

Poetry Series

**Troy Clark And Neal  
Simons  
- poems -**

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## Troy Clark And Neal Simons(Troy-Jan 3rd 1991: Neal-sept 7th 1990)

The poems we write are no longer writting together, Neal and I are now seperate poets, so when you see written by Troy Clark, or when you see written Neal Simons, it was done alone. But, if you see Neal Simons and Troy Clark written, it was both. I, Troy Clark, purpose that Neal and I also rewrite all our old poems, because we both have advanced pretty far into our art, let us take the old, pathetic poems that we have created and make them anew, Pour le bien de notre avancement dans notre art, nous ferons à nouveau: For the good of our advancement into our art, we will make anew.

# Dark Forest

Blackened roots,  
Twisting and turning,  
Slithering over the carcasses of the dead.  
The dark and hollow trees  
Both corrupted and defiled,  
Their twisted majesty standing before corpses and creatures alike.  
The red-eyed raven,  
The evil crow,  
The fallen angel with wings of woe.  
The blood-red rivers  
With demonic fish  
The vicious bears  
As they rip out their flesh.  
The darkness sneaks slowly  
Towards the helpless doe  
To add it to corpses  
That lie below.  
Purple flowers and dark leaf plants,  
Flourishing across the black dry ground,  
Forever nourished by the sorrow of the blood-weeping dead.  
The light of damnation  
And the screaming against the cold winds  
Forever mark the vast territories  
Of the Dark Forest.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Darkend Hallway

Darkened hallway,  
Darkened life,  
Dreams of fury,  
Sounds of strife,  
Dreams forgotten,  
Forever gone,  
The sun rises,  
Now its dawn,  
The world is backwards,  
My nights are days,  
And this was said,  
The very same day,

This darkened hallway,  
This darkened life,  
My Dreams of hatred,  
Their Sounds of life,  
This dreamer is gone now,  
I'm forever not here,  
The roses are wilting,  
But I don't seem to care,  
This day is backwards,  
My life is gone,  
And now I leave you,  
To this day gone wrong.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Dead And Gone

Your tears are dry,  
and heart is cold,  
Your pain is harsh,  
but actions bold,  
Your life is bleak,  
but no one cares,  
Your pulse is pointless,  
because I'm not there,  
The pain you feel,  
my fault, my blame,  
The dreams you dream,  
my face, my name,  
The air your breath,  
sorrow, and fear,  
But the time is here,  
to say goodbye,  
The door has closed,  
my face shut out,  
My eyes still open,  
But color drained out,  
The darkness blocks,  
the light from me,  
But I'm good and gone,  
please don't cry for me,  
Because I'm dead and lost,  
my soul is gone,  
I'm dead and lost,  
but please don't forget me,  
I'm dead and lost,  
but never gone.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Death

The color is fading.  
The soul is dying.  
Blood is dripping.  
Pouring from my veins.  
It's like a nightmare.  
That I can't escape from.  
Slowly swallowing me.  
Consuming me, dragging me.  
Slowly...slowly...  
Taking what I hold so dearly.  
The clock turning, every second is killing,  
Swallowing,  
Dragging.  
Taking me away.  
Farther, and farther I fall.  
But I see no end.  
Silence, so much silence.  
Nothing to be heard.  
Nothing to be seen.  
My mind and body cry out,  
But there is no response.  
Have I been forsaken?  
Have I been forgotten?  
Lost in the hatred of others.  
Abandoned to the darkness.  
There is no hope.  
There is no chance.  
There is only death and loneliness.  
There is only me and I.  
There is...there is...

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Evil Incarnate

I see all who die.  
I saw all who lived.  
I am eternal,  
Never dying,  
I am evil incarnate.  
God of all that is death,  
God of all that is hate.  
I hate love,  
I hate joy,  
I love sorrow.  
I am viscous and cruel.  
I am the twisted version of man,  
And it's lust for power.  
I am the result of evil,  
The poison of man.  
I am the creator of death,  
The bearer of all symbols of hate.  
I am the destroyer of worlds.  
I am the beginning,  
I am the end.  
I am you,  
And every one around you,  
I am the poison in your heart,  
The darkness in your soul.  
The corruption flowing though your veins.  
And you,  
You are my host.  
And you cannot be saved from me.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons



# Fading To Colors

Take me away,  
To a place where colors are the same,  
My colors are fading,  
From white to black,  
From black to gray,  
From gray to white,  
A repeating process.  
All with a different emotion,  
Happiness and love,  
Depressed and angry,  
Suicidal and hateful,  
Emotions,  
Funny little people trapped inside,  
Each with a name,  
That defines them.  
Some are small and can be held back,  
Others...  
Not so fortunate.  
My color fades to gray,  
I look at you different,  
You're a different person,  
Not beautiful any more,  
But a sick duplicate of life.  
Black is my color now,  
I see you as a monster,  
Whose reason is to hurt me,  
I strike back at reality,  
Cursing and hating,  
I go into a frenzy,  
I can hear screams,  
But I cannot stop,  
Finally I relax,  
My colors slip a way to the first,  
I see you there,  
But what have I done.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Forgotten

I am forgotten,  
Forever unknown,  
My death means nothing,  
I've reaped what I've sown.

I am forgotten,  
No one knows who I am,  
If I am to die,  
No one would give a damn.

I am forgotten,  
My name in no ones head,  
My identity not known,  
and my legacy dead.

I am forgotten,  
Death will now take me away,  
And yet no one will notice,  
That I was gone today.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Goodbye, Grandpa

With my dreams shattered,  
I start to cry,  
I don't know why you had to die,  
I loved your smile,  
It brought me joy,  
And now you're gone,  
I want to hide and die,  
I'd be with you,  
Where ever you went,  
But I can't go there,  
My mom and dad need me,  
Sorry to let you down,  
I know you'll miss me,  
I'll miss you too'  
But this is goodbye,  
I'm crying again,  
I'm supposed to be strong,  
I promised I'd be strong,  
You're in my memories still,  
I hope you can hear me,  
Goodbye, grandpa

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Hatred By And By

You may trap me in your history books,  
And plot your little schemes,  
You can prod and poke and stab at  
me but rise I will, rise I shall.

Does my cockiness offend you?  
Like that time I betray your trust?  
Does my evilness upset you?  
Like that time I made that bust?

You know me well,  
I watched you plot,  
But sad for you,  
I made your heart.

Did you want to see my stifle?  
Did you want to take my place?  
Do you want to see me broken?  
Like an empty fire place?

You may look at me with  
Those beady eyes,  
You may talk to me with  
That ugly mouth,  
You may sneer at me with  
A bleeding heart,  
But you well should know  
that your facts arent clear.□

Does my harshness offend you?  
Like that time I walked away?  
Does my hatred disturb you?  
I hope it does. I pray it does.

Out of dust I come to claim,  
Out of life I put to shame,  
Out of death I come to play,  
Into darkness, out of darkness.

Out of fear I laugh and cheer,  
Out of love I cough and sneer,  
Out of hatred I cry and tear,  
And the point,  
My sweet, sweet point,  
Isn't clear.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Hawk Of War

In darkest day and darkest night,  
The flames of war shall be my light.  
Let the flames define my role,  
So the hawk of war shall carry my soul.

Mindless rage and eternal death,  
Take the sword that will not sheath,  
Know that violence takes it toll,  
But the hawk of war shall carry my soul.

Endless hate and merciless fury,  
Be my strength be my jury,  
Verdict my enemies let them know,  
That the hawk of war shall carry my soul.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Hell My World

Hell is my world,  
Screaming and pain  
the only way out,  
A needle in my heart  
my only means of survival.

Battleing the abyys,  
Dolphins in my dreams; crying,  
Pain flows from my saudered pours,  
as biochemicals give off  
rainbow colors,  
Freind ship is gone  
as is the poison in my antidote.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# My Little Angel

Your black wings broken,  
Your long raven hair  
Stained with the blood of your victims.  
Your tears dark as your soul  
As they stream down your pale white bosom.  
You're the essence of evil  
My loving daughter,  
But you will always be my little angel.  
For I can see  
Without a doubt  
That you can feel  
I can tell,  
For your sorrow drowns me out.  
Your eyes are like mirrors,  
Reflecting what you've wrought  
As you bring your blade down,  
Ending another's life.  
Its like losing  
Another part of you,  
The darkness within you  
Eating away at your heart,  
And twisting the way you think.  
And then you cry  
Because of what you did,  
You who are the angel of death.  
Fallen from gods grace,  
You kill and kill,  
Then you cry and weep,  
But is there good in you?  
Is there good in the deaths you've caused?  
Does your soul cry for salvation  
As you fall into insanity and dementia?  
You have slaughterd and killed  
My loving daughter,  
But you will always be  
My little angel.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons



# Over Thrown

My sanity torn to pieces,  
My faith in god destroyed,  
I turn to the darkness for guidance  
And hail the destructive void.

The shyness over comes me,  
As im unable to speak  
I grown jealous of others futures  
As my future just seems bleak.

Now hear me out  
Hear what I say  
The void is coming  
They come today

The profits vision  
It will soon come true  
The death of man  
Their dream come true.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Paint It Black

Just paint it black,  
Forget the red,  
Just paint it black,  
And you'll be dead,

Who cares about life?  
It'll soon be gone,  
It only delays,  
The soul to move on,

Just paint it black,  
Forget the blue,  
Just paint it black,  
And you'll be screwed,

The oceans are thinning,  
The world set ablaze,  
The darkness is creeping,  
And prepare for death's gaze,

Just paint it black,  
Forget the white,  
Just paint it black,  
That's true delight,

Just paint it black,  
The color means death,  
Just paint it black,  
And don't hold back.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Perfect

I see you now,  
Amongst your dead,  
Searching and praying.  
You grasp the hand of you dead lover,  
Tears flow,  
And drown out all noise,  
Fire surrounds you,  
It follows you,  
Like a shadow,  
Your heart,  
Now shut tight,  
Let nothing in or our,  
You're a maze.  
Your eyes are nothing,  
Coal compared to the once,  
Beautiful jewels they were,  
I don't know you now,  
You're a monster,  
Emotions have you now,  
Darkness controls you now,  
And only he,  
That is dead,  
Could have saved you,  
You look at me,  
Sorrow overtakes me,  
I have lost a brother,  
I can't loose you too,  
You walk towards me,  
Fury floods your eyes,  
The need to kill,  
To release your pain,  
You grab me,  
Plunging your sword deep,  
I gasp and look down,  
Red runs down my side,  
I look up and stare,  
Into your once beautiful eyes,  
You smile at me,  
That smile you always gave him,

What have you've become I say,  
She inches towards my ear,  
I feel your now cold lips against them,  
Your voice now a whisper,  
Perfect,  
My eyes glaze over,  
My body falls to the ground,  
You stand above me smiling,  
Not knowing that when you wake,  
Your world will mean nothing.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Put Me To Sleep

Put me to sleep,  
My evil angel,  
Put me to sleep,  
My dark and evil thing,  
Cut out my soul,  
My angel of death,  
Just put me to sleep,  
My twisted friend,  
Open your wings,  
The darkness in my heart,  
I give myself freely,  
My evil angel,  
So put me to sleep,  
My dark and beautiful thing,  
My soul is yours to free.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Sorrow Of The World

O, the sorrows of the world  
As it spins like a top  
And the ground grows damp  
as the tear drops dropp  
The innocent die  
As the murderous creep  
And a dirge is sung  
And the children weep  
For their homes are burned  
And their parents dead  
As a war ensues  
That fills all with dread  
The raven flies  
Above all things  
Like an angel of death  
It spreads its wings  
The vampires drink  
All the blood they can see  
As the dead pile up  
And they cheer with glee  
Out of habit, we sit  
And we think of yore  
When the world was bright  
And to life we adore  
Now the cities burn  
And the woodlands, too  
And it all lies desolate  
All before you  
O, the sorrows of the world  
As it spins like a top  
Death consuming all  
As the tear drops drop.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# The Cruelist Void

through distant lands,  
there lays the void,  
a place of sorrow,  
with souls destroyed,

Through cruel intensions,  
destruction of life,  
the nameless wander,  
through a land of strife,

with dreams forgotten,  
and worlds destroyed,  
death is there pleasure,  
all hear the void,

with time undoing,  
my fury unfolds,  
my fears forgotten,  
the void takes hold.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# The Damned

When death grips a soul,  
And the soul starts to flee,  
I start to laugh with,  
Relative glee,

Death is my way,  
A long silent road,  
With nothing to hide,  
And nothing to show,

I made my city,  
From the tortures I've held,  
The screams of the innocent,  
As they're suddenly drown out,

The gurgling they make,  
As there throats are ripped out,  
The spewing of blood,  
As there time runs out.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons



# The Light Of Day

When hope is lost,  
When freedom caged,  
To see no light,  
The light of day,  
The dawn of light,  
The dusk of night,  
Silent screams,  
Are thou light,

When all is lost,  
This long feared day,  
To see nothing,  
No night or day,  
What was then,  
Isn't now,  
A long feared hour,  
The death of day.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# The Raven

With black wings I fly,  
With red eyes I see,  
With the darkness flowing high above,  
Death shall speak to me.

The flesh of the dead,  
Is my carnivorous food,  
I shall always fly in lands,  
Where the dead shall brood,

I kaw the voices of the dead,  
I am the eyes of the devil,  
I spread the darkened wings of sorrow,  
Bearing claws both curved and beveled,

I am the carrier of your soul,  
Bringing you where darkness takes its toll,  
I am the bearer of all that is dead,  
I am the raven.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# The Rose That Is My Heart

My heart is black as darkest night  
And cold as a winter day.  
Shall I compare it to a rose,  
Both black and shriveled,  
Icicles protruding from its pedals.  
Never to blossom,  
Only to wither  
And die.  
Shall I compare the sorrow and anger  
Within my heart  
To a storm of clouds  
That enshroud the rose in total darkness.  
Shall I compare the loneliness  
That has hardened my heart  
To a vast plain of snow and ice  
That surrounds the rose.  
Cold and unloved,  
The rose stands,  
Crooked and brittle,  
Soon to break  
And soon to die.  
This is my heart  
Which is black as darkest night  
And cold as a winter day.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# The Vampire

You walk at night  
Under the light of the moon,  
Your skin so pale, yet so radiant,  
And your hair black as the ravens  
That fly overhead.  
You stalk your human prey  
With a thirst unlike any other  
A thirst for his blood,  
So sweet against your lips  
As it courses down your throat,  
Prolonging your dark eternal life.  
With seductive beauty and grace  
You lure men into the darkness,  
Beckoning to them  
With a voice so soothing to their ears,  
Compelling their urges  
Of lust and fornication.  
And as you allow the man's lips to touch your flesh,  
As you indulge yourself in his sexual pleasures,  
You extend your fangs  
And let out a demonic hiss  
Before plunging them deep into his throat,  
Drinking his blood  
Like a wild animal,  
Leaving only a pale dry corpse.  
You walk away from the corpse  
Smiling so sinisterly,  
For the dead you leave will rise again  
As monsters like yourself.  
For you are the temptress of evil  
You are the angel of death  
You are the vampire.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# There Is No Such Thing

Peace is nothing but a distant dream.  
A fantasy that will never come in affect.  
And that fantasy will die with us all.  
Even after death peace will fail.  
Everything fails in time.  
Even this world will die eventually.  
All things turn to dust,  
I, you, and everyone around us.  
They will all die.  
We cannot escape our rage,  
We cannot escape our hatred toward others.  
It will consume us all in due time.  
Time is the only thing that delays the destruction of all things,  
The only thing that delays our realization that peace will never come.  
Soon even time itself will be destroyed,  
Thrown within the darkest void.  
And we will join time soon enough.  
With broken wings, we will descend into the bottomless pits of hell,  
Thrown in its dark fire,  
Fire that will consume us all.  
And at the last I say,  
This is why there is no such thing as peace.  
There is no such thing as Peace.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Views Of A Brooding Mind

Alone, I sit and brood  
On the miseries of all life  
As it passes by  
Like a blowing wind,  
Leaving me behind  
To brood even more  
From its passing.  
I think of the ravens  
As they fly within  
The blowing wind  
With wings as black as night,  
Squawking the verses  
Of man's sorrow,  
Only to be drowned out  
By the roaring  
Of the ignorant wind.  
I then think of water  
So clean and pure,  
Nourishing my life  
As a thick coarse blood  
That prolongs my misery  
On this wretched world.  
I think of the light of day  
As it shines  
Over the horizon,  
Burning my flesh  
And blinding my eyes,  
Every day it brings  
A curse brought upon me.  
And then I try  
To think to myself  
That life is just an ugly stage  
For the blossoming  
Of the black rose  
That is death,  
But I know well enough  
That is not true.  
For as we slip away  
From the miseries of life

Our souls are weakened  
By the process,  
Our senses dulled  
To the point  
Where there is only nothing,  
Nothing to be seen  
But our own figure  
And nothing to be heard  
But our eternal weeping  
Echoing in the blackness.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# What A Way To Go

O, what a way to go,  
when your life is filled with woe.  
to take your life in despair,  
and knowing nobody will care.  
to let sorrow overcome you,  
feeding on your anger, rage, and hate.  
to slip away from the harshness of life,  
and let cold sweet death decide your fate.  
death being salvation,  
the of suicide growing near.  
as you sanity slowly breaks,  
is it all that you can bear?  
O, what a way to go,  
when your life is filled with woe...

Troy Clark And Neal Simons



# When Life Is Too Much

Life has many meanings,  
Both cruel and blessed,  
From the moon in the night,  
And the sun in the day,  
Life is slowly sucked away.

Life comes down on you,  
Like a heavy weight,  
Testing your sanity,  
and your faith.

Fate is but nothing,  
Only the devil awaits,  
To reap your soul,  
From gods loving grace.

Life is a stage that delays the soul from death,  
To be purged,  
From your last dying breath,

So here I lay,  
The stars over head,  
The moon in the sky,  
And a gun at my head.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons

# Worse Than Before

I hate my life  
For what it is  
I hate myself  
For who I am.  
My life is hell  
My own mind is hell,  
For as I try  
To sleep my sorrows away,  
I dream of blackness,  
Surrounded by demons  
That bear my sickly image.  
With claws and fangs,  
They tear at me,  
Without mercy,  
'Til I fall to my knees.  
I then look up,  
And see before me a dark angel  
With a sword in his right hand.  
He thrusts the sword through my heart,  
And I wake up,  
Feeling worse than before.

Troy Clark And Neal Simons