

Blast of Pain

It's like a cannon blast every time you're not here,
My heart's ground zero, detonating with fear.
Shrapnel memories hit hard, slicing deep,
Days turn to nightmares, even when I sleep.
Inside my head, it's chaos, can't find peace,
You're the missing piece, and this torment won't cease.

I claw through debris, searching for traces,
Your laughter reverberates in these empty spaces.
My mind's a warzone, wounds open wide,
Left stranded in the place where our worlds collide.
In every shadow, I see your face,
Your absence howls, a relentless place.

Loneliness is the cloak I wear every night,
Friends surround me, but none get my plight.
They laugh and talk as if nothing's amiss,
But inside I'm screaming, lost in the abyss.
It's like I'm on mute, in a world full of noise,
Drowning in silence while they hear my voice.

Every heartbeat's a gunshot, screaming your name,
The aftermath's raw, igniting this flame.
Memories left hanging, burnt to the core,
In your wake, only memories, nothing more.
I'm trapped in this silence, can't escape the blast,
Living each day in the shadow of the past.

Feel like a soldier hit hard by life's artillery,
Your absence a bomb, tearing through my reality.
Trying to build bridges from the ruins left behind,
But all I've got are these shattered fragments of mind.
The streets whisper secrets of love long gone,
In this emptiness, I'm still holding on.

This loneliness detonates, pictures never fade,
I'm invisible, unheard inside the barricade.
They don't see the scars beneath the forced smiles,
Or the emptiness that fills these endless miles.
Everyone around move like ghosts, unaware, unseeing,
Blind to the turmoil of my silent being.

Cannons of solitude pound night into day,
Your memory's the shrapnel I can't stave away.
Heart's a battlefield, I'm fighting alone,
Searching for sanity, where you once shone.
Every silence a grenade, exploding inside,
Oozing from the blast, nowhere left to hide.

These words are my arsenal in the causality of the heart,
Spitting fire, ripping this anguish apart.
Caught in the vexation of your vanished soul,
Trying to navigate a world less whole.
In each verse, I capture pain in my rhyme,
In the cannon's echo, a rippled image for all time.

Written by Michele Kemp

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