

The Mysterious Me

What is black, what is white?
What is dark and what is light?

What is the one between?
Is there no middle?
No place to stand clean?

Is there a hybrid seed?
Will they call it a fiend?

Not nothing, not all,
But a mixture of them all...

All merged to inherit,
Such essence, such spirit...

A quiet voice that roars,
Apparently dead,
Spiritually it growls...

Identifying facts,
It does not understand...

Declaring itself,
On a haunted land...

I am a vampire,
Who sucks on plants...
Walks in the sun,
Chewing planks...

A bard singing solely,
No one can reach,
A skilled teacher,
No one to teach...

A sinful saint,
Understanding but constraint...

A cool breeze within a squall,
An imprisoned prince,
Locked in an aphotic hall...

A king who rules the dead,
A lone wolf bound by a thread...

A bang that gets no attention,
A hiss, which spreads tension...

A beautiful flower,
Draining the life of its picker,
An immense thick wall,
More hits get it thicker...

A hidden treasure,
An untried pleasure,
An abandoned mansion,
A paradise, with no attraction...

An act of the devil...
A blessing from God...

Am I angelic?
Or am I demonic?

Am I wise to teach?
Or am I an awkward leech?

What is "me" to myself?
Whose self is to me?
What are you if I am me?

I am different in each one's eyes...
Inside of me, my true self lies...

To seek me or not,
Is what you decide,
I am always here,
Between the shore and the highest tide...

Composed by:-
Kazeh