

## Grey, Hazy Mist

Grey, hazy mist  
clouds the glow  
in her red-rimmed eyes.  
Confusion has become  
her mentor.  
Unwanted oblivion  
tears the only one  
she knew apart.  
Confessions  
to a silent  
Savior  
doesn't Absolve her soul.

She never appears  
among the Silver Gods  
hides within  
the broken pieces,  
hoping to be cut,  
seeing the Reality  
of Life.  
To feel something  
except Repression,  
Guilt and Depression.  
Pain has conquered Pleasure.

Guilt has taken over  
this reign of Hate.  
Kills more souls  
than a piercing  
Metal blade.

Silver Gods,  
with pure silver souls,  
never tarnishes  
in the acid rain.  
Fire and Brimstone  
hitting,  
ever breaking  
can't Absolve  
what can't be resolved.  
Breaking her only portal  
to their world.  
The shards of broken past  
distorts her face,  
showing her true  
soul and mind.  
The way  
they see her.

--Gretchen Zehner