-
COME BACK THO AND I'LL CARE,
WE'LL SEAL IT BY CUPID'S KISS...
TORTURE'S SOMETHING THAT WE CAN SHARE,
HEARING SCREAMS WILL BRING US BLISS...-
I'VE GOT OTHER TARGETS TO HIT,
YOU'RE NO LONGER ON DEATH'S LIST...
DEMONS INSIDE ONE'S BRAIN GET LIT,
SPRAYING CONCRETE WALLS WITH BLOODY MIST...-
STORIES OF MAYHEM GO FOREVER UNTOLD,
BECAUSE THEY CONTAIN TOO MUCH GORE...
ONCE HEARTACHE'S MISERY TAKES FIRMLY AHOLO,
IT'LL UNLEASH THE MOST UNSPEAKABLE HORROR!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 48    082419
#501307622
Gory Finish

Battles rage inside every deranged mind,
Good versus evil's the usual one...
But sanity often gets left behind,
Leaving an idiot holding sanity's gun...
What if he just doesn't care,
Then thoughts might easily lose control...
You can't think he'd never dare,
Because death's trigger he'll gladly pull...
Demonic voices told him to say,
Things that cut others hatefully deep...
On every weakness insanity does prey,
A single tear it won't weep...
Without sleep one isn't mentally well,
Dissidence quickly rule over all logic...
Feelings of rage so often swell,
Until an unpleasant outcome becomes tragic...
Compromise could be harder than killing,
Violent thoughts don't ever fully diminish...
You'll stand overly eager and willing,
Laughing during lunacy's most gory finish!

Michael Marotta  Page 49  082419
#501307622
BROKEN SCREAMS

ALONE IN A CORNER SHE CRIES,
CUPID'S BROKEN HEART NO LONGER BEATS...
NOT LONG NOW UNTIL LOVE DIES,
LEAVING HER LYING ON ABANDONED STREETS...
SHE'D TRIED TO MAKE HIM VANISH,
BY LETTING OTHERS BRING UNWANTED PAIN...
IF GIVEN ONLY JUST ONE WISH,
ACID WOULD FILL HIS EVERY VEIN...
JUSTIFIABLY THERE'D BE ENDLESS BLOODY TEARS,
MAKING THE RAIN TURN CRIMSON RED...
AS DEATH EVER SO QUICKLY NEARS,
HE'D BEG FOR MERCY UNTIL DEAD...
THERE WASNT ANY REASON FOR HEARTACHE,
AND YET TOO MUCH WAS FELT...
WITH RAZORED NAILS AGONY WILL RAKE,
THOSE CARDS KARMA HAD ALREADY DEALT...
WHY WONT ANYONE FILL MISERY'S NEED,
INSTEAD THEY HIDE BEHIND FALSE DREAMS...
THIS TIME SOMEONE'LL SO SORELY BLEED,
BEING CRUSHED DURING SEVERELY BROKEN SCREAMS!

MICHAEL MAROTA    PAGE 50    082419
#501307622
SHATTERED HOPE

FROM HIS WING CAME A FEATHER,
THO IT WASN'T MINE TO TAKE...

MANY BATTLES HE'D NO DOUBT WEATHER,
AS AN ANGEL I DID FORSAKE...

HOLDING IN ALL OF MY BREATH,
AND WISHING FOR PEACE NOT WAR...

INSTEAD CAME THE ONE CALLED DEATH,
OPENING UP MAYHEM'S TRULY SINFUL DOOR...

ONLY WANTING THINGS THAT ARE GOOD,
I'LL DECIDE WHICH SIDE I'LL FOLLOW...

UNDERNEATH EVIL'S LONG JET BLACK HOOD,
LIES EYESOCKETS THAT'RE SO OMINESLY HOLLOW...

SIN'S BLINK CAN CHANGE HUMAN EXISTANCE,
THERE'S TOO MUCH SENSELESS VIOLENCE ALREADY...

DEMONS LURE YOU WITH THEIR DANCE,
BUT YOUR FEET CAN'T STAY STEADY...

FEELING COLD FROM RAZOR LIKE CARESSSES,
YOU'LL DANGLE ON BARBED WIRE ROPE...

YOU'RE STUCK UNDER TWO LARGE PRESSES,
SLOWLY LOSING EVERY LAST SHATTERED HOPE.

MICHAEL MAROTA PAGE 51 082519
#501307622
GO FOR BROKE

EYES THAT ARE RED AND SORE,
TOO MANY TEARS HAVE THEY CRIED...
THAT'S THE LIFE OF A WHORE,
AFTER ALL HER NERVES PAINFULLY DIED...
WRETCHED TRUSTS EACH NEW PASSING DAY,
VOMIT FILLED TOILETS WHEN SHE'S DONE...
SOAP CAN'T SHOWER SHAME'S DISGUST AWAY,
AS SHE PICKS UP BLAME'S GUN...
TWITCHING WHILE SWALLOWING SO MANY PILLS,
WASHING THEM DOWN WITH SOME WINE...
HERE COMES MORE ICE COLD CHILLS,
RUNNING OVER MISERY'S NOW INVERTED SPINE...
WHY DO YOU STILL DO THIS,
IF YOU'LL NEVER FIND TRUE LOVE...
LEFT LONGING FOR HIS UNRETURNED KISS,
CRUSHED: AN ANGEL'S HEART FROM ABOVE...
NOTHING CAN KEEP HEARTACHE UNDER CONTROL,
WHATEVER HAPPENS TRY NOT TO CHOKE...
SWINGING AN AXE MAKE'S HEADS ROLL,
LOSING IT SHE'LL GO FOR BROKE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 52  08-26-19
#501307622
FORESAKEN

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT WILL TEST ONE'S BEING,
TWENTY FOUR HOURS OF TOTAL SILENCE...
LEARNING HOW TO LIVE WITHOUT SEEING,
ALL WHILE CONTAINING AN INNER VIOLENCE...
THEY'LL PUT YOU HERE TO LEARN,
BUT THEY'RE GONNA SUFFER A LESSON...
ANGRY VOICES MAKE LUNACY'S RAGE BURN,
NOW IMAGINARY KILLING BEGINS FOR FUN...
ONE MONTH PASSES SO QUICKLY BY,
EMOTIONALLY STARVED WITH NO HUMAN CONTACT...
INVISIBLE FRIENDS SOON BELIEVE EVERY LIE,
WHICH KEEPS FULL BLOWN INSANITY INTACT...
HOW MANY YEARS HAS IT BEEN,
MAYBE IT'S ONLY WEEKS WHO KNOWS...
YOU'RE BENT ON TRULY GETTING EVEN,
DEATH'S SAVAGE BEAST INSIDE STILL GROWS...
THE DOOR OPENS LETTING LIGHT IN,
YOUR EYES SEE PARADISE UNLESS MISTAKEN...
AT ARMED CAPTURES YOU'LL VICIOUSLY GRIN,
BEFORE UNLEASHING DESTRUCTION THAT'S BEYOND FORSAKEN!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 53 082619
#501307622
KILLING ME SOFTLY,
FROM A SPIDER'S WEB PREY SUSPENDS,
STRUGGLING JUST MAKES IT MUCH WORSE...
ONCE STUCK LIFE SO QUICKLY ENDS,
YOU'RE DOOMED TO SUFFER KARMA'S CURSE...
WITH PRECISE CALCULATIONS HEAVEN'S SOUL BROKE,
BUT NOT AT ALL IN HALF...
ON SALTY TEARS I SLOWLY CHOKE,
WHILE YOU SIT THERE AND LAUGH...
OUR PERFECT LOVE TOO SUBTLY PERISHED,
WITHOUT ONE WORD ROMANCE WAS DEAD...
FUNNY HOW SOFT KISSES WEREN'T CHERISHED,
YET SILENTLY WENT TOTALLY UNNOTICED INSTEAD...
CUPID SURELY FUCKED UP THIS TIME,
MISSING HER HEART WITH HIS ARROW...
LOCKED AWAY FOR SORROW'S PERFECT CRIME,
UNDER BARBED WIRE BLOOD DOES FLOW...
OUR RELATIONSHIP COULD HAVE REMAINED DIVINE,
UNFORTUNATELY HEARTACHE BEGAN IT'S MURDEROUS SPREE...
CHILLS RUN JOYFULLY DOWN MY SPINE,
AS YOUR TORTURE KILLS ME SOFTLY!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 54 08.26.19
#501307622
IT TOO

CUPID WILL SEND OUT AN ARMY,
TO SEARCH FOR YOUR BROKEN HEART...
NOT A RESCUE SQUAD YOU SEE,
BUT INSTEAD THEY'LL RIP ONE APART...
WE WERE THE PERSONIFICATION OF LOVE,
UNTIL ENvy'S OVERJEALOUS SIDE YOU'D SHOW...
HEAVEN MATCHED US FROM FAR ABOVE,
HOWEVER SOON OUR PASSION SANK BELOW...
ANGELS COULDN'T STAND HIS PERFECT PAIR,
SO DEATH INTERVENED ON THEIR BEHALF...
EXCEPT HE SURELY DIDN'T PLAY FAIR,
THEN I GOT REVENGE'S LAST LAUGH...
FIRST CAME NAILS UPON SHATTERED GLASS,
NEXT UP WAS CLUBS WITH SPIKES...
I'D PUSnTHRU SHOWING ELEGANT CLASS,
GRINNING WHILE BEING DEALT SAVAGE STRIKES...
TOO MUCH HEARTACHE MAKES NERVES DIE,
EVEN WHEN AGONY TWISTS IT'S SCREW...
NOW I'LL TRULY HAVE HUMBLE PIE,
WHILE MAKING MISERY EAT IT TOO!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 55  082719
#501307622
SLIPPERY WHEN WET

SHE CAUGHT YOU IN JEALOUSY'S TRAP,
WATCHING YOUR PAIN GOT HER OFF...
TIGHTLY HER POWERFUL JAWS WILL SNAP,
YOU'LL CHOKE WITHOUT A SINGLE COUGH...
GOBS OF FLESH COVERED THE WALL,
LETTING SAVAGE HEARTACHE BEGIN IT'S RAPE...
NERVES DIED CAUSING ME TO FALL,
SADLY MY MIND COULD NOT ESCAPE...
I'M HOPING SHE'LL END IT QUICK,
BUT THEN AGAIN WHO CAN SAY...
THIS BRAIN SPASMS WITH EACH PRICK,
TEETH LIKE NEEDLES RIPPING SANITY AWAY...
I'D ONLY EVER CHEATED JUST ONCE,
SOMEHOW I GUESS THAT WAS ENOUGH...
I'VE BEEN TORTURED NOW FOR MONTHS,
SURVIVAL HAS BECOME SO EXTREMELY ROUGH...
SCREAMS OF AGONY FROM HELL'S HEAT,
PILE UP UNDER MISERY'S IMMENSE DEBT...
UNDERNEATH TWO SLENDER AND BEAUTIFUL FEET,
LIES BLOOD THAT'S SLIPPERY WHEN WET!
ODDLY PLACED

YOU'RE DIFFERENT THAN ALL THE REST,
SO THEY CONSTANTLY TEASE WITHOUT MERCY...

HOWEVER YOU ARE ONLY A GUEST,
EVERYONE SHOULD'VE JUST LET THINGS BE...
YOU'LL CREEP INSIDE THEIR WORST NIGHTMARES,
AS MISERY’S TRUE STAR OF HONOR...
ICE COLD EYES WITH EVIL STARES,
FREEZE THEM DEEP INTO HATRED’S CORE...
HOW DARE ANYONE CHALLENGE YOUR POWER,
LIFE WAS FINE BEFORE SOCIETY CAME...
SITTING ALONE ATOP AN IVORY TOWER,
WHERE EVERY ANGEL RESPECTED HIS NAME...
BUT NOW IT'S TIME FOR PAIN,
HURT THAT’S TOO INTENSE TO STAND...
BLOOD WILL FALL LIKE HEAVY RAIN,
WHILE SOULS GET CRUSHED BY HAND...
IF PEOPLE WOULD HAVE SIMPLY UNDERSTOOD,
THAT EMOTIONS SOMETIMES CAN COME UNLACED...
THEN THEY'D NOT LIFTED DEATH’S HOOD,
REALIZING HE'D BEEN VERY ODDLY PLACED!

MICHAEL MAROTTA    PAGE 59    082819
#501307622
BLANK STARES

SHADOWS PASS SLOWLY ACROSS MY CELL,
THE SAME PEOPLE ALWAYS PASS BY...
THEY'VE GOT NEW STORIES TO TELL,
AFTERWARDS THOUGH YOU STILL WONDER WHY...
AN ANIMAL PACING INSIDE IT'S CAGE,
PROWLS AROUND WHEN HE'S LET OUT...
FULL OF SUCH INTENSE MISGUIDED RAGE,
SOMEONE WILL PAY THAT'S NO DOUBT...
ONCE HUMAN BUT NOW JUST FACES,
NOBODY NOTICES IF THEY EVEN EXIST...
GUARDS KEEP THEM IN THEIR PLACES,
WITH SHINY CUFFS ON WEAK WRISTS...
EACH ONLY WISHES FOR LIFE AGAIN,
BACK INTO A WORLD WHERE FREE...
SOMEWHERE'S NOT INSIDE NEW'S STATE PEN,
SIMPLY HAVING FRESH AIR SUITS ME...
THIS WORLD PUTS AWAY SO MANY,
LEFT UNDER LOCKS AND NOONE CARES...
NUMBERS COUNTED LESS THAN ONE PENNY,
TRAPPED INSIDE FEAR BEHIND BLANK STARES!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#50130762Z

PAGE 60

082819
MORE THAN AIR

ONCE TWO HEARTS BEAT LIKE ONE,
CURPID HAD DONE SOMETHING SO PERFECT...

BUT SUDDENLY CAME HEARTACHE'S LOADED GUN,
NEITHER KNEW WHAT THEY SHOULD EXPECT...

ANOTHER LOVER FOUND THEIR WAY IN,
CAUSING ALL HELL TO BREAK LOOSE...

HE WAS POSITIVE THAT HE'D WIN,
WHILE THE LESSER TIED A NOOSE...

HOWEVER TRUE ROMANCE CAN'T BE BROKEN,
OF THIS I KNOW FIRST HAND...

CERTAIN WORDS ARE BETTER LEFT UNSPOKEN,
OR SAVAGE FLAMES WILL GET FANNED...

MY ADVICE IS DON'T EVER INTERFERE,
KARMA SURELY'S AN EXTREMELY ANGRY BITCH...

SHE'LL KEEP YOU UNDER CONSTANT FEAR,
LEAVING YOUR BODY INSIDE HELL'S DITCH...

NOONE CAN EASILY BREAK THEM APART,
THEY'RE BLESSED AS HEAVEN'S MADE PAIR...

TRULY DESTINED FROM ETERNITY'S VERY START,
NEEDING EACH OTHER MORE THAN AIR!
ETERNAL SLUMBER

YOU SAID THAT YOU WERE WIDOWED,

BUT YET I AM STILL ALIVE...

FROM MY HEART BLOOD QUICKLY FLOWED,

WHILE LONGINESSE WENT INTO HYPER DRIVE...

THAT WASN'T YOUR ONLY WAY OUT,

THERE'S BETTER WAYS TO SAY GOODBYE...

NOW I'M LEFT WITH ENDLESS DOUBT,

AN EMOTIONAL WRECK WHO CAN'T CRY...

HEARTACHE KILLED EVERY LAST VITAL NERVE,

TOTALLY NUMB AND LEFT FOR DEAD...

HOPEFULLY DEATH'S TRAIN WON'T ACCIDENTALLY SWERVE,

STRIKING ME DIRECTLY IN THE HEAD...

OUR LOVE I'LL ALWAYS SOMEHOW CHERISH,

EVEN WHEN YOU'LL SEAMLESSLY MOVE ON...

HOW COULD CUPID'S STRONG ROMANCE PERISH,

UNLESS IT WAS ALL SOME CON...

JUST ANSWER ONE QUESTION THEN GO,

IS EVERY MAN A USELESS NUMBER...

WILL WE EVER LAST OR NO,

AFTEBER BEING LOCKED INSIDE ETERNAL SLUMBER!

MICHAEL MAROTTA   PAGE 62      082819
#501307622
LUNATIC'S RANT

I'M THAT HAUNTING ANGUISH THAT DESTROYS,
DRUGS AND ALCOHOL TAME THE PAIN...
SO MUCH DESTRUCTION MY BRAIN ENJOYS,
LIKE WHEN SOMEONE SUDDENLY GOES INSANE...
CALL IT DEMENTIA IF YOU WILL,
BUT LISTEN FOR MANY DEMONIC SCREAMS...
ARMS SHAKING DON'T DROP SANITY'S PILL,
OR YOU'LL SUFFER SOME VIOLENT DREAMS...
WHY CAN'T THESE HANDS STAY STEADY,
QUAKING VERY BADLY I'LL PASS OUT...
LET'S HOPE I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF READY,
BECAUSE INSANITY HAS MAPPED IT'S ROUTE...
INSOMNIA BROKE FINALLY LETTING ME SLEEP,
HOWEVER I AWOKE COVERED IN BLOOD...
UP THIS SPINE VICIOUS SPASMS CREEP,
ENDLESS TEARS RESEMBLE A BIBLICAL FLOOD...
TOO MUCH CAN'T EVER BE ENOUGH,
AS LONG AS SAVAGE VOICES CHANT...
THEY WILL PLAY MORE THAN ROUGH,
UNTIL HEARING THEIR FAVORITE LUNATIC'S RANT!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 63 082819
# 501307622
DEVIL'S HORN

DARKNESS ENTICES AS I GO INSANE,
KILLING LOGIC'S ARMY INSIDE MY MIND...
I'LL VICIOUSLY FIGHT DEMONS IN VAIN,
SO SANITY DOESN'T FALL FAR BEHIND...
BLOOD RUSHES FAST FEELING EXTREMELY PURE,
ALTHOUGH THEY'RE SLASHING ME WITH FEAR...
VENOMOUSLY BITEN AND WITHOUT A CURE,
LIFE'S PURPOSE BECOMES ALL TOO CLEAR...
I'M SLOWLY BRINGING DEATH DOWN LOW,
BEFORE HE DESTROYS EVERY LAST SOUL...
SLOWLY BEING DRAGGED INTO HELL BELOW,
TAKING AN EVERLASTING EMOTIONAL TOLL...
THERE'S NO WAY TO BREAK FREE,
THIS SACRIFICE MUST BE SORELY MADE...
BLINDED BY FATE ONE CAN'T SEE,
AT ALL COST REVENGE GET'S PAID...
NOTHING LEFT I'VE BECOME SERIOUSLY WEAK,
NOW WISHING I'D NEVER BEEN BORN...
THE DEVIL'S LIFE KARMA DOES SEEK,
SPARING HIM WITH HIS OWN HORN!
BRIEF ENCOUNTER

HEAR NO EVIL SPEAK NO LIES,
WATCH OUT HERE COME'S DEATH'S BRIDE...
IT'S HEARTBREAKING WHEN AN ANGEL CRIES,
TAKING OUR HEARTS ON AGONY'S RIDE...
YOU'D DO ANYTHING FOR HER LOVE,
AS SHE GRABS ONTO YOUR SOUL...
GLOWING FROM HEAVEN'S SOFT LIGHT ABOVE,
EVERY MANS HEART SHE'S ALREADY STOLE...
I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT DAY,
OR EVEN WHEN WE FIRST MET...
I'D NOT HAD MUCH TO SAY,
BECAUSE MY TONGUE CARRIED EMBARRASSMENT'S DEBT...
EVENTUALLY WE'D EXCHANGE SOME SHY GLANCES,
WHICH Began A CONVERSATION ABOUT NOTHING...
CUPID'S ARROW MADE ME TAKE CHANCES,
IN HOPEs THAT IT'D BECOME SOMETHING...
BUT AWAKENING FROM AN ENDLESS SLEEP,
YOU HAD DISAPPEARED INTO, FANTASY'S BLUR...
WOUNDS OPENED UP WAY TOO DEEP,
BY THIS EVER SO BRIEF ENCOUNTER!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 65 08/23/19
# 501307622
INVISIBLE CHAIN

SUCH VICIOUS WORDS THAT YOU SPEAK,
NO FILTER TO STOP THE HATRED...
CONSIDERED BY ALL A HEINOUS FREAK,
WITH NERVES LIKE WOVEN STEEL THREAD...
CRUSHING PEOPLES SOULS WITHOUT SIMPLE CARE,
NOW DARE THEY QUESTION YOUR WAYS...
YOU'LL BRING HURT THAT'S BEYOND COMPARE,
MAKING SURE IT LAST FOR DAYS...
IF THEY'D LEFT WELL ENOUGH ALONE,
THEN YOU'D HAVE REMAINED EVER SILENT...
BUT THEIR INSULTS STRUCK SOLID BONE,
TRIGGERING AN INNER DEMON TOO VIOLENT...
YOU'RE REALLY NOT WORSE THAN MOST,
JUST SOMEHOW STRANGE YET OFTEN MISUNDERSTOOD...
HIDING IN SHADOWS LIKE SOME GHOST,
UNDER DARK CLOAK AND LONG HOOD...
SHARP CLAWS COULD TEAR ONE APART,
CAUSING UNBELIEVABLE AMOUNTS OF PURE PAIN...
SORROWED WEIGH HEAVY ON THIS HEART,
UNLESS BOUND UNDER AGONY'S INVISIBLE CHAIN!

MICHAEL MAROTA PAGE 66 082919
#501307622
SELF DEFENSE

AREN'T YOU ALLOWED TO STRIKE BACK,
I MEAN THEY'RE NOT PLAYING NICE ...
PUT THEM INTO THE TORTURE RACK,
OR SOME OTHER WICKEDLY PAINFUL DEVICE... 
THEY SHOULD'VE LEARNED THIS'S NO JOKE,
INSTEAD INSULTS KEPT BEING SORILY THROWN...
ON THOSE HARSH WORDS THEY'LL CHOICE,
YOU'LL MAKE SURE YOUR ANGER'S KNOWN...
WHEN BONES BREAK AND TEETH SHATTER,
IT WILL BE EVERYONE ELSE'S FAULT...
PAYBACK IS A WHOLE DIFFERENT MATTER,
BROUGHT BY HELL'S MOST VIOLENT ASSAULT...
WHO HIT WHO FIRST DOESN'T COUNT,
ONLY HOW MUCH DAMAGE GET DONE...
BLOODY GASHES TELL AGONY'S TRUE ACCOUNT,
Pummeling each other's never too fun...
SO MAKE SURE YOU'RE TRULY READY,
BECAUSE WITH CARNAGE COMES GREAT EXPENSE...
NERVES OF STEEL MUST STAY STEADY,
WHILE KILLING SOMEBODY IN SELF DEFENSE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 67 082919
#501307622
EXOTIC TASTE

EXPERIENCES COME AND GO DURING LIFE,
BUT NOTHING EVER WILL LAST FOREVER...
FROM KIDS TO TAKING A WIFE,
ALL BONDS BECOME WEAK THEN SEVER...
NO ONE KNOWS EXACTLY WHEN IT'LL OCCUR,
TRUST ME I KNOW IT WILL...
SE W UP PROBLEMS BEFORE THEY FESTER,
OR HARSHLY SWALLOW MISERY'S JAGGED PILL...
WHATEVER THE OUTCOME DON'T ENJOY PAIN,
ONCE YOU DO THERE'S NO COMING BACK...
DANCING AROUND IN THICK BLOODY RAIN,
GETS EQUALED BY SORROW'S TORTURE RACK...
NUMB YET EXCITED FOR SOME MORE,
CHILLS RUN DOWN YOUR BROKEN SPINE...
LEFT BEGGING EVEN THO YOU'RE SORRY,
BECAUSE THIS THRILL'S TRULY ONLY MINE...
HURTING SOMEONE ELSE ISN'T ANY FUN,
INSTEAD IT'S JUST ONE UNFULFILLING WASTE...
GETTING BEATEN UNTIL DEATH'S SURELY DONE,
HOWEVER IS PURELY AN EXOTIC TASTE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 68  082919
#501307622
EXPENSIVE TATTOO

INSIDE DIRTY SYRINGES ONE FINDS LOVE,
HOWEVER WHEN THEY'RE EMPTY IT DIES...
THERE'S NO DIVINE INTERVENTION FROM ABOVE,
THAT CAN END TOTAL ADDICTION'S CRIES...
IF I STOP LIFE'S LESS FUN,
SO INSTEAD I'LL SWALLOW MORE PILLS...
HAVEN'T WE HAD A GOOD RUN,
REMEMBER ALL THOSE SELF INDUCED THRILLS...
STONE COLD SOBRIETY ISN'T FOR ME,
NOTHING LIKE GETTING MY NEXT FIX...
I'M BETTER THIS WAY YOU'LL SEE,
WITH COCKTAILS IN THE RIGHT MIX...
BEING HIGHER THAN I'VE GONE BEFORE,
SEEMS LIKE SOME MAN MADE CHALLENGE...
AIMING TO SEE WHAT'S TRULY IN STORE,
DEATH MIGHT JUST TAKE HIS REVENGE...
BLOWING THRU MOUNTAINS OF INTOXICATING DRUGS,
AMAZED AT HOW QUICK TIME FLEW...
USING THEM HAS REPLACED TENDER HUGS,
LEAVING SCARS RESEMBLING AN EXPENSIVE TATTOO!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 69  082919
# 501307622
TABOO NOTION

GLASS CRACKLES UNDER SUCH HEAVY FLAME,
BUT THIS IS WORTH ANY PRICE...
OH SHIT I'VE FORGOTTEN MY NAME,
AND THAT LITTLE BIT OF ADVICE...
I'M SO HIGH I CAN'T SEE,
TOO FAR GONE NOW WHO CARES...
EVERYONE TRIED TO CAREFULLY WARN ME,
ONLY I'LL HAFTA SUFFER THEIR STARES...
THRU BLOOD SHOT EYES LIFE GLOWS,
SOBER THO THINGS USUALLY DO SUCK...
WHERE IT ENDS NOONE TRULY KNOWS,
OR PROBABLY EVEN GIVES A FUCK...
WHO'S GOT SOMETHING WE CAN SMOKE,
HERE'S TWELVE LINES UP OUR NOSES...
WORRIES DISAPPEAR BEHIND EVERY NEW TOKE,
LET'S PAUSE QUICKLY STRIKING RETARDED POSES...
BACK BEFORE KNOWING WHAT ADDICTION MEANT,
SEARCHING EVERYWHERE'S FOR EXACTLY'S MAGIC POTION...
DRUGS SEEMED ALMOST SURELY HEAVEN SENT,
WHILE SOBRIETY WAS THE TABOO NOTION!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 70 08/29/19
#501307622
INSANELY FORBIDDEN
LIKE KINGS UP UPON THEIR HORSES,
DRUGS RODE SMOOTHLY INTO MY LIFE...
BETTER THAN DINNER WITH SEVEN COURSES,
JUST AS DEPENDABLE AS OUR WIFE...
COMFORT COMES WHEN I'M SKY HIGH,
THERE'S JOY IN THAT FULL SYRINGE...
HOW ELSE COULD I GET BY,
UNLESS ENJOYING ANOTHER TRULY BLISSFUL BINGE...
THEY'RE OUR SISTERS AND BROTHERS TOO,
THE ONLY FAMILY THAT'LL ALWAYS SMILE...
KEEPING US FROM EVER FEELING BLUE,
ON SOME EXOTIC VACATION FOR AWHILE...
BUT BEWARE ALL GOOD ENDS BADLY,
YOU MAY FEEL THEIR PAINFUL STING...
AN ENDLESS STASH HAS DISAPPEARED SADLY,
NOW MOURNFUL HEARTACHE IT WILL BRING...
WITHOUT STOPPING AGONY TAKES IT'S BITE,
VENOM TRAVELS A PATH LESS RIDDEN...
TO YOUR HEART WITH EXTREME MIGHT,
MIND BLOWING TOXIN THAT'S INSANELY FORBIDDEN!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 71 083019
#501307622
TOXIC LUST

I CAN STOP IF I DESIRE,
SO DON'T TELL ME IT'S WRONG...
CANDY MADE FROM RUSTY BARBED WIRE,
SINGING SUCH AN IMMORALLY SEDUCTIVE SONG...
LITTLE PEBBLES THAT SHINE LIKE GLASS,
LIGHTING UP MISERY'S SORELY BROKEN HEART...
THEY'LL KICK SOCIETY IN THE ASS,
AND RIP THEIR MIND COMPLETELY APART...
FINDING JOY SMOKING EVERY TASTY PIECE,
FLOATING SOFTLY THRU THE PUREST AIR...
THESE HIGHS HOWEVER ARE ON LEASE,
EVENTUALLY OUR SANITY WILL VICIOUSLY TEAR...
COME BACK TO REALITY VOICES SAY,
BUT YOU'LL REPLY YOU'RE NOT READY...
PLEASE GIVE BLISS ANOTHER SINFUL DAY,
ATLEAST THEN I'LL BE MORE STEADY...
HATING LIFE WHEN THE RIDE'S DONE,
COMING BACK UP IS A MUST...
SHAKING WHILE HOLDING THIS LOADED GUN,
DOPE SICK SUFFERING FROM TOXIC LUST!
BLACK AS TAR

AFTER BEING BURNED ONE SEeks JUSTICE,
DONT LET HER HURT YOU FIRST...
POISON WRAPPED INSIDE A SWEET KISS,
WILL MAKE WEAK BLOOD VESSELS BURST...
DISGUISED LIKE AN ANGEL FROM ABOVE,
STUNNING BEAUTY THAT CANT BE COMPARED...
BUT THEN CAME THE ABUSIVE LOVE,
TORTURING YOU SHE NEVER REALLY CARED...
BEGGING FOR CUPID TO HELP QUICK,
BEFORE BEING SMASHED BY SOLID ROCK...
SUFFERING KICK AFTER VICIOUS KICK,
BOUND IN CHAINS UNDER STEEL LOCK...
PLEASE LET ME MAKE THINGS RIGHT,
HOWEVER THESE WORDS GO SORELY UNHEARD...
SAVAGE BLOWS NOW TAKE MY SIGHT,
MERCY SEEMS JUST USELESS AND ABSURD...
ATTEMPTING ESCAPE KNOWING I RISK HURT,
I'LL PROBABLY NOT GET VERY FAR...
SLOWLY DRAGGING MYSELF ACROSS STONY DIRT,
WITH BRUISES THAT'RE BLACK AS TAR!
UNFORGIVABLE SIN

forcefully pushing away those who care,
alienating them all one by one...
your hate grows thru an icy stare,
like you're holding a loaded gun...
can't they leave well enough alone,
their words don't help at all...
now I'll pick up that stone,
totally determined to make everyone fall...
there was warning in my voice,
but nobody carefully looked or listened...
rather than chance the wrong choice,
I made sure crimson blood glistened...
maybe next time they'll not try,
because insanity will always win out...
happiness sets in when others cry,
as mayhem releases it's primal shout...
no one can save this broken soul,
Crushed hearts die horribly from within...
thousands of stitches line heartaches hole,
forcing even angels into unforgivable sin!

Michael Marotta  Page 74  090119
#501307622
SEAMLESS SWITCH

DEEP WOUNDS RUN SIDE TO SIDE,
POOLS OF BLOOD SPRAWLED OUT EVERYWHERE...
LONG GASHES THAT'RE OH SO WIDE,
LIFE WITH NO SECONDS TO SPARE...
EXPLOSIVE RAGE CAUSED THIS WRETCHED MESS,
WHEN YOU COULDN'T EASILY APPEASE IT...
NOW YOU'D BETTER HURRY AND CONFESS,
OR SURELY FACE AGONY'S BOTTOMLESS PIT...
TRAPPED INSIDE LUST'S PURELY SEDUCTIVE CAGE,
CHAINS THAT SIMPLY CANNOT BE BROKE...
FORCED UP ONTO MISERY'S EMPTY STAGE,
SPITTING HATRED ON WHICH YOU'LL CHOKE...
BUT HERE'S WHERE I CAN ESCAPE,
INSANITY HAS FOUND ME A WAY...
HIDING UNDER CUPID'S BRIGHT RED CAPE,
WHILE EVERYONE ELSE CONTINUES HIS PLAY...
SECRETLY I'LL DROP THRU WITHOUT SOUND,
INTO AN ALREADY PRE DUG DITCH...
LEAVING ANOTHER VICTIM TIGHTLY BOUND,
EASILY PULLING OFF JEALOUSY'S SEAMLESS SWITCH!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

PAGE 75

090219

# 501307622
STORIES TO TELL

LIFE HAS TAKEN AN UNEXPECTED TWIST,
LEAVING FUTURE EVENTS UNDER FATE’S CONTROL...
BUT IT'LL BE FINE I INSIST,
JUST FOLLOW DESTINY'S WELL WRITTEN SCROLL...
DON'T VEER OFF OR SORRELY PAY,
THE TOLL IS WAY TOO MUCH...
INTEREST COMPOUNDS WITH EVERY NEW DAY,
UNTIL YOUR SHOULDER DEATH DOES TOUCH...
TRY BUYING SOME QUALITY PRECIOUS TIME,
DOING THINGS THAT'LL BRING ENDLESS JOY...
NOT GETTING CAUGHT UP IN CRIME,
JUST BECAUSE IT'S SOMETHING YOU'LL ENJOY...
BREAK A HEART HELL BREAK TWO,
WHAT DOES IT REALLY EVEN MATTER...
THERE'S PLENTY OF TAPE AND GLUE,
FOR WHEN THEY SO FATALLY SHATTER...
DO EVERYTHING AND THEN DO MORE,
RIGHT UP UNTIL THAT FINAL BELL:
SINFUL REGRETS CAN'T EVEN ANY SCORE,
LEAVING MANY BROKEN STORIES TO TELL!

MICHAEL MAROTA    PAGE 76    090219
#501307622
Vicious Blows

An inner struggle begins to brew,
But is it mind over matter...
Pain tightens down it's sharp screw,
Until a struggling heart'll surely shatter...
Forcefully insanity fights for complete control,
Too many feelings you'll poorly juggle...
In opposite directions delusions roughly pull,
Leaving your brain one ugly struggle...
Make these murderous thoughts go away,
They're not part of my profile...
As nerves unravel quickly I'll pay,
Because logical reasoning never wins trial...
How do I kill this side...
There's gotta be some powerful magic...
Emotionally I'm on death's hectic ride,
Where the ending's always extra tragic...
Reality's whipped now like scrambled eggs,
Crack by crack savage rage grows...
I'll drop society at their legs,
Using only revenge's most vicious blows!

Michael Marotta  Page 77  09.02.19
#501307622
Almost Midnight

Dry eyes burn from never closing,

How many days has it been...

What will tomorrow have to bring,

If sleep evades me til then...

I can't stop popping these pills,

They might be keeping sanity alive...

Feeling too many icy cold chills,

Wondering when death's fatal one'll arrive...

This syringe jabs into empty veins,

Like a heavily pounded bent nail...

But the content's end all pains,

From both sides of depression's scale...

Push thru and don't fall asleep,

Or you might not ever awake...

Why is bliss's price so steep,

Stop thinking about what's at stake...

Insanity seems more fun than normal,

Let dementia take over life's light...

Doping yourself up isn't very formal,

However who cares it's almost midnight!

Michael Marotta Page 78 090219

#501307622
TORTURED SOUL

TOTAL SILENCE SINGS TORTURE’S BEAUTIFUL SONG,

BUT ONLY IN THIS LUNATIC’S HEAD...

NOT ONE NOTE’S EVER PLAYED WRONG,

SINCE IT’S COMPOSER’S BRAIN’S BEEN DEAD...

MELODIES OF MADNESS HAUNT VIOLENT DREAMS,

UNDER PRESSURE NERVES START TO CRACK...

CAUSING EXCRUTIATING PAIN AND AGONIZING SCREAMS,

FROM DEMONIC VOICES UPON THE ATTACK...

I’LL STAY TRAPPED BY BARBED WIRE,

COMPLETELY WRAPPED AROUND A BROKEN HEART...

DEPRAVED MINDS FOCUSED ON LUSTFUL DESIRE,

WILL EVENTUALLY RIP AROUND

WILL EVENTUALLY RIP SANITY SAVAGELY APART...

PROWLING ANGRILY INSIDE YOUR SMALL CELL,

EAGERLY LOOKING FOR ANY WAY OUT...

ONCE FREE YOU’LL RAIN DOWN HELL,

LEAVING THEM WITH NO ESCAPE ROUTE...

AFTER REVENGE FILLS DEATH’S BLOODY THIRST,

I’M LEFT FEELING LESS THAN WHOLE...

I SHOULD’VE PUT MENTAL WELLBEING FIRST,

INSTEAD INSANITY VIOLENTLY RAPED MY SOUL!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 79 09.02.19

#501307622
RUSTY NAILS

TWO SPIKES PIN DOWN MY HANDS,
SADLY I JUST CAN'T BREAK FREE...
SLAVES COME FROM FAR AWAY LANDS,
WITH NO WAY TO TRY AND FLEE...
OVERWORKED FINGERS UNTIL THEY SHOW BONE,
NOTHING LEFT FOR THEM BUT DEATH...
WITHOUT ANY FAMILY ORPHANS DIE ALONE,
NOONE EVER HEARING THEIR FINAL BREATH...
DON'T BUY INTO THE OWNERS SEDUCTIVE TRAP,
ALL HIS PROMISES WILL GET BROKE...
THIN LEATHER WHIPS SO VIOLENTLY SNAP,
UNTIL ON THICK BLOOD YOU'LL CHORE...
EVERY SENSE HAS BECOME ABSOLUTELY NUMB,
OTHERWISE PAIN WOULD STRIKE TOO HARD...
FEEDING YOU ONLY ONE BREAD CRUMB,
EVEN THEN IT'S A GLASS SHARD...
SUCCUMING UNDER TONS OF HORRID TORTURE,
SCARS TELL MANY AGONIZINGLY GORY TALES...
THERE'S NEVER TRULY AN EASY CURE,
ONCE YOU'RE PIERCED BY RUSTY NAILS!

MICHAEL MAROTA        PAGE 80        090219
#501307622
NO MORE SPINE

EVERYONE JUST NEEDS TO FUCK OFF,
OR EAT SHIT I DON'T CARE...
ALL THEY EVER DO IS SCOFF,
MY FAILURES THEY'VE EMPHASIZED WITHOUT COMPARE.....
NOBODY REALIZES I'D DONE SOME GOOD,
INSTEAD FOCUSING ONLY ON THE BAD...
COMPLETELY ALONE I'VE SO PROUDLY STOOD,
EVEN IF THIS DROVE ME MAD...
BUT I'LL TEACH THEM SOMETHING NEW,
THEY'LL PAY FOR THEIR FOOLISH PRIDE...
BEATING EACH ONE BLACK AND BLUE,
UPON DEATH'S WICKEDLY TWISTED ROLLERCOASTER RIDE...
TELLING SOMEONE SUCK IT UP WIMP,
DEFINITELY ISN'T WHAT SHOULD BE SAID...
BECAUSE THEN VIOLENCE BECOMES SARCASM'S PIMP,
NAILING YOU DOWN ONTO YOUR DEATHBED...
LISTEN HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE,
EVERYTHING CAN'T POSSIBLY BE PERFECTLY FINE...
REVENGE QUICKLY GETS SCALLED BY FATE,
RIPPING OUT EVERY INCH OF SPINE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 81 090219
#501307622
SCREWED ON TIGHT
THINGS SOMETIMES GET OUT OF HAND,
BUT I'LL STOP IF THERE'S NEED...
TOO DAMN HIGH I CAN'T STAND,
ONCE MY RUNDY
ONCE MY NOSE STARTS TO BLEED...
SNORTING LINES COULD TAKE ALL DAY,
AT LEAST IT DOES WHEN YOU'RE ME...
NINETY JAGGED PILLS PAVE THE WAY,
DOWN LIFE'S ENDLESS SPINNING GUILT SPREE...
FIVE SYRINGES MIGHT SPARK ONE'S MIND,
OR MAYBE SIX WILL BE FINE...
DON'T LET YOUR BRAIN FALL BEHIND,
SLAMMING INTO ADDICTION'S BIG RED SIGN...
WHEN ALL ROOMS ARE SMOKE FILLED,
THEN IT'S A TRULY SPLENDID THING...
HOW MANY EMOTIONS HAVE YOU KILLED,
TREATING DRUGS LIKE SOME UNTOUCHABLE KING...
WHAT'S LEFT SO MANY DEEP SCARS,
THAT MUST'VE BEEN DEPRESSION'S SAVAGE BITE...
DRINKING YEARS AWAY INSIDE DIVE BARS,
KEEPING INSANITY'S LID SCREWED ON TIGHT!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 82 09019
#501307622
PRICK MY FINGER

I'M NOT SURE IF I'M DEAD,
SO HARD THAT OTHERS CAN'T TELL...
MANY YEARS TORN EMOTIONS HAVE BLED,
LEAVING ME FEELING LIKE TOTAL HELL...
WEARING SOMEONE ELSE'S WORN OUT SKIN,
USING IT RATHER THAN SHOWING MINE...
HIDING BEHIND A MASK FROM WITHIN,
SIPPING SALTY TEARS INSTEAD OF WINE...
TOO NUMB I NO LONGER CARE,
EVERY LAST NERVE HAS ALREADY POPPED...
MANY OF THEM FROM UNNEEDED WEAR,
EITHER WAY AT LEAST THEY FINALLY STOPPED...
TEST THE WATER BEFORE YOU DIVE,
OTHERWISE RISK LANDING SKULL FIRST...
WAITING PATIENTLY SURELY PAIN WILL ARRIVE,
CRASHING MAKES EVERY BLOOD VESSEL BURST...
INSTEAD NOT ONE TEAR IS CRIED,
TIL DEATH STICKS IN AGONY'S STINGER...
NOW I'VE BECOME POSITIVE I'VE DIED,
AS HE VIOLENTLY PRICKED MY FINGER!
UNLEASHED FREAK

THEY'LL PAY FOR WHAT THEY'VE DONE,
I'M SICK OF HEARING THOSE LIES...
KILLING TRULY WOULD BE TOO FUN,
INSTEAD I'LL POKE OUT THEIR EYES...
THIS WAY NO ONE CAN STARE ANYMORE,
IT'S BEEN SAID THAT'S EXTREMELY WRONG...
EMPTY HEARTS FROM LONELINESS GET SORE,
SINGING AGONY'S OH SO SAD SONG...
NOW KNOWING HOW MISERY TRULY FEELS,
MAYBE THEY'VE HAD TIME TO LEARN...
HURTFUL WORDS BECOME SUCH UNAPPETIZING MEALS,
AND EATING THEM WILL SURELY BURN...
WHY'S THERE NO ROOM FOR PAIN,
DOES IT REMIND US WE'RE ALIVE...
BEING RUN OVER BY A TRAIN,
DEFINITELY KICKS OUR ADRENALINE INTO OVERDRIVE...
THE MORAL HAS ALWAYS BEEN CLEAR,
IF DESTRUCTION'S SOMETHING THAT YOU SEEK...
THEN LOOK HARD INTO LIFE'S MIRROR,
STARING BACK IS INSANITY'S UNLEASHED FREAK!

MICHAEL MAROTA  PAGE 84  090319
#501307622
BEAUTIFULLY SLAIN

THROUGH LIFE'S SYMPHONY LIE MANY SECRETS,
SOME ARE GOOD WHILE OTHERS BAD...
EXTREMELY FULL OF MISERY AND REGRETS,
KEEPS ONE FOREVER FEELING SO SAD...
SOMETIMES LOVE EVEN IF ONLY QUICK,
MIGHT BE ALL THAT IT TAKES...
HOWEVER ONCE YOU FEEL PAIN'S PRICK,
YOUR INNER DEMON'S WRATH SUDDENLY AWAKES...
BARBED WIRE ARMOR PROTECTS ONE'S HEART,
THIS WAY NO ONE CAN GET INSIDE...
NEVER BECOMING DAMAGED OR RIPPED APART,
SAFE FROM HEARTACHE'S TWISTED VOY RIDE...
THAT'S UNTIL SHE SEDUCTIVELY STROLLS IN,
YOU'LL OPEN UP TOO DAMN FAR...
YOU'VE JUST COMMITTED THE ULTIMATE SIN,
CAUSING YOURSELF A TREMENDOUSLY HUGE SCAR...
WITH HER SHARPENED CLAWS SHE'LL RIP,
REACHING DEEP INSIDE LUST'S CONFUSED BRAIN...
CARELESSLY PULLING AT EACH TENDER STRIP,
YOU'RE CONSCIOUS WHILE BEING BEAUTIFULLY SLAIN!

MICHAEL MAROTTA PAGE 85 09/04/19
#501307622
BRUTALLY OBTAINED

IT'S MINE SO I'LL TAKE IT,
ISN'T THIS HOW LIFE REALLY WORKS...
I MEAN WHO GIVES A SHIT,
WHEN WE ALL HAVE OUR QUIRKS...
BLOOD Drips FROM RAZOR SHARP NAILS,
SUDDENLY YOU CAN NO LONGER SEE...
YOUR EYES REVENGE SO QUICKLY IMPALES,
AND NOW YOU'LL NOT BREAK FREE...
NEXT COME TWO BARBED WIRE CUFFS.
THERE'S NO ESCAPING THEIR TOO TIGHT...
THAT GRIN OF HERS NEVER BLUFFS,
NO MATER WHAT SHE'S ALWAYS RIGHT...
Cry EVERY LAST TEAR FROM INSIDE,
LOUDLY MOURNING UNTIL SADLY NOBODY HEARS...
PAIN REMAINS HIDDEN BEHIND FOOLISH PRIDE,
WHICH TAKES OVER FOR TERRIFYING FEARS...
BROKEN HEARTS ARENT SAVED BY GRACE,
SADLY NOTHING IS EVER TRULY GAINED...
LOVE HAS VANISHED WITHOUT ANY TRACE,
AS MY SOUL WAS BRUTALLY OBTAINED!

MICHAEL MAROTTA     PAGE 86     090419
#501307622
JUST MINUTES AWAY
LIKE A Yo-Yo ON A STRING,
SWINGING METHODICALLY FROM SIDE TO SIDE...
WHO KNOWS WHAT LIFE WILL BRING,
WHEN ENVY BECOMES YOUR SOUL'S BRIDE...
I CAN FEEL HER HEARTBEAT CRY,
AND SENSE THAT PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL SMILE...
BUT I'M NOT REALLY SURE WHY,
MY PHONE NUMBER SHE DOESN'T DIAL...
IT'S ONLY ONE REALLY SHORT WALK,
THE SMALL DISTANCE BETWEEN OUR PLACES...
SOMETHING WE HARDLY EVER TALK,
OR SEE EACH OTHERS SMILING FACES--
NEVER HOLDING YOU GETS OLD QUICK,
I'VE BEGUN LETTING JEALOUSY CREEP IN...
LIKE SOME KIND OF MAGIC TRICK,
JUST FINDS ME CHASING AFTER SIN...
EASILY IT'S FIXABLE I'LL SHAMEFULLY ADMIT,
IF YOU'D PUT LOVE ON DISPLAY...
INSTEAD SADLY HERE WE BOTH SIT,
SEPARATED BY HOUSES JUST MINUTES AWAY!

MICHAIL MAROTTA  PAGE 87  090419
#501307622
DARK WINDOWS

IF I WERE TURNED INSIDE OUT,
WHAT WOULD EVERYONE ELSE SEE THERE...
OUR EMOTIONS STAY HIDDEN NO DOUBT;
SHADOWS UNDER THE SKIN WE WEAR...
EYES ARE SOMEONE’S WAY TO EXPRESS,
SAYING EVERYTHING OR NOTHING AT ALL...
BEHIND TOO MUCH PAIN LIES STRESS,
NERVES BUNDLED INTO A TIGHT BALL...
AGONY SCREAMS BUT WHO CAN HEAR,
WHEN MOUTHS STAY ETERNALLY SEWN SHUT...
SIMPLY INCAPABLE OF PRODUCING A TEAR,
WHILE TORMENT WRENCHES AT YOUR GUT...
TEETERING UNSTEADILY ON INSANITY’S SMALL LEG,
DEBATING WHETHER YOU’LL JUMP IS KEY...
DRAG MARKS LEAD OVER REGRET’S EDGE,
STANDING IN THEIR PATH IS ME...
MY THOUGHTS NOW THEN TURN WICKEDLY WRONG,
LIKE HITTING OTHERS WITH CEMENT PILLOWS...
DEMONS WILL SING AN ALLURING SONG,
FROM BEHIND DEPRESSION’S DARK BLACK WINDOWS!

MICHAEL MAROTTA       PAGE 88       090419
#501307622
ORPHAN CHILD

FROM BIRTH BY OTHERS YOU'RE RAISED,

BUT SOMEHOW YOU FEEL OUTTA PLACE...

NEVER TRYING YOU'LL STILL BE PRAISED;

ABANDONMENT ISSUES THO ONE CAN'T ERASE;

WHO WOULD LEAVE THEIR BABY ALONE,

UNABLE OF TAKING ON LIFE'S CHALLENGE...

DEEP MISERY CUTS UNTIL FINDING BONE,

AND NOW I'LL SEEK OUT REVENGE...

HUNTING THEM LIKE REALLY WEAK PREY,

JOYFULLY TURNING PLEASURE INTO UNSPEAKABLE PAIN,

AFTER ALL I WASN'T SOME STRAY,

THAT NEEDED FLUSHING DOWN SOCIETY'S DRAIN...

IT TAKE'S A TRULY SPECIAL BLOOD,

WITH ABSOLUTELY NO HEART AT ALL...

TO CAUSE AN INFANT TO BLEED,

BEFORE THROWING IT DOWN THE HALL...

SO LET ME JUST SAY THIS,

IF PEOPLE THINK THAT I'M WILD...

THEN THEY'LL LOVE HEARING MY HISS,

BEING BITEN BY AGONY'S ORPHANED CHILD!

MICHAEL MAROTA - PAGE 89 - 090419

#501307622
OVERLY EXPOSED

EVERYONE’S OUT TO CAUSE ME HARM,
AT LEAST THAT’S WHAT FILLS MY HEAD...
THE SLIGHTEST MOVE TRIGGERS AN ALARM,
CAUSING RANDOM THOUGHTS OF DROPING DEAD...
SOME SAY I’LL ACT TOO SENSITIVE,
BUT I ENJOY BEING REALLY CAUTIOUS...
WRONG IMPRESSIONS I’D RATHER NOT GIVE,
BECAUSE BLOOD REALLY MAKES ME NAUSIOUS...
I’VE REMAINED SHELTERED SO VERY LONG,
ALTHOUGH LIFE DOESN’T SEEM ALL BAD...
EVEN WHEN MISERY HUMS IT’S SONG,
I’M NOT DEPRESSED OR FEELING SAD...
IF ONLY WE COULD STOP TIME,
REFLECTING ON SINS WE’VE ALREADY DONE...
THERE’D PROBABLY BE ALLOT LESS CRIME,
WITH NO KILLING JUST FOR FUN...
THEN AGAIN NOBODY EVER TRULY KNOWS,
BODIES HAVE BEEN FOUND SICKLY POSED...
FROM INSIDE EXTREME RAGE QUICKLY GROWS,
AS RAW NERVES GET OVERLY EXPOSED!!!

MICHAEL MAROTTA   PAGE 90    090419
# 501307622
FIRST STONE

WHEN BULLETS PASS THRU ONE'S BRAIN,
HOW AWFUL IT MUST SURELY FEEL...
AS DRUGS ENTER THE ADDICT'S VEIN,
HIS SPIRALING DOWNFALL HE'LL QUICKLY SEAL...
COVERED IN GASOLINE HOLDING A MATCH,
I COULD SOON GET SEVERELY BURNED...
HOWEVER IF DROPPED HOT FLAMES'LL SOON CATCH,
LEAVING SOME TERRIFYING SCARS SORRELY EARNED...
WE'VE ALL CARRIED OUR
WITH TWO FULLY LOADED RUSTY SYRINGES,
REALITY WILL SOON SEEM SO BLURRY...
BOUND TO COME OFF IT'S HINGES,
SANITY WILL BECOME LOADED WITH FURY...
VOICES YELL THRU MY INNER EAR,
TELLING ME I'LL SOON BRUTALLY KILL...
NOT LIVING IN GUT WRENCHING FEAR,
SIMPLY REQUIRES SWALLOWING TERROR'S JAGGED PILL...
HOWEVER IF
WE'VE ALL CARRIED OUR OWN SINS,
MOST HAVE DONE THIS COMPLETELY ALONE...
JUDGING OTHERS IS HOW ENVY BEGINS,
HATEFULLY PEOPLE THROW IGNORANCE'S FIRST STONE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA     PAGE 91      090419
     #501307622
HELL CAT

WATCH OUT THOSE EYES BURN HOT,
LOCKING ONTO THEM POSES IMMEDIATE DANGER...
NOT BEING CAREFUL GET'S ONE SHOT,
EMOTIONALLY DAMAGING SOME PERFECT STRANGER...
SHE'S VICIOUS SO PLEASE DON'T TOUCH,
YOU CAN'T SAY YOU WEREN'T WARNED...
THIS BROKEN HEART YOU'LL VIOLENTLY CLUTCH,
BECAUSE JEALOUSLY LEFT HER PAINFULLY SCORNE
AN ATTITUDE LIKE SATAN'S BATTLE AXE,
LOVE'LL BE KNOCKED DOWN A PEG...
WHILE DYING YOUR NERVES WILL RELAX,
WAVING THEIR NOW BLOODIED WHITE FLAG...
TERRIFYING FEAR TOO QUICKLY DOES ARRIVE,
CUPID RELEASES AGONY'S FINAL PRIMAL SCREAM...
REALIZING HE'LL SOON NOT REMAIN ALIVE,
AND FULLY AWARE IT'S NO DREAM...
FROM INSIDE HEARTACHE BEGINS TO ARISE,
BREAKING ONE'S RIBS WITH DEATH'S BAT...
BEHIND LUSTFUL BEAUTY REGRET SUITLY LIES,
USING SEDUCTION AS EXACTLY'S FIERY HELLCAT!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 92  090619
#501307622
HIGHLY RADIOACTIVE

WHO IS THIS ADDICT I'VE BECOME,
WHY WON'T ANYONE HELP SAVE ME...
INTO THESE VEINS DRUGS ARE WELCOME,
GETTING SO HIGH I CAN'T SEE...
THE LAWS OF SOCIETY ARE STRICT,
YET ALWAYS MADE TO BE BROKEN...
OUR DEMISE NOONE CAN EASILY PREDICT,
THAT'S WHY I'LL KEEP ON TOKIN'...
SNORTING MY POWDER'S EDEN'S TREAT,
BUT I'LL ALWAYS GO TOO FAR...
LYING IN GUTTERS DOESN'T SOUND SWEET,
LEAVING A VICIOUS AND WIDE SCAR...
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING PILLS CAN'T FIX,
ESPECIALLY WHEN IT'S POPPED LIKE CANDY...
THROW SOME ALCOHOL INTO DEPRESSION'S MIX,
KEEPING AN EMERGENCY RESPONSE NUMBER HANDY...
SOMEHOW THIS IF YOU BEGIN ITCHING,
YOU'D BETTER PRAY THAT YOU'LL LIVE...
BLOODSHOT EYES THAT'LL NOT STOP TWITCHING,
I'VE OVERDOSED BECOMING HIGHLY RADIOACTIVE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  PAGE 94  090619
#501307622
CORK SCREW

THRU ALL OF MY MINDBLOWING HIGHS,
WANDERING AROUND ON LIFE'S EMPTY STREETS...
I'VE HEARD SO MANY UNBELIEVABLE LIES,
THAT'RE TOLD WHEN INSANITY'S MIND OVERHEATS...
SOME STORIES SEEM VERY FAR FETCHED,
HOWEVER OTHERS COULD POSSIBLY BE REAL...
WHILE DOPED UP NERVES GET STRETCHED,
MAKING ONE NOT ABLE TO FEEL...
YOU'LL STOP CARING AT ALL ANYMORE,
NUMBING PAIN USING MORE INTOXICATING DRUGS...
NOW ROTTEN DEEP INTO ONE'S CORE,
PUSHING AWAY FROM OTHERS LOVING HUGS...
ONLY CRAVING A SYRINGES BITING STING,
BEING SOBER BECOMES MORE UNLIKELY STILL...
STANDING ON SANITY'S EDGE BADLY TEETERING,
THINKING YOU SHOULD'VE SWALLOWED ANOTHER PILL...
DOES ONE DARE JUMP HEAD FIRST,
FUCK IF I HAVE ANY CLUE...
GO AHEAD QUENCH SUICIDE'S ENDLESS THIRST,
IMPALING YOUR BRAIN WITH DEATH'S CORKSCREW!

MICHAEL MAROTA PAGE 95 090619
#501307622
AFTER THOUGHTS

I SEE THAT YOU'VE MADE IT TO THE FINAL PAGES AGAIN. THIS MUST MEAN THAT YOU'RE STILL OK. IF YOU COULD FEEL THE RAW EMOTIONS POURED OUT INTO EACH POEM, THEN MY WORK IS DONE. I'VE PUT MY MOST INNER SOUL ONTO PAPER WITH A PEN FOR PEOPLE TO READ. (AND HOPEFULLY EXPERIENCE!)
HOPEFULLY AS WELL, EVERYONE WILL ALSO CONNECT TO THE WORDS, RELATING TO THEM BECAUSE THEY'VE BEEN IN THE SAME DARK PLACE THEMSELVES AT SOME POINT IN THEIR LIVES. COMING FROM EACH OF US ARE HARSH EMOTIONS. WHETHER IN THE FORM OF ANGER, SORROW, VIOLENCE, BITTERNESS (ENVY), HEARTACHE OR ANY BROKENNESS. HOWEVER BY FINDING AN EXPRESSIVE OUTLET TO RELEASE THESE EMOTIONS, OUR HEARTS AND MINDS CAN HEAL. HOPEFULLY MY WORKS HAVE DONE THIS FOR YOU. BE BLESSED IN EVERYTHING THAT YOU DO!

MICHAEL

MICHAEL MAROTA • • • 09/11/19
• 501307622
ABOUT THE AUTHOR

My name is Michael Marotta. I am 44 yrs. old. In November of 2013, I was arrested for a crime that I did not commit. Prior to this I had never been arrested before. I have now been incarcerated for 70 months without trial. This has taken a toll on me mentally. Since my arrest I’ve lost all of my family and friends for various reasons. I’ve come to a spiritually sound peace. Using a rare talent that I was unaware that I even had I’ve used “Dark” poetry as an outlet for my depression. My trial is only months away now, and I’ll be free again. This time I’ve learned not to take anything for granted, because there are no guarantees. Just a series of ups and downs. I hope that you’ve enjoyed my book as much as I’ve enjoyed writing it. It’s been a journey through my inner thoughts. Peace to all and much love!

Michael

Michael Marotta 09/11/19
#501307622
WHEREFORE, the defendant prays that this Honorable Court grant this Motion to Suppress the Evidence in the above-styled cause.

CERTIFICATE OF SERVICE

I, ________________________, the defendant do hereby certify that the information prescribed to here in the foregoing Motion before the Court is true and correct, to the best of my Knowledge, understanding and belief and that a true copy is being forwarded to the Clerk of the Courts For the 17th Judicial Circuit, at 201 S.E. 6th Street, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33301, to the SAO, the Office of the Public Defender, and to the Honorable Judge ___________________________.

Presiding: on this _______ day of ____________________, 201__

By:_________________________
Defendant, Pro Se
Arrest No.
P.O. Box 9356
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33310-9356