

Franky Darkvoid

# THE SINISTER TALES OF DARKVOID

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My Dearest Adriana, September 18th remains a precious Memory because that day your Encouragement for me to write again was a Final Gift ☺ Ten days later, you were Gone ☺ Yet, your belief in my words lives on, my Muse, my #1 Supporter. Though you're not here to read them, I will Honor your Memory by keeping that Spark Alive ☐ I Love you, Agey

Pancakes, Franky



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## **DARKVOID**

The dark consumed me, dragged me down  
To a lost place where time has drowned.  
Emptiness echoes, a hollow sound,  
In memories of twisted pain I'm bound.  
Haunting specters, decayed and frail,  
Flickering images that always fail.  
No soul developed, just a stain, a trail,  
A mark that poisoned resources frail.  
This stain dissolves in endless night,  
A void where shadows twist and bite,  
Reshaped by time for cruellest plight,  
A torture born of endless fight.  
Lost, death, decay, a whispered plea,  
In this dark void, I cease to be.

## A DARK MORNING

The shadows stretch with hungry claws,  
Another dawn defying laws  
Of slumber deep and peaceful rest.  
A chill wind whispers from the west.  
The sun, a bloodshot, bleary eye,  
Peeks over hills where secrets lie.  
Each creaking floor, a ghostly tread,  
Awakens fears you thought were dead.  
The coffee steams, a noxious brew,  
As unseen eyes are fixed on you.  
The mirror shows a face so pale,  
Reflecting tales that will not fail  
To haunt the day and fill with dread,  
The waking hours stretched ahead.  
So rise and greet this morbid morn,  
Another day forlorn, for lorn.