

Poetry Series

Steven Hoon
- poems -

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Steven Hoon(6/19/92)

Beyond The Warmth Of Day

All color has faded from my eyes.
Eternal darkness is all that's left.
A nightmare beyond the grasp of man.
A curse beyond the warmth of day.

A shadow of what was forever haunts these walls.
A purity I've longed to grasp for years.

Insanity will comfort me in these final moment...
My life will soon be nothing more than a memory...
There was no one there... The night that I died...
All that was there... Was a simple suicide...

Steven Hoon

False Sanity

At times I feel my veins are filled with distane...
So bleed me out and show me the way of purity...
Tie me down and give my brain a new host...
This human flesh is frail and weak...
Dead...

Twist and tangle me in the webs of dispair...
Is there no one I can trust?
Even I've betrayed myself too many times...
Maybe I like it this way, is pain what I adore? ..
Hopeless...

Sever my limbs then send me off to sea...
Maybe one day I will return to myself...
Have I found false sanity inside my wrist? ..
Or am I just numb from this razor's kiss? ..
Forsaken...

Steven Hoon

Far From Perfect

Somewhere beyond the fences that cloud my mind,
and far beyond the gates of Purgatory.
Lays the soul of my former shell of a body...

My thoughts are useless, and my heart is weak...
My soul is wounded, and I can not sleep...

It's been so long since I've felt the warmth of day...
It's been so long since I've felt the chills of night...
My angel, my devil...
Dream with me this night...

Pestilence is in the air...
A pain which no man can bare...
From the void this skin was formed,
and from the gods it will be torn...

Steven Hoon

Insanity Pt.1 (My Last Dream...)

Listen to me call your name...
So gently you come to me...
Yet you can't see the danger you're in...
So gently you will leave this place...

Without a scream you accept this...
Are you strong?
Or just used to this...
It's truly sad...

Let the poison drip...
Be gone after this...
Let the blood rain...
So I may bathe...

Is this true reality...
Or is this my insanity...?
I guess we'll never know...
Cuz I can't explain this...

Steven Hoon

Insanity Pt.2 (What Did I Ever Do To Deserve This?)

How could you do this to me?
After everything we've been through...
I hope he was worth it...
I hope you're proud...

I saw you running away...
As I was falling apart...
I heard you scream out my name...
But then you ripped out my heart...

You took a knife to my soul...
Then twisted with no emotion...
Then proceeded to rape it...
Untill I couldn't feel myself...

The tears were cold...
My heart was numb...
I hate what you've become...
I hate what you've done...

I can't believe I was so trusting...
Just the thought of you and him is so disgusting...
I hope someday you know how I feel you f*cking wh*re...
Cuz I just can't cry for you anymore...

You can go ahead and kill yourself for all I care...
Cuz whenever I needed you, you where never there...
And I'll go to your funeral the day you die...
But I can promise you this now...
I will not cry...

Steven Hoon

Kissing The Grave

I've seen your blood stained face starring from under the floor.
The memory that was will and shall haunt these walls forevermore.
It's just a simple nightmare that's plagued my sleep for days.
I try to forget it, but in my mind it stays.

The only way to save myself from this living hell,
is to cut loose my mortal shell.
Embrace the void from whence I came,
or kill myself, it's all the same.

I'll lock myself in a tomb alone with all my fears.
They'll look for me, or atleast try for 100 years.
Will they ever find me?
I'll tell you with a tear.
They will never find me,
for I am still here.

Steven Hoon

Life Lost...

We hear her screams,
And yet we just sit still.
She cries out to us,
And we just ignore her...
Our mother is dying,
And we are holding the knife...
She's givin' us so much,
And we show no gratitude...

The climate is changing...
The levees are breaking...
And if I'm not mistaking...
It's us she's forsaking...

Her pain is repressed,
And undressed...
Being raped by our eyes...
And of course our mother is in pain,
Our mother is hurt...
Our mother is earth...

Steven Hoon

Love (And All It's Glory)

Love is a crazy thing...

It can be the best and worst thing in life...

It can make someone's heart beat faster than normal, or completely stop...

Love can make people laugh...

Love can make people cry...

Love can mend your wounds...

but also let you die...

It can show people peace of mind.

but also drive them insane...

Love can keep you strong,

but also bring you pain...

You see, love is such a confusing thing.

We all know what love is, but at the same time we don't.

Love can save a life,

but can also take one as well...

Love is controlled chaos...

Yet no one can control love?

Love can be an answer,

but at the same time be a problem.

Love is life

Love is death

Love is your first and final breath

Love is joy

Love is hate

Love can destroy or create!

Such a confusing thing love is...

Don't you agree?

Steven Hoon

Lying Dead In A Closed Minded Existence...

I see a broken boy who's confused about what's real and fake.
He wanders if when he dies if he will actually wake.
He cries out for love, but finds that no one will answer his prayer.
Because he never faced the reality that there was no one ever there.

He waits and waits for the day of judgment to see if he can live.
He waits, and waits, and waits, and waits, and asks "Will God forgive? "

He sits in the darkness that surrounds his mind,
And asks himself is this real or am I just blind?
Will his question ever be answered?
I think not for his mind is cancered.

I swear I can still hear his cries.
I can still hear his painful sighs.
Burning in the fire he never had a chance to rise.

This life was never to be...
For this broken boy is...
Me...

Steven Hoon

Melodic Dissonance

Breath me in then spit me out...
This is only clear in nightmares...
Toxic tonics, hang me from my esophagus...
Demons crawling out my eye's, screaming 'On of us! '

Poisoned from this destructive melody...
My brain cavities sway to this dissonance...
Raped purity, I'm left with nothing but hate...
Kill me, if this is truly my fate...

I wish I knew why I'm here...
I've searched this wasteland called life...
Laugh at me and throw your stones...
Just look me in the eyes, and I'll forgive...

Was I born to this world to be a martyr? ..
Is there a purpose, or reason for my every breathe? ..
I wish I had an answer I wish I could believe...
But how can I, when my body, heart, and soul feel severed and decay...

Steven Hoon

Necromantic Love...

Never again will light shine on this nocturnal heart.
If my necromantic love were ever to end.
Never ending longing for one with peral flesh.
And hair as fair and red as the liquid dripping from my neck.

Falling in the recendaled embars ov the one who I thought I lost.
Bloodletting was my only answer untill her and I embraced.

I never thought I would feel again, but then she returned to me.
Undeserving and without haze she made me her's once more.
I hope I never loose her again.
For if I did I would return to death.

Steven Hoon

Psychotic Depression...

Can you honestly claim your life to be a living Hell?
When you left me bleeding the insanity ov your betrayal.
I know I'm insane,
But I can not die.
Knowing that my whole entire life was a stupid f*cking lie.
So know you left me here to die...

It all began in the end.
And I will no longer pretend.
That I'm ok without you by my side.
Cuz the fact is everything I ever loved has died.

Did you feel proud knowing you left me broken and bruised?
Even after I claimed I had nothing left to loose.
Except my respect and love.
Knowing your above me in every way.
So now I can honestly say.
That my life is a living Hell.
As my brain derails.
This darkness lives inside ov me.
And I can never save myself.

So now with my mind lost in this psychotic state.
It'll be much easier to choose my fate.
Don't try to stop me,
It's too late!
As I stare right at Heaven's gate,
But then I hear your voice yell 'Wait'...

As you pulled the gun from my hand,
And tossed it unto the darkened land.
My body falls as I cry silently.
This being taking over my brain violently.
Then I see the women who saved my life is no more,
But dead...
So then I grab the gun once more,
And Put it right to my head...

Six Feet Just Isn'T Enough...

Sometime it's hard for me to admit.
That my life is a sugar coated piece ov sh*t.
I've been pushed aside,
and stept on.
I don't think anyone will give a f*ck if I'm gone.
I'll leave this world with no sign ov excistance,
Cuz when I die I'll show no sign ov resistance.
Take my life,
Throw me down.
Bury me 12 feet underground.
That way I can't come back some day.
Cuz if I do then you will pay.
I'll slit your throat,
And goudge out your eye.
Cut off your wings,
So you can't fly.
Then I'll let you're heart meet my knife.
You're death will forfill my strife.
Listen to the Archangel ring the bell.
I'll meet you at the gates ov hell...

Steven Hoon

Sorrow...

you were so excited with this new feeling you found.
was it really worth it? now your six feet underground.
you try to catch a buzz.
without seeing the damage it does.
you really looked pathetic with a needle in your arm.
did you even know you were doing yourself harm?
well congradiations you had fun and got high.
now you dropp dead and we're left to cry.
was it really worth it? was it all really fun?
who really had the last laugh when you were done?
there was no I'm sorry. no tearful goodbye.
there was no I'm sorry. no warning that you'd die.

Steven Hoon

Suicide Note...

Heart beat is weakening,
Eyes are swollen shut.
Breathe is shortening,
With this fatal cut.

Open up your empty eyes,
Look into the endless skies,
Pray that you learn to fly,
Just please do not die.

Tell me this isn't the end for me.
Tell me this won't appear in my autopsy.
Tell me it's going to be ok when you know it won't.
Tell me you feel my pain when I know you don't.

It wasn't suppose to happen this way.
I look around, but everything I see is gray.
I try to look myself in the face,
But I fear I will never leave this place.

I feel like a creature locked in a cage.
I try to stop myself from creating this rampage,
But it's hard when you realize that you're on the outside dangling the key,
And you sit there and laugh at yourself, because you are really already free.

It's hard to call yourself sane when you lie in a hospital bed,
Listen to all the voices that live inside Ov your head.
Trust me I know, because that man is me,
Trying to leave my life at the bottom Ov the sea.

Steven Hoon

This Is No Fabrication

Impale my heart then gently rub the wound with lime...
Then drain out my once known self then fill me with grime...
Screaming such a silent whisper I kneel to thee...
Knowing you will never understand why I plee...

I'm just a tool with dismal dreams and a forlorn heart...
I chose to let you back in, but now I see that wasn't smart...
I dance in death, nocturnal bliss is all that I now know...
Come dance with me, ya f*ucking dance, or enjoy the show...

You say I've been given a gift, but this gift feels like a curse...
I never wanted to be insane, or be able to construct a verse...
This is no fabrication, this is truly my once called life...
This is not my imagination, I gave it to a lonesome knife...

Steven Hoon

This Isn'T A Murder... (It's Just One More Job Well Done...)

Lost in this world...
Alone and scared...
Lost in this world...
So unprepared...

The end is coming...
Don't turn around...
The end is coming...
Her body hits the ground...

Blood pours out...
Her veins collapse...
Blood pours out...
Her neck snaps...

Unheard screaming...
Never ending pain...
Unheard screaming...
It was all in vain...

She lies dead now...
Without a breath...
She lies dead now...
And I am Death...

Steven Hoon

Tripolar...

I love you...

I hate you...

Why did you do this to me?

You shone like a divine star...

Now I wanna kill you...

You left me with unbearable pain...

I did everything to make you happy...

I wanna haunt your dreams...

I haven't been able to dream since you left...

All I think about is kissing your lips...

And slitting your god damn throat...

I wanna just die...

Steven Hoon

Undescribably Liberation...

Cold is the soul ov a man...
Even colder is the soul ov his spous...
Do we deseerve what we are given,
Or do we leach do to our nature?
I wish I had an answer,
Or better yet a clue on how to ask the question...
If this is all we are ment to be...
Then I don't wanna live...
Spuing vomite...
Vains pulsate...
Thoughts fade...
And yet...
There is a sense ov liberation...

Steven Hoon

We Die... (I Cry...)

I...

I'm so alone...

In my head...

Inside ov me this disease spreads...

You...

Can't run away...

From all the hope...

Even though your about to choke...

We are two ov one...

The war has just begun...

But in the end...

We die, and die, and die, and die, and die...

Just redo all the things we've done...

Follow me...

The end has begun...

I hate that you hate what I hate when you hate you're own fate...

Why...

Why can't they see...

That I'm a fraud..?

Will I be smote by there god?

Leave me here to die...

In this forgotton ruin...

But once inside...

I cry, and cry, and cry, and cry, and cry...

The end ov my life...

Is my starting point...

And I know my death...

Will not disapoint...

Steven Hoon

What Is This World Coming To?

Oh god, this pain will encourage me,
And drive me to the brink ov my insanity...
With a feeling more painful than dissection...
Oh my f*cking god! ! !
This feels like mental decapitation! ! !
Amplify my thoughts! ! !
Put a microphone to my lips! ! !
Give me a f*cking drink,
And I'm a lyrical genius! ! !

I'll sing about my living hell...
I'll sing about my sh*tty life...
I'll sing about the sh*t that half the people in the world fake
They have gone through! ! !

I'll let you know my final chapter! ! !
I'll sell you the sh*t that makes you feel heard! ! !
I'll make a f*cking song to let you know how I actualy feel! ! !

I F*CKING HATE THERE LYING TONGUES! ! !
I FEEL LIKE PUKING WHEN I HEAR THERE EMPTY WORDS! ! !
I F*CKING HATE YOU! ! !
I F*CKING HATE MYSELF! ! !
I F*CKING HATE THIS RAPED NOICE WE NOW CALL MUSIC! ! !

I'll sing about my living hell...
I'll sing about my sh*tty life...
I'll sing about the sh*t that half the people in the world fake
They have gone through! ! !

Someone shut my f*cking mouth! ! !
Someone stop the lies! ! !
Someone hang me a f*cking noose! ! !
Then watch me try to fly! ! !

Steven Hoon

Why You Don'T Give Mad Men Diaries

Your soul is stuck in Limbo after you met your needs.
You sicken yourself f*cking anything that bleeds.
Your life is meaningless so go find another love.
One as dead as a doornail, and as pale as a dove.

You are no longer a necessity in my anatomy.
Never again will you dig into the depths of my insanity.

I've ripped out my brain.
And replaced it with pain.
I am filled with distain.
I try to restrain.

But your corpse calls out to me.
In a most elegant plea.
And now what I must do is clear.
I will die to be with you, dear.
One last time...

You make my blood boil with malice.
The times you've betrayed me are countless.
Tie you down, its fine please don't cry.
I won't forgive you until you die.

No anesthesia will be applied in this autopsy.
My bone-saw glimmers at the sight of your anatomy.
If the police come to my house, and ask how you died.
I will slit your wrist and clam it was a suicide.

As I sever the muscles from your bones you let out a sigh of pain.
I pour bleach on the f*cking wound to make sure it doesn't f*cking stain.
Are you enjoying being a puppet in my called operation?
I will let you say goodbye to your limbs before I seperate them.

Goodbye!

Welcome all, come right in, and see the product of my sin.
I'll draw you in with my halitosis, then murder you like kin.
Glorify the razor blade, and embrace it's warming kiss.

Pray your body goes into shock before I begin this.

Bodies hanging from the ceiling tile.
My obituary has spread half a mile.
You will not find peace once in your grave.
In a cemetery you will be my slave.
Once more...

Decaying body, drain its blood, then put it back under the floor.
Imbibe a little, look at the corpse, then make it your whore.
Look her in the eyes, then penetrate this beautiful cadaver.
You had to wait till she was dead until you could have her.

Satisfaction fills this lust you have for the dead.
Putrid seething fluids spill, your obsession is fed

Steven Hoon