The Writings of The Lunatic Minded

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The Writings of the Lunatic Minded. Is a book of writings, poems, statements, and some short stories you will never read other than from this book. The writings of the Lunatic Minded, is a somewhat different style of writing, but will have you wondering what's coming next. Enjoy...

This is a Poetry Book
Date Written 11-18-2012
This Book is to be dedicated with true love to

Autumn M. Austin

And all like her, who have ever had to deal with any type of mental illness and maybe still dealing with such.

Please know my heart goes out to Autumn M. Austin, and lots of love and thanks to her, for showing me the true depth of true illness...

Her and others like her will always hold a special placement on my heart...
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Notation by Author
To understand the true writings of the Lunatic Minded. The Author of Lunatic minded, thought it best if you first understood the meanings behind words, such as Lunatic and Minded. Therefore, saying that, we've left you here the meanings of each word, as would be found within today's dictionary. So please read them if need be. And please enjoy the rest of the writings of the Lunatic minded.

**Lunatic**

lun·a·tic /lōōˈnətik/ n.
1. Insane person 2. Wildly foolish person - adj. 3. Insane 4. Extremely reckless or foolish

*LL lunaticus moonstruck; crazy*

**Minded**

Minded ed adj. 1. having a specified kind of mind or interest 2. disposed; inclined.
"Don't Stop the Rain."

Why did he have to stop the rain?

Doesn't he know the beauty of the sound that it makes, as it comes from heaven and hits the earths below?

Why did he have to stop the rain?

Because when it rains, lovers come out and play.

Constantly making sounds of emotional rhythms, as they play in deep pools of exotic love making...

While at the same time receiving sweet ecstasy feelings, that they share, as they dance their dances of sexual intent.

As they both are being engulfed, by rays of extreme massages. That's continually running through their bodies.

So, when it rains, please don't stop it from falling.

Because when it rains, there's no where for a lover to run, but into the arms of another lover...
Disappearing

If you didn't see me now,
Guess, you never knew me then!

Spreading my seed all around,
Fatherless children to the towns.

Not knowing their names;
But yet missing them the same.

Ecstasy rhythms flowing in and out.

Constantly, breathing clouds of smoke;
Continually coming in through puffing
those left handed "R.I.P. S."

Struggling, just to stay insane.
It just makes normal look like hell...

Steadily breathing in feelings of hate.
With mixed emotions of painful thoughts.

Now you see me, Now you Don't!

Breathing in, Breathing out.
Different Drugs, Different worlds,
Different ways.

Constantly having illusions of the past.
Seeing things I wish I could regret,
But never could forget!
Disappearing - cont.

Listening to voice's from people no one can see.

Only flames of metal being held to my head.

Steadily playing with that nose brand of cotton candy.

Still riding with the Reaper by my side.

Holding lifeless dust to my own hands, spreading ashes all around.

Challenging Death himself with games; Games of self rightful acts of suicide.

Not knowing of life’s indulgences; Because disappearing is who I’ve become...
The Artist

An artist is paint, pencils, and ink.

An artist is works of land, water, and sky.

An artist exists to create.

But, an artist isn't an artist without the help of another artist...
Hello mister, can’t you tell me if heaven is up or down?
I’m all confused now; darkness is all around me.

Can you tell me who I am?

As the darkness engulfs my soul,
I find myself going blind...

The world is different,
it’s ever changing;
with it’s darkness seeping in.

Making it impossible to see the light...

Angels and demons fighting for control.
World domination is their goal.

Why can’t anyone tell me, how my life is compared to their war?

I don’t understand the meaning of their loss!

I am steadily going insane from the emptiness inside of me.

Always having illusions playing tricks with my mind.
It's almost like I'm a puppet in disguise, and the Devil is toying with my strings.

In the back of my mind I hear the souls calling out. Crying their freedom song, and begging for something cold to drink.

All of a sudden, my words become not my own.

Twisted and bound, they come out in a demon's song.

Hissing and shouting, with flames of fire off my tongue.

Spitting horny games to fallen angels, as they cross my path.

Bringing them into a hidden chamber, and slipping my newly born fork tongue inside their skirts.

Changing their minds around, making them into something of my own. By demonstrating the powers of hell...

Doing this through my demon story...
And now knowing if the world doesn't change.

Where life is now, will leave us to be stuck into our very own hellish ways...
My thoughts become not my own.
I've been replaced by a being of
total darkness and void.

Which has control over me with the
poison of schizophrenia.

Having me seeing delusions unwilling
to fade away.

Some would say, I'm possessed,
others would indicate, that I
need meds...

Yet in true reality,
I'm here, but I'm not...
A making of a man

Remember, the making of a man is not the way you fight in this world.

But, more on how you go about fighting that fight, that gives the depiction of what kind of man you truly are...

Therefore, don't mistake my use of the word fight, to be used in regards with hand to hand combat.

But, yet see the word fight, as I've indicated it above. As preparing yourself to obtain worldly respect from others...
"Six Shooter"

I'm the monsters in the light,
That are becoming the spirits of the died.

I have no heart as of now.
I'm made of steel.

Dirty pistol gripping;
six graves waiting in the fields.

Contemplating what to do.
Oh, yeah... missing you.

Six shooter gun on your side,
With that raw ass hide rubbing on your thigh.

Your Dirty eyes undressing me.
Lush lips puckering up.

Sexual intimacy late into the afternoon.
Door bell rings, your husband is home.

Six shooter flyes, blood scatters wide.

Now six graves becomes four.
Oh, yeah... missing you.

Six shooter gun on your side,
dust of wind blowing in your hair,
lovers in motionless unmarked graves,
you're riding out of town.

Oh, yeah... missing you...
"Mis-Trust"

Dear Mis-Trust,

I know of your name so well. I hear it being said, in more ways than one.

Your so famous, out of the tongues of fools. Fools, that are so quick to make a judgment on something without ever attempting to remove the binder of a book.

That has hidden materials of truth. All wrapped up with paperwork of facts.

So yes, Mis-Trust, I know of you so very well... For, I hear of your songs and prays of worship constantly deriving from people totally of different characteristics, souls, ideas, backgrounds and, of course, of different attitudes as well.

Now, Mis-Trust, I have to do nothing and give you nothing, but the props that you rightfully deserve.

For being the most popular madam in town...

Yours Truly,

Mr. Disbelief
TRUE SIGHT

You are the Light inside my Heart.

Without you I could not see.

With you, all things are possible.

Because it is you, that makes Love come alive.

And with you, I am complete...
Beckoning - 4 - Relief

These Devils, These demons.
Are all around me.

I can't control them,
they command me at a constant basis.

I'm at their every whim.
I'm constantly at their demand...

I come every time they beckon me.

I scream for relief, but no one is there to hear my simple cry.

I'm locked away in a cage,
in a land far away.

A land that no one cares to visit.

Now, it is that the key to my cage is thrown to far for my hands to grasp.

So, it seems like I'll never find a simple style of relief;
A relief from my constant beckoning.
And when I scream for help out loud,
still I get no response...

Accept, of course, the sound of my own voice continually echoing back.

Wondering if freedom will ever come to my very own hands.

But, yet it seems that this word freedom just lies only within the memories of my dreams...
FRIEND

A friend you will have.
Is a friend you find.
When the friend you seek.
Is a friend in me...
Steadily seeing vicious images,
all in my own sight.

With contemplating thoughts of
a self-righteous suicide.

As the Devil is steadily speaking
to me.

He's talking to me in my head.
He's telling me to do these
crazy things.

And he told me this in tongues,
words and voices that I could
only understand.

He has me seeing things and disbelieving.

At the same time contradicting my
very own beliefs...

While thoughts of schizophrenia
start setting in.

Clouding the back of my mind.
Allowing thievish thoughts to come
out and play.

Being the key unlocking his whims & desires...
Filth: is when the shit gets to popping in the field every evening.

Filth: is bullets going by, like bees just creeping.

Filth: is the madness you gotta bring to the last motherfucker caught sleeping. Slipped, hit his head. Now he's slipping. Not doing his job flipping, those racks, that are cracks off them bricks, for them Benjamin stacks.

Filth: is copping feels off those white chicks, keeping them lined up like a cheerleading squad. Not worried about the blade being clean. Just licking it twice 'til the tongue goes numb.

Filth: is not being able to party, without a special blend of nose cottoncandy.

Filth: is not letting go of your job description, when it comes to spreading the love of that southern style snow. That can appear at any time, any where. No matter what the temp. Door to Door...

Filth: is doing all of this, with the reaper watching corpses fall by your side, riding strong without a blink to be found to his eye...

Filth: is the way that I fly...
TWIN DEATH'S

I died.
you died.
we died together.

I tried to fly,
but couldn't make my wings in Heaven.

Now fallen into the depth of Hell.
I'm continuously trying to get my decrepit old body from the holds of Satan.

He's behind the sands of time.

So I'll capture the crown of horns.
And set things straight.

Doing this all with the 1000 demon souls coming out of my Heart.

Souls, ready to fight at voice control...
The dance of the nite -

Every day I wake up,
Living by that song I take up.

Every morning, you and I
Can brake up.

Every nite, we can make up,
Dancing to rhythms of Ghetto Love.

Looking into each others eyes,
Seeing that star light...

This is why every day I want to wake up,
So I can live by the song I take up.

Always looking forward to that brake up,
Because I'm always missing that sight of stars to your eyes.

It's just wanting to make me brake down inside.

Close my eyes,
I drift away.

Just wanting this light to fade.
So I can dance into this nite with you
In that sweet Ghetto Love.

So, one more time, my sweet,
I ask you to dance to-nite.
My letter to Satan

Dear Satan,

I've been thinking of you lately. All day today I've been doing everything that is evil under your name, but still I haven't heard a word from you yet. I drink Gray Goose Vodka, because I believe it would be something that could be in hell. With its fiery taste, that has your throat feeling like it's apart of an inferno. Maybe you can understand. I have been smoking nothing but joints. Because, I've been told that marijuana is the Devil's plant. I'm constantly burning myself, so that I can be ready to meet you without screaming in pain. And with each day that passes me by, I do my best in my journey of collecting souls. This way, I can have a little spending money in the after life. Oh, by the way, out of respect for you, I named my first born "Lived". Well, I got to go. My plants must be watered. I have a wide collection of Devil's Back Bone.

your humble,

Possession
My home is populated by 420.
But today we become 419.
I'm number 01854.
And today my home is Death Row.

419 is what we've now become,
because today Someone was chosen
to play with an endless sandman.
By embracing Death himself.
Who lives in a barrel no bigger than a needle.

My home is Death Row.
And I have a true mark of Death
by my name.

Nothing I touch is truly mine.
For it won't be there when I need it the most.

It won't be there when it's my time of embracing a needle.
Because it won't be there when I die.
My home is Death Row...
I have no friends.
For I choose not to make them.
A friend is something never kept,
For my home is Death Row...

But now I must go, their calling me to lie and to embrace the endless Sandman.
Their calling me to accept Death,
Because they've said it's an end.
So God, shed a tear for me.
For my home is Death Row...
"But I'll Make it"

On and on, and on my friend,
I know I must cry before I shine.

Tears will fall and I will slide.
But, I'll make it if I try...

As years continue to glide on by,
I'll battle with the stumbling blocks of life.
But, I'll make it if I try...

So as years come and go,
One by one, so shall my goals.
But, I'll make it if I try...

And when time is at its end.
And Death comes a calling,
with repeated knocks to my door.

I'll be ready,
For I made it because I tried...
How long must I embrace this loneliness that I fine?

As I look towards the skies, out of windows made of metal mass and withered bars.

My life continues to be directed by men and women, with their chains and poisonous gasses.

O! How I wish to be free.

Free as the birds that sings to my window seals.

Free of the chains, the bars, gasses, and of course, of the doors I never could open.

Until then. I can only dream, the dream of a free man.
I do not do as you think I should;
For I have a mind of my own.

I don't follow within your footsteps;
For I have my own path that I must follow.

I do not follow in the path of others;
For I am a leader within my own world.

I do not block the flow of knowledge;
For such input is what powers me.

I do not invite the ways of violence to come;
For such ways has caused worlds to end.

I do not cry when I fail in life,
But I stand and learn from each mistake I've made.

And so I believe this way;
For today I am a man...
"Blind Fantasies"

One by one, I see my fantasies coming out to me.

As if I was traveling the seven seas.

Though, in an ocean free environment.

So many fantasies.

So many, that I can see.

Though I'm blind by sight,
But not by heart.

My fantasies continue to come,
As well as part...
Forgiveness comes from the soul.

A soul of a humble man, one that has learned the meaning of turning the other cheek.

People will come across forgiveness many times in life; but it is how they respond to it, is what matters the most.

Now, if you can't forgive, then you never can forget...
No Escape Notation
By the Author.

I was inspired to write the writings of the Lunatic Minded, because there's no escape for me. I'm constantly surrounded by images of Demons of yesterdays past. As the urging built inside to flee, I found myself incapable of doing so. For I've been placed into A dungeon made of unpenetrable materials. As night began to fall into place, sleep itself, never found me. Because of the sounds of souls being torture in cells near by. I had nothing to look upon except, of course, the blood that's been scatter like paint to the walls around me. Guessing, it was left there from the tortures of souls long to be forgotten. Yet, I scream occasionally with each nightmare image that so often enters my mind. But, still no one was there to hear my cries. It got to the point that I wonder if I'm to be left alone utterly. Alone inside these demon built cages, that sometimes had the power of bringing back nightmares with feelings more then just pure reality. Now, I've lost all sense of where I've been. And even now, who I am. Being alone by itself, is truly a torment all in itself. But, what I've gone through each day is far more severe then the loneliness of one's self. I've seen things daily, that some will never be able to bring into their greatest imaginations. For I've seen creatures with their own define set of powers. With the fact that sleep never ventured my way; it made it impossible for any rest to be given.
No Escape Notation  
By the Author. Cont.

So therefore, the torments wouldn't end. Being here, is as if I've been placed to a cell made of the define wonders of hells defining damnation. If I could dream, I believe deep inside that I would dream of an end to the tortures within the damnation of a life I'm now forced to live. But, until dreams are possible. I'll continue to live a life of No Escape. And write the Writings of the Lunatic Minded. Therefore, hope you liked the book. And that after reading it, you invite others to read it as well. And if you wish to correspond with the Author of Lunatic minded, in regards of this book. Feel free to do so. I as being that author, do expect some controversy. But, support of the book is always going to be welcome. Or perhaps, you yourself is the reader of the writings of the Lunatic Minded. And find yourself, living a life of No Escape yourself. And may need someone to just listen to your words you want to place to paper. The Author of Lunatic Minded will always be here. And is willing to respond to any and all notations, either good or bad. To reach the Author of Lunatic Minded write to: Edward A. Thomas DC# J01859, Florida State Prison, 7819 N.W. 228th Street, Raiford, Florida, 32026-1200. I'll be here always, until then share Lunatic Minded with lots of others. Please.
DIGAM
IS
IT
REAL?