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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Although I embarked on these literary journeys alone and within a sometimes ungovernable state of calamity, I was never alone at the beginning of these travels. I had catalysts that dropped in and out to challenge, build up, break down, and spectate. Because of the nature of this work unfolding within a decade of time, and also to protect the nature and lives of the women involved, the initials listed below are merely a shell of the person they intend to represent.

L.R.

T.F.

S.O.

J.M.

D.M.

To the women above: Thank you for igniting the inspiration for these pieces in whatever afflicting and/or commendable way we went about our relationship. It truly helped direct real impetuous and violent acts through a pen and into a notebook instead of through a gun and into the obituaries. I am forever indebted to you. Also equally important in the molding and shaping of these works are some very influential musicians/friends.

**Azeron & Michael of SIN, EndEver, and Winter Reign**

**Niko & John of Envy (now known as Envinity)**

You guys seriously have no idea how much of an influence and inspiration you were for me at such a young and innocent age. 99.9% of these pieces of work were written while indulged in your music. You were a part of the journey. You were the soundtrack. And I will always be grateful for your music.

## INTRODUCTION

I always considered my acts of writing to be strictly of a selfish nature; I wrote to console, conjure, and conceal my real feelings. Writing helped alleviate the demonic miscreation that impaled itself within my credulous heart—my susceptible nature. Without trying to overindulge and sugar-coat, I was much too sensitive. Gullible. Naive. And very very innocent.

Being naive and innocent, I was able to meet a plethora of different people that had varying affects on my personality and growing imagination. Each new love interest I gained left with me a piece of their quintessence; the life blood of our mortality. I devoured these pieces, enraptured by their beauty and sometimes malevolence. And then I hungered for more.

I was always fascinated with Lovecraft's "fear of the unknown" and something I like to call *The Depression Era* of music...or what my friend Michael Grant of the band L.A. Guns likes to call "Slit Your Wrist Music". Not surprisingly, my style of writing from this era was directly influenced from Michael and his brother Azeron who were both in a popular Sacramento Gothic/Black Metal band called SIN.

Most of my pieces of work have to deal with that foreboding side of reality. Having emotionally invested wholeheartedly into that plane of existence, my only alternative to "a swan dive to oblivion" was to scratch the pain into paper with ink. These collected pieces are a direct result of those endeavors.

And although the majority of these pieces contain the ingredients of despair, pity, and the overall somberness of a petulant mind, there are a few pieces embedded within that shine with the brightness of the sun after a torrential rain. Luminous, warm, and unfractured. **Fly On Your Mended Wing** (page 6) for example, uses the tribulations of a dispassionate and deeply troubled relationship, and "unmasks" itself to encourage closure of said relationship.

Another great example of a piece written in the time of halcyon heights, **We'll Make The World Explode** (page 22), embodies passionate requests to destroy everything in existence, save for the passion and unrequited desire to belong as one; the desire to keep one in an embrace to protect from the devils and demons of the world who invoke intimidation and bravado to weaken emotionally.

Pieces such as the ones above are few and far in-between, sadly. But when they do appear, I hope they provide a sigh of relief and/or jubilation. I was sometimes able to step out of the shadows in order to drink some sunshine and sing aloud without a care.

I sometimes still write dour pieces when placed in a setting reminiscent to the days of old. The fire is still there and is sometimes stoked to a raging blaze (although not as easily as

before). But, as I've grown older, I've learned to, prioritize my feelings, and only let but a select few within my emotional domain. With this, my first book, I happily invite you all in.

- Adam Delia // Autumn 2013

**SHARPENED HALOS**

I only turned away for a second,  
when it was plunged into my back without a regret.

No blood spilled.

A red fog spewed forth and wrapped  
around the world to suffocate.

With this sharpened halo protruding  
from my back,

the non-devotees

of love now have a place to hang  
their scythes.

The shadow of my former self has left me in disgust.

No more sorrow for the wretched.

I was just another feeble-minded  
lost soul on the verge of total  
abandonment.

But an angel with a blunt,  
undisturbed halo drifted into my wake  
and kissed my painful whispering embers away.

Taking my hand,

she guided me

towards a balanced place of  
creation.

The light blinded me,  
immorally and I found it hard to breathe,

She put her mouth over mine.

Then the air and light co-existed as one as  
the ER lights continued to blind me while the  
oxygen masked fulfilled my breaths.

**DESCENDING THROUGH FIRE**

I must confess.

The sour smell of your lies is intriguing.

Tell me you'll never let me go, and I'll tell you stories of hopes and dreams that wrinkle towards the  
end.

Include me in your starlight memories and I'll come drenched in kerosene,  
glistening in the autumnal fire.

With every word I fall deeper into your gaze.

Sorcery such as this,

inane but final.

Final as the truth emblazoned amongst the pale light of the pyre in your irises.

But I will not go alone.

One embrace from me and together the lines are blurred.

Is this a daunting reality?

Or the succumbing of our essence being swallowed into the mouth of Euronymous?

Together we'll bleed.

And the best part...

I can still taste you on my tongue.