

The Identity Crisis Sonnets

By Zach Brengel

You Who He Calls Emperor

Godspeed, you terrible cruel emperor
Your campaign has ended with your own blood
Your armies crushed under its own splendor
Spines stabbed, sons killed, flesh mixing with the mud

The people call for your execution
To install a ceasar for the masses
You're the first victim of his solution
He shall tear down your perverted classes

Your people have silenced us for too long
But the fate's toils have begun to unwind
He says I'll be able to sing my song
Eye for an eye fag, but you will go blind

As I tighten the chains around your spine
I gasp, as master starts to tighten mine

Caged Beast

God, I never wanted this to happen
Every single day I get more monstrous
It's gotten worse ever since I was ten
My thickened blood poisoned by phosphorus

My spine is too long, my ribs are too wide
I now grow a thick pelt of dark black wool
Their glares stab into my soul and my pride
Their shouts drive into my heart and my skull

They hate me for trying to live my life
Cast me aside when I broke their damn rules
Nobody seems to care about my strife
I am just another one of their fools

I want nothing more than to just be free
But then I would have to stop being me

A Little Better, and A Lot Worse

I think it's a little better today
Though for me, a little isn't enough
It will get better tomorrow, so hey
Stars are aligning, just gotta be tough

No one gets better by moping around
Off I go to be a man, to live life
Tonight I open my ears to the sound
To think I would ever fall to that "strife"

Only freaks actually go through with it
Openly bending the natural order
Lonely blasphemies drive me to a fit
And besides, I could never cause such stir

Time will restore me to a better health
Even if it doesn't, I'll kill myself

What Sleep Won't Fix

I don't want to die, that would be too much
I just want to sleep for perhaps, a year
A long-deep slumber, that would be a crutch
Just enough for my pain to disappear

But the pain I caused others would stay still
A legacy defined by those I hurt
With sorrow and screams my dreams they do fill
They reach, to tear down my empire of dirt

Suicide won't fix those wretched souls
But perhaps if I was never conceived
My non-existent would fill cracks and holes
In my dusty death I will be relieved

No, I don't want to die! My Ma would mourn
Truly, I just wish I'd never been born

A “Mistake”

Oopsies! I think I just took one to much
Tomorrow's gonna be interesting
Maybe, I'll just be sickly to the touch
Or maybe, The Reaper will come and sting

Now, I can't pretend I didn't want this
Whether for attention, or just to die
When deciding dosage, I never miss
Now come on, can you pretty please not cry!

Whether or not I wake up tomorrow
Tonight can we please just enjoy this buzz!
We're together so I have no sorrow
So let's rejoice as my brain fills with fuzz

Tomorrow, I might have to go above
But, I promise to see you soon my love

Their Lord

They say God is the only way to joy
That without him I am left in darkness
But God disapproves of what I enjoy
In his light, I still can't find happiness

They say there is no point without a god
Without one you might as well kill yourself
No morality; No rules; It's so flawed
"Child, you need a king to give you your health"

So like christ they execute their sinners
And take believers' cash to live like kings
If we co-exist they can't be winners
His kingdom will be the end of all things

I will not give in to their God's demands
I will take happiness with my own hands

The Snow White Cat

The snow white cat lays her head on the floor
Her little tail coiled around her pink paws
Her food bowl is ready when she wants more
But now, she rests her perfectly trimmed claws

Later she might move her nap to up-stairs
Bask in a little change of scenery
No one will ever mess with her affairs
She's free to live in her utter glory

I would eat nails to spend a day as her
Slit wrists for an hour in her vanity
Put a bullet in my brain for a blur
Each second I mourn my humanity

For I am just human, I sit in hell
But the cat gets a collar with a bell

Monster

The beast emerged into San Francisco
Skyscrapers toppling under it's might
Civilian corpses thrown to-and-throw
With the survivors screaming in their freight

Heroes came to kill the dreadful devil
They sent missiles into it's amber eye
As it's guts spilled, they began to revel
They cheered as the brute began to die

But the beast ment nobody any harm
It was just far to big and far to strong
It wanted to go home, not raise alarm
But in man's world, it's existence was wrong

Through the gore, many lives were saved at least
But wouldn't anyone think of the beast?

Nail Polish

The polish slowly rolls down my bare nails
The color staining the surrounding skin
Everything my parents have taught me fails
As I prepare to join my brand new kin

I feel so pretty, I feel like myself
For once I am able to stand with pride
This feeling is greater than any wealth
But their stares send all my hopes to the side

To them, I am only a pariah
I am just some sort of sick circus freak
I distort the will of their messiah
I'll be destroyed with the rest of the weak

Against their combined strength my power pales
God forbid a girl paint her goddamn nails

Victor

The scissor blades cut through my tender flesh
My veins pulled out of my aching body
I scream with pleasure as I'm turned to mesh
Transformed into a beast far more gaudy

We are nothing but tiny chemicals
Charging our brains and creating ourselves
I take control of my receptacles
Into my organs my ambition delves

Humans are only weak if you let them
If it be altered, it may be strengthened
Self betterment I will never condemn
With these changes, my soul shall be lengthened

Finally, I stitch up my bloodied skins
With the sound of thunder my life begins

Idols

All the peasants love them a good hero
A man who pulled himself out of the muck
An underdog who started from zero
A man who goes and earns an honest buck

They put these men in the place of a god
Believing if they worship them enough
Then they can escape from this life's facade
And bring their family out of the rough

But these idols steal from their believers
And use poverty to spread their gospel
Christ's followers are seen as blasphemers
But their schemes only return you to null

Beware, when you're looking to heal your slits
Anti-christ rarely reveal their secrets

A Comedy

The comedian finishes his set
And is met with thunderous applause
Which is what his jokes are usually met
He walks off the stage, but there is one clause

The comedian receives far less joy
Than his doting and adoring patrons
To the fans he is just their little toy
But their cheer always scatters to the winds

He returns home: his face covered in tears
Mourning any previous sense of hope
He stands, finally swallowing his fears
And went to find himself a chair and rope

The comedian finishes his life
But is only met with continued strife