

Demon Hunters – July 2019

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Image source

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These self-inflicted wounds won't heal.

On one level it's true--

But do we want to live in the realm of demons and ghosts?

Or do we choose life,

And love.

Bleeding on the carpet,

Dripping on the stairs,

All the cares in the world

We keep

In the cupboard under the stairs.

The bold-faced lies we tell ourselves,

Mean you won't find the answer at the bottom of a bottle.

Our voices are calling softly,

But they don't hear.

Fading stars show that once real life was here.

Sitting side by side,

On a bench until eternity--

Two souls in two worlds

Who can never touch.

There's a demon on your back;

You will not know its face

Because it is you.

Shooting stars that play tricks on your eyes

Are souls, in heaven.

One day you may join them

At the end of this day in hell.

Memories of the past still haunt us--

Figments or ghosts?

Is that the devil on my back?

Hitching a ride,

On the way down to hell.

How can words be tricksters?

Be careful what you wish for;

Your mother gave birth to grief.

There are no demons and ghosts.

It's the demon on your back.

Turn around and you will see.

The demon is you,

And the demon is me.
