Darksider
Dreamscapes

101 Tragic Tales of Twisted Torture...
INTRODUCTION

I AM AN INNOCENT MAN THAT'S BEEN INCARCERATED FOR NEARLY FOUR YEARS AWAITING TRIAL. DURING THIS TIME, MY DEPRESSION AND ANGER OVER THIS UNCONTROLLABLE SITUATION HAS PUSHED MY EMOTIONS TO THEIR ABSOLUTE LIMITS. HOWEVER, I SOON FOUND THAT BY EXPRESSING THESE FEELINGS IN POETRY FORM I WAS ABLE TO CURB THESE UNCONTROLLABLE EMOTIONS. GETTING MY THOUGHTS ONTO PAPER GOT THEM OUT OF MY HEAD. THIS ALLOWING ME TO FIND INNER PEACE AGAIN AMIDST ALL OF SO MUCH CHAOS. NONE OF THIS POETRY IS LOVEY-DOVEY, AND IT'S NOT FOR THE TIMID. SOME OF THE POEMS ARE GRAPHICALLY WRITTEN. HOWEVER, AS YOU READ EACH ONE, I'M SURE THAT YOU'LL FIND THAT THEY SPEAK TO YOU. SOME OF THEM MAY EVEN BE EXACTLY HOW YOU FEEL OR HAVE FELT BEFORE. EVERYONE'S SUFFERED LOSS, HEARTACHE, LONELINESS, AND ANGER BEFORE. SO IF YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE THEN YOU SHOULD READ THIS BOOK. IN THESE POEMS YOU'LL FIND A WAY TO GET PAST YOUR PROBLEMS BY REALIZING THAT NOTHING YOU'RE GOING THROUGH IS THAT BAD. ALL OF US CAN USE OUR MINDS TO OVERCOME THESE DEEP DARK FEELINGS AS WE LEARN TO JUST "LET IT GO!" I HOPE THAT YOU ENJOY THIS BOOK, AND PASS IT AROUND OR SHARE IT WITH ANYONE WHO'S HAVING A REALLY BAD DAY! CIÀO FOR NOW!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

# 501307622  030117
DEDICATION

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO DAWN MARIE STRELLO;
YOU ARE MY SOULMATE WHICH MAKES THIS EVER SO
BITTER SWEET. "I THANK YOU FOR ABANDONING ME
AND RIPPING OUT MY HEART..." BELIEVE IT OR NOT
I STILL WILL LOVE YOU ETERNALLY, THAT WILL NEVER
CHANGE. AS I'M SURE THAT OUR LIVES WILL CROSS
PATHS AGAIN SOMEDAY. I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT
THROUGH IT ALL, I FIND SOLICE IN BELIEVING
THAT YOU STILL LOVE ME TOO. MAYBE I'M JUST
FOOLING MYSELF. ANYWAYS I WANT YOU TO KNOW
THAT "YOU ONLY MADE ME STRONGER!" AND SO
I THANK YOU FROM MY INNERMOST HEART!

OODLES AND BUNCHES BABE.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL MAROMA
#50307622  030117
ECHOES OF A MADMAN

I'm teetering from the ledge,
and I'm about to slip and fall...

This place has driven me over the edge,
my soul has no emotions left at all...
sadly my body has become an empty shell,
just some skin draped over my bone...
as I walk helplessly through this hell,
I can't help feeling completely alone...
screaming out loudly please help me now,
all I can hear are echoes in return...
if only I can make it through this somehow,
then escaping madness is my only concern...
sanity's cross is almost too much to bear,
it takes all of my strength just to get by...
slowly my heart and mind begin to wear,
even though I have no tears left to cry...
painfully this place has crushed and broken me,
snapping ever last tender overstretched nerve...
taking both of my eyes so I can no longer see,
punishing me much more than I deserve...
but I will crawl to my feet one last time,
using every last muscle I possibly can...
knowing that I never committed this crime,
ironically my screams are only echoes of a

MADMAN,

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622 PAGE.1 092914
My Last Goodbye

You no longer need to bother with me,

Since I've now become such a thorn...
I'm not even going to make a plea,

As I doubt that you'll even mourn...
Because I know you don't care anymore,

And my life means nothing to you...

Why don't you just slam shut the door,

And let someone else make your heart feel new...

I can tell now by the tone in your voice,

That you've already pushed me so far away...

Can't say I blame you or your hateful choice,

Sadly it seems as though I'm here to stay...

Like you my family is also beyond done,

Leaving me with no one who truly cares...

But hey I guess that we had a hell of a run,

Now I have to endure the endless evil stares...

It's almost pleasing to me now that you walked out,

Surprisingly you chose to believe everyone's lies...

Apparently you never knew what I was about,

Or ever even listened to my helpless cries...

Just know that through this I've understood,

So now I will no longer even begin to try...

Make sure to pick someone who treats you good,

More than likely this will be my last

Goodbye!

Michael Marotta
My heartbeat is still

The loneliness has set in now,
And my screams all go unheard...

I have managed to stay alive somehow,
Even though I can hardly utter a word...

My mind has wandered off of the track,
All of my nerves are so heavily afraid...
Constant fear is always at my back,
Dangers always lurking in the shade...
Normality is something I no longer feel,
Only numbness followed by severe pain...
Sometimes I can't even tell what's real,
Asking myself if I can remain sane...

Everyone and everything has been ripped away,
Leaving only a hollow emptiness in my heart...

I'd give anything for my freedom today,
As my soul has been slowly broken apart...

Now is the time that I have no choice but to fight,
Climbing all the way to the top of the hill...

For I now know that the end is clearly in sight,
Even though I feel that my heartbeat is still!

Michael Marotta
ETERNALLY PLEADING

LIFE HAS TAKEN SUCH A NASTY WRETCHED TURN,
LONELINESS HAS CREEP INTO MY HEART AND SOUL...
THIS HAS BEEN A HARSH COLD LESSON TO LEARN,
LACK OF CARING OR COMPASSION HAS TAKEN IT'S TOLL...
I CRAVE TO FEEL EVEN ONE EMOTION AGAIN,
MY HEART HAS ALL BUT COME TO A SUDDEN STOP...
TRYING TO REMEMBER WHO I'VE ALWAYS BEEN,
WHILE CLAWING MY WAY BACK TO THE TOP...
THE PIT OF MY DESPAIR IS WAY TOO DEEP,
IT ALMOST SEEMS LIKE I'LL NEVER GET OUT...
EMOTIONLESS I JUST WANT TO SILENTLY WEEP,
KNOWING THAT NOONE WILL HEAR MY PAINFUL SHOUT...
YOU WERE ALWAYS THE BETTER HALF OF MY HEART,
LOVING ME TENDER IN EACH AND EVERY WAY...
BUT NOW I'M DYING BECAUSE WE'RE APART,
FINDING IT HARD TO REMEMBER YOUR LOVE EACH DAY...
THIS PRISON HAS ALL BUT BROUGHT ME TO MY KNEES,
TAKING EVERYTHING JUST TO STOP THE BLEEDING...
SORROW'S COMING TO COLLECT IT'S CRUEL FEES,
LEAVING ME ON MY KNEES ETERNALLY PLEADING!

MICHAEL MAROTA
LOST WITHOUT A CHANCE.

I USED TO SIT AND PONDER ALMOST EVERYTHING,
REALIZING JUST HOW LITTLE I REALLY DO KNOW...

WONDERING WHAT EACH NEW DAY WOULD BRING,

HOPING TO ALWAYS SPEND IT NEXT TO YOU...

SOMEWHERES ALONG THE WAY I TRIPPED AND FELL,

STUMBLING HARD AND SCRAPING MY KNEES...

NOW I'M TRAPPED IN THIS HELLISH CELL,

WITHOUT ANYONE TO HEAR MY SORROWFUL PLEAS...

EVERY DAY I BEGIN TO SLOWLY LOSE MY MIND,

EACH MOMENT TAKING ITS BURDENOUS TOLL...

ALWAYS SEEMING AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN LEFT BEHIND,

ICE AND HATRED ARE NOW FUELING MY SOUL...

STARING INTO MY REFLECTION BRINGS ME NO JOY,

AS I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO I USED TO BE...

IT'S LIKE I USED TO BE THAT LITTLE BOY,

THAT KNEW HOW IT FELT TO BE SO CARE FREE...

BUT NOW I'M LOCKED AWAY WITHOUT ANY RIGHTS,

LOOKING SKYWARD WITH ONE MORE LOST GLANCE...

TOO MANY LONELY AND NEVER ENDING NIGHTS,

BECAUSE IN HERE I'M LOST WITHOUT A CHANCE!

MICHAEL MAROTA

#50130762Z PAGE 5 112214
TO FEEL ALIVE AGAIN
WHEN ALL OF YOUR SENSES START TO GO DIM,
AND YOUR BACK IS PINNED AGAINST THE WALL...
EVERYTHING STARTS TO LOOK SORROWFULLY GRIM,
LIKE YOU WON'T GET THROUGH IT AT ALL...
YOU TRY TO LIFT YOUR HEAD UP SO HIGH,
BUT LIFE JUST KICKS YOU RIGHT BACK DOWN...
THERE ARE NO TEARS LEFT TO CRY,
YOUR SPIRIT SINKING AS YOU BEGIN TO DROWN...
HATRED BUBBLES INSIDE OF YOU LIKE ACID,
WITH YOUR PATIENCE ALWAYS BEING TRIED...
ALL OF YOUR THOUGHTS NOW SEEM MORBID,
AND YOUR NERVES ARE TOTALLY FRIED...
SADNESS IS WRITTEN UP AND DOWN YOUR FACE,
AS YOUR HEART LOSES ALL OF ITS SPEED...
ONE'S REFLECTION DISAPPEARS WITHOUT A TRACE,
WHILE THEIR SOULS BEGIN TO BLEED...
PLEASE SOMEONE HELP ME TO GET BY,
TRYING TO BRING MY MIND BACK TO EVEN...
I NEVER WANT TO HAVE TO SAY GOODBYE,
MAYBE I JUST WANT TO FEEL ALIVE AGAIN!

MICHAEL MAROTTA  
#501307622  PAGE 6  112414
WITHOUT ANY DREAMS

EVERYDAY I STARE OFF INTO THE DISTANCE,
I HAVE NO MORE HOPE ONLY ENDLESS DISPAIR...
CONSTANTLY I WANDER AROUND IN A TRANCE,
I'M NOT EVEN SURE THAT YOU STILL CARE...
DARKNESS SLOWLY CLOSING IN AROUND ME NOW,
AS FEAR CREEPS UP ON ME I CAN'T STAND...
HOPEFULLY I'LL GET THROUGH THIS SOMEHOW,
SCREAMING HELPLESSLY AS I REACH FOR YOUR HAND...
YOU ARE SO CLOSE YET STILL SO FAR AWAY,
I'VE GOT TO REACH YOU SO WITH EVERYTHING I TRY...
NEEDING YOU AND ALWAYS WANTING YOU TO STAY,
BUT KNOWING THAT YOU'RE GONE I BEGIN TO CRY...
SWEET WHISPERS AND I LOVE YOURS USED TO BE OURS,
WE LEANED ON EACH OTHER AND HELD ON TIGHT...
NOW I CAN ONLY COUNT THE ENDLESS HOURS,
THIS HELLISH NIGHTMARE HAS TAKEN MY SIGHT...
BEFORE THIS MESS I WAS YOUR POWERFUL SAMSON,
AND YOU WERE MY SWEET DELILAH TOO...
WITH MY MIND ON SURVIVING UNTIL THIS IS DONE,
MY ONLY FOCUS IS ON BEING BACK WITH YOU...
HEARING YOUR SWEET VOICE ECHO IN MY HEAD,
RIGHT NOW I'M ALL ALONE IS HOW IT SEEMS...
REMEMBERING FOREVER AND ALWAYS IS WHAT YOU SAID,
EVEN THOUGH HERE ILAY WITHOUT ANY DREAMS!

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622
My Bitter Soul

I'm only happy when I live in despair,
I can never seem to see past tomorrow...
My heart has begun to rip and tear,
As I live with my own ugly sorrow...
Feeling like an animal trapped in a cell,
Clawing at the bars and lashing out...
Everyday becomes a new personal hell,
Making me violently tremble as I shout...
Living in fear and constantly in pain,
Nowhere to escape or ever get away...
Thoughts of evil running through my brain,
Each and every single nerve begins to fray...
Love and emotion have all but left my mind,
Happiness has been replaced by numbness...
It's like my entire life has been left behind,
And I'm left feeling nothing but loneliness...
Words can no longer express how I feel,
Sinister thoughts have taken complete control...
The depression has become all too real,
Living now only to feed my bitter soul!

Michael Marotta
# 501307622   Page 8   1230/4
EVERLASTING SORROW

IT FEELS AS THOUGH MY WINGS ARE BROKEN,
SO MY SPIRIT IS NO LONGER ABLE TO FLY...
MY EMOTIONS CONTINUE TO GO UNSPOKEN,
AS I'VE LOST THE WILL TO EVEN TRY...
I'M CONSTANTLY IN A LONG SULLEN TRANCE,
FEELING AS THOUGH I'M CONSTANTLY ALONE...
HAPPINESS IS TOO FAR OFF IN THE DISTANCE,
HATRED HAS TURNED MY HEART TO STONE...
ICE SEEMS TO BE ALL THAT I CAN BLEED,
AND SPITEFUL WORDS ARE ALWAYS ON MY LIPS...
DARKNESS AND ANGER SEEM TO FILL MY NEED,
MY SANITY ONLY PLAYING IN TWISTED CLIPS...
EACH NERVE STRETCHED THIN LIKE WIRE,
TERRIBLE THOUGHTS ALWAYS FILLING MY HEAD...
ONE WINK OF SLEEP IS WHAT I DESIRE,
INSOMNIA HAS LEFT MY EYES BLOODSHOT RED...
CLOSING MY EYES AND MAKING A LAST PLEA,
PLEASE LET THIS PAIN END FOR ME TOMORROW...
THIS LIFE OF MISERY IS SLOWLY KILLING ME,
MY EMOTIONS ARE STUCK IN THIS EVERLASTING SORROW!

MICHAEL MAROTA

# 501307622 PAGE 9 123014
WICKED MELODIES

EXCRUCIATING SCREAMS ECHO IN THE AIR,
PIERCING YOUR EARS LIKE THE SHARPEST DARTS;...
THEY SEEM TO BE ALMOST TOO MUCH TO BEAR;
RIPPING AND TEARING AT OUR VERY HEARTS;
THE FALLEN ANGELS SEEM TO BE SINGING,
SPREADING THEIR MESSAGE OF DESTRUCTION...
IT WILL LEAVE YOUR EARS CONSTANTLY RINGING,
FILLING YOUR SOUL WITH EVIL INSTRUCTION;
SLOWLY BUT SURELY IT EATS IT'S WAY INSIDE,
SETTLING IN THE DEPTHS OF YOUR BRAIN...
YOUR THOUGHTS WILL ALL START TO COLLIDE,
AND YOUR EMOTIONS GIVE WAY TO PAIN...
YOU SLUMP OVER AS YOU FALL TO YOUR KNEES,
ECHOES OF MADNESS ARE FILLING YOUR HEAD;
INSANITY IS COMING TO COLLECT IT'S FEES,
MAKING SURE THAT YOU ARE NEARLY DEAD;
NOT ABLE TO SPEAK OR TAKE A STAND,
ICE AND UTTER FEAR MAKING YOUR BLOOD FREEZE...
EVER OUNCE OF SANITY WASHING AWAY IN THE SAND,
ALL TO THE JOYOUS SOUNDS OF SATAN'S WICKED MELODIES™

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622 PAGE 10 010115
Twisted Shadows

Wherever you go evil is always around,
Sooner or later you won't be able to get away...
In everything, darkness can always be found,
Always trying to make you go astray...
Your body aches and you begin to bleed,
No matter where you go you cannot hide...
Inside your hatred and anger start to breed,
Taking your emotions on a wicked ride...
The pressure has closed your eyes tightly shut,
As you slip into your own personal hell...
It feels as though all your nerves have been cut,
And there's no way out of that dark cell...
Every ounce of your energy has been drained,
Stripping away your hopes and desire...
Like an animal you've been caged and chained,
Burning out that driving passion and fire...
Struggling to stay alive in this nightmare,
Trying to see light through the windows...
Finding that you can no longer care,
Because you're hiding in your own twisted shadows!

Michael Marotta
#501307622 PAGE 11 010615
My Personal Pain

The weight of the world is crushing me,
making my knees drop hard against the ground...
for my life I make one last dying plea,
not ever knowing if anyone will hear the sound...
my emotions have become bruised and battered,
I don't think that I have the strength left to live...
all of my nerves are worn out and tattered,
I'm not sure if I have anything left to give...
Eternal darkness has all but taken my vision,
and with every step I continue to stumble...
emotionally I've closed myself inside a prison,
watching the world around me begin to crumble...
being forgotten by everyone is my worst fear,
as I already feel like I've been left behind...
shadows of who I used to be fill the mirror,
sanity is something that I can no longer find...
only pain and death fill my shallow dreams,
I've cried more tears than a warm summer rain...
knowing that no one hears my blood curdling screams,
living each new day wrapped in my personal pain!

Michael Marotta
#501307622  PAGE 12  010615
DEMON LIKE DESIRES

Emotional pain and fear can lead to blindness,
slowing us down and making us lose our way...
Evil strokes your ego with its sweet caress,
luring you into darkness without any delay...
You give into those devil like tendencies,
blind rage leads you to cause a massacre...
Bloody thoughts eat at your soul like a disease,
The remnance of your sanity is now a blur...
Pure thoughts turn to chaos and bloodshed,
your mind races to anarchy and destruction...
With no emotions to spare you already feel dead,
letting you follow only evils true instruction...
Hatred and loathing start to cling to your heart,
closing you out from the entire world outside...
Slowly evil desires will rip your life apart,
making sure that numbness fills you up inside...
Weakness will drag you down like quicksand,
working you like a puppet strung from wires...
Totally drained you become too weak to stand,
because your heart and mind are full of demonlike

DESIREs?

Michael Marotta
#501307622 PAGE 13 010415
CHAINED HEART

SADNESS CAN WEIGH HEAVILY UPON YOUR SHOULDERS,
MAKING YOUR MEMORIES OF LOVE A THING OF THE PAST...
WE TRAIN OUR HEARTS TO BE STRONG LIKE SOLDIERS,
HOPING WE'LL BE STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND THE BLAST...
THEY SAY THAT SOMETIMES LOVE CAN BE BLIND,
BUT THE COLD HARD REALITY SEEMS TO BE THIS...
TRUE LOVE IS SOMETHING YOU'LL NEVER FIND,
AND THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS TRUE BLISS...
WITHOUT LOVE IN MY HEART I CRY OUT FOR DEATH,
MY SOUL HAS USED UP EVERY LAST APPEAL...

I'M SO CLOSE TO TAKING MY ONE FINAL BREATH,
THAT THE SCARS ON MY HEART WILL NEVER HEAL...
YOU PIERCED MY HEART WITH NEEDLES WHEN YOU WENT,
TAKING AWAY EVERY SINGLE ONE OF MY EMOTIONS...
I HATE YOU IS THE MESSAGE TO ME THAT YOU SENT,
LEAVING ME WITH THE MOST WRETCHED OF NOTIONS...
SO LOOSEN YOUR GRIP AND JUST LET ME GO,
IT'S BAD ENOUGH THAT WITHOUT YOU I'M FALLING APART...
NOW THAT YOU'RE GONE MY LOVE WILL NEVER GROW,
BECAUSE YOU ARE THE LOCK ON MY CHAINED HEART!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

# 501-307-6222   PAGE 14   010615
SHATTERED EMOTION

IT'S A SCARY THOUGHT WHEN YOU LOSE YOUR GRIP,
THIS THOUGHT OF LOSING CONTROL IS MADNESS...
BUT NOW YOU CAN FEEL YOURSELF START TO SLIP,
WITH NO LOGICAL WAY TO END THIS DISTRESS...
YOU TRY TO GET ALL THE PIECES TO RECONNECT,
ALTHOUGH NOTHING SEEMS TO MATTER ANY MORE...
MY SPIRIT HAS BEEN BROKEN FROM LOTS OF NEGLECT,
AS MY HEART HAS BECOME A HEAVILY LOCKED DOOR...
LONELINESS HAS DEALT MY HEART ONE TOO MANY BLOWS,
WITHOUT ANYONE TO LOVE IT'S TURNED INTO ICE...
AGONY AND PAIN ARE THE ONLY THING THAT IT KNOWS,
LOVELESS I'VE NOW SADLY PAID THE ULTIMATE SACRIFICE...
NO ONE EVER SEEMS TO HEAR MY DARK SOUL SCREAM,
SLOWLY LEAVING MY MIND TO WANDER OFF EVERYDAY...
I KEEP PRAYING THAT THIS IS ALL A HORRID DREAM,
WANTING THE MADNESS TO END IN EVERY WAY...
IF ONLY I WAS STILL ABLE TO BE FREED,
ENDING ALL THIS CRAZINESS AND COMMOTION...
THEN I WOULD NO LONGER HAVE TO PLEAD,
FOR HELP PICKING UP MY PERFEECTLY SHATTERED
EMOTION!

MICHAEL MAROTA

# 501307622 PAGE 15 010615
BOUND IN FEAR

WHEN YOU SCREAM AS LOUD AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN,
AND YOUR LUNGS BEGIN TO RUN OUT OF AIR...
YOU KEEP ON PRAYING THAT SOMEONE WILL LISTEN,
BUT YOU START TO REALIZE THAT NO ONE'S THERE...
YOUR EMOTIONS ARE BEING SQUEEZED IN A VICE,
The pain cuts through you all the way to the bone...
NOW YOU'VE BECOME A PRISONER OF YOUR OWN DEVICE;
BECOMING SULLEN AND FEELING COMPLETELY ALONE...
EVIL HAS REACHED YOUR HEART AND PLANTED ITS SEED,
TRYING TO MAKE YOU INTO ITS FAITHFUL SLAVE...
IT WANTS YOU TO CRY OUT IN AGONY AS YOU BLEED,
HAUNTING YOUR SOUL UNTIL YOU REACH THE GRAVE...
ALL OF YOUR HOPES AND DREAMS START WASHING AWAY,
MAKING EVERY LAST NERVE TENDER AND RAW...
YOU'RE NOT SURE IF YOU CAN KEEP THE EVIL AT BAY,
NEVER GAINING GROUND NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU CLAW...
JUST REMEMBER NOT TO HIDE YOURSELF INSIDE,
BECAUSE EVIL'S TEMPTATION IS ALWAYS NEAR...
ONLY ONCE YOUR LAST NERVE HAS FINALLY DIED,
LIFE AROUND YOU LEAVES YOU BOUND IN FEAR.

Michael Marotta
#50130762Z
Page 16
01/10/15
PERFECTLY MANICURED TERROR

JUST LIKE THE BLACK IN A DYING ROSE,
YOU LOSE ALL OF YOUR STRENGTH AND POWER...
EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK THE BLOOD RAPIDLY FLOWS,
AND YOU PRAY THAT THIS ISN'T YOUR LAST HOUR...
YOUR HEART SLOWS DOWN AND YOU FEEL A CHILL,
NOW YOU KNOW FOR SURE THAT YOU'RE ALL ALONE...
FEELING A CREEPY, TINGLING YOU BECOME STILL,
SHAKING FROM THE FEAR OF THE EVIL UNKNOWN...
BEING SURROUNDED BY DARKNESS AND SILENCE,
NOT SURE IF YOU SHOULD STAY OR SHOULD LEAVE...
KNOWING THAT THERE'LL BE BLOOD AND VIOLENCE,
FEARING FOR YOUR LIFE IS ALL YOU CAN BELIEVE...
RUNNING YOU AVOID THE SWIPE OF EVILS BLADE,
BUT YOUR MIND ALREADY BEARS THE MENTAL SCARS...
DEATH WILL NEVER STOP UNTIL HE'S BEEN PAID,
AS HE COLLECTS TORTURED SOULS IN LOCKED JARS...
FATIGUE SETS IN AND YOUR VISION BEGINS TO BLUR,
NOONE CAN HEAR YOUR ONE LAST DYING PRAYER...
THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO TO AVOID THE TORTURE...
YOU'VE BEEN SWALLOWED UP BY PERFECTLY MANICURED
TERROR!

MICHAEL MAROTA

#501307622 PAGE 17 011315
DEADLY INSTINCT

THERE ARE TIMES WHEN WE ALL FEEL DEFEATED,
SO MANY WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT GO UNSPOKEN...
ALWAYS FEELING WORTHLESS AND ALSO MISTREATED,
BECAUSE LOSING YOUR SPIRIT HAS LEFT YOU BROKEN...
SOME VISION OF HOPE IS ALL THAT YOU REQUIRE,
BUT YOU'VE BEEN KICKED DOWN SO MANY TIMES...
YOU'VE LOST ALL PASSION AND HAVE NO DESIRE,
YOU TRY NOT TO FAINT AS YOUR STRESS LEVEL CLIMBS...
FUMBLING AROUND IN THE DARK YOU CAN'T FIND A DOOR,
CROUCHED IN THE CORNER YOU'RE READY TO FIGHT...
LISTENING TO SCREAMS OF AGONY AND HORROR,
MAKES EVERY MUSCLE IN YOUR BODY GROW TIGHT...
SLOWLY YOUR SANITY BEGINS TO LOSE ITS GRIP,
AND YOU CAN'T HOLD ON FOR VERY MUCH LONGER...
FROM YOUR EMOTIONAL CUTS BLOOD STARTS TO DRIP,
YOUR ADRENALINE CAN NO LONGER MAKE YOU STRONGER...
EVERY LAST NERVE IS STRETCHED OUT AND RAW,
WITH EVERY NEW NIGHTMARE BEING DISTINCT...
BEING DETERMINED TO LIVE YOU BEGIN TO CLAW,
KNOWING TO SURVIVE YOU'LL NEED YOUR DEADLY

INSTINCT

MICHAEL MAROTTA
DYING EMBER

Sometimes the things in life seem like a trick,
And our futures might be unclear and hazy...
Every disturbing situation hits you like a brick,
Until you become unraveled and go crazy...
Your heart becomes covered with filth and grime,
Leaving you helpless and riddled with pain...
You find hatred and evil to be so sublime,
Hopelessness and despair are driving you insane...
The path that you're on begins to grow black,
Being lonely and scared you hit your knees and pray...
Feeling deep rage your sanity starts to crack,
Making your soul deteriorate slowly and decay...
Fear shutter through you with a thunderous clap,
Shock waves make your heartbeat begin to ripple...
With no way out the pressure makes you snap,
Helpless and suffering you're now left a cripple...
Evil takes over making you want to kill and maim,
Purity and kindness are hard for you to remember...
Now anger and adrenaline fuel your souls flame,
Smothering who you were into a dying ember.

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307622 PAGE 19 012015
THE ULTIMATE CONTEMPT

CERTAIN EVIL FEELINGS SOMETIMES WILL AWaken,
LEAVING OUR PATIENCE AND SOULS FEELING TRIERd...
BAD CHOICES CAN MAKE US FEEL ETERNALLY FORSAKEN,
FEELING OVERWHELMED AND SCARED YOU WANT TO HIDE...
JUST WHEN YOU THINK LIVES BECOME TOO MUCH TO HANDLE,
YOU HAVE TO LEAVE YOUR INTENTIONS HIDDEN AND CLOAKED...
LIFE STARTS TO MELT AWAY LIKE A BURNING CANDLE,
AND YOUR DREAMS AND NIGHTMARES ARE BLOOD SOAKED...
NORMALCY AND A PURE HEART WILL NO LONGER SUFFICE,
DANGER AND DECEPTION ARE EVERYWHERE THAT YOU LOOK...
GIVING INTO FEAR AND DARKNESS YOU MUST SACRIFICEx,
KNOWING THAT EVIL DESTRUCTION IS THE PATH YOU TOOk...
WITH ALL OF YOUR ENERGY BEING COMPLETELY DRAINED,
YOU'RE GETTING LOST AND FALLING SLOWLY BEHIND...
LIKE A PRISONer THATS BEEN BOUND AND CHAINED,
LIVING WITHOUT HOPE LEAVES YOU EMOTIONALLY BLIND...
YOUR LIMBS ARE HEAVY LIKE YOU'RE CHAINED TO THE FLOOR,
USING ALL YOUR STRENGTH YOU MAKE A LAST ATTEMPT...
BUT YOU JUST CANT SEEM TO TAKE IT ANYMORE,
BECAUSE YOUR HATRED FOR LIFE HOLDS THE ULTIMATE
CONTEMPT?

MICHAEL MAROTA
#50130762Z PAGE 20 012215
Endless Maze

When evil lashes out at you with its claws,

And the stress shows all over your face...

Everything starts to become a lost cause,

What's left of your mind disappears without a trace...

You can tell someone's intent by looking at their eyes,

Seeing what you believe to be endless sadness...

But you could be seeing all of their hidden lies,

As some can hide their insanity and madness...

Not every bit of happiness is always heaven sent,

In fact it just might be the devil's wicked dance...

The chaining of your soul is your punishment,

Making you wander around in a mindless trance...

Pain and anguish chip away terribly at your soul,

Now only torture and ice flow through your veins...

Leaving you feeling broken and less than whole,

Your heart is covered with scars and bloody stains...

Like a slave your thoughts and emotions have been sold,

So you're stuck wandering around always in a daze...

With everlasting hatred your heart becomes ice cold,

Knowing that you can't escape this endless maze.

Michael Marotta

#501307622  PAGE 21  012615
My Final Surrender

I have nothing left to offer or to try to give,
leaving me without any desire to face the day...
It's a constant struggle to breathe so I can live,
for everything that I've done wrong it's time to pay...
Without you in my life my soul is hidden from view,
because I know that I may never see you again...
I'm dying inside and yet no one has a sign or clue,
a broken heart that's been pierced by a sharp weapon...
thoughts of never having human contact haunt my mind,
always causing me so much loneliness and extreme pain...
waking up by myself I realize I've been left behind,
and now my tears flow down like a never-ending rain...
Once you were my love and my charm of protection,
but since then I've had to live without you by my side...
life has taken me into darkness in the wrong direction,
all of my anger and rage have become too much to hide...
sanity and others' attention are what my heart crave,
emotionally cold to the touch my spirit is tender...
weakness and fear have turned me into their slave,
forcing me to make this become my final surrender!

Michael Marotta
ELEGANT TORTURE

STANDING ALL ALONE I CAN HEAR ONLY SILENCE,
THE DARKNESS SEEMS WIDER THAN THE SEAS...
MY MOOD QUICKLY BECOMES SOLEMN AND TENSE,
AS THE Icy BLOOD IN MY VEINS BEGINS TO FREEZE...
I USED TO HAVE TENDER FEELINGS AND EVEN CARED,
BUT NOW MY BACK IS PINNED AGAINST THE WALL...
ALL OF MY STRENGTH IS GONE AND I'M SCARED,
THAT I'M UNABLE TO RISE FROM THIS TERRIBLE FALL...
WITH EVERY SCREAM I HEAR ONLY ECHOES IN RETURN;
AND MY SOUL HAS NOW BECOME COMPLETELY NUMB...
STINGING LONELINESS IN MY HEART BEGINS TO BURN,
SLOWLY CHANGING ME INTO THE DEMON I'VE BECOME...
THERE'S A HAUNTING CHILL IN MY LOWLY REFLECTION,
IT'S SOMEONE THAT I NEVER THOUGHT THAT I'D BE...
LEADING MY LIFE DOWN A PATH OF TRUE DESTRUCTION;
TRYING TO LEAD ME TOWARDS MY HELLISH DESTINY...
INSIDE MY SOUL CRIES OUT WITH EACH NEW DAY,
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE I MUST FIND THE CURE...
NOW THE EVIL'S SET IN AS I CONTINUE TO PRAY,
NEVER LETTING ME ESCAPE THIS ELEGANT TORTURE!

MICHAEL MAROTA
# 501307622 PAGE 23 01/11/95
NEVERENDING NIGHTMARE

WHEN YOUR DREAMS BECOME FULL OF VIOLENCE AND GORE,
AND THE FEAR YOU FEEL MAKES YOU START TO SHIVER...
FROM ALL OF YOUR WOUNDS THE BLOOD BEGINS TO POUR,
NOTHING LEFT OF YOUR REALITY BUT A TINY SLIVER...
FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE IT'S TOO LATE TO REPENT,
SO YOU GIVE A PRIMAL ROAR AND GO ON THE ATTACK...
MOWING DOWN ALL IN YOUR PATH Guilty OR INNOCENT,
LISTENING JUST TO HEAR ALL THEIR BONES CRACK...
WITH A THUNDEROUS STOMP YOU MAKE THE GROUND QUAKE,
OPENING UP A BOTTOMLESS FIRE FILLED HELLISH CHASM... SLEEP DEPRIVED FOREVER YOU CAN'T TELL IF YOU'RE AWAKE;
EVERY NERVE IN YOUR BODY BEING THROWN INTO A SPASM...
YOUR WOUNDS ARE SO DEEP THEY CAN'T BE CLOSED BY A STITCH,
THE PAIN KEEPS YOUR ADRENALINE AMPED UP AND JACKED...
SLIPPING IN AND OUT CONSCIOUSNESS YOU TWITCH,
YOU'VE BECOME SO NUMB THAT YOU CAN'T FEEL HUMAN CONTACT...
EVERYTHING RUNNING THROUGH YOU TELLS YOU TO FLEE,
BUT YOU'RE TRAPPED DEEP IN THE DEVILS EVIL SNARE...
ADMITTING DEFEAT IT'S TIME TO GIVE YOUR EULOGY,
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FROM THIS NEVERENDING
NIGHTMARE?

MICHAEL MAROTA
THE PATH LESS TAKEN
LIFE IS LIKE A LONG UNPREDICTABLE ROAD,
CAUSING YOU LOTS OF PAIN AND PERSONAL DRAMA...
THE WEIGHT OF YOUR CHOICES BECOMES A HEAVY LOAD,
WRONG DECISIONS CAUSING YOU EMOTIONAL TRAUMA...
YOU THINK IT'S DESTINY OR MAYBE EVEN FATE,
BUT YOU STRUGGLE WITH YOUR INNER CONFLICT...
YOU'RE WALKING DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO HELL'S GATE,
SO MUCH PAIN THAT YOUR OWN DEMONS DO INFlict...
ALL OF THE VOICES IN YOUR HEAD HAVE AN OPINION,
THEY'RE ALWAYS GOING AGAINST YOUR COMMON SENSE...
EVIL HOLDS YOU HOSTAGE DEEP IN IT'S DOMINION,
ONLY TWISTED JUSTICE DOES IT EVER DISPENSE...
NOW YOUR THOUGHTS TURN SINFUL AND EVEN TABOO,
AND YOUR PAIN AND HATRED ARE TOO MUCH TO SWALLOW...
YOUR SKIN IS MARKED WITH A DEMONIC TATTOO,
LEAVING YOUR SOUL FEELING EMPTY AND HALLLOW...
ONCE YOU FEEL YOUR SOUL GO NUMB AND TURN ROTTEN,
THEN YOU'LL KNOW THAT YOU'RE ALONE AND FORESAKEN...
LOOKING AROUND YOU NOTICE YOU'VE BEEN FORGOTTEN,
BECAUSE YOU TRAVELED ON THE PATH LESS TAKEN!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
#501307622 PAGE 25 020115
PROPHECY FULLFILLED

You always want to believe that you'll live forever,
and that you can handle whatever your life brings...
But when life goes wrong, your nerves start to sever,
as you plummet to earth with your broken wings...
Blind rage takes over your emotions within,
every ounce of joy in your heart is forever dying...
All you can do is indulge yourself with sin,
the rush you get from pain sends you flying...
each new challenge leaves you itching to fight,
thus leaving your cruel intentions forever hidden...
evil breaks through your skin with a venomous bite,
leading you to do things that are truly forbidden...
what's left of your conscience has now disappeared,
with all of your hearts good turning to rot...
now with loneliness setting in just as you feared,
my anger is boiling in my veins fiery hot...
Staring at your reflection you count your scars,
looking back at just how much blood you've spilled...
counting the crushed dreams you store in jars,
realizing now that you're life's been evils

MICHAEL MAROTTA
#501307622 PAGE 26 02.02.15
NIGHTMARES UNFOLD

YOUR EYES OPEN WIDE AS YOU REFLECT ON WHAT YOU DID;
AS THE BLOOD WAS FLYING YOUR PRIMAL SCREAMS ROARED...
THE WORLD AROUND YOU IS SO UNBELIEVABLE AND MORBID,
YOU'VE CUT DOWN ALL IN YOUR PATH LIKE A WARLORD...
SHOWING NO MERCY TO ANY WHO PLED AND BEGGED,
NOW YOU'VE GONE NUMB AND DON'T BOTHER TO CARE...
COUNTING THE SOULS THAT YOU'VE CRUSHED AND TAGGED,
CHILLING THEM WITH A COLD EXPRESSIONLESS STARE...
YOU START TO FALL APART FROM THE INSIDE OUT,
BECOMING ANGRY YOU NOW RAMPAGE AND SLAUGHTER...
BEING PROUD OF YOUR DESTRUCTION YOU BEGIN TO SHOUT,
SINISTERLY LAUGHING AS THE BLOOD FLOWS LIKE WATER...
SOMEBEWHERE DEEP INSIDE YOU TRY TO FEEL REMORSE,
BUT YOU JUST CAN'T SEEM TO SUMMON ANY AT ALL...
WITH THE MADNESS IN YOUR HEAD RUNNING ITS COURSE,
CAUSING EMPIRES AROUND YOU TO CRUMBLE AND FALL...
SO MANY HORRIFIC THINGS THAT YOUR MIND DOES PONDER,
LEAVING YOU WANTING TO UNLEASH EVIL THAT WENT UNTOLD...
IT'S NOW TOO LATE AS YOUR MIND BEGINS TO WANDER,
A PRISONER TO MY INSTINCTS WATCHING MY

MICHAEL MAROTA

#501307622 PAGE 27 020315
Fateful Error

Sometimes life slows you down and breaks your stride,
all of your fears and stresses seem so immense...
your world around you has unraveled as you cried,
the feelings of sadness and loneliness are intense...
hiding in the corner you slump against the wall,
panic starts to set in as the light grows so dim...
now it's pitch black and you can't see at all,
you start to feel like survival chances are slim...
groping around in the darkness you can sense death,
as the uneasy feeling of dread grows ever bigger...
hoping to find a way out with each new breath,
b ut knowing that ultimately you'll have to pull the trigger...
looking skyward as you fear what's lurking below,
any moment your sanity may start to split and crack...
no matter how hard you swim you're stuck in the undertow,
one you've gone off the deep end there's no coming back...
crying out someone help free me from this hell please,
i can't seem to escape this neverending eerie terror...
everyone of my muscles now beginning to lock and seize,
my decision to walk in my own shadows was a
fatal error!

Michael Marotta
#501307622  PAGE 28  020715
THE FINAL NAIL

IN LIFE YOU FEEL LOVE BUT YOU ALSO FEEL HEARTACHE.
WALKING THROUGH LIFE TRYING NOT TO VEER OFF PATH.
SOMETIMES HOWEVER STRESS SQUEEZES YOU LIKE A SNAKE,
LEAVING YOU TO CLEAN UP YOUR EMOTIONS IN THE AFTERMATH.
THOUGHTS OF CHAOS AND ANARCHY NOW RULE YOUR BRAIN,
TAKING AWAY YOUR SIGHT AND DEAFENING YOUR SCREAMS.
JUST STAYING ALIVE EVERYDAY BECOMES SUCH A GREAT PAIN,
THE ONLY HAPPINESS THAT YOU HAVE LEFT IS IN YOUR DREAMS.
IT FEELS AS THOUGH NO ONE CAN HELP YOU WITH THIS MESS,
AND YOU'RE DOUBTING THAT YOU CAN HANDLE IT ALONE.
YOU'VE SINNED AGAINST YOUR SOUL AND MUST CONFESS,
NOW YOUR COLD HEART HAS STARTED TO TURN INTO STONE.
EVIL CONTINUES TAKING OVER AND KEEPS CRAWLING AND CREEPING,
WITH YOUR ADRENALINE PUMPING YOUR HEART EXPLODES.
ALL THE DEMONS IN YOUR HEAD ARE NO LONGER SLEEPING,
YOU JUST SIT BACK AND WATCH AS THE MADNESS UNFOLDS.
TO GAIN BACK YOUR SANITY IS ALL THAT YOU NOW CRAVE.
COUNTLESS SCARS ON YOUR HEART TELL THE GRUESOME TALE.
NEVER LETTING YOUR FEARS MAKE YOU THEIR SLAVE,
CRUCIFYING YOUR DESIRES BY DRIVING IN THE FINAL NAIL!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
# 501307622
PAGE 29
020815
WRETCHED REMORSE

You feel the chains being pulled tight with no slack,
and the pain is becoming too much to ever forget...

Now your every muscle stretched on the torture rack,
with every bad mistake you've made leading to regret...

Every emotion is gone, now leaving your heart to harden,
No place for all of your ever growing rage to deflect...

Asking the executioner for one last tearful pardon,
Having only a matter of seconds in which to reflect...

You've done some wicked things and planted evil seeds,
Doing so without even the slightest of cares...

Being stretched beyond your limits you pay for your deeds,
All of the guilt and shame is what your heart bears...

So many lives you've destroyed without any regard,
Praying on every innocent soul along the way...

Trying to hold back the voices in your head is hard,
Because no sanity left the demons are here to stay...

The choice between life and death becomes your decision
Living with this madness has run you off your course...

It feels as though your stress has made its incision,
Leaving you with so much truly wretched remorse!

Michael Marotta
#501307627  Page 30  020815
DANGEROUSLY VIOLENT BEHAVIOR

WHEN THE NEEDLE GOES DEEP DO YOU FEEL THE PRICK,
OR ARE YOU COMPLETELY NUMB IS THE QUESTION...
HIDING ALL OF YOUR INNER RAGE BECOMES A TRICK,
EVEN THOUGH ALL YOU HAVE IS THE WORST INTENTION...
STUMBLING THROUGH LIFE KEEPS LEADING TO DISASTER,
HATRED SEEMS TO BE WHAT YOU KEEP ON PREACHING...
YOUR PERSONAL DEMONS HAVE BECOME YOUR ONLY MASTER,
ABUNDANT SADNESS AND PAIN IS WHAT YOU KEEP REACHING...
NOW YOUR EVERY THOUGHT HAS BECOME TRULY CORRUPT,
AND EVERY NERVE IN YOUR BODY BEGINS TO TIGHTLY COIL...
YOU CAN'T HELP BUT TO LET YOUR ANGER SWELL AND Erupt,
TRYING TO HOLD IN THINGS MAKES YOUR BLOOD BOIL...
WALKING AROUND SCREAMING, ACTING WILD AND CRAZED,
MENTALLY UNSTABLE THOUGHTS HAVE LEFT YOUR MIND SLANTED...
LUNACY'S SET IN NOW LEAVING YOU STUNNED AND DAZED,
ALL YOUR EVIL THOUGHTS NOW BEING MUMBLED AND CHANTED...
GAINING BACK YOUR SANITY IS AN OVERWHELMING FEAT,
SO YOU BEG FOR FORGIVENESS FROM YOUR GRACIOUS SAVIOR...
FEELING DEAD INSIDE YOU CAN'T FEEL YOUR HEARTBEAT,
BECAUSE YOU ONLY FEEL ALIVE THROUGH DANGEROUSLY

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307622 PAGE 31 02/10/15
TREACHEROUS THEFT

YOU SQUEEZED AND CRUSHED MY HEART WITH YOUR HAND,
AND NOW I'M ON THE BRINK OF DEATH WITHOUT YOU...
LEAVING WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE LEFT ME UNABLE TO STAND,
BECAUSE YOUR LOVE WAS ALL I KNEW TO BE PURE AND TRUE...
I TRIED TO HOLD ONTO YOU BUT I LOST MY GRIP,
BUT NOW THE BLEEDING IN MY HEART JUST WON'T END...
FOR WITHOUT YOU MY HEART CONTINUES TO RIP,
YOU'RE GONE NOW AND MY SOUL WILL NEVER MEND...
YOU'VE LEFT ME CRUSHED AND TRAMPLED ON MY SOUL,
NOW I'M LEFT TO FIGHT WITH ONLY A BROKEN SPEAR...
TAKING THE OTHER HALF OF MY HEART I CAN NEVER BE WHOLE,
ALL I SEE IS AN EMPTY SHELL WHEN I LOOK IN THE MIRROR...
THANKS TO YOU NOW DARKNESS AND I HAVE JOYFULLY MET,
THE LONELINESS I FEEL NOW IS SO COLD AND SO CRUEL...
EVERYONE THAT CROSSES ME WILL DESERVE WHAT THEY GET,
SINCE HEARTLESSLY YOU LEFT ME SLUMPED IN A BLOODY POOL...
YOUR LOVE USED TO BE WHAT I HELD CLOSE AND CHERISHED,
WITHOUT YOU NOW I NO LONGER HAVE ANYTHING LEFT...
ANY HAPPINESS I EVER HAD HAS LONG SINCE PERISHED,
AS I'VE FOREVER FALLEN VICTIM TO LOVES TREACHEROUS
THEFT!

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622          PAGE 32          021015
HAPPY NEVERMORE

From the inside you start to fall completely apart,
The person in the mirror has become a stranger...
So many things have begun to harden your heart,
And now you're sanity is in constant danger...
Holding on to every desire and it's dying emotion,
Life has begun to seem like the hardest endeavor...
Now you're trying not to give evil your devotion,
As the line between crazy and normal will sever...
With every ounce of energy you shake and tremble,
The pounding in your head keeps on loudly throbbing...
You don't like the wretched person that you resemble,
Running around snatching hearts and soul robbing...
No longer do you feel like you fit in your own skin,
Nothing ever excites you or gives you a thrill...
You're so numb it doesn't hurt being stuck by a pin,
All of the blood in your veins has started to chill...
Mostly being loved by another human is what I miss,
Because life has already slammed shut its door...
My anger has reached boiling and begun to miss,
Having absolutely no passion left I'm happy.

NEVERMORE!
ETERNAL STRUGGLE

SOMEHOW LIFE JUST KEEPS SLIPPING THROUGH YOUR HAND,
EVERY SINGLE THING YOU DO BRINGS PAIN AND MISERY...
THE HOURGLASS IS ABOUT TO RUN OUT OF SAND,
LEAVING YOU TO REFLECT ON YOUR COMPLETELY BROKEN HISTORY...
YOUR MIND WANDERS AIMLESSLY SO YOU'RE ON THE HUNT,
NO MATTER WHAT YOU JUST WANT THIS AGONY OVER AND DONE...
YOU'VE SHARPENED YOUR WEAPON BUT YOUR MIND IS BLUNT,
THOUGHTS OF MAIMING YOUR PREY JUST FOR SOME FUN...
EVERYONE BECOMES YOUR ENEMY NOW AS YOU READY FOR WAR,
LIKE A SNIPER LYING IN WAIT YOU GUARD YOUR POST...
VOWING TO TAKE EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM EVERMORE,
HIDING IN THE SHADOWS YOU VANISH LIKE A GHOST...
COLD AND ALONE YOUR HEART IS AS BLACK AS TAR,
NOW THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG FAILS...
LOCKING YOUR EMOTIONS AWAY IN A TIGHTLY SEALED JAR,
LETTING YOUR BLOODY SCARS TELL YOUR LIFES TRUE TALES...
YOU FIGHT TO KEEP YOUR SANITY KEEPING YOUR FINGERS CROSSED,
BUT YOUR EMOTIONS AND EVIL FEELINGS ARE HARD TO JUGGLE...
FIGHTING OFF DEATH IS A BATTLE YOU'VE ALREADY LOST,
BECAUSE YOUR REALITY HAS COLLAPSED IN AN ETERNAL STRUGGLE!
ONLY WITNESS

FEELING ALONE YOU MAKE FRIENDS WITH ALL THE VOICES,
THEY SPEAK ONLY OF EVIL AND DESTRUCTIVE THINGS THAT BE...
WITH PRECISION THEY TAKE AWAY THE PROPER CHOICES,
LEAVING YOU HIDING IN MADNESS RATHER THAN FLEE...
The echoing in your head makes your mind bend,
now everything seems to have become eerily calm...
Serenity and darkness in your heart start to blend,
Nervously you rapidly sweat blood from your palm...
Pain and tingling are running through your spine,
No matter what you do you just can't seem to relax...
Praying to end the insanity you look for a sign,
realizing now that your heart is hardened like wax...
your soul is crushed and has turned into dust,
and your heart barely beats anymore in your chest...
it feels like there's no one left that you can trust,
Enveloped by pain and sadness has put you to the test...
Looking at your life through a warped broken lens,
bringing out the evil from your past you must confess...
washing away the dirt and sin you can feel the cleanse,
because to your path of destruction you are the

MICHAEL MARotta
#501307622  PAGE 35  022315
HIGHWAY TO NOWHERE

IT'S HARD TO JUDGE WHERE TO GO BY WHERE YOU'VE BEEN,
AND SOMETIMES YOU GET LOST TRYING NOT TO FAIL...
LIFE SLAPS YOU DOWN LEAVING YOU TO ESCAPE EVIL'S DEN,
GASPING YOU DESPERATELY TRY TO BREATHE AND EXHALE...
FINDING SOLACE IN YOUR OWN WARPED VERSION OF PRIDE,
NO LONGER ABLE TO FEEL OR SPEAK YOU DON'T WANT TO BE SAVED...
WITHOUT FRIENDS OR LOVED ONES AROUND YOU'RE CRUCIFIED,
ALL YOUR THOUGHTS HAVE BECOME TWISTED AND DEPRAVED...
TRYING TO GATHER YOUR SANITY YOU BUILD A DEFENSE,
BUT IT'S TOO LATE NOW AS A DEMON IS WHAT YOU'VE BECOME...
EVERY MUSCLE IN YOUR BODY IS WAY PAST TENSE,
YOUR RAZOR SHARP CLAWS CAN CUT THROUGH TITANIUM...
IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND IS YOUR LAST TRANQUIL SANCTUARY,
ONLY VISITING IT WHEN YOU'RE NOT RAPT IN EVILS TRANCE...
EACH NEW BURDEN BECOMING EVER HARDER TO CARRY,
GROWING WEARY AND JOINING WICKED'S EVIL DANCE...
NUMB TO THE WORLD AND ALONE YOU NEVER FEEL AT HOME,
LITTLE BY LITTLE YOUR SENSE OF REALITY STARTS TO RIP AND TEAR...
SINCE NO ONE SEEMS TO CARE YOU BEGIN TO WILDLY ROAM,
YOU'RE NOW A HITCH HIKER ON THE HIGHWAY TO NOWHERE!

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622  PAGE 36   022415
RAZOR SHARP CARESS

EACH AND EVERY DAY SEEMS HARDER THAN THE LAST,
TAking YOUR EMOTIONS FROM HAPPY TO EXTREME MANIC...
WITH ALL OF THE GOOD DAYS FOREVER LOST IN THE PAST,
YOUR LIFE BECOMES FULL OF HEARTACHE AND PANIC...
NOT FEELING LIKE YOURSELF YOUR LIFE IS ON LOAN,
IT'S HARD TO REPAY SINCE THE DEVIL HOLDS THE DEED...
HAVING EMOTIONAL WOUNDS ALL THE WAY TO THE BONE,
YOU’VE LOST SO MUCH BLOOD THAT YOU CAN’T HARDLY BLEED...
AS I LAY HERE I CAN’T DO ANYTHING BUT WISH FOR DEATH,
FEARING THAT I’LL NEVER BE FREE FROM THIS DEMONIC DEN...
NEARLY DEAD I CAN ONLY FIGHT TO TAKE ANOTHER BREATH,
DYING HERE SEEMS LIKE SOME KIND OF HORRID Omen...
BURIED UNDER A MOUNTAIN OF STRESS I CAN’T FACE THE DAY,
ALL OF MY FAMILY AND FRIENDS ARE GONE AND I’m LONELY...
WHEN ANGER CALLS ME I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO OBEY,
MY NERVES ARE SHOT AND I’m RUNNING ON ADRENALINE ONLY...
WITHOUT PRECISION I TRY TO CAREFULLY BALANCE ON THE LEDGE,
GOING BY ONLY INSTINCT MY LIFE HAS BECOME A TOTAL MESS...
IF I FALL I’LL BE KILLED BY THE BROKEN AND JAGGED EDGE.
BECAUSE MY POOR DECISIONS HAVE ME IN A RAZOR...

SHARP CARESS!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307622 PAGE 37 022715
Bitter End

You're going nowhere fast in your destructive ways, and your tolerance for pain has finally reached zero...

Not knowing how long you have, you count the days, without any courage left you pray for a hero...

In the streets you watch as brother kills brother, it seems as though the devil has begun to recruit...

Nothing seems to matter and you can't care for another, the world's gone mad leaving chaos ruling absolute...

Feelings of misery and pain now are truly eternal, no matter how hard you try they won't let you escape...

So you shut down and lock your emotions down internal, leaving you curled up crying from your minds violent rape...

If someone could only hear your echoing cries, then maybe you would start to feel yourself heal...

But instead no one listens as your heart silently dies, having no choice you consider the devil's evil deal...

Overriding your judgement you slowly veer off course, knowing that your broken heart can no longer mend...

Opening your eyes to death you show no remorse, fighting your depression all the way to the Bitter End!

Michael Marotta

#501307622  PAGE 38  022715
ALREADY DONE

PACING IN ANGER YOU CAN'T ESCAPE YOUR CAGE,
FEARING THE OUTCOME IF YOU WERE TO GET LOOSE...
THERE'LL BE ONLY BLOODSHED IN THE WAR YOU'LL WAGE,
BECAUSE YOU DIDN'T DIE SWINGING FROM THEIR NOOSE...
YOU FELT IMMEASURABLE PAIN WHEN YOU GOT DOUBLE CROSSED,
AND THE SCREAMS IN YOUR HEAD THAT WON'T STOP BANGING...
YOU'LL GET YOUR REVENGE NO MATTER WHAT THE COST,
VIOLENT RAGE FILLED YOUR HEART AS YOU WERE HANGING...
VOWING TO HAVE PAYBACK YOU COMMIT CARNAGE AND SIN,
EVIL TEMPTATIONS AND HIDDEN DESIRES HAVE YOU ENTICED...
NOW FEELING HATRED AND ANGST CRAWLING ON YOUR SKIN,
YOUR EMOTIONS HAVE BEEN STOLEN IN THE ULTIMATE HEIST...
DESTRUCTIVE THOUGHTS TEAR INTO YOUR SKULL WITH A BANG,
STRESS NOW RUBBING EVERY NERVE ABSOLUTELY RAW...
FEELING AS THOUGH LIFE HAS BIT DOWN WITH ITS FANG,
SLASHING AND RIPPING AT YOU WITH ITS SHARP CLAW...
EVERY SPOKEN WORD COMES FROM YOUR WICKED TONGUE,
WITH A TREACHEROUS LIE A TANGLE WEB HAS BEEN SPUN...
THE SADNESS SETS IN AND YOU REALIZE YOU'VE BEEN STUNG,
WHEN YOU LOCKED OUT REALITY THE DAMAGE IS

ALREADY DONE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307622 PAGE 39 030215
SINISTER MUSE

SO MANY HORRID THINGS YOUR BRAIN HAS KEPT BLOCKED,
THINGS SO HORRIFIC THEY KEEP YOU FOREVER FRIGHTENED...
INSIDE YOUR HEART THEY'LL ALWAYS STAY LOCKED,
LEAVING YOUR SENSES ON ALERT AND EVER HEIGHTENED...
WITH THOUGHTS OF MAIMING AND CARNAGE SO SATANIC,
THEY'RE ALL HIDDEN INSIDE OF A BLOOD RED TINT...
NOT GIVING IN TO THESE EVIL DESIRES IS THE TRICK,
AS THE DEVIL HAS BRANDED YOU WITH HIS IMPRINT...
YOUR HEART'S BEEN SHATTERED AND YOU'RE COVERED IN SCARS,
AND YOU'VE SURVIVED THE MOST VIOLENT EMOTIONAL RAPE...
EVERYTHING LOOKS GRIM AND DARK FROM BEHIND THESE BARS,
KNOWING NOW THAT THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO ESCAPE...
STANDING BACK YOU'VE WATCHED THE MAYHEM AND GORE,
WALKING AROUND IN THE DARK YOU'VE LOST YOUR WAY...
DEATH HOVERS OVER YOU LIKE A HUNGRY PREDATOR,
STALKING YOU LIKE THE WEAKEST OF ITS PREY...
ALL YOUR DREAMS HAVE BECOME OVERWHELMINGLY TERRIBLE,
NOWHERE TO RUN YOU'RE AT THE END OF YOUR SHORT FUSE...
THE WOUNDS AND SCARS ON YOUR HEART SEEM UNBEARABLE,
DEATH'S VOICE INSIDE MY HEAD BECOMES MY

MICHAEL MAROTTA
#501307622  PAGE 40  030415
Hollow Home

Lately my soul’s been numb and my mind’s absent,

It’s become so hard to make even the easiest decision...

Life’s cruelty has me on my knees so I must repent,

As I can no longer escape this self made stone prison...

Nearly impossible now to control all my tics and twitches,

Going from an innocent teen to an evil wicked adult...

My body is scarred and my heart’s covered in stitches,

All of my emotions being held under constant assault...

Trying to escape from evil I must turn to religion,

Being trapped in madness I’ve become a quiet recluse...

The demons in my brain are starting to form a legion,

And now I’m left to suffer the most relentless abuse...

Whispers from the shadows give me a fateful instruction,

Telling me to ignore my morals and do only as I wish...

I’ve been left soulless from this horrific abduction,

Now nothing is safe from my rage as I begin to punish...

Twisted thoughts of terror seem to rule supremely divine,

Leaving my body restless as I aimlessly start to roam...

Begging for eternal forgiveness I anxiously await a sign,

But instead I am left lonely in this hollow home!

Michael Marotta

#501307622    PAGE 41    03/18/15
Out Of Time

SMELLING THE STENCH OF DEATH EVERYWHERE YOU TURN;
ICY FEAR SETS IN CHILLING YOU DOWN TO YOUR VERY CORE...
SINCE NOONE WANTS TO HELP YOU'LL JUST WATCH THEM BURN,
WITH EVERY SCREAM YOU ANSWER WITH A DEEP PRIMAL ROAR...
YOUR HALO ONCE SHINED WITH THE MOST HEAVENLY OF GLOWS;
AND THE SOUND OF YOUR ANGELIC VOICE MADE THE EARTH QUAKE...
BUT NOW YOUR HEAVY SWORD SLASHES AND THE DARK RED BLOOD FLOWS,
LAYING YOUR TRAIL OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION WITHOUT HEARTACHE...
GROWING SINISTER YOU DELIGHT WITH EVERY THUNDEROUS LASH;
CUTING SO DEEPLY THAT YOU CAN SEE RIGHT INTO THE MUSCLE...
NOW THE LINE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG VIOLENTLY CLASH,
LEAVING YOUR SANITY BEHIND BECOMING AN ASSASIN IS YOUR HUSTLE...
EVERY EMOTION GONE NEVER WILL A TEAR RUN DOWN YOUR FACE;
YOU'VE WRITTEN YOUR DEATH WARRANT MANY YEARS IN ADVANCE...
THERE'RE SO MANY HOLES IN YOUR SKIN IT RESEMBLES LACE,
EYES SO FULL OF RAGE THEY CAN KILL IN ONE SINGLE GLANCE...
NOTHING ON YOUR MIND NOW BUT MAIMING AND UTER HORROR,
NOT FEELING REMORSE FOR YOUR HEINOUS ACTS IS YOUR CRIME...
LETTING GO OF REALITY YOU BEGIN TO STAB AND EVEN GORE,
KNOWING THAT WITH DEATH CLOSE BY YOUR ALMOST

OUT OF TIME!

MICHAEL MAROTA
#5013076722

PAGE 42

050715
Blood Tears

You've cried so much that you can't see anymore,
and every last muscle is filled with tons of pain...

Your heart seems to be eternally broken and sore,
because for days your tears have flowed like rain...

Every time that you think the pain is going to end,
or that things can't possibly get that much worse...

The weight of your sadness makes your knees bend,
while your sanity slips under an emotional curse...

Unable to withstand the pressure your heart shatters,
causing everything inside to shut down and black out...

There's no fun in anything anymore and nothing matters,
all of your hopes and dreams become covered in doubt...

Thinking that you'll be stuck in the shadows forever,
you begin to feel the loneliness filling your heart...

That fine line between reality and insanity about to sever,
leaving all of your thoughts moving much further apart...

Waking up you realize that you've been knocked down again,
many pieces of your life are shattered like broken mirrors...

Now you're trapped deep within evil's hellish den,
your eye sockets are shattered leaving you to cry

Blood Tears!
ALL I HAD
WHEN THINGS WERE TOUGH I WAS THERE,
AND WHEN THEY WERE ROUGH YOU WERE NEAR...
NOW I DON'T EVEN THINK THAT YOU STILL CARE,
SO WITHOUT YOU I LIVE IN CONSTANT FEAR...
THIS PRISON HAS LEFT ME LESS THAN WHOLE,
BY CRUSHING MY EVERY LAST TENDER EMOTION...
YOU'RE GONE SO I'M NOW LEFT WITHOUT A SOUL,
WHY YOU ABANDONED ME I HAVEN'T A NOTION...
YOU NEVER EVEN BOtherED TO SAY GOODBYE,
RUSHING OUT IN SUCH A FLUSTERED HURRY...
IT SEEMS YOU DISAPPEARED IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE,
WITHOUT YOU I NOW LIVE WITH CONSTANT WORRY...
DO YOU STILL LOVE ME OR HAVE YOU LEFT ME FOR DEAD,
WHAT HAPPENED TO ALWAYS AND FOREVER MORE...
EVERYDAY YOUR VOICE SCREAMS INSIDE MY HEAD,
I CAN'T BARELY REcEMBER YOUR FACE ANYMORE...
KNOWING THAT YOU HAD TO HAVE YOUR REASONS WHY,
YOUR THOUGHTS OF ME ALWAYS KEPT YOU MAD...
I'M POSITIVE THAT YOU WON'T WEEP WHEN I DIE,
HURTIng ME BECAUSE YOUR LOVE WAS ALL I HAD!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
# 501307622    PAGE 44    080415
WITHOUT COMPARE

I CAN'T STAND TO LIVE ANYMORE WITHOUT YOU,
AND I DON'T HAVE THE STRENGTH TO TAKE IT ANYMORE...
MY HEART HAS BEEN RIPPED OUT AND TORN IN TWO,
MAKING ME SO WEAK THAT I COLLAPSE TO THE FLOOR...
NOW WITH YOU GONE AND NO ONE LEFT TO LOVE,
I'VE BECOME DETACHED AND EMOTIONALLY NUMB...
THE EXCRUTIATING PAIN RAINS ON ME FROM ABOVE,
BEATING AND POUNDING ON MY BODY LIKE A DRUM...
CRYING OUT FROM THE HEARTACHE I'M LEFT IN AGONY,
MY SCREAMS ARE SO WEAK THEY'LL SURELY GO UNHEARD...
TEARS FILL MY BLOODSHOT EYES SO IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE,
YOU CAN SEE MY PAIN WITHOUT ME SAYING A SINGLE WORD...
HONESTLY MY LIFE HAS BEEN HELL WITHOUT YOU HERE,
BECAUSE YOU WERE THE ONLY THING THAT MADE ME SMILE...
I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO HOLD YOU AND HAVE YOU NEAR,
BUT EVERYDAY SEPARATES OUR HEARTS BY ANOTHER MILE...
WAS OUR LOVE EVER REAL I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST CLUE,
WE ALWAYS SEEMED TO MATCH LIKE THE PERFECT PAIR...
TO ME OUR LOVE WAS ALWAYS SO SOLID AND TRUE,
WHEN IN ALL REALITY YOU ACTUALLY HATED ME

MICHAEL MAROTA

#501307622   PAGE 45   080415
UNABLE TO STAND

I CAN SEE FOR MILES WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES,
AND NOW I KNOW THAT YOUR SOUL HOLDS SO MUCH PAIN...
YOUR INNER SELF CAN NO LONGER TELL ANYMORE LIES,
NOW YOUR SADNESS POURS DOWN LIKE BLOODY RAIN...
BY NOT SAYING GOODBYE YOU STUCK ME WITH A KNIFE;
I WONDER JUST HOW EASY I WAS FOR YOU TO FORGET...
THE PAIN KILLED ME WHEN YOU WALKED OUT OF MY LIFE,
AS I STARED OFF ALONE INTO MY ONE LAST SUNSET...
THIS IS WHAT DYING FEELS LIKE SO I'VE BEEN TOLD,
SOUNDING LIKE A VENOMOUS SNAKE WHEN IT'S HISsing... 
KNOWING THAT I NO LONGER WILL EVER HAVE YOU TO HOLD,
YOU'RE GONE AND NOW THERE'S A PIECE OF MY HEART MISSING... 
IF THIS IS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE WHEN YOU ARE FORGOTTEN,
THEN I'D MUCH RATHER ROLL DEATH'S TWO EVIL DICE... 
THE PAIN IS SO UNREAL THAT I FEEL LIKE I'VE BEEN SHOT,
BECAUSE MY HEART IS BEING SQUEEZED IN A LONELY VISE... 
FOoling MYSELF INTO THINKING I'LL HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE,
OR THAT I'LL FEEL THE SOFT CARESS OF YOUR TENDER HAND... 
BUT NOW REALIZING THAT YOU WON'T GIVE ME A SECOND GLANCE,
WITHOUT YOU IN MY LIFE ANYMORE I'M UNABLE TO STAND...

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622  PAGE 46  080415
DOWN THE BARREL

WE STARE AT THE WORLD BLANKLY FROM NEAR AND FAR,
BUT ALL THAT WE GET IN RETURN IS AN Icy COLD STARE...
ALONG THE WAY WE LOST SIGHT OF WHO WE REALLY ARE,
OUR HEARTS BEING SO FULL OF PAIN WE DON'T EVEN CARE...
FEELING LIKE A SHADOW THAT'S LOST ITS WAY BEHIND A STRANGER,
AND NOW I CAN FEEL MY HEART TEARING FROM DEEP INSIDE...
WITH MY MIND ON OVERLOAD MY SANITY IS IN DANGER,
MY PAIN'S SO EXCRUCIATING THAT IT'S TOO HARD TO HIDE...
YOU HAVE YOUR HAND BURIED DEEP INSIDE MY HEART,
KEEPING ME FOREVER UNDER YOUR OMINDUSLY WICKED SPELL...
IN A FLASH YOU CAN VIOLENTLY RIP AND TEAR IT APART,
BECAUSE LIVING WITHOUT YOU WOULD BE ABSOLUTE HELL...
WHEN YOU SOMETIMES STARE AT ME BUT STAY EVER SILENT,
LOOKING AT ME AS THOUGH YOU WANT TO YELL AND SCREAM...
THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE SAYS IT'S ABOUT TO GET VIOLENT,
LEAVING ME FEEL TRAPPED IN A NIGHTMARISH DREAM...
THERE SEEMS TO BE NO HOPE OR END TO THIS IN SIGHT,
BANGING ON THE BARS OF MY CELL AND SENSING PERIL...
USING ALL MY STRENGTH I LASH OUT AND BEGIN TO FIGHT,
LIVING WITHOUT YOUR LOVE HAS LEFT ME STARING
DOWN THE BARREL!

MICHAEL MAROTA

#501307622 PAGE 47 102815
TRANQUILL SURRENDER

YOU SIT PATIENTLY WAITING TO SEE WHEN SHE'LL RETURN, WILL SHE MAKE YOU RUN OR CALM YOU WITH HER EVIL CHARM... WITH YOUR HEART OPEN AND EXPOSED YOUR EMOTIONS Still BURN, BEING BLINDED BY LOVE AND PASSION YOU DON'T HEAR THE ALARM... SHE'S ABOUT TO LEAVE KILLING YOU FROM THE INSIDE OUT, AND THE WORST PART IS THAT YOU'LL NEVER SEE IT COMING... IT'S LIKE WHEN THE NEEDLE STICKS AND YOU SHOUT, WHEN THE PAIN BECOMES UNBEARABLE AND MIND NUMBING... NOW YOU'RE TANGLED UP IN HER WEBS TREACHEROUS SNARE, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU STRUGGLE YOU CAN'T BREAK FREE... STUNNING YOU WITH HER UNBRIEDED BEAUTY YOU CAN ONLY STARE, KEEPING YOU BLINDED TO HER TORTURE HER LOVE IS ALL YOU SEE... MAKING YOU THINK THAT YOU'RE NOTHING AND SHE'S ALL YOU NEED, SEDUCING WITH HER POUTY LIPS AND SUPPLE BODY YOU BEGIN TO LUST... NEVER NOTICING THAT SHE'S STABBING YOU JUST TO SEE YOU BLEED, HER CONSTANT LIES HAVE LEFT YOU WITHOUT ANY DISTRUST... IF YOU DON'T WATCH OUT SHE'LL TAKE YOU ON A DEADLY RIDE, BEATING YOU SO SEVERELY THAT EVERY MUSCLE IS RAW AND TENDER... THE ABUSE HAS LASTED SO LONG THAT ALL THE BLOOD IS DRIED, WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO FIGHT YOU LIE DOWN IN TRANQUILL SURRENDER!

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622 PAGE 48 110315
END OF THE BEGINNING

You captured my attention grabbing my heart from the start,
but then you used me breaking me down ever so slowly...
stringing me along you were good at manipulating my heart,
your grip on my heart became so evil and ever so unholy...
preying upon my insecurities and innermost glitches,
chopping at my emotions with your sharp double edged axe...
leaving wounds so deep they could only closed with stitches,
using words like knives with anger sharper than tacks...
kicking me while I was down and leaving me nearly dead,
every insult felt like being slapped across the face...
i constantly had to sew the gashes closed with thread,
laughing at me sinisterly while you smashed me with a mace...
despite the terrible abuse I never even wanted to leave;
in fact I sat there and endured every vicious beating...
with pain so immense it seemed so hard to believe,
somehow I took it knowing it was death I was cheating...
through all the torture it's your love I crave,
as you plunge the knife in deep I'll continue grinning...
not wanting to leave I'll love you all the way to the grave,
being your slave is what brought me to the end of

THE BEGINNING!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
# 501307622
Solemn Slumber

My name is etched deeply inside of your soul,
I'm with you constantly and haunt you endlessly...
Watching you wander in misery I take my toll,
As long as I keep my grip tight you'll never be free...
Causing all your pain not letting you find peace,
But instead allowing you to feel only torture...
The screams and echoes in your head will not cease,
Feeling the venom in your veins knowing there's no cure...
Nothing can save you now from this hellish plight,
There's nowhere that you can run to or even hide...
You can't fly away as your broken wings can't take flight,
Pain so immense that you now wish you had died...
Wiping the blood from your eyes you try to escape,
Everywhere you turn you see death and carnage...
Insanity's caused your worst fears to take shape,
Your anger and rage now push you over the edge...
With all your being you're determined to leave this hell,
Knowing now that death's been chasing your number...
What he'll do when he catches you is hard to tell,
So you lie helplessly trapped in a solemn slumber.

Michael Marotta
# 50130762Z  PAGE 51  110915
KILL ME FIRST

SOMETIME AFTER SHE LEFT YOU FELT SOMEHOW RELIEVED,
UNTIL YOU REALIZED THAT YOU WERE TRAPPED IN LOVES CAGE...
THERE'S NO WAY TO ESCAPE IS WHAT YOU TRULY BELIEVED,
BUT NOT ABLE TO LEAVE YOU'RE NOW FILLED WITH RAGE...
THE SHACKLES ARE SO HEAVY THAT YOU CAN'T MOVE YOUR FEET,
NOT ABLE TO STAND YOU'RE FORCED ONTO YOUR KNEES...
SO MANY GASHES AND SCARS FROM BEING BADLY BEAT,
YOU BEG LET THIS HELLISH TORTURE BE OVER NOW PLEASE...
YOU'RE NOT SURE HOW YOU ENDED UP WHERE YOU NOW ARE,
AND YOU DON'T REMEMBER WHEN SHE CAST THIS EVIL SPELL...
ALL YOU KNOW IS THAT YOUR HEART BEARS THE UGLY SCAR,
LEAVING YOUR BODY FEELING LIKE A HALLOWED OUT SHELL...
SHE LEFT YOU BLINDED BY HIDING BEHIND A LOVING CLOAK,
ONCE SHE LURED YOU IN IS WHEN YOU SAW HER EVIL SIDE...
HER GRIP'S SO TIGHT ON YOUR THROAT YOU START TO CHOKE,
SAYING THAT SHE'D NEVER HURT YOU BUT KNOWING SHE LIED...
STEALING YOUR LOVE SHE HAS COMMITTED THE PERFECT CRIME,
SUCKING THE LIFE FROM YOUR SOUL QUENCHES HER THIRST...
BEING DETERMINED NOT TO LET HER BEAT YOU THIS TIME,
YELLING IF YOU WANT MY DEVOTION YOU'LL HAVE TO

KILL ME FIRST!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
# 501307627
PAGE 52
110915
START TO SIEZE

STARING INTO THE DARKNESS YOU LOOK FOR SOMETHING TRUE.

INSTEAD WHAT YOU FIND IS A KNIFE WEDGED IN YOUR BACK...

YOUR ENEMIES NUMBERS ARE MANY BUT YOUR FRIENDS ARE SO FEW,

AND THERE'S NO HERO THAT CAN STOP THEIR MERCILESS ATTACK...

IT'S CERTAIN THAT YOU'LL DIE IF YOU DON'T FIND HELP SOON,

WITH EVERY FRESH WOUND YOUR BODY BEGINS TO VEROISLY STING...

DEATH NOW BECKONS YOU FROM UNDERNEATH A BLOODED MOON,

A THOUSAND DEMONS AND ETERNAL SORROW IS WHAT HE WILL BRING...

HE TORTURED YOUR FAMILY AND KILLED ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS,

LEAVING YOU FOR DEAD WITH YOUR HEART JUST BARELY BEATING...

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO FIGHT AND SEE HOW THIS ENDS,

NOW THAT YOUR NERVES ARE NUMB IT'S YOUR SANITY HE'S EATING...

CHARGING FORWARD YOU SCREAM AND SWING YOUR AXE AROUND,

SLASHING AND CHOPPING DOWN ALL OF THE EVIL IN SIGHT...

ALL AROUND YOU SEE PILES OF GORED BODIES ON THE GROUND,

NOT WANTING TO QUIT OR DIE YOU PUT UP A HELL OF A FIGHT...

CUTTING AND MAIMING YOUR ENEMIES UNTIL YOUR AXE BROKE,

IT FEELS AS THOUGH YOU'VE BEEN STUNG BY A THOUSAND BEES...

TAKING DOWN DEATH WITH ONE LAST POWERFUL RAZOR LIKE STROKE,

BLOOD DRIPPING FROM YOUR WOUNDS AS YOUR MUSCLES

START TO SIEZE!

MICHAEL MAROTA

#501307622 PAGE 53 11/015
GRIPPING REALITY

EVERYTHING THAT'S UNKNOWN TO US CAN BE FRIGHTENING,
SO WE NEED TO STAY ALERT AND ALWAYS ON OUR TOES...

AS YOUR TENSION RISES YOU FEEL YOUR SENSES HEIGHTENING,
TRYING TO HIDE IT INSIDE YOUR IMMENSE FEAR SHOWS...
SLOWLY WITH EVERY DOUBLE CROSS YOUR HEART BECOMES FROZEN,
YOU'VE PUSHED AWAY EVERYONE IN YOUR LIFE THAT EVEN CARED...
A LIFE OF MISERY AND DISPAIR IS WHAT YOU'VE CHOSEN,
YET NOT CARING AT ALL NOONE'S FEELINGS HAVE YOU SPARED...
EVERY TIME THAT YOU THINK OF HER A PIECE OF YOU DIES,
SHE ENTERED YOUR LIFE ONLY TO RIP OUT MOST OF YOUR HEART...
YOU THOUGHT SHE LOVED YOU AND BELIEVED ALL OF HER LIES,
BASKING IN HER LOVE AS SHE TORE YOUR INSIDES SLOWLY APART...
KEEPING YOU SILENTLY OBEDIENT AND UNDER HER CONTROL,
EVEN WHEN SHE SCREAMED HER SWEET VOICE IS ALL YOU HEARD...
WITHOUT HESITATION SHE TORTURED AND RAVISHED YOUR SOUL,
ALWAYS KEEPING YOU SUBSERVIENT WITHOUT SAYING A WORD...
NOW YOU BREAK FREE AND TRY TO STAND UP ALL ON YOUR OWN,
DUSTING OFF YOUR DAMAGED PRIDE YOU DON'T WANT ANY PITY...
I'M MY OWN PERSON YOU DECLARE AS YOU WANT IT TO BE KNOWN,
BUT THE FACT THAT SHE OWNS YOU BECOMES A GRIPPING REALITY!

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622 PAGE 54 11015
FROM A THREAD

CONSTANT SCENES OF HORRIFIC TRAGEDY MAKE IT HARD TO THINK,

IN AN INSTANT YOUR SANITY DISAPPEARS WITHOUT A TRACE...

THE EXCRUCIATING PAIN IS ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU TO THE BRINK,

YOU COULDN'T STOP AND NOW THERE'S BLOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE...

LOOKING AROUND YOU ASK YOURSELF HOW EXACTLY DID I GET HERE,

SO MANY TROUBLING THOUGHTS HAVE BEEN EATING AT YOUR BRAIN...

WITHOUT ANY EMOTION YOU WON'T SHED A SINGLE TEAR,

SPILLING SO MUCH BLOOD THAT IT FLOWS DOWN LIKE RAIN...

HAVING NO CONSCIENCE YOU CONTINUE TO PLUNDER AND PILLAGE,

SPARING NO ONE YOU DISPLAY DEATH WITH A VIOLENT RAMPAGE...

WITH SICKENING, LAUGHTER YOU WIPE OUT AN ENTIRE VILLAGE,

AS YOU PROUDLY DISPLAY DEATH FOR ALL ON A PUBLIC STAGE...

ANNOUNCING YOUR INTENT TO DESTROY WITHOUT ANY REMORSE,

ENJOYING HOW PEOPLE CONTINUE TO BEG YOU TO BE SPARED...

BUT YOU SLASH AND SWING YOUR AXE WITH BRUTAL FORCE,

BECAUSE WHEN YOU WERE SUFFERING NO ONE EVEN CARED...

YOU'LL CONTINUE TO CAUSE OTHERS PAIN AS YOU'RE HELL BOUND,

MAKING SURE THAT EVERYONE ALONG YOUR PATH IS DEAD...

YOUR NERVES TWITCH FROM BEING STRETCHED AND TIGHTLY WOUND,

AS WHATS LEFT OF YOUR SANITY IS DANGLING FROM A THREAD!

MICHAEL MAROTA

#501307622    PAGE 55     11015
LONLIEST SEASON

YOUR BODY HAS BECOME CRIPPLED AND RIDDLED WITH SCARS,
YOU'VE LOST ALL OF YOUR ENERGY AND MOST OF YOUR VIGOR...
HERE YOU SIT RATTING YOUR CUP AGAINST THE BARS,
CONTEMPLATING WHY YOU COULDN'T PULL THE TRIGGER...
BRINGING YOURSELF TO THE END WAS JUST A TEASE,
IT WOULD'VE BEEN OVER WITH A SINGLE SELFISH ACT...
SHAKING TOO BADLY TO GIVE THE TRIGGER A SQUEEZE,
EVEN THOUGH UNDER SEVERE STRESS YOUR SANITY CRACKED...
SOMEHOW YOU FEEL UNLOVED AND NOTHING EVEN MATTERS,
ONE BY ONE WE'RE ALL LED TO THE SLAUGHTER LIKE CATTLE...
BEING SO SCARED THAT EVERY TOOTH LOUDLY CHATTERS,
AND ICE COLD EMOTIONS MAKE YOUR EVERY BONE RATTLE...
NOT MENTALLY STABLE YOU FIND YOU'RE STUCK IN THE MIDDLE,
ALL YOUR VEINS ARE FROZEN AND YOU CAN'T SHAKE THE CHILL...
WHETHER OR NOT TO FINISH THIS EVIL DEED IS THE RIDDLE,
THOUGHTS OF DEATH GET SWALLOWED LIKE A JAGGED PILL...
TIME IS UP AND NOW YOU'RE BEING FORCED TO DECIDE,
DEPRESSION DOESN'T HAVE ANY LOGICAL RHYME OR REASON...
DO YOU STAND UP IN VICTORY OR DO YOU TRY TO HIDE,
SUICIDAL THOUGHTS HAUNT YOU DURING THE LONLIEST SEASON?

MICHAEL MAROTA

# 501307622   PAGE 56   111115
LAST LIST

YOU'VE LIVED A HARD LIFE BUT NOW IT'S COMING TO AN END,
AND IT'S AS IF DEATH HAS BECOME YOUR SULLEN BRIDE...
ALL OF YOUR MEMORIES HAUNTED BY SCARS THAT WON'T MEND,
WITH FEAR ON YOUR MIND YOU'RE IN FOR A HELL OF A RIDE...
NOW YOUR SKIN IS PALE LIKE THE PETALS OF A DYING ROSE,
YOU STILL TASTE THE HORRID FLAVOR FROM YOUR KISS OF DEATH...
LAYING IN AN EMPTY GRAVE AND STRIKING A FINAL POSE,
IT TAKES ALL YOU HAVE TO WANT TO TAKE ANOTHER BREATH...
THE HARDER YOU FIGHT DEPRESSION THE HARDER IT BECOMES,
REALLY THERE'S NOT ALOT YOU CAN DO TO MAKE IT STOP...
HEARING ONLY THE MADDENING TUNE THAT THE DEVIL HUMS,
DRAINING YOUR BLOOD DOWN TO THE VERY LAST DROP...
TRYING HARD NOT TO HAVE TO FINALLY CLOSE YOUR EYES,
BECOMING SO WEAK THAT NOW YOU'RE UNABLE TO STAND...
REALITY SETS IN THAT EVENTUALLY EVERY PERSON DIES,
DEATH REACHES FOR YOU BUT YOU QUICKLY PULL BACK YOUR HAND...
KNOWING THERE'S SO MANY THINGS FOR YOU TO COMPLETE,
FIGHTING THE URGE BACK YOU WAIT BEFORE YOU SLIT YOUR WRIST...
ULTIMATELY YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE IN AS DEATH YOU CANNOT CHEAT,
HE'S COMING FAST AND YOU BARELY HAVE TIME TO MAKE THAT

ONE LAST LIST ☥

MICHAEL MARotta
#501307622   PAGE 57   111115
SEDUCTIVE ABUSE

BEATEN AND BLOODY YOUR BODY IS COVERED IN STITCHES,
YOUR EYES ARE SWOLLEN LEAVING YOU COMPLETELY BLIND...
SURVIVAL MODE KICKS IN AND YOUR ATTITUDE SWITCHES,
REFUSING TO BE BEATEN ANYMORE OR BE LEFT BEHIND...
SPREADING YOUR WINGS YOU'RE THE MONSTER STALKING ITS PREY,
CAUSING DEATH AND CARNAGE ACROSS THE ENTIRE EARTH...
AS YOU KILL YOU SPREAD OUT THE BODIES IN A BEAUTIFUL ARRAY,
CLEANSING YOURSELF IN THEIR BLOOD IS YOUR REBIRTH...
SPARING NOT ONE SOUL YOU BELLOW OUT A PRIMAL ROAR,
THE LINE BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL IS FOREVER BROKE...
NEEDING TO KILL HAS ROTTED YOUR SOUL TO THE CORE,
FEEDING ON TENDER FLESH NO LONGER MAKES YOU CHOKE...
BEING THE HELPLESS VICTIM ONLY FUELED YOUR MASSIVE RAGE,
MAKING IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO STOP THIS KILLING SPREE...
YOU CAN'T BE CAPTURED BY ANY MAN OR HELD BY HIS CAGE,
BY HURTING YOU THEY ACCIDENTALLY SET YOUR DEMON FREE...
NOW THEY CAN'T HIDE FROM YOU IN THE DARKEST SHADOWS,
IN THE END YOU'LL LEAVE THEM ALL SWINGING FROM A NOOSE...
CONSTANTLY BEATING YOU NEARLY TO DEATH IS WHAT THEY CHOSE,
AND NOW THEY'LL FOREVER HAVE TO ENDURE YOUR SEDUCTIVE ABUSE!

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622   PAGE 58   111115
HOTTEST FLAME

GETTING BACK UP TO YOUR FEET YOU REALIZE YOU'RE BADLY HURT.
IT FEELS AS THOUGH ALL YOUR BONES HAVE BEEN BROKE IN TWO...
NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY LIFE PUSHES YOU DOWN IN THE DIRT,
YOU'VE BEEN HIT SO MUCH THAT YOU'RE BODY IS BLACK AND BLUE...
BEING DETERMINED TO NOT BE THE HELPLESS VICTIM THIS TIME,
DISHING OUT SUCH A BEATING NO ONE HAS TIME TO HIT YOU BACK...
EMOTIONLESS YOU SLAUGHTER AND MAIM KNOWING IT'S A CRIME,
BUT YOU'RE IN TOO DEEP NOT ABLE TO STOP YOUR MERCILESS ATTACK...
PLEASE STOP THIS MADNESS ONE OF YOUR MANY VICTIMS CRIES,
CONTINUING TO SLASH IT IS AS IF YOU JUST DON'T SEEM TO CARE...
ALL THAT CAN BE SEEN OF YOUR FACE THROUGH THE BLOOD IS YOUR EYES,
EVEN THEN YOU SHOW NO REMORSE WITH THE EVILEST GLARE...
YOU VOW NOT TO STOP UNTIL YOU'VE EXECUTED THEM ALL,
WITH ONE CRUSHING BLOW YOU BRING THEM TO THEIR KNEES...
HOW MANY LIVES YOU'VE SHATTERED YOU CAN'T EVEN RECALL,
REMEMBERING ONLY THEIR COUNTLESS SORROWFUL PLEAS...
AS THE ANGER BUILDS INSIDE YOUR BODY VIOLENTLY SHAKES,
THERE'S NO WAY TO SHUT OFF THE URGE TO KILL AND MAIM...
UNDERNEATH YOUR POWERFUL GRIP YOUR VICTIMS BODY QUAKES,
BECAUSE YOUR TORTUROS RAGE BURNS HOTTER THAN THE
HOTTEST FLAME!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
COSTLY MISTAKE

HAVE YOU EVER PURPOSELY HURT SOMEONE OUT OF SPITE,
OR SHOVED THEM OVER JUST TO WATCH THEM FALL...
EACH AND EVERY WORD OF VENGEANCE IS LIKE A VENOMOUS BITE,
AND INSULTS CAN CRUSH A SPIRIT LIKE A WRECKING BALL...
WORDS SO HATEFUL THEY CUT LIKE A DOUBLE-EDGED BLADE,
EVERY WOUND GOING ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE BONE...
STANDING OVER THE HELPLESS VICTIM THAT YOU JUST SLAID,
SO PROUD OF THE MERCILESS DISPLAY THAT YOU'VE SHOWN...
LEAVING MANY WIDOWS FULL OF ENDLESSLY WRETCHED SORROW,
YOUR EYES FULL OF DECEPTION AND YOUR HEART FULL OF LIES...
NOT QUITE SURE HOW MANY YOU'VE KILLED OR WILL KILL TOMORROW,
WITH A SINISTER GRIN YOU STAND OVER THE CORPSES LIKE A PRIZE...
PITY IS SOMETHING YOU CAN NO LONGER BRING YOURSELF TO FEEL,
ALL YOUR VICTIMS' VOICES ARE SCREAMING INSIDE YOUR HEAD...
FEELING ONLY EXTASY WITH EACH NEW SOUL YOU STEAL,
NO END IN SIGHT AS YOU'RE FILLED WITH UTER HATRED...
A STONE LIKE EXTERIOR AND HEART FULL OF BLACK ICE,
FROM THIS HELLISH NIGHTMARE YOU DESPERATELY TRY TO AWAKE...
BUT IT'S TOO LATE AS EVIL SQUEEZES YOUR HEART IN ITS VISE,
LETING MADNESS OVERTAKE YOU TURNED OUT TO BE A
COSTLY MISTAKE?

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622   PAGE 60    11/315
RELENTLESS SAVAGE

YOU'VE LAID A PATH OF MURDER AND DECAY WHERE YOU'VE BEEN,
ALWAYS LOOKING FORWARD TO THE EVIL PATH LAID OUT AHEAD...
ON THE WALLS OF YOUR LAIR HANG THE SKELETONS OF 10,000 MEN,
NOT BEING SATISFIED YOU HEAD OUT TO COLLECT MORE DEAD...
Pools of blood line the gutters on every city street,
Bodies piled so high that you can hardly even move...
You steady lay slaughter without missing a beat,
Fear and total domination have left nothing for you to prove...
Unraveled power makes every victim fall and stagger,
With raw blunt force you drop them to their knees...
Causing mayhem with every swing of your massive dagger,
The smell of blood is carried by the faintest breeze...
Somewhere along the way your patience grew too thin,
And you tortured your victims just to hear them scream...
Now you bear the scars all while wearing a sinister grin,
Violence and anger seem to fuel your devastating theme...
Evil thoughts running in your brain seem to rot your soul,
Feeling absolutely no remorse as you mercilessly ravage...
An immense body count was your desire so you've reached your goal,
All love has left your mind as you become a relentless savage.

MICHAEL MAROTTA
#501307622 PAGE 61 11/6/15
YOU AGAIN

NOT BEING ABLE TO REMEMBER WHEN I LAST FELT LOVE,
NEVER AGAIN WILL I FEEL YOUR HEARTBEAT WITH MINE...
KILLING ALL OF MY EMOTIONS WITH ONE MURDEROUS SHOVE,
PULLING MY HEART OUT SO HARD THAT YOU BROKE MY SPINE...
YOU LURED ME IN WITH YOUR SEDUCTIVELY EVIL TONGUE,
USING THE MOST ENTICING AND VENOMOUS LOVE SONG...
WHEN YOU PLUNGED YOUR FANGS IN ME IT TRULY STUNG,
FROM THAT MOMENT I KNEW THAT OUR HEARTS WERE WRONG...
EVERY TIME I TRIED TO LEAVE I JUST COULDN'T ESCAPE,
THE GRIP YOU HAD ON MY HEART WAS SO VIOLENTLY TIGHT...
AS YOU KISSED ME MY EMOTIONS CRIED OUT RAPE,
GIVING ME THOSE OMINOUSLY SULTRY EYES I LOST THE FIGHT...
TARGETING MY WEAKNESS YOU TOOK ADVANTAGE OF MY FLAWS,
SYSTEMATICALLY YOU BROKE ME DOWN UNTIL I WAS TOO WEAK...
SINKING DEEP INTO MY SOUL GRIPPING ME IN YOUR CLAWS,
BLINDED BY LOVE I HARDLY NOTICED THE BLOOD START TO LEAK...
SOMETIMES I WISH YOU HAD NEVER WALKED INTO MY LIFE,
FROM THE START OUR LOVE WAS A FATEFULLY TRAGIC Omen...
NOW I'D RATHER STAB OUT MY EYES WITH A DULL KNIFE,
THEN EVER HAVE TO BE ENDLESSLY TORTURED BY YOU AGAIN!

MICHAEL MAROTA
NOTHING TO SAY

YOU'RE GUSHING BLOOD AT AN UNUSUALLY ALARMING RATE,
THE WOUNDS THAT YOU'VE SUSTAINED ARE TOO SEVERE...
LETTING YOURSELF BE TEMPTED TOO MANY TIMES BY FATE,
ONLY HER LOVE CAN MAKE ALL OF YOUR SORROW DISAPPEAR...
RIPPING YOUR HEART OUT SHE VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE,
READY TO FAINT YOU'VE COMPLETELY LOST ALL HOPE...
YOUR MIND IS TRYING TO REMOVE YOU FROM THIS AWFUL PLACE,
BUT LOVE'S BLINDED YOU WITH THE STRONGEST OF ALL DOPE...
STITCHING CLOSED YOUR WOUNDS YOUR ANGER BURNS LIKE FIRE,
VOWING TO GET REVENGE ON HER NO MATTER WHAT THE COST...
ARMED TO THE FULLEST WITH YOUR HANDS WRAPPED IN BARBED WIRE,
FOLLOWING THE VOICES IN YOUR HEAD SO YOU DON'T GET LOST...
RAGE SPEWS FORTH FROM YOUR BODY LIKE A WICKED FLOOD,
INSIDE YOUR HEAD THE SADISTIC VOICES START TALKING...
DETERMINED NOT TO STOP UNTIL YOU'RE DRENCHED IN HER BLOOD,
SHE'S NOT AWARE THAT SHE'S THE PREY YOU'RE STALKING...
HOWEVER ONCE YOU FIND HER AND YOU BECOME AWE STRUCK,
WITHOUT A SINGLE WORD SHE INSTANTLY MAKES YOU OBEY...
REALITY SLAMMING INTO YOU LIKE A SEMI TRUCK,
ANGER WELLS UP INSIDE YOU AND YET YOU LEFT WITH

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622       PAGE 63       H615
THE LAST

For the longest time true love was all I craved,
but all I got were severe beatings by lashing whips...
Your love turned out to be so morbid and depraved,
leaving me in torturous agony as the blood drips...
With my every emotion crippled and my heart bound,
all of the lines between love and pain become blurred...
Hearing wicked voices in my head makes my brain pound,
sadistically laughing at the slashings I've endured...
What I thought was love turned out to be obscene.
And with your seductive touch my heart remains chained...
I can only bow in complete fear of you my queen,
Having no fight left I've become eternally drained...
Striving to make sure that our love reached perfection,
suffering so many beatings that were grudgingly vicious...
Feeling like no one I look in the mirror but see no reflection,
as you're now finding the taste of my blood delicious...
It now seems like your love keeps me on death row,
Trying not to remember our hauntingly abusive past...
Despite impending death my love for you suffers sorrow,
knowing that every venomous kiss you give me could be
THE LAST!

MICHAEL MAROTA
DARK EDGE

BLICKING OUT YOU AWAKE WITH YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE FLOOR,
YOUR WHOLE BODY THROBBING, YOU THINK YOU'VE BEEN SHOT...
THE PAIN IS SO IMMENSE THAT YOU LET OUT A PRIMAL ROAR,
LOSED SO MUCH BLOOD THERE'S NO TIME FOR IT TO CLOT...
REMEMBERING ONLY SOME OF THE STRUGGLE EVERYTHING'S BLURRY,
SLIPPING IN AND OUT OF SANITY YOU GO INTO UTER SHOCK...
SLOWLY GETTING TO YOUR FEET YOU FEEL ONLY EXTREME PAIN,
WANTING YOUR REVENGE IT'S THE PAIN YOU NOW MUST BLOCK...
YOU'LL HUNT DOWN YOUR ATTACKER LIKE UNWILLING PREY,
APPEARENTLY THEY WERE MISTAKEN WHEN THEY TOOK YOU FOR DEAD...
KNOWING THE TORTURE YOU'LL INFLECT YOU'LL MAKE THEM PAY,
BECAUSE IT'S YOUR SINISTER URGES THAT NEED TO BE FED...
NOW THE ANGER YOUR HEART FEELS IS FULL TO THE BRIM,
NO TURNING BACK NOW YOU'VE REACHED THE POINT OF NO RETURN...
SPARING NONE EVERYONE BECOMES ANOTHER SUITABLE VICTIM,
INTENSIVE RAGE DRIVES KILLING TO NOW BE YOUR ONLY CONCERN...
RIPPING AND TEARING YOU BECOME MURDERS OBEDIENT SLAVE,
FEARING NOTHING YOU JUMP BLINDLY FROM THE LEDGE...
NONE SAFE FROM YOUR RAMPAGE YOU FILL EVERY SINGLE GRAVE,
IT WAS YOUR INABILITY TO FORGIVE THAT DROVE YOU OVER THE DARK EDGE!

MICHAEL MAROTTI
#501307622 PAGE 65 111715
ROTTEN INSIDE

THERE'S A FEELING LIKE FIRE THAT'S BURNING IN YOUR VEINS,
THE ANGER BECOMES SO INTENSE LIKE ROLLING THUNDER...
YOUR STRENGTH RETURNS AS YOU BREAK THROUGH THE CHAINS,
HAVING BROKEN FREE FROM THE DEMONIC SPELL YOU'RE UNDER...
IT'S TOO LATE TO HIDE FROM THE MONSTER I BECAME,
SCREAMING IN TERROR YOU MADE THEM FLEE LIKE MICE...
NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY IT'S YOUR MADNESS YOU CAN'T TAME,
AND NOW YOU'LL FOREVER DWELL IN THE EVILEST PARADISE...
WITH NO ONE LEFT TO LOVE YOUR LONELINESS GROWS LIKE A CYST,
LOCKING EVERYONE OUT YOU SLAM YOUR HEART FOREVER SHUT...
NOT REMEMBERING HOW IT FELT TO BE HELD OR KISSED,
BUT INSTEAD FEELING THE STING OF YOUR EMOTIONS BEING CUT...
YOU FIND A NEW BEST FRIEND AS YOU DANCE WITH THE REAPER,
ONE BY ONE YOU LAX OUT YOUR VICTIMS ON AN Icy SLAB...
ALL YOUR HATRED FOR THE INNOCENT BEGINS TO GROW DEEPER,
ENJOYING EACH AND EVERY MOURNFUL SCREAM AS YOU STAB...
CHANNELING YOUR MOST FEROCIOUS DEMON YOU START TO GROWL,
KNOW THAT THIS IS GOING TO BE ONE HELL OF A WICKED RIDE...
BECOMING AN UNSTOPPABLE PREDATOR ON AN ENDLESS PROWL,
ANY HOPE OF RETURN IS COMPLETELY GONE AS YOU ARE NOW

ROTTEN INSIDE!  

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307622          PAGE 67          11/25/15
HARDEST HIT

All your emotions start to swirl into a perfect storm,
losing another loved one you suffer a devastating loss...
Killing the suspect you check his body to see if it's warm,
leaving his lifeless body dangling from a broken cross...
You made sure to make him truly regret ever being born,
and you tortured him while he was still very much alive...
With no patience left for pain your nerves become worn,
Now only feelings of vengeance and anarchy thrive...
Resting briefly you feel cold but ever so tranquil,
Endlessly you've continued to slaughter without mercy...
There's no telling just how much more blood you'll spill,
Because you can't seem to end this violent killing spree...
The devil now fears you and offers you up a truce,
But you decline smashing your axe down he shakes and jumps...
Sensing his unbridled uneasiness you tighten your noose,
Inside your head you hear his pain as his heart thumps...
Not knowing the violent beating he's about to receive,
Ripping and tearing him apart you'll make his body split...
Nothing can heal the treacherous scars you'll leave,
Crushing your enemy to dust with your Hardest Hit!

Michael Marotta
#501307622  PAGE 68     112515
BITTER SWEET PANIC

SO MANY THINGS THAT PEOPLE HAVE DONE THAT YOU CAN'T FORGIVE,
THEY RISE TO THE TOP BY KICKING YOU DOWN IN THE DIRT...
BEING TRAMPLED ON SO MUCH THAT YOU CAN BARELY LIVE,
NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU TRY YOU CAN'T STOP THE HURT...
YOU'VE BEEN TO BATTLE SO MANY TIMES YOUR ARMOR'S FULL OF DENTS,
AFTER AWHILE YOU STARTED TO KILL OUT OF PURE SPITE...
AT TIMES THE PAIN THAT YOU EXPERIENCED WAS IMMENSE,
NOTHING LEFT YOU FELT THAT YOU ALWAYS HAD TO FIGHT...
WITH ONLY MADNESS AND CONTEMPTFUL CHAOS ON YOUR MIND,
INSOMNIA MAKING IT HARD TO TELL IF YOU'RE AWAKE...
THE RAGE WELLING UP INSIDE MAKES YOUR TEETH GRIND,
FEELING THE NEED TO MAIM YOU START TO VIOLENTLY SHAKE...
NO ONE CAN SEE THE EXTREME SUFFERING IN YOUR HEART,
NOT WANTING ANYONE TOO CLOSE YOU DRIVE THEM ALL AWAY...
SLOWLY YOUR EMOTIONS DIED IN AGONY FROM THE START,
EVENTUALLY YOU'LL ENSURE THAT ALL YOUR ENEMIES PAY...
SOMEHOW ANGER'S BECOME THE ONE EMOTION YOU CAN'T CONTROL,
AND NOW THE INSANITY'S DRIVEN YOU ETERNALLY MANIC...
LOSING YOUR ABILITY TO LOVE HAS DESTROYED YOUR SOUL,
LEAVING YOU IN A CONSTANT STATE OF BITTERSWEET PANIC!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307622  PAGE 69  112515
PAIN ADDICTED

THINGS SEEM BLEAK SO YOU STAB YOURSELF TO FEEL ALIVE,
YOUR BODY ACHES AS YOU TRY TO ESCAPE THE HELL HOUNDS...
HEARING THE ASSASSINS CLOSING IN PUTS YOUR HEART INTO OVERTIME,
BLOOD SPILLING EVERYWHERE AS YOUR HEAD VIOLENTLY POUNDS...
WITH YOUR SENSES ON HIGH ALERT YOU TRY TO REGAIN CONTROL,
NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY EVERYTHING STARTS TO SPIN...
INSANITY SETS IN FINALLY TAKING A COMPLETE TAXING TOLL,
NOW IT FEELS AS THOUGH SOMEONE ELSE IS WEARING YOUR SKIN...
YOU CRY OUT IN SHAME FORGIVE ME FOR WHAT I DID,
KNOWING THIS VENOMOUS TALE IS ONE THAT ONLY YOU WROTE...
THE FANG PIERCES YOUR SKIN RELEASING IT'S VENOMOUS FLUID,
UNFORTUNATELY FOR YOU THERE'S NO CURE OR ANTIDOTE...
AS YOU DROP TO YOUR KNEES YOUR HEART BECOMES STILL,
IT FEELS LIKE YOUR LIFE IS VANISHING WITHOUT A TRACE...
TRYING TO SURVIVE YOU FIGHT WITH ALL OF YOUR WILL,
STRUGGLING AND CLAWING YOU BREAK FREE OF DEATH'S ICY EMBRACE...
FACING THIS HARSH REALITY HEAD ON YOU SHOW YOUR TRUE INTENT,
LEAVING A PATH MAYHEM AND DEATH NOTHING IS RESTRICTED...
FOR ALL OF YOUR SUFFERING YOU WILL MAKE THEM ALL REPENT,
BECAUSE WHEN YOU HAD TO TASTE YOUR OWN BLOOD YOU BECAME

PAIN ADDICTED?

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622
PAGE 70
12/06/15
MORBID ROMANCE

Your heart is locked down keeping your emotions contained,
the chains are so heavy that you can't seem to break free...
they've kept you sedated and you're being heavily restrained,
with so much blood in your eyes you can barely see...
trying to break out they'll be in trouble if you get loose,
you'll give them a deadly beating they can barely take...
after you inflict your pain they'll beg you for a truce,
with vengeance and a blade the blood will fill a lake...
taking away everything they love their left to mourn,
one by one you steal their loved ones while they sleep...
every maiming makes the line between good and evil become torn,
as your left sinisterly laughing while they weep...
disecting and slashing with nails like butcher knives,
the unbridled power you have is too hard to conceive...
sparing none you continue to destroy their pitiful lives,
raw power too intense for anyone to ever believe...
pulling out your victim's heart you watch as it twitches,
stANDING over them grinning as they beg for one last chance...
suddenly feeling remorse that thought quickly switches,
embracing the darkness you feel solace in this

Michael Marotta

# 501307622 PAGE 71 120615
ONE FINAL DROP

I CAN'T STAND BEING HERE AWAY FROM YOU,
THINKING OF YOU MAKES ME DYE INSIDE...
FEELING HELPLESS I REALIZE THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO,
AND THERE'S NO WHERE THAT I CAN RUN OR EVEN HIDE...
YOUR NAILS LIKE RAZORS AS THEY PIERCE MY SKIN,
WHILE YOUR ICH STARES BURN RIGHT THROUGH ME...
LUSTING TO FEEL YOUR PAIN IS MY ULTIMATE SIN,
WITH SO MUCH BLOOD IN MY EYES IT'S HARD TO SEE...
KILLING ME IS TOO EASY SO YOU LET ME LIVE,
BUT THIS COULD PROVE TO BE YOUR BIGGEST MISTAKE...
BEATING AFTER BEATING IS ALL YOU SEEM TO GIVE,
GETTING OFF WITH EVERY WRETCHED SCREAM I MAKE...
FROM YOUR ENDLESS TORTURE I CAN'T EVER ESCAPE,
DRAGGING THESE HEAVY CHAINS HAS KEPT ME DOWN...
TRYING TO DECODE THIS MADNESS IS A TOTAL MIND RAPE,
NOT ABLE TO CATCH MY BREATH I START TO DROWN...
IF ONLY I COULD MUSTER ENOUGH STRENGTH TO FIGHT BACK,
OR MAKE YOU LISTEN AS I REPEATEDLY BEG YOU TO STOP...
THEN MAYBE I CAN POSSIBLY SURVIVE YOUR ENDLESS ATTACK,
BLEEDING SO MUCH NOW THAT MY BLOOD'S DOWN TO ONE

FINAL DROP
QUIET FREAK

SILENCE IS ONLY THE GOLDEN RULE UNTIL IT'S BROKEN,
THEN PUT IN THE WRONG HANDS IT'S A POWERFUL EVIL TOOL...
WORDS LIKE KNIVES WILL KILL AND MAIM WHEN SPOKEN,
AND THEY'RE MOST DANGEROUS FROM THE MOUTH OF A FOOL...
ECHOING SCREAMS RATTLING IN YOUR BRAIN ARE QUITE LOUD,
YOU CAN'T MAKE THEM STOP BUT ONLY SLOW THEM DOWN...
THEY'RE SO SHOCKING THAT THEY CAN SILENCE A CROWD,
LAUGHING INSANELY LIKE A WICKEDLY WARPED CLOWN...
NOT KNOWING WHETHER YOUR SCREAMS ARE EVER HEARD,
MAKING EVERY ATTEMPT TO CRY OUT HELP ME PLEASE...
THE THOUGHT OF LOSING YOUR MIND IS COMPLETELY ABSURD,
SANITY'S GONE AS EVIL GIVES YOUR BRAIN A SQUEEZE...
KICKING BACK YOU THINK THAT EVERYTHING'S SO SIMPLE,
BUT SOMEHOW YOU REALIZE YOUR THOUGHTS DON'T MAKE SENSE...
SINISTERLY GRINNING BRINGS OUT A DEEPLY EVIL DIMPLE,
CAUSING EVERYONE YOU MEET TO READY THEIR DEFENSE...
YOUR DARK SIDE BEGINS TO SHOW THROUGH YOUR SMILE,
MAYHEM AND CHAOS ARE ALL OF WHICH YOU NOW SPEAK...
ALL YOUR THOUGHTS OF BLOOD AND GORE SEEM SO VILE,
BECAUSE WHAT NOONE KNOWS IS THAT INSIDE YOU'RE A
QUIET FREAK!

MICHAEL MAROTA
# 501307622 PAGE 73 022517
STARTS TO SHOW

ALL AROUND THE WORLD SUFFERING IS SO WELL KNOWN,
PEOPLE STARVING AND LEFT IN THE COLD FREEZING...

FOR MOST WATCHING THIS PAIN IS TOO MUCH TO BE SHOWN,
BUT SOME OF THE MOST SINISTER FIND IT PLEASING...

LIKE WHEN ANGELS SIN AND THEIR WINGS GET CLIPPED,
YOU LET OUT AN INSULT WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT...

THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD IN YOUR CUP HAS BEEN SIPPED,
FINDING A NEW VICTIM IN EVERYONE THAT YOU MEET...

WITH YOUR HEART NOW PITCH BLACK YOU FEEL NO PITY,
AND YOU FIND SO MUCH JOY IN OTHERS PAIN AND SORROW...

YOU'LL CONTINUE CHASING MISERY IN EACH NEW CITY,
DOING ANYTHING WICKED JUST TO SEE THE BLOOD FLOW...

GOING ON AN ENDLESS AND EVER SO CRUEL TYRANDE,
YOU WILL CONTINUE TO SLASH WITH YOUR CLAWS...

ASSUMING DEATH'S POSITION YOU SWING YOUR BLADE,
BREAKING APART BODIES AND VIOLATING ALL THE LAWS...

RAINING DOWN SUCH CARNAGE HAS LEFT YOU SORE,
NOW YOUR THIRST FOR BLOOD AND PAIN STILL GROW...

NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD AS YOU CONTINUE TO GORE,
ONLY STOPPING WHEN THE BONE STARTS TO SHOW!

MICHAEL MAROTA
# 501307627 PAGE 75 022517
RAGE AND FIRE

CLINGING TO HER ALWAYS MADE YOU FEEL SO CONTENT,
YOUR INNER PEACE ONLY COMING FROM HOLDING HER...
FOREVER AND ALWAYS WAS WHAT SHE SAID BUT NEVER MEANT,
SHE'S CAUSED ALL YOUR HEARTACHE OF THAT YOU'RE SURE...
NOT KNOWING THAT SHE STABBED YOU UNTIL YOU FELT THE PRICK,
BUT NOW REALIZING THAT ALL ALONG YOU GOT PLAYED...
HOPING TO END THIS PAIN YOU BEG FOR IT TO BE QUICK,
HOWEVER YOU NOTICE THAT SHE ONLY USED YOU TO GET PAID...
YOU TAKE ANOTHER ONE OF HER HITS WITH A LOUD THUD,
FALLING TO YOUR KNEES SHE FORCES YOU TO SILENTLY BOW...
WITH A SINGLE HIT SHE SPILLS SO MUCH OF YOUR BLOOD,
TRYING TO BREATHE YOU MUST ESCAPE HER SOMEHOW...
HOLDING YOUR HEART OUT FOR EVERYONE TO LOOK AT,
UNABLE TO REACH IT YOU HEAR A RINGING IN YOUR EARS...
NOW SHE THROWS IT ON THE FLOOR WITH A DEAFENING SPLAT,
KNOWING YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE ACTUALLY CALMS YOUR FEARS...
LOOKING AT HER ALL YOU SEE IS A PERFECT BEAUTIFUL ROSE,
BECAUSE SHE'S ALWAYS BEEN THE OBJECT OF YOUR DESIRE...
ONLY THIS TIME INSIDE YOU A NEW EMOTION GROWS,
HER BEATINGS HAVE ALL OF A SUDDEN FILLED YOU WITH

RAGE AND FIRE!

MICHAEL MAROTA
CHILLING EMBRACE

IF YOU WERE TO SPIN AROUND WHO WOULD YOU SEE,
BESIDES THAT UNKNOWN PERSON INSIDE THE MIRROR...
CAN YOU EVEN REMEMBER WHO YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE,
WITH A PAST SO MURKY HOW CAN YOUR FUTURE BE CLEAR...
LEFT ABANDONED YOUR HEART BECAME ONLY A SHADOW,
NOT ONE EMOTION CAN NOW EVER EVEN BE FOUND...
HOLLOW AND EMPTY SORROW IS A FRIEND NOT A FOE,
SO WHEN YOUR HEART STOPS SUDDENLY DOES IT MAKE A SOUND...
LONGING TO REMEMBER HOW SHE ONCE MADE YOU FEEL,
YOU CAN ONLY SEEM TO THINK OF HURT AND PAIN...
WAS WHAT YOU ONCE HAD FAKE OR WAS IT TRUE AND REAL,
THIS QUESTION GOES UNANSWERED INSIDE YOUR BRAIN...
AS YOUR HEART WAS TORN OUT THROUGH YOUR CHEST,
COULD YOU TELL IF YOU WERE ALIVE OR DID YOU DIE...
FIGHTING TO HOLD ON TO HER YOU GAVE IT YOUR BEST,
BUT NOW THAT SHE'S GONE BLOODY TEARS ARE ALL YOU CRY...
I WANT YOU BACK BECOMES YOUR ONE FINAL PLEA,
HOWEVER HER LOVE HAS VANISHED NOW WITHOUT A TRACE...
STRUGGLING SO HARD YOU FINALLY SQUIRMED FREE,
NEVER THE LESS SOMEHOW YOU REMAIN TRAPPED IN HER...

MICHAEL MAROTA

#501307622   PAGE 77   022517
FORGET ME NOT

ON OUR PATH THROUGH LIFE WE SOMETIMES WE BRUSH DEATH,
HE LIES IN OUR WAY HOPING THAT WE WILL FALL...
WATCHING US CLOSELY HE FEELS OUR EVERY BREATH,
AND ALSO MAKES SURE THAT WE FEEL NO LOVE AT ALL...
I ONCE SOARED SO HIGH NOONE COULD REACH ME,
BUT IN DOING SO I COULD NO LONGER SEE ANYONE...
HOWEVER WITH NOONE TO LOVE I WASN'T REALLY FREE,
AS MY ONLY FRIEND NOW WAS A DEADLY HOT SUN...
WILL ANYONE REMEMBER ME OR WILL I SLOWLY PERISH,
BEING SCARED I GLIDE DOWN FROM THE ENDLESS SKY...
FINDING SOMEONE TO LOVE ME AGAIN IS WHAT I CHERISH,
NOT WANTING TO BE FORGOTTEN I START TO CRY...
EVERYTHING SEEMS LOST DEEP WITHIN MY WITHERED SOUL,
ATTENTION HAS TAKEN OVER NOW WITHOUT ANY CARE...
THE SENSATION OF HUMAN TOUCH LEAVES ME FEELING FULL,
JUST THE WAY PEOPLE TREAT YOU NOW ISN'T FAIR...
BELOW THE SURFACE YOU BEGIN TO EMOTIONALLY BLED,
RAGING AND FULL OF HATRED YOUR BLOOD'S BOILING HOT...
NOONE'S LOVE DO YOU NO LONGER WANT OR EVEN NEED,
LEFT HOPING THAT EVERYONE WILL FORGET ME NOT!
SET ME FREE

CHAINS AND SHACKLES SECURE YOU TO THE GROUND,
COVERED IN BLOOD FROM YOUR EXTENSIVE SLASHES...
YOU LOOK FOR HELP BUT THERE'S NONE TO BE FOUND,
AND YOU'RE IN DESPERATE NEED TO CLOSE YOUR GASHES...
BARELY ABLE TO PICK UP YOUR HEAD YOU SIT BACK,
THINKING OF ANY WAY THAT YOU MIGHT ESCAPE...
REALIZING YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE IN THIS TORTURE RACK,
WEARING YOUR SKIN LIKE A PAPER THIN DRAPE...
PULLING WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT THE CHAINS WON'T BREAK,

HOWEVER THIS WILL NEVER STOP YOU FROM TRYING...
STANDING UP YOU Emerge FROM THIS BLOODY LAKE,
SO FAR YOUR ADRENALINE HAS KEPT YOU FROM DYING...
IF YOU WOULD LOOSEN YOUR GRIP AND LET ME GO,

THEN I MIGHT BE LESS LIKELY TO EXACT REVENGE...
I'VE SURVIVED THROUGH EVERY LAST VICIOUS BLOW,
WITHOUT YOUR TORTURE I'D HAVE NOTHING TO AVENGE...
MY RAGE IS NOW FUELING ME TO START TO STAB,
TRYING TO GET OUT TO GO ON A SAVAGE KILLING SPREE...

FOR ALL OF MY SUFFERING I'LL LAY YOU OUT ON A SLAB,
IN THE END THIS COULD'VE BEEN PREVENTED IF YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE JUST LET ME FREE!

MICHAEL MAROTA
# 501307627 PAGE 79 022517
ALREADY DEAD

HANGING YOUR HEAD LOW FEELING ONLY PITY AND SHAME,
NOTHING SEEMS TO MAKE SENSE OR EVEN MATTER ANYMORE...
FOR ALL THE TERRIBLE MISTAKES YOU HAVE YOURSELF TO BLAME,
BECAUSE YOU WERE THE ONE THAT OPENED DEATH'S DOOR...
SOMETIME BEFORE THIS MESS YOU REMEMBER BEING GLAD,
WITHOUT A CARE IN THE WORLD YOU RULED SUPREME...
BUT NOW WITH NOTHING LEFT YOU'RE ETERNALLY SAD,
SO YOU TREMBLE AS YOU RELEASE A VIOLENT SCREAM...
NOBODY EVEN NOTICES THAT YOU'VE STAYED ALIVE,
THEY'RE TOO BUSY TO CARE ABOUT YOUR SEVERE PAIN...
THROUGH EACH AND EVERY BEATING I WOULD THRIVE,
WASHING ALL OF MY CRIMSON BLOOD DOWN THE DRAIN...
PICKING MYSELF UP I NOW AM READY TO FIGHT,
NOTHING OR NOONE WILL BE ABLE TO STOP ME NOW...
BY BEATING YOU NEARLY TO DEATH I'LL MAKE IT RIGHT,
SINCE YOU MADE ME FEEL LIKE NOONE CARED ANYHOW...
TRYING TO CUT YOU FIRST I MISS AND THEN I FALL,
AND YOU MANAGE TO SMASH ME OVER THE HEAD...
THE BLOW WAS SO HARD THAT BLOOD COVERED THE WALL,
HOWEVER THE JOKES ON YOU BECAUSE WITHOUT YOUR
LOVE I'M ALREADY DEAD!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
#501 307622 PAGE 80 022917
WAY PAST GONE

MY MIND CONTROLS EVERY ACTION AND EMOTION I EXPRESS,
LETTING LOGIC HELP GUIDE ME ALONG LIFE'S PATH...
FEELING SOMETIMES LIKE MY BRAIN'S STUCK IN A PRESS,
TRYING MY BEST NOT TO UNLEASH MY MANIC WRATH...
PANIC SETS IN WHEN I FEEL LIKE I'M TOO LOST,
WITH EVERY BROKEN PROMISE MY HEART GROWS COLD...
SOMEHOW I HAVE TO FIND MY SANITY NO MATTER THE COST,
OR I FEEL THAT I MAY UNLEASH A TERROR UNTOLD...
BLINDED BY PURE RAGE EVERYTHING TURNS SO BLURRY,
VIOLENCE SEEMS LIKE THE ONLY RIGHT THING TO DO...
IF THEY'RE SMART THEY'LL TRY TO FLEE IN A HURRY,
AS I WILL MAKE ALL THEIR WORST NIGHTMARES COME TRUE...
COMING TO MY SENSES NO LONGER IS THE WAY TO GO,
WITH BLOOD IN MY EYES I GOT LOST ALONG THE WAY...
I'LL CAUSE HELL WITH MY VIOLENT DEATH SHOW,
BEATING AFTER VICIOUS BEATING I'LL MAKE THEM PAY...
NOT EVEN THEIR STRONGEST HERD CAN STOP ME NOW,
SINCE I'LL BE SLASHING AS DUSK TURNS TO DAWN...
THERE'S NO COMING BACK SO EVERYONE MUST BOW,
BECAUSE WITH DEATH'S GRIP ON ME I'M WAY PAST GONE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
#501307622        PAGE 81        D2Z2517
SLASHING SYMPHONY

WHEN YOUR MIND IS IDLE WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT,

DO YOU ENJOY MUSIC OR DO YOU JUST LIKE TO LISTEN...

ARE THE VOICES IN YOUR HEAD SILENT OR DO THEY SHOUT,

I CAN SEE THE EVIL IN YOUR EYES AS THEY GLISTEN...

IF YOU SLASH YOUR BLADE OVERHEAD I'LL PROUDLY SING,

WITH EVERY TERMOUS VIBRATION IT SINGS OF DEATH...

HITTING SOMEONE HARD LOT'S OF BLOOD IT WILL BRING,

CHOPPING IN TUNE UNTIL THEY BREATHE A FINAL BREATH...

THE SMOOTH SOUNDS OF SO MANY ECHOING HARMONIC SCREAMS,

YOU'VE NEVER KILLED AND HEARD SUCH A UNIQUE SOUND...

WATCHING YOU DANCE WHILE YOU MAIM HAUNTS THEIR DREAMS,

KNOWING ALL ALONG THAT THEIR SOULS ARE NOW HELLBOUND...

MAYBE SOMEDAY THEY'LL UNDERSTAND YOUR DEATHLY FLIGHT,

BUT UNTIL THEN THEY CAN'T DO ANYTHING BUT CRY...

YOU LOVE THE SOUND OF THEIR PAIN DURING THE FIGHT,

SAVORING EVERY LAST GURGLE AS YOU WATCH THEM ALL DIE...

USING YOUR BLADE AS A MAESTRO YOU LEAD YOUR BAND,

WITH THE OUTCOME PREDETERMINED YOU HAVE AN EPIPHANY...

HOLDING ALL OF THEIR LIVES IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND,

ALL THE WHILE ENJOYING YOUR OWN SLASHING SYMPHONY.

MICHAEL MAROTA

#501307622  PAGE 82  022517
LONELY LEGACY

NATURALLY YOUR INSTINCTS TELL YOU TO LOVE ONE ANOTHER,
BUT SOMETIMES THAT'S AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK FOR YOU.
WITH NO ONE TO LOVE YOU YOUR HEART BEGINS TO SMOOTHER,
LEAVING YOU WITH NOTHING TO LOSE BUT EVERYTHING TO RUIN.
BEING EXTREMELY ANGRY YOU RANTED AND THEN YOU RAIVED.
NOTHING SEEMED TO MAKE SENSE AS YOU VIOLENTLY SLASHED...
YOUR WRECKLESS REGARD FOR OTHERS SEEMS EERILY DEPRAVED.
LISTENING TO THE SOUND OF BONES CRACKING AS YOU SMASHED...
TREATING EVERYONE THAT YOU LOVED WITH TOTAL DISREGARD.
DISCRIMINATING AGAINST NO ONE YOU KILLED THEM ALL...
STABBING HOLES IN THEIR HEARTS WITH A GLASS SHARD,
ONE BY ONE YOU DID THEM IN AS DEATH HELPED YOU Mhaul...
ENJOYING THE CARNAGE YOU CONTINUED YOUR RAMPAGE.
BOUND AND DETERMINED YOUR VIOLENCE WILL HAVE NO END...
THE HATRED AND RAGE THAT YOU FEEL keeps YOUR HEART IN A CAGE.
AN EVIL MESSAGE THAT YOU RULE MANKIND YOU MUST SEND...
THEY TRIED TO FIND A HERO TO STOP YOU HOW EVER NO ONE DARED.
SO YOU CONTINUED YOUR SLAUGHTER IN TOTAL EXTASY...
IF ONLY YOU WOULD'VE LISTENED WHEN THEY SAID THEY CARED,
THEN YOU COULD'VE AVOIDED LIVING IN THIS LONELY LEGACY!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307627  PAGE 83  022617
SINFUL RATTLE

FORGET EVERYTHING YOU WERE TOLD ABOUT HOW LIFE CAN BE,
WITHOUT ANY EXPERTS ON THE SUBJECT IT'S ALL LIES...
BELIEVE ONLY IN WHAT YOU CAN TOUCH NOT IN WHAT YOU SEE,
BECAUSE WHEN SOMEONE LEAVES YOU YOUR HEART STILL CRIES...
HOLD ON TO HER FOR DEAR LIFE SO THAT YOUR HEART WON'T BREAK,
BUT ALSO REALIZE THAT LOVING HER COULD MEAN CERTAIN DEATH...
IF YOU LOSE HER NOW IT'LL BE MORE THAN YOUR HEART CAN TAKE,
AS WITHOUT THAT SPECIAL BOND YOU STRUGGLE TO TAKE A BREATHE...
SNEAKING OUT ONLY LONG ENOUGH FOR ONE MORBID KISS...
CUPIDS ARROW DIDN'T WORK SO YOU AGRIILY BROKE HIS BOW,
AND THEN DISAPPEARED INTO THE DARK WITH AN EERIE HISS...
YOUR HEART FELT A TREMENDOUS PAIN AS IT SPLIT,
I HATE YOU FOR LEAVING ME BITCH YOU SORELY MUMBLE...
REMEMBERING HOW BITTER THE BLOOD TASTED WHEN YOU SPIT,
SHE NASTILY KILLE YOUR HEART MAKING YOU CRUMBLE...
THE WAY SHE ROBBED YOUR HEART LEFT YOU FEELING ICE COLD,
WEARING YOUR RAGE ON YOUR ARMOR YOU'RE READY TO BATTLE...
ONCE SHE GIVES YOU THAT SEDUCTIVE SMILE YOU MUSN'T FOLD,
OTHERWISE INSIDE YOUR CHEST YOU'LL HEAR THAT FAMILIAR...

MicheleMarotta

#501307622 PAGE 84 022617
FOREVER SILENT

Too many times sitting in the dark you feel alone,
contemplating ending it all with each new hour...
Emotional scars so deep that you can see the bone,
an open hole where your heart was has taken your power...
When you finally were able to crawl to your feet,
you were immediately cuffed and brutally subdued...
Violently you will destroy everyone you meet,
mentally unstable you start to come unglued...
Crying out in excruciating agony from inside,
with intentions so evil you want no one to hear...
Left to your own devices you're in for a nasty ride,
as you begin your massacre your plan becomes clear...
Using brute force you'll make the blood flow,
no one will be able to hide or ever escape....
Every scream makes your broken halo glow,
slicing into the bone with every single scrape...
Having no heart left since she ripped it out,
Abandoning you while you lay dying was violent...
Trying so hard you still couldn't shout,
because sewing your mouth shut she left you

FOREVER SILENT!

Michael Marotta
#501307622
Page B5 02/26/17
VENOMOUS KISSES

THE TASTE OF BITTER BLOOD STILL TINGLES YOUR TONGUE,
AND YOUR DAMAGED BRAIN BEGINS TO MISFIRE...
YOUR NERVES PULLED SO TIGHT LEAVING YOU HIGH STRUNG,
NOW YOU'RE LIKE A GARGOYLE PERCHED ON TOP OF A SPIRE...
HAS YOUR FAITH STRENGTHENED OR HAS IT ALREADY DIED,
WITH YOUR WINGS BROKE YOU FELL QUICKLY FROM GRACE...
DID YOU FEEL PITY OR WERE YOU HAPPY WHEN SHE CRIED,
BY NOW ANY LOVE IN YOUR HEART HAS VANISHED WITHOUT A TRACE...
ECHOES OF YOUR SWEET VOICE NOW BITE MY EARS,
NO MATTER WHAT I CAN NO LONGER FEEL YOUR HEARTBEAT...
ALL YOU DID WAS LAUGH WHILE I CRIED BLOODY TEARS,
FOR YOU SLOWLY KILLING ME FELT SO PERFECT AND SWEET...
YOU TWISTED MY INSIDES AROUND LIKE A SCREW,
KEEPING ME HYPNOTIZED AND UNDER YOUR THUMB...
CONSTANTLY POISONING ME ALTHOUGH I HAVEN'T A CLUE,
BECAUSE YOUR SEDUCTIVE WAYS LEAVE MY BODY NUMB...
DEGRADING ME YOU ALWAYS MADE ME FEEL SECOND RATE,
AS YOU CUSSED AT ME IT SOUNDED LIKE EERIE KISSES...
I'M POSITIVE NOW YOUR LOVE HAS SEALED MY FATE,
SUFFERING MORE EACH DAY FROM YOUR VENOMOUS KISSES?

MICHAEL MAROTTA
#501307622     PAGE 86     022617
YOUR LIFE

SUFFOCATING YOU FEEL AS THOUGH YOU'LL DROWN,
BLEEDING PROFUSELY YOU'RE IN NEED OF FIRST AID...
DETERMINED TO RULE NOTHING CAN KEEP YOU DOWN,
SO YOU GO ON AN ALL OUT MURDEROUS TYRADE...
WHEN NOTHING GOES YOUR WAY YOU LOSE YOUR COOL,
AND THAT WILL BE WHEN THE BLOOD STARTS TO RUN...
IF YOU THINK YOU CONTROL YOUR DEMONS YOU'RE A FOOL,
SITTING TOLY BY AS YOUR HANDS KILL JUST FOR FUN...
THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES TELLS A NIGHTMARISH STORY,
THINGS SOMETIMES SEEM TO BE GOING EVER SO WRONG...
YOU'LL DESTROY THEM ALL LEAVING THEM TRULY GORY,
BECAUSE YOU NOW SING ALONG WITH DEATH'S SONG...
UP AGAINST THE ROPES YOU'RE BLOODY AND DAZED,
BEING TOO WEAK TO PUT UP A SOLID DEFENSE...
HOWEVER TASTING YOUR OWN BLOOD MAKES YOU CRAZED,
THE BEATING YOU'LL INFlict WILL BE SO INTENSE...
YOU NEED TO FEEL ALIVE AGAIN NO MATTER THE COST,
TO AMP YOURSELF UP YOU CUT YOURSELF WITH A KNIFE...
ONCE THE BLOOD DRIPS YOUR LAST BIT OF SANITY IS LOST,
NOW YOU REALIZE THAT IT'S PAIN THAT RUNS YOUR LIFE!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307622 PAGE 87 022617
BLOOD DRENCHED

WITH LOVE IN THE AIR YOU GO OUT LOOKING FOR IT,

BUT WITH NONE TO BE FOUND YOU SIT DOWN AND Mope...

ALL OF A SUDDEN YOU'RE DROPPED BY A POWERFUL HIT,

BLINDED AND CONFUSED YOU ALMOST CAN'T COPE ...

LOOKING AROUND TO SEE WHO DEACT THIS VICIOUS BLOW,

YOU BECOME ENTRANCED BY THE BEAUTY IN HER EYES ...

AT STEALING AND RIPPIING OUT HEARTS SHE'S A PRO;

SHE MAKES SURE THAT EVERY VICTIM SHE BITES DIES ...;

SUCKING YOU IN WITH HER MOST SULTRY LOOK,

MOST LIKELY SHE'LL LATCH ON TIGHTLY TO YOUR SOUL ...

TRYING TO ESCAPE SHE PULLS YOU BACK WITH A HOOK,

BECAUSE DRAINING YOUR LIFE IS HER ONLY GOAL ...

IN SEVERE PAIN AND BLEEDING ALL TOO MUCH ...;

KNOWING THAT SOMEHOW YOU NEED TO BREAK FREE ...

EVER SO SICKLY YOU NOW ONLY CRAVE HER TOUCH;

HER LOVE HAS MADE YOU SIGN YOUR DEATH DECREE ...;

THINKING NOW THAT YOU CAN BEAT HER TO THE PUNCHES;

DEALING ONE HELL OF A BLOW WITH YOUR FIST CLENCHED ...;

HEARING THE SOUND OF HER SKULL CRACK AS IT CRUNCHES ...

LEAVING YOU FREE AND HER COMPLETELY BLOOD DRENCHED!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

# 501307622 PAGE 38 022617
DEAD CHILD

YOUR YOUTH GOES BY SO FAST AND IS GONE BY TOMMOROW,
NOT WANTING TO WASTE IT YOU PARTY TOO HARD...
NOW YOU'RE ADULT AND YOUR LIFE IS FULL OF SORROW,
IT ALL HAPPENED SO FAST YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED YOU'RE SCARRED...
I WOULD'VE DONE IT DIFFERENTLY IF I HAD KNOWN,
OR ATLEAST THAT'S WHAT YOU THOUGHT SHOULD BE SAID...
MISERY AND DEPRESSION RULE YOUR LIFE NOW THAT YOU'RE GROWN,
YOU'RE WALKING AROUND WONDERING IF YOU'RE DEAD...
THE SKIN ON YOUR FRAIL BODY HAS BECOME SO WORN,
AND YOUR PATIENCE FOR LIFE IS NOW PAPER THIN...
WITH A LOUD POPPING SOUND YOUR LAST NERVE IS TORN,
SLIPPING DEEP INTO MADNESS EVIL GETS UNDER YOUR SKIN...
YOU'LL MAKE LIFE PAY FOR TAKING AWAY THOSE YEARS,
OR MAYBE INSTEAD YOU'LL TAKE EVIL FOR A STROLL...
NOONE EVER TOLD YOU THAT YOU'D CRY SO MANY TEARS,
EVEN THOUGH IT NO LONGER MATERS AS DEATH'S GOT YOUR SOUL...
THERE'S ONLY ONE LAST THING NOW THAT YOU CAN SAY,
GOING INSANE WILL ALLOW YOU TO GO OH SO WILD...
NEVER BEING ABLE NOW TO RETURN TO THE OLD WAY,
TO BECOME AN ADULT YOU HAD TO LEAVE BEHIND AN
EMOTIONALLY DEAD CHILD!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
ONLY YESTERDAY
ALWAYS WALKING AROUND THINKING ABOUT WHAT'S NEXT,...
YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF CONSTANTLY RUNNING SO LATE...
THERE'S NO SECRET TO LIFE OR EVEN ANY ANCIENT TEXT,...
NO MATTER HOW HARD YOU TRY YOU CAN'T ESCAPE FATE...
MY MIND IS ALWAYS CONFUSED AND ALWAYS RACING...
I'M NOT SURE WHERE TO GO OR WHAT I SHOULD DO...
ALL OF MY NERVES ARE NOW KEEPING ME PACING...
AND MY THOUGHTS OF MADNESS ARE FOCUSED ON YOU...
YOU LEFT ME SOULLESS AND THEN YOU HUNTED ME OUT TO DRY...
ANY FEELINGS I THOUGHT YOU HAD WERE TRULY FALSE...
ANGER TOOK OVER AND WOULDN'T ALLOW ME TO CRY...
WHEN YOU LEFT I NO LONGER COULD FEEL MY PULSE...
DON'T WORRY THOUGH A NEW EMOTION FILLS MY HEART...
ONE OF PURE RAGE AND DEADLY UNBRIDLED SIN...
I'LL HARM YOU WITH PAIN THAT'S OFF THE CHART...
THERE'LL BE EXCRUCIATING PAIN AS SOON AS I BEGIN...
WANTING YOU TO FEEL WHAT I FELT AS I HIT YOUR VEIN...
IF YOU LOVED ME THIS WOULDN'T BE GOING THIS WAY...
THE MADNESS IN MY HEAD WANTS TO CAUSE YOU PAIN...
EVEN THOUGH I THOUGHT I LOVED YOU ONLY YESTERDAY!

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622
PAGE 90
022617
EVIL GRIN

IF I HAD TO GUESS RIGHT NOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKING,
THEN I MIGHT SAY THAT IT HAS TO DO WITH ME...

BUT THEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES AND MY HEART STARTS SINKING,
BECAUSE IT LOOKS AS THOUGH IT'S TORTURE I SEE...

BRACING MYSELF I KNOW THE PAIN'LL BE IMMENSE,
HOPING I'M WRONG I ASK YOU WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND...

TORTURE YOU ANSWER LIKE IT'S JUST COMMON SENSE,
AND THAT'S WHEN I CAN HEAR YOUR TEETH GRIND...

BEFORE I KNOW IT YOU HAVE ME PINNED ON THE GROUND,
I CAN FEEL YOUR FANGS AS THEY PIERCE MY SKIN...

SCREAMING LOUDLY I ALREADY KNOW THERE'S NO ONE AROUND,
RELEASING MY NECK MY BLOOD NOW COVERS YOUR CHIN...

WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS SINISTER ATTACK,
ALL I EVER DID WAS LOVE YOU WITH ALL MY HEART...

IT SEEMS TOO LATE NOW AS I HEAR MY BONES CRACK,
SOON I FEAR THAT SHE'LL RIP MY INSIDES APART...

HAVING ONLY AN OUNCE OF ENERGY I TAKE A CHANCE,
AS APPARENTLY LOVING HER WAS THE ULTIMATE SIN...

WHISPERING I LOVE YOU PUTS HER IN A LURID TRANCE,

EVEN THOUGH THROUGH ALL OF MY BLOOD SHE STILL

WEARS THAT EVIL GRIN!

MICHAEL MAROTA

#5017307622  PAGE 91  022617
LET IT GO

YOUR NERVES ARE WOUND TIGHTER THAN A RUBBER BAND,
TOO MUCH STRESS KEEPS YOU FROM GETTING ANY SLEEP...
TRYING TO FORGET THEIR INSULTS YOU CLENCH YOUR HAND,
BUT IT SEEMS AS THOUGH IT HAS SUNK IN TOO DEEP...
YOU WANT TO DESTROY THEM AND MAKE THEM ALL PAY,
ONLY YOU KNOW ONCE YOU START YOU CAN'T STOP...
WITH PANIC NOW GONE YOUR DEMON IS HERE TO STAY,
CAUSING YOU TO TAKE JOY WITH EVERY SINGLE CHOP...
THINKING OF THEM BLEEDING AND SCREAMING YOU SMILE,
MAKING THEM WIGGLE IN PAIN SEEMS SO FUN...
YOU'LL PLAY AROUND WITH YOUR PREY FOR AWILE,
CHAINING THEM TO THE FLOOR SO THEY CAN'T RUN...
IF ONLY THEY WOULD'VE TRIED FOR A MOMENT TO BE NICE,
THEN MAYBE I'D THINK TWICE ABOUT THE TORTURE...
INSTEAD THEIR LAUGHING TURNED MY HEART TO ICE,
NOW I'LL ENJOY THEIR PAINFUL SCREAMS FOR SURE...
NORMALY I WOULD NEVER ACT OUT THIS VIOLENCE,
I'D PUT ON A SMILE EVEN IF JUST FOR SHOW...
THIS TIME HOWEVER I STARE AT THEM IN SILENCE,
TRYING TO DECIDE WHETHER OR NOT TO LET IT GO!

MICHAEL MAROTA
COCKED AND READY

CAN YOU CONTROL YOUR TEMPER AND STAY CALM,
OR WHEN YOUR FUSE BURNS OUT DO YOU SNAP...
AFTER ALL YOU HOLD YOUR SANITY IN YOUR PALM,
EITHER WAY THE VOICES IN YOUR HEAD WILL CLAP...
WHEN THE MOMENT COMES I WILL EXPLODE,
DEALING OUT MASS CARNAGE WITH EACH SHOT...
EMPTYING THE WHOLE CLIP YOU NOW RELOAD,
LEAVING THE BARREL SMOKING AND RED HOT...
IN TOTAL SHOCK YOU STAND THERE SO STILL,
AND YOU HAVE THE SMELL OF BLOOD IN YOUR NOSE...
CHOKING DOWN YOUR ANGER LIKE A BITTER PILL,
YOU NOW STRIKE THE MOST MORBID POSE...
NOT KNOWING NOW WHAT I'LL DO OR EVEN SAY,
WITH MY MIND RACING AT A RECORD SPEED...
EVERYONE OF YOUR ENEMIES NOW MUST PAY,
SPILLING THEIR BLOOD QUENCHES YOUR NEED...
ONCE YOUR DEMON EMERGES YOU CAN'T STOP,
RAISING YOUR IMMENSE BLADE YOU ARE STEADY...
HARVESTING THE BODIES LIKE AN AUTUMN CROP,
ALWAYS ON GUARD YOU STAY COCKED AND READY.

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622 PAGE 93 022717
FASCINATINGLY BIZZARE

WITHOUT ANY SLEEP YOU TAKE UP A STRANGE ADDICTION,
ONLY THE DEADLIEST SINS CAN HOLD YOUR ATTENTION...
KILLING AND MAIMING REMAIN YOUR TRUE CONVICTION,
TORTURING THEM LIKE ANIMALS RELEASES YOUR TENSION...
STANDING ON THE BEACH NEAR AN OCEAN OF BLOOD,
LOOKING OUT YOU LET OUT A SINISTER HOWL...
ALL OF THE BLOOD YOU SPILLED HAS STARTED A FLOOD,
WIPING DOWN YOUR FACE YOU NOTICE A BLOOD RED TOWEL...
ONCE YOU CONSIDERED YOURSELF TIMID AND MILD,
BUT NOW YOUR INNER BEAST SEEMS TO BE AWAKE...
NO LONGER MENTALLY STABLE YOU'RE RUNNING WILD,
WITH YOUR ENEMIES LEFT TO VIOLENTLY SHAKE...
EVERY ONE OF YOUR MUSCLES NOW TWITCH AND JERK,
THERE'S NO WAY TO STOP THE EVIL DEMON INSIDE...
GOING ON A RAMPAGE YOU'RE NOW TOTALLY BERSERK,
ANYONE IN YOUR PATH WILL WISH THEY HAD DIED...
OTHERS MAY MOCK YOU AND YOUR ODDLY EERIE BEHAVIOR,
UNTIL YOU CRUSH THEIR SKULLS WITH A STEEL BAR...
TRICKING THEM YOU POSE AS THEIR ONLY SAVIOR,
UNTIL YOUR WICKED OBSESSION WITH DEATH BECAME

MICHAEL MAROTTA
#501307622 PAGE 94 022717
RAPID MISFIRE

THOUGHTS OF EVIL SO OFTEN PIERCE MY BRAIN,
IMPELLING PERIL NOW SEEMS SO EERILY CLOSE...
AWAKENING YOU REALIZE YOU'RE IN AGONIZING PAIN,
AFTER BLACKING OUT YOU NEED TO ADJUST YOUR DOSE...
YOU USE BLOOD AND PAIN TO QUENCH YOUR FIX,
EVIL HAUNTS YOUR DREAMS SO MUCH MORE THAN MOST...
IN YOUR VEINS YOUR BLOOD CONTAINS AN Icy MIX,
CONSTANTLY YOU HIDE IN THE SHADOWS LIKE A GHOST...
IF IT WASN'T FOR YOUR CONSCIENCE YOU'D BE LOST,
THE PROBLEM IS YOUR MIND IS FILLED WITH RAGE...
NOW YOUR HEART HAS BECOME COVERED IN A HEAVY FROST,
THOUGHTS OF REVENGE NOW FILL YOUR TINY CAGE...
HEARING SCREAMS AND HOWLS MAKES YOU JOYFULLY SING,
COVERED IN BLOOD YOU CHANT AND SINFULLY DANCE...
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT YOUR VIOLENCE WILL BRING,
ANYONE WHO DOUBLECROSSES YOU HASN'T A CHANCE...
WITH YOUR EVIL CHARM YOU CAST THE DEVILS SPELL,
AND YOU REPEATEDLY WRAP YOUR HAND IN BARBED WIRE...
WHAT MELEE YOU'LL UNLEASH NEXT NO ONE CAN TELL,
AS THE TWITCH IN YOUR EYE IS THE SIGN OF A

RAPID MISFIRE®

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622  PAGE 95  022717
STRANGE HABIT

ONLY PARTIAL SANITY NOW FILLS YOUR OPEN MIND,
ARE YOU FEELING NORMAL OR DO YOU NEED A PILL...

NOT FEELING LOVED BY OTHERS YOU'RE EMOTIONALLY BLIND,
THE WAY THEY LAUGHED AT YOU MADE YOU WANT TO KILL...

WITHOUT HESITATION YOU NOW SAIL ON THE BLOODY RIVER,
LOOKING FOR ANOTHER VICTIM YOU CAN'T FIND ONE...

MERELY POINTING AT YOUR PREY MAKES THEM SHIVER,
AS YOU KNOW INSIDE YOU'LL KILL THEM JUST FOR FUN...

GROWING UP YOU CONTINUALLY FED YOUR INNER DEMON,
AND NOW YOU CAN'T STOP HIM FROM COMING OUT...

GORY THOUGHTS OF MAYHEM PLAY INSIDE YOU LIKE A REUN,
ENJOYING HOW THE PEOPLE SCREAM WITHOUT A DOUBT...

SMELLING THE BLOOD MAKES YOU CRAVE EXOTIC PREY,
WITH A NEW CHILL IN THE AIR YOUR BLOODLUST IS NEW...

YOUR HUNGER FOR GORE AND VIOLENCE IS NEW EACH DAY,
DEATH AND CARNAGE ARE NOW BECOMING DEJAVU...

GIVING YOURSELF ONE MORE CHANCE TO BE NORMAL,
THROUGH IT ALL YOU'VE SURVIVED EVERY BRUTAL HIT...

IN FRONT OF EVERYONE YOU MAKE YOUR DEADLY INTENT FORMAL,
OBSESSION WITH KILLING HAS NOW BECOME A TRULY

MICHAEI MAROTA

#501307622 PAGE 96 022717
UNWANTED TRUST

MEETING PEOPLE FOR THE FIRST TIME CAN BE SCARY,
AND THAT'S WHY YOU MUST PUT ON A HARD APPEARANCE...
MAKE SURE THAT YOU ONLY TAKE WHAT YOU CAN CARRY,
BECAUSE OTHERS WILL STAB YOU IF GIVEN THE CHANCE...
TURNING AROUND YOU REALIZE THE KNIFE'S IN TOO DEEP,
SCREAMING LOUDLY AS YOU TRY TO PULL IT OUT...
BEHIND YOUR BACK MORE DEMONS START TO CREEP,
SO NOW IT'S TIME TO SHOW THEM WHAT YOU'RE ALL ABOUT...
RIPPING OUT THE KNIFE YOU SPIN AND DELIVER TERROR,
NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO SURVIVE YOUR MASSACRE...
THINKING THEY COULD KILL YOU WAS A DEADLY ERROR,
NOW YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE THEM PAY FOR SURE...
TAKING A STEP BACK JUST TO SEE HOW THEY REACT,
YOU NOTICE THEY APPEAR TO BE EXTREMELY NERVOUS...
MAYBE THEY'D BE CALMER IF YOUR CLAWS WOULD RETRACT,
IF YOU KILL THEM NOW YOU'LL BE PROVIDING A SERVICE...
FOR AGES THE WAR BETWEEN GOOD AND EVIL HAS RULED,
WANTING IT TO END YOU BALL UP A TIGHT FIST...
STANDING SILENTLY BY AS THE CRIMSON BLOOD POOLED,
TRYING TO WARN THEM YET THEY STILL INITIATED
THIS UNWANTED TRUST!

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307622  PAGE 97  022717
UNCOMMON BREED

WANTING TO RULE SUPREME YOU GO ON THE ATTACK,
BLOW BY BLOW YOU CONTINUE YOUR ENDLESS ONSLAUGHT...
ONE BY ONE YOU'LL MAKE THEM PAY IN THE TORTURE RACK,
YOU'LL CONTINUE MURDERING UNTIL YOU'RE CAUGHT...
HITTING YOUR TARGETS SO HARD THEIR BLOOD TURNS TO MIST,
TELLING YOURSELF THAT IT'S ALWAYS THEIR FAULT...
BUT KNOWING THIS HAPPENED BECAUSE YOU WERE PISSED,
MAKES YOU WANT TO CONTINUE THIS ENDLESS ASSAULT...
ONCE EVIL GRABS YOU IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO ESCAPE,
YOU USE ALL YOUR MIGHT BUT CAN'T BREAK ITS HOLD...
EVERYTIME YOU MOVE IT TAKES ON A NEW SHAPE,
NEEDING TO HURRY AS YOUR BODY IS GETTING COLD...
NOW YOUR DETERMINED TO STRUGGLE FREE,
AS DEATH IS SQUEEZING YOU START TO PASS OUT...
BREAKING OUT NOW YOU'LL MAKE HIM BEG AND PLEA,
DECAPITATING HIM AS YOU SCREAM AND SHOUT...
KNOWING ALL ALONG THAT YOU'D MAKE HIM PAY,
SINFULLY ENJOYING WATCHING HIS EYES BLEED...
THE TABLES NOW TURNED AS HE'S BECOME YOUR PREY,
WITH YOUR BURST OF POWER YOU PROVED TO BE
PART OF AN UNCOMMON BREED!

MICHAEL MAROTA
#501307622    PAGE 98    022717
INTERESTING PICK

YOU AND YOUR SOULMATE SEEMED JOINED AT THE HIP,
ENVIY CAUSES OTHERS TO TRY TO BREAK YOU APART...
IF YOU TWO WERE SEPARATED THEN YOUR HEART WOULD RIP,
AS YOUR SOULS BECAME ONE RIGHT FROM THE START...
WITH HER BY YOUR SIDE YOU'RE OBLIVIOUS TO PAIN,
AND YOU'LL LET NOTHING GET BETWEEN YOU AND HER...
SLASHING AND CHOPPING UNTIL YOU MAKE A BLOODY RAIN,
YOU'LL PROTECT HER AT ALL COST OF THAT YOU'RE SURE...
IT SEEMS AS THOUGH EVERYONE WANTS YOU TWO TO SPLIT,
BUT YOU WARN THEM OF WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF THEY TRY...
THE BODIES PILE UP QUICK AS YOU TOSSThem IN A PIT,
AS YOU'RE DETERMINED NOT TO STOP UNTIL THEY ALL DIE...
TOGETHER THE DAMAGE YOU BOTH CAUSE IS TOO MUCH,
UNSTOPPABLE STRENGTH YOU AND HER HAVE TOGETHER...
BOTH OF YOUR HEARTS ARE NOW SO COLD TO THE TOUCH,
LEAVING YOUR EMOTIONS TOUGH LIKE THICK LEATHER...
FINDING EACH OTHER YOU KNEW IT WAS MEANT TO BE,
LOVING ONE ANOTHER GAVE YOUR HEARTS A TENDER PRICK...
BEING DEADLY AS ONE WAS SOMETHING NOONE COULD SEE,
KNOWING THAT WHEN SHE DREW FIRST BLOOD YOU'D
MADE AN INTERESTING PICK?

MICHAEL MAROTTA

#501307622 PAGE 99 022717
Wrong Choice

Thinking back you can't seem to remember yesterday,
Trying so hard because you miss seeing her face...
You remember yelling and making her run away,
But that's where the memory ends without a trace...
What could've caused you to treat her so bad,
When all she ever did was love you from the start...
You're now stuck moping around being all too sad,
She left holding in her hand a piece of your heart...
How can I get her back is what you need to know,
So you better figure out where you went wrong...
All your screaming is what made her tears flow,
Your verbal abuse was definitely not a love song...
I'm sure she also couldn't stand to be beat,
Being less of a man you were a coward to do it...
Kicking her when she was down until it hurt your feet,
And constantly telling her that she's a piece of shit...
If I were you I'd be afraid that she'll be back,
She'll beat you so severely her inner demons will rejoice...
Beg for mercy now before she starts her violent attack,
As trying to apologize now is most definitely the
Wrong Choice!

Michael Marotta
#501307622  PAGE 100  02/27/17
TOTAL DISARRAY

How much control do the voices in your head get,
and what evil melody do they choose to sing...
They're up to no good right now I'm willing to bet,
plotting in your brain they make your head stinging...
You've been trying to fight them but you can't win,
as they now rule over your every emotion...
If they get their way you'll be a slave to sin,
with no choice you'll give the devil your devotion...
Right now your only choice is to kill them one by one,
making sure that they can't find their way back...
Now your mind is filled with rage hotter than the sun,
so you've now decided to carry out your brutal attack...
With so much hatred there's no telling how many will die,
or just how much chaos and damage you'll cause...
Laughing so sinisterly you won't have any time to cry,
ripping through their flesh with your savage jaws...
Your heart's dead now so you can no longer care,
for all their mocking you'll make them pay...
Taunting them you yell out go ahead if you dare,
all that was left of your sanity is gone leaving
you in a state of total disarray!

MICHAEL MAROTTA
#501307622 PAGE 101 022717
Final Thought

I wrote this poetry to help others to understand that even though sometimes things look bad, our emotions are only in our heads. Nothing lasts forever, and better days are always right around the corner. Hopefully this book will inspire others to believe that through it all, we will always triumph over our bad feelings. The best of times are still yet to come. So as long as we take things one day at a time, then we'll survive and come out alright on the other side. "Believe it will happen to make it happen." Best wishes always!

Michael Marotta

"Chuckles in the darkness will always bring a smile!"

Michael Marotta

#501307622 03/11/17
MAROTTA, MICHAEL A

INMATE INFORMATION

Arrest Number: 501307622  Arrest Date: 11/08/2013
Race: W  Sex: M  DOB: 05/30/1975
Height: 510  Weight: 185  Hair: BRO  Eyes: BRO
Arresting Agency: BROWARD SHERIFF'S OFFICE
* Location: Main Jail
* Visitation: 6C View Schedule
* Expected Release Date:

CHARGE(S) INFORMATION

Charge Number: 1
Case Number:
Statute: 782.04-1a1
Description: MURDER PREMEDITATED
Charge Comment:
Charge Status: PENDING TRIAL
Bond Type: NB
Bond Amount: 0.00
Disposition:
Projected Sent. End Date*:

Charge Number: 2
Case Number:
Statute: 782.04-1a1
Description: MURDER PREMEDITATED
Charge Comment:
Charge Status: PENDING TRIAL
Bond Type: NB
Bond Amount: 0.00
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Charge Number:</th>
<th>3</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Case Number:</td>
<td>13015574CF10A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statute:</td>
<td>CAP-FEL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description:</td>
<td>CAPIAS - FEL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charge Comment:</td>
<td>ROBBERY W/DEADLY WEAPON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charge Status:</td>
<td>PENDING TRIAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond Type:</td>
<td>NB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond Amount:</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Charge Number:</th>
<th>4</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Case Number:</td>
<td>13015574CF10A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statute:</td>
<td>CAP-FEL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description:</td>
<td>CAPIAS - FEL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charge Comment:</td>
<td>ROBBERY W/DEADLY WEAPON</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charge Status:</td>
<td>PENDING TRIAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond Type:</td>
<td>NB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond Amount:</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Charge Number:</th>
<th>5</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Case Number:</td>
<td>13015574CF10A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Statute:</td>
<td>CAP-FEL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Description:</td>
<td>CAPIAS - FEL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charge Comment:</td>
<td>BURGLARY DWELLING ARMED</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Charge Status:</td>
<td>PENDING TRIAL</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond Type:</td>
<td>NB</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bond Amount:</td>
<td>0.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>