

Poems by Phil Brennán

1998

January 1998

Another Sonnet on Madness and Pain

This must be the time to write all the things that I have never dared put to pen before, like questions and statements that remain hidden for all good reason, like words that hurt those around me and myself as well, like a public vision into a private hell, like your pia mater is pouring like so much grey jelly from inside your head, like the blood spat out upon the ground as someone strikes your jaw with rounded fists, like semen spilled through visions and dreams of the night as your body bucks and rocks upon your bed beneath the spell of Succubi and Incubi, like mucus drawn up from within your lungs as your chest caves in beneath the weight of a bronchial infection, and all that remains is the feeling of complete and utter emptiness, and lonesome wanderings over the scarred vestige of your psyche, of things that are better left buried in closets, skeletons of the past remaining hidden through guilt and shame, and the multi-faceted need for forgiveness of trespasses and transgressions, and sins unspoken out of fear for being exposed, naked and alone, the harlot that I have become.

So I type out my madness because it's better out than in, better said than unsaid, better revealed than hidden, better resolved than unresolved, and all the while I'm looking for escape, all the while I'm aiming to take flight and run away from myself once more, only to find that no matter how much you run you can never lose yourself, not for a single moment in time, and time is of the essence when your ear is glued to the ground, and you do not realise that the rumbling sound that you hear is a train until it runs over your head and splits it in two, then you're left picking up the pieces like a 3D jigsaw puzzle without the instructions on how to

put it back together again.

So I finish typing and print out the page, another sonnet on madness and pain, another digression into the depths of despair, another repressed memory to be withheld from public view, and all the while you are silently crawling up the wall looking for a means of escape from yourself...

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Requiem for the Dead but Dreaming

I:

I'm standing here
With the wind in my hair
Stuck out on the cliffs
Of despair

Elyzium, my angel
Is where I long to be
Drifting in space
Floating free

[And the sons of God too the daughters of
Adam as wives

And they bore children unto them
The men of renown
And the Nephilim were born]

Yesterday
Life divided itself and fell
Yesterday
A private hell

And I'm standing here
With the wind in my hair
Stuck out on the cliffs
Of despair

Elyzium, my angel
Is a journey too far
Trapped in life itself
I long for release

[They were upon the earth in those days before
the flood

And also afterwards
And they became known as the Anakim]

And I know
I can't make sense of it
This feeling inside
A private hell

And I'm standing here
Waiting for release
This mortal coil unwraps itself
I'm falling from peace

Elyzium, my angel
I'll stand here forever
Trapped and alone
Far from heaven

II:

Paradise
I've fallen from paradise
To the depths of my despair
An angel cast to the outer darkness

[It is better to rule in hell
Than serve in paradise]

Paradise
When shall I walk your golden paths once
more?
When shall I be admitted into the holiest of
holies
And face my God?

[The word of the Lord came to me:
“Son of man, take up a lament concerning the
king of Tyre
And say to him: This is what the Sovereign
Lord says:”]

“You were the model of perfection
Full of wisdom and perfect in beauty
You were in Eden, the garden of God
Every precious stone adorned you
Ruby, Topaz and emerald
Crysolite, onyx and jasper
Lapis Lazuli, turquoise and beryl”

“Your setting and mountings were made of gold
On the day you were created they were prepared
You were anointed as a guardian cherub
For so I ordained you”

“You were on the holy mount of God
You walked among the fiery stones
You were blameless in your ways from the day
you were created
Till wickedness was found in you
Through your widespread trade you were filled
with violence
And you sinned”]

III:

With sulphuric embers I charge this spell over
mankind
That the animals he names shall turn against
him
And lead to his fall

Observe the serpent
Isn't he the most beautiful of all the animals?
Listen to his speech
As he beguiles the woman Eve to sin

IV:

Eve fortook of the forbidden fruit
Shared it with Adam who stood there beside her
And did nothing
And their eyes were opened
And they saw how naked they were
So they made coverings for themselves and hid
from God

In the evening God wandered up and down the
garden of Eden
And He called out for Adam to answer him
But Adam would not answer for he was naked
and ashamed

V:

What have you done?
Did I not tell you to avoid eating the fruit
Of the knowledge of good and evil?
Yet you did this very thing that I forbade you to
do
And cut yourselves off from your inheritance

And now I must banish you from Eden
Lest you eat of the fruit of Eternal Life
And damn yourselves for all eternity
You shall wander across the land of Nod
A restless wanderer forever

No longer shall you harvest the earth with ease
Briars and thorns shall grow amongst your
wheat
And as dust you are
So to dust shall you return

As for you, Eve, I shall do something terrible to
you

I shall greatly increase your pain during
childbirth

In agony shall the next generation come
And in agony shall all generations come
thereafter

To the Serpent, I curse thee
You shall crawl upon the dust on your belly
And you shall eat nothing but dust
You shall strike the son of Eve by the ankle
And He shall crush your head

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Untitled Monologue

Monolithic stones of alabaster stand in circles
drawn through time's ley lines circle space and
time in ever decreasing formations of stone, a
home for a tomb and sometimes I sit in the
circle waiting for the wolves to come, a forest of
light and darkened spaces greeted with loathing
for the dark, a fire let loose in a spark I sit and
prevaricate over the rhythm of words and
ancient rhymes, spoken of old and ancient times
when for once we tore down the high places and
turned them into barren places, no time for
remorse or regrets of actions done or undone,
this is my song, to sit and wait for the wolves to
come.

I've done all I could to make it right, don't
fathom or fight when my back is against the
wall, it doesn't take that much to fall when
you're on a loose edge over a cliff, it's not a
question of when or if, but how, how are we to
avoid our own demise into insanity when
suffering and pain are all we ever see, and the
prayers of the Saints are answered in someone
else's time, but it sure as hell ain't mine to say
when.

When are we gonna learn that all we have to do is heal and love again? When will the cycles of hatred and anger end? When Christ comes again, my friend, when Christ comes again.

Sometimes feels like I've been waiting too long to finish this song of sorrows and missed chances, of second hand romances, flirting with the world only to get stung, it's not said it's undone, this place of mine I call regret.

So I pray again 'though it's been a very long time since I last said "hello", I know it's not the way to go about getting yourself right, it doesn't really matter much if you fight or flight, the result is the same if you always take the blame for everything that is wrong in the world, it's been the same since the fall of man we grab what we can when all we need to do is give, give a little more of ourselves to save ourselves from this private hell we like to call 'living'.

Well, my friend, I would hardly call this living if death is all we face, it doesn't matter about creed or race the end result is still the same, but it's always someone else that we always blame instead of ourselves, and books of law are taken down from dusty shelves to be written in once more, as mankind is always playing the whore, God knows how hard we try to be good, just like we always should, but original sin put paid to that idea, I know it's not that clear but we really must learn to forgive but never forget, it's not time for that yet, the race hasn't yet been run, the war hasn't yet been won, it's half way there but it is still enough, to set men free for liberty and the sake of the Truth.

So I sit and pray that I might be forgiven, it sure as hell isn't life that I've been living, it sure is hard to be sated with what you've been given, when everyone else has more than enough, and you're on the outside of whatever side there is to be on the inside of, it isn't for greed but a lack of love that I've fallen and yet returned.

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March 1998

Regress

My first is also my last / A regress from the past / The situation that shakes my teeth / Chills me to the bone / I have nothing but myself to count upon / And nothing else matters save that which I value the most / Too many paths crossed but never taken / Big regrets and small dreams / A parody to be displayed

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Mad Parade

Done too much but not enough / And I'm losing my sense of self / My dreams have faded to moths in fires / My life has changed more than I can tell...

[Pause]

These things are all I can say to stop the pain of losing everything once more. I've done all I could to escape the past but it still caught up with me and took me by surprise. Things may change but people don't as a whole. It's all relative and misty and I can't see beyond tomorrow any more. So I cut my losses and start all over again. One more time to fall and fade in this mad parade called life.

[End of Pause]

So I set my back against the wind and find my
sense of self / I'm not willing to lose it all for
one mad dream / And I'm sure as hell ain't
gonna be accused of dreaming / This time I'm
not taking chances with affairs of the heart /
Cycles are there to make us stumble and fall /
We must learn from our past mistakes and make
the change before we lose ourselves to the dark /
So I set my back against the wind and walk on

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Song Full of Sorrows

Dreaming is all I ever do
But I refuse to dream of you
I'm not the one for romance
I'm not the one to take the chance

Remembrance is the curse of age and solitude
Regret is its second cousin and help-mate
Sorrow is the song they sing in unison
And I'm not prepared to sing

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Short Regress

Mysteries within unfurl / As we take a glance at
the world / To find its full of lies and little else /
And books of truth are left upon shelves

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Today

Today I woke up like a bear with a sore head
I swore at the sun and I cursed the day
I went down stairs and had my breakfast and the
first fag of the day
And then I went back to bed

I awoke again just after four
And called She-who-must-be-obeyed a whore
I rolled over, farted, and crawled out of bed
Today really fucked up my head

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Like a Flash in the Pan

This time I've got it sussed
I've got it all figured out
It came to me like a flash in the pan
I've hit the nail on the head without a doubt

Tomorrow I'll not be so sure
I'll forget all that I've learnt today
Like crystals of sand it slips through my fingers
The revelation of the day

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Boredom

I'm bored of waiting for something to happen
I'm so tired of spending my life in bed
The endless days all spent in a daze
Have really fucked up my head

I long for something to happen
Anything, as long as it's different
I don't care and I don't mind
Anything, as long as it's different

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But I Couldn't Win Your Heart

I've done all I could to keep the wolves at bay
I've threaded a shirt out of silver hay
I drew a face on the moon and made her smile
I carried a hot coal for a thousand miles

I've said all I could to make the night turn to day
I've made kings into fools and masters into slaves
I set my goals five miles apart
But I couldn't win your heart

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Lament

I remember a night like this
So many years ago
We'd cling so tight together
Like winter to the snow

But it had to change
It had to end like so many times before
But now I'm older
And wiser
And no so self-assured
It didn't have to end this way
There might have been another day
Love was lost and we forgot the way
To each others' hearts

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Love Song

Dougal looked up at the sky
The stars they shone and the moon she glowed
A perfect night and the skies were clear
There wasn't a cloud in sight
Then he turned around
And found to his surprise
That someone was standing near
And in a quiet voice she spoke with words
ringing clear...
“Don't forget me, my love
I'm not that far away
Don't forsake me, my love
You might lose me one day
I've done all I could
To keep your heart true to me
You are blind, my love
But you still belong to me”

A tear formed in his eye
As he remembered the love they once shared
The endless laughter on summer lawns
Her voice ringing in the air
The smell of her in the evening rain
As they walked along the path
And he turned to her and said
“My love, I'll never forget you”

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Revenge

I grew up with a chip on my shoulder and an angry heart
I rejected society and set myself apart from everything that grinds me down
And lost my sense of self because I just didn't know who I was

Now I'm older and wiser but still the same
I'm still angry with the world and with myself
But things have changed and I've found the
space to calm down

This time I'm going to do it right
I'm going to take my anger out upon those who
deserve it
I'll have my revenge without a doubt
So watch out
I just might be coming after you

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April 1998

Suicide / Genocide

This breath I breathe
I breathe in vain
This skin I slash
I slash to exorcise the pain
These eyes I gouge
I gouge to make the blind see
This heart I tear
I tear to make an end of me

This gun I fire
I fire to split the gain
This knife I wield
I wield to ease the pain
These bullets that fly
Fly to seek revenge
These eyes I gouge
I gouge to avenge

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Suicide / Genocide [Reprise]

This page I tear
I tear to forget
This face I see
I wish to forget
These dreams I dream
I dream but not fulfil
This book I write
I write with my own blood

This time I shared
I shared in vain
This memory I hold
I hold in pain
These awkward moments I perceive
I perceive as lies
This vane I cut
Cuts both ways and dies

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John Milton Lament

'Tis better to reign in hell than serve in heaven
And within the confines of your mind
You can make a heaven out of hell
And a hell out of heaven

Paradise lost but still not regained
And an endless quest for Sumerland
I jump at shadows and dash from reflections
A jester of the broken heart and torn hand

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From Whence We Fall

Sitting behind the sanctuary that I have built
around myself

I see with Sumerian eyes that have been blinded
and scorned

I perceive all that has gone before and is to
come

And longings often suppressed for the land of
the Young

My shadow dances upon the walls of yesterday
and memory

The Sacrosanct and the Profane lay hand in
hand

My shadow I call Raven, my friend and only
comfort

The Oghams are cast, the spell lies broken in
my hand

Tomorrow I shall sit below the monkey-puzzle
tree and forget

As memories are far too few and between to
recall

Tomorrow I shall ponder upon the futility of
striving

And remember from whence we fall, but
tomorrow never comes

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Seroxat Blues

These runes I cast into the fire

To cleanse my mind of memories

This blade I hold in my hand

Is all I have to keep the wolves at bay

These wings of the raven I hold to my face

Are all that are keeping me from flying away

This dream-catcher above my bed

Stays there to keep me safe in the night

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To Father

Shut up shut up shut the fuck up

Shut up the lies that you tell to me

Shut up your face before my fists fly free

I don't want to hear them any more

I don't want to hear them any more

I just want you to fuck off and die

Fuck off fuck off get the fuck out of my face

Don't care about colour don't care about race

Fuck off before I violate your private space

And leave you battered and blue

And leave you battered and blue

I just want you to fuck off and die

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The Crow.

Here I stand alone

Hands reached out to touch the sky

Face painted in the colours of Joy

A sacrifice of words

(Mother is the name of God

On the lips and hearts of all children

Do you understand?

Do you understand?)

I find myself looking towards the past

And I realise it's the last thing

That I should want to do

(All the pain that I have felt

All the pain that I have caused)

So I paint my face in the colours of Joy

And scream

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Nocturne #1

This time
This breath
This song
This depth
This Nocturne
This dream
This shadow
Unseen

This name
This face
This blood
This race
This Nocturne
This dream
This shadow
Unseen

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Nocturne #2

As I lay me down to sleep
[I sit here quietly insomniac]
I ask Thee, Lord, my soul to keep
[Thinking upon the events of the day]
And if at dawn I do not wake
[A tumult of emotions awaken inside]
I ask Thee, Lord, my soul to take
[Long buried they surface once more]

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Nocturne #3

A shadow is cast from the outer darkness
A dream disembodies itself from a nightmare
A curse is lit upon the hearths of Godless men
And into this house I came
Through shadows blacker than my heart
To seek revenge and a means to an end

There's a cuckoo upon the throne where I once
sat

And a Nemesis created from the flesh of my
flesh
To spring a trap of over-pious words
A poison sweet as honey

[And into this house I came

Through shadows blacker than my heart
To seek revenge and a means to an end]

And on and on I run

As the lights grow dim far behind me

And sirens wail into the night

As I step from the shadows into the realm of
insanity

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Note: One of my major inspirations of 1998 was the poet, Arthur Rimbaud. I like the way he wrote his poems, and the metre that he used, in works of his like "Ordinary Nocturne". It had a certain style that lent itself to the Gothic within good poetry and literature, especially from his period of writing in the early Twentieth Century. The poem above [Nocturne #3] and several others including the two Vampyre poems [1998 & 1999] use the same kind of verse structures as Arthur Rimbaud's epic poem, "Ordinary Nocturne". I have replaced his round brackets with square brackets as my nod to the Eighties Gothic Rock group, Bauhaus...

Lilith and Her Book of Spells

I stand alone with the wind in my hair
Shaking roots and a concrete stare
Lost in the caverns of my mind
Regrets mingled with saccharine memory
And regressions too numerous to mention
I paused as she crept up behind me
Lilith
And her book of spells

I turned to look with Sumerian eyes
Cain never had such a beautiful bride
And devil may care but I don't mind
To be led on with the blind
Our wedding feast bathed with lust
And the blood of mortals our only drink
Lilith
And her book of spells

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The Song of Orpheus

I watched as the moon rose over the horizon
And the wolves started to bay
My heart was in my mouth and my brow was all
sweat
As my heart raced pumping into the night
And the Hecatae cast their spells into the future
To remove all traces of the past
A cauldron of plenty and a sword made from the
moon
A spear thirsty for the blood of men and a stone
to stand upon

So I plucked the strings of my lyre
And sang a ballad of lost loves
Of dwarves and goblins and forgotten kings
Of standing stones and ancient rings
Before the madness begins again
And tales are sung of animals and men
No song have I save that which I learned
As the Sisters of Madness dance the night away

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L'Esprit D'Escalier

Close my eyes just one more time and breathe
Close my eyes just the once more
I'm slipping down to where the real fun is
So I close my eyes once more

If I could feel I know that I'd be scared
If I could feel I'd be human again
I'm walking onwards, and faster
But always away
L'Esprit D'Escalier

Close my eyes to make it stop
Close my eyes to make it go away
I'm slipping down to where the shadows flee
So I close my eyes once more

If I could feel I know that I'd be scared
If I could feel I'd be human again
I'm walking onwards, and faster
But always away
L'Esprit D'Escalier

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Note: L'Esprit D'Escalier is a French phrase which loosely translates as "The Spirit of the Escalator." It means that feeling you get when you're walking away from a situation and you're running through in your mind all the things that you should have said and done but didn't. I guess it's a kind of instant regret...

Suicide

You've slit your wrists sideways with a razor blade

Hanging on for all the pain as your eyes they start to fade

The body electric has you dancing on the bed-sitter floor

And your body's aching for morphine to deaden the pain

Suicide;

A singular word that spells defiance

Suicide;

Le Morte's sacred dance

You've reached the point where you don't give a shit

You've fallen away and can't get over it

Another love lost grins from the photograph that you tore

Your friends always said she was a whore

Suicide;

A singular word that spells defiance

Suicide;

Le Morte's sacred dance

No work today just like last week

You've stood in queues where no one speaks

And all the while while the Social treats you like some dumb fuck

And you're down on your luck

Suicide;

A singular word that spells defiance

Suicide;

Le Morte's sacred dance

You've slit your wrists sideways with a razor blade

Hanging on for all the pain as your eyes they start to fade

The body electric has you dancing on the bed-sitter floor

And your body's aching for morphine to deaden the pain

Suicide;

A singular word that spells defiance

Suicide;

Le Morte's sacred dance

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Samhain.

"Samhain is almost upon us," you said

"And the nights are getting long and dark;

The Autumn winds chill my bones," you said

"And I'm afraid that Winter's almost here"

And then I

" 'Tis true that Winter is blowing in

And that Mother Earth awaits the spring;

The leaves have fallen from the trees

And the birds have taken wing"

"But remember this, and mark it well

With sacred rock or toll of bell;

That Winter has it's special days

Even Lady Moon still wax and wanes"

And then you

"This I know, tho' I can't help but feel

When all else is dead that nothing's real;

The trees are dead within their torpor

While Winter plays the whore"

"And sunnier climes await us still
When Winter's done with all her ills;
But it's not the same when the earth is dead
And the short, bleak days are filled with dread"
And then I
"Oh foolish Childe! Why do you mourn?
Mustn't you wait before you're born?
And as the snow lay upon the trees
Isn't it the same with such as these?"

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Sweet Dreams, My Angel

Sweet dreams, my angel
Sweet dreams
It's time to sleep, my angel
It's time to sleep
So lay your head down next to mine
And dream your dreams of paradise

I am here, my angel
I am here
So don't worry, my angel
Don't worry your sweet little head
Tomorrow has cares of its own
So dream your dreams of paradise

I can see your tears, my angel
I can see your tears
So don't cry no more, my angel
Don't you cry no more
Just lay your head down next to mine
And dream your dreams of paradise

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Scag

I saw a scag sitting in the park
His eyes rolled back as he lost the spark
His skin when pale and white as death
The death rattle shook him as he took his last
breath

Another sat beside him dropping hot spoons
Her head hung limp as she flew to the moon
I saw her face and knew that soon
She'd be dead just like her man

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Little Black Book

This is all I have left in the world
This is dreaming without moving
I haven't felt like this since the last time
And I'm never going to feel this way again

Listed with one-way romances and no second
chances
My little black book of names and numbers
Memories bitter-sweet and inexplicable stains
Tossing, turning, restless slumber

This is all I have left in the world
And to tell you the truth it doesn't add to much
My songs, my poems, my half-written
monologues
Are all I have left in the world

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Crash and Burn

Too much, too soon
But never enough
Feelings of lust
But never of love

Too high, too fast
But never to last
Dive low, crash and burn
But never, ever learn

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The Vampyre (Part One)

This mortal coil dispels the breath
Causes my chest to cave in
My heart is like an angry beast trapped in a cage
And I'm sweating blood through my pores

And there's a man breathing heavily at my neck
His skin is as cold as the tomb
And I dare not turn around into this dark
inflection
Lest I see myself reflected in his eyes
Lest I turn screaming into the night
And never reach the Borders of Sanity

(Should I have listened to the warnings
Passed down through generations that
have gone before
I would not be sinking in blackened
waters)

So we drive off in this torturous hearse
Through rivers of blood and human skulls
Through dead bone orchards and barbed wire
groves
To sink off into the night from whence we came

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Soho Blues

Red lights in the streets of Soho
Blue movies and fiscal romances
Red is where I don't want to go
I'm not one for taking chances

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For the Love of Life

Red is where I don't want to go
Red is where the rude boys show
[For the love of life
For the love of life]

Blue are the lights that scan the walls
Blue are the boys that have you by the balls
[For the love of life
For the love of life]

Black is the leather I wear upon my back
Black is the alley where I always attack
[For the love of life
For the love of life]

Silver is the blade hidden beneath my arm
Silver is the blade that does me no harm
[For the love of life
For the love of life]

Red is where I don't want to go
Red is where the rude boys show
[For the love of life
For the love of life]

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Hey You

Hey you
Can you hear me screaming down these walls?
Hey you
Can you help me find a way out of here?

I'm tired and I'm scared
And I'm not so self-assured
I've been hurt so many times before
And love is now a dirty word
I've been led down so many paths
That I'm walking with the blind
You can kick me in the head once more
Baby, I don't mind

Hey you
Can you teach me how to feel again?
Hey you
Am I my only friend?

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In Purgatory

Slide away from here
When I have to
I'll call for revenge
Paid in blood

Sink down to the ground and sleep the fitful
sleep of the dead
It doesn't matter much to rise again
It just speaks of an unwillingness to go where
the sun don't shine
And breathe in worms

[Cain was tempted by greed and envy
And Abel paid the price of favour;
Don't care much to see the dawn
Sol's deadly rays I will not savour]

And colours are illusionary phantoms down
here

Smoke and blood are all I can see
Gabriel doesn't care to give the time of day
And Michael has laid down his arms

Slide away from here
I do not care for company
When I have to I'll call your name
And pay your fees in blood

© Phil Brennán 8th April 1998

Symphony of Pain

I tear at the flesh to reach the soul
As my blood spills upon the mattress of life
A symphony of pain and worthless gain
Where sorrow is my helpmeet and my wife

A bullet in a gun and a one way ticket to Sheol
Paradise lost in the madness of my soul
I am sick of life and all that's within
This corpse called Memory and Sin

[The souls of those who quit the body violently
are most pure
Such end true lovers hath*]

*Carl McCoy quoting John Milton or someone like him...

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Dead but Dreaming

This is all I have left to say
Dead but dreaming the Sumerian way
A second hand romance and the hundredth last
chance
Slinking away from the light of the day
No life have I save which I have already spent
In dreams and nightmares and visions and
revelations

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Nocturne #4.1

No song have I save which I've sung
No life have I save which I've led
No name have I save which I've given myself
No dreams have I save which I've dreamt

[And as I lay me down to sleep
I ask Thee, Lord, my soul to keep
And if at dawn I do not wake
I ask Thee, Lord, my soul to take]

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Nocturne #4.2

No song have I save which I've sung
[And as I lay me down to sleep]
No life have I save which I've led
[I ask Thee, Lord, my soul to keep]
No name have I save which I've given myself
[And if at dawn I do not wake]
No dreams have I save which I've dreamt
[I ask Thee, Lord, my soul to take]

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Remember Me My Love

I scream at the moon and I scream at the stars
I curse the day and I slight the night
Memories of fear grip my mind from afar
Daemons laugh and Angels cry as I take flight

I cannot awaken from this nightmare
No matter how much I try
These memories surround me like a fog of
despair
And I'm willing myself to die

“Remember me, my love, and never forsake
me”

She said as I walked away
“Ciatha calls your soul from afar
And tomorrow is just another day”

“Remember me, my love, and never forsake
me”

She said as I walked away
“Sit in my glades and eat of my love
For tomorrow may never come”

“Remember me, my love, and never forsake
me”

She said as I walked away
“I am the Three, but also the One
I am the Kindly Ones”

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Necrophobia

Lost within the Necropolis
The city of the dead
My flesh is burning up
And my eyes are feeding worms
Lost within my private hell
With my private person
And my private shell
My body
My corpse

© Phil Brennán 9th April 1998

Endsong #1

“Why look so downcast, my love?” she said
“And why is your brow raining storm clouds?”
She said, as I turned to face her once more
“Hasn't life enough sorrow without you making more?”

“My love,” I replied, “Life feels like I have died
And I'm not entirely sure if this is heaven or hell
Which is just as well when all things are considered
As I wouldn't really like to know”

We looked away and considered our position
Neither of us wanting to make the next move
But time was short and bitter sweet
And I had a ride to catch

“Seems as if you were determined to leave me,”
she said
“And to tell you the truth it doesn't surprise me
You haven't been yourself these past few months
And I'm not sure if you're coming or going,” she said

“My sweetness,” I replied, “I'm losing myself as well as you
And I'm scared that I'll have nothing to return for
When all is said and done I'm always alone
Even when I have you by my side”

The coach pulled into the station and parked by the left
People disembarked and went their own way home
My number was called and the drivers were changed
And for once we were left all alone together

“You had better get upon the coach,” she said
“Your ride is almost due for leaving
And I don't want you to see me break down and cry
As I know that this is the last time I'll ever hear from you”

“I'm sorry,” I replied, “That I wasn't all that you expected of me
And that I was always hiding myself away from you
But things always change and lovers mourn for yesterdays
And tomorrow
Yes tomorrow
Tomorrow is another day in paradise”

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Mad Parade #2

I'm left shaking and cold
Hurting and old
As another session of madness returns
And the depression hits me like a runaway train
No release for me and my mind
My kith and kin born in sin

I'm left with the dirt of years clinging to my
very being
A scum of disasters and a film of filth
To cover me from my head unto my roots
So that I could hardly breathe

And it seems to me as if falling is all I ever do
And all I was ever meant for was to fail
Like a curse lit upon the hearts of men
Like falling dross from the gas chamber

And all I can see is another line of suckers
A row of sheep being led to the slaughter
No hope for release
No hope for peace
In this mad parade called life

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All of Which are Aryan Dreams

Hatred, Fear, Death, Lies
The Final Solution, Genocide
Adolf Hitler, Jean Le Pen, Eugenics
Apathy, Conformity, Insecurity, The Elite
All of which are Aryan dreams
All of which are Aryan dreams
All of which are Aryan dreams
All of which are Aryan dreams
ALL OF WHICH ARE ARYAN DREAMS

© Phil Brennán 9th April 1998

Sacrosanct Spaces

This time is sacred to me
A time where the space I need is available to me
A time where all the cares of the world
Are upon someone else's shoulders and not mine
A time to breathe and heal
To forget all the things that are grinding me
down

This place is sacred to me
A place where peace holds its own over the rule
of law
A place where I am no longer disturbed
By all the things sent to disturb and shatter me
A place where I can call my own
And build myself up so that I may find my way
home

These things are sacred to me
Friends I can rely upon to keep me from falling
apart
The sunshine at dawn to warm my bones
And to keep me from becoming too cold inside
The love of a woman as she keeps me safe
Wrapped up in her arms as the storm rages
outside

© Phil Brennán 12th April 1998

Heart of Hearts

I've said all I could to stop myself from falling
apart
But nothing really matter within the affairs of
the heart
I've done all I could to keep me from losing you
But in my heart of hearts I knew that we were
through

© Phil Brennán 12th April 1998

Blue Moon

Blue Moon, Blue Moon
Do you have a sister?
I wonder if she is
As beautiful as you

Blue Moon, Blue Moon
Do you have a sister?
It's funny how it seems
You're all alone up there

Blue Moon, Blue Moon
Do you have a sister?

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Sixteen Times #2

Sixteen times I've said all I wanted to say
But I never said that I loved you
Sixteen times I walked away
But I could never leave you
Sixteen times I screamed at the moon
But never once did she answer me back
Sixteen times I made my home in the sea
But never once could I escape you

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Untitled #16

I sit in my room snuggled safely in my womb
To write the words of indecision
I bowed down low to that ebony glow
To sing of procrastination

I ran all I could tho' I doubted I should
When all around me others stood still
I jumped at the moon and realised too soon
That I couldn't reach the stars

I sang of love and a thousand white doves
All slaughtered bloody in vain
I ran from your heart and refused my part
Only to go through it all again

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Hello #3

Hello, can you hear me screaming?
I'm lost and afraid and I'm turning blue
Hello, am I only dreaming?
I'm afraid that I've let you down again

Hello, are you someone special?
I'm not too sure if I should go
Hello, am I going mad?
I'm not too sure if you should know
But it doesn't really matter much at all
It's just a case of if you stand or fall
Tomorrow's dreams are better left to themselves
but girl, I'm God-damned tired to the shelf

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Untitled Monologue #2

Sat here listening to the drone of my PC /
Thinking of Smoke City and other songs / A
paradox of meaning trapped in words / A
message in a bottle unopened / Too many
rhymes and not enough meaning / An escapade
in love and a faulty address / Postcards left
behind yellowed with age / To rot like flowers
in a vase...

[Pause]

Dog tired of sitting here upon the shelf / A jester
of tears and false smiles / Too many heartaches
and not enough love / I'd walk to the ends of the
earth just to see you smile...

[End of pause]

Vietnam

I've done everything I could and more / To
make you understand my position / Unrequited
love and a thousand sad songs / Too many times
in the same situation / My ears they ache from
all this silence / And loneliness trapped in a
smile / Too many women and none for me / I'd
walk to the ends of the earth just to see you
smile

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Untitled #17

And now as I leave this place of tears
I look back just one more time
A year and a half trapped by indecision
A song full of sorrows and a wounded heart

And now as I leave this place of hatred
I rejoice in the fact that I'm still alive
Tomorrow's dreams are yet to be fulfilled
And yesterday was just a passing phase

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Untitled #18

It amazes me to think that only yesterday I had
it all in my hands
It boggles the mind most bitterly to see it fall
away
It surprises me to see me still here in one piece
It blesses me the way we survive the worst that
life can provide

© Phil Brennán 13th April 1998

System's shite runs out the door / Governments,
they play the whore / And all outside wonder
why / Poor Kennedy had to die / And generals
sit staring at maps / Drawn from over Saigon /
The companies supply the arms / And the war
goes on and on / The poor GI sits in the trench /
With a Marlborough for company / While the
peace rallies turn to riots / As they march on
Washington / But all in all it's a bloody war /
That somebody's got to fight / They say it's got
nothing to do with money / It's a question of
wrong or right / But all the while the Hurkie
Birds fly / With cocaine and smack from the
Triads / Another drug baron getting rich /
Another excuse for a war

© Phil Brennán 13th April 1998

A Time

These are my words written in stone
These are the bridges I burn
A time to forget your name
A time to refuse the blame

These are the songs that I refuse to sing
These are the images buried in sin
A time to regress into the past
A time that leaves and shifts too fast

These are the rhymes that have no metre
These are the words all out of skelter
A time to be free from all the pain
A time to write in vain

© Phil Brennán 13th April 1998

Endsong #2

I've done with all my writing for now
The past has had its say
These words of mine are written for all time
And it's time to put them away

I've made my point most eloquently
I've answered everything that has been asked
These things are sure to fade away
As I finally put to death my past

© Phil Brennán 13 April 1998

Fire in the Wind

Many times I've asked these questions
Many times I've sought the answers
But still I strive without knowing why
And it causes me to fall

And I've buried it deep
Too deep to show
These questions that burn inside of me
Like a fire in the wind

© Phil Brennán 14th April 1998

Season of Mists

A strange recipe for sausages
And a key to throw away
Delegates from Chaos and Order
and a pantheon of gods await
The gates of hell and dreams of the silver city
And the faerie queen has a debt to play

And Morpheus sits within the centre of the
Dreaming
And waits
Procrastinating over the ins and outs
And waits
And waits
Waiting for the Season of Mists

© Phil Brennán 14th April 1998

Outside the Gates of Yesterday

Outside the air is free
Outside is where I want to be
Outside your cares fly away
Outside the Gates of Yesterday

Outside your friends sit there waiting
Outside the world is procrastinating
Outside you may still have your say
Outside the Gates of Yesterday

© Phil Brennán 14th April 1998

Throughout the Dark Watches of the
Night

A dozen reasons why
And the memory of flight
Tossing and turning in my sleep
Throughout the dark watches of the night

A twisted mirror to reality
And a morbid sense of mortality
My bedclothes strangle me and fight
Throughout the dark watches of the night

A razor held high
And a strong urge to fly
Watching my fancies take flight
Throughout the dark watches of the night

And sleep escapes me now
As I lie here to watch the dawn
My mind is set but my heart is unwilling
As I wait out the dark watches of the night

© Phil Brennán 14th April 1998

Haunting Memories #1

And I remember her calling me from under the waves
“You're not going to leave me this way”
And all the time I was walking onwards and faster
As the tidal waves crashed against her
But I knew that if I turned around
Towards the deafening sound of her suicide
I might well have joined her in death
But for her I wasn't willing to die

© Phil Brennán 17th April 1998

Shadows and Guns

This time shadows even my will to live
As if I had little else to give
My nine plus one inside my gun
And a place in the sun
Couldn't hold me back from the brink
Of losing it all when I think
Of revenge and natural justice
When I think of all the things I have done
And all the words that I have said
To hurt each and every one
And I walk away from here
Satisfied that my vengeance has been served
On all who would pull me down to the depths of despair
To the gates of hell where no one gets saved
So I pull off my nine plus one
And walk back to my place in the sun

© Phil Brennán 17th April 1998

See it Come Around Again

All the love
All the hate
All the now
All the wait
All the pleasure
All the pain
See it come
Around again

All the war
All the peace
All that deal
All that fleece
All the loss
All the gain
See it come
Around again

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Kiskil-Lilla

I see towards the future with Sumerian eyes
A being in the past who wouldn't despise
All those who fall in others' games
And written down with ancient names
Unheard in here for many a year
The sound of the Nephilim unclear
And haunting memories washed away
To cloud the judgements of the day

[These things are better left unheard
And unclear to me the word to dispel
Kiskil-Lilla and her book of spells]

Altars to the Se'irim are best left untouched
And all in time are given to rust
Idols of bronze and idols of iron
Through almighty rage torn down
And hauntings curse is bound to cease
With the falling of Lilith
Her familiar spirits will fly no more
With the destruction of the whore

© Phil Brennán 22nd April 1998

Endsong #3

When all is tolled like heaven's bells
And the door is finally closed to hell
I'll rejoice once more to escape the fire
Reserved for me and my kind

When Satan and all his angels die
For their sins I will not cry
Instead I'll laugh to see him there
While I'm safe out here

When all is said and all is done
And I finally get to see the Son
No man will judge or even dare
To point the finger and stare

© Phil Brennán 22nd April 1998

May 1998

Broken Mirrors

I broke the mirror so long ago
I can't remember when it was whole
Or what it felt like to release
These things so strange to me
Burning with desire upon my funeral pyre
Lost in games and schisms and psyches
Lead me Ciatha to forbidden dreams of Paradise
And desires of funeral pyres and cards
And sometimes love but always hate

Preach and preach and then gyrate
I broke my face so long ago
That the person before me I no longer know
These things I hold to escape the darkness
surrounding me
The blind are blind lean on my mind
I broke your heart so long ago
Smashed to pieces by my need for revenge
And darkness falls where once there was light
Scream and bite and scratch and fight
To hold it all together for one precious moment
Lead me Ciatha to dreams
Forbidden dreams of Paradise
I'll love you forever
I'll hold you together
These things I sign with the blood from my
veins
Upon the flesh of my heart and your dreams
Your dreams
They turn ablaze in Sumerian haze
And burn all that I once held dear in my heart
My heart
My blackened fucking heart
The longing for revenge overtook my soul
Wounded for years and tears and fears
Fears of living without love
Without the one flesh that I cleave to

[The one flesh I eat
The one blood I drink
The one body to which I belonged
So many years ago]

© Phil Brennán 5th May 1998

Paradise Lost

These things I have said to hurt the past and fill
it with lies
To save face and favour grace I've committed
myself to this repast
I hope it will last this feeling of holding within a
chance
To kill sin and wantonness and self loathing
brought on by my own
Disaster a change of heart and to play a part in
regaining Paradise
Paradise lost and yet Regained

© Phil Brennán 5th May 1998

Elyzium

So long now
Elyzium
And we're falling from Paradise
Lost and alone
Mere mortals in the company of bright angels
We fall

Hold it up just one more time
For some kind of heaven
And release
Elyzium for the restless souls
Trapped in the hell of their own mistakes
In the company of bright angels

© Phil Brennán 5th May 1998

Feeling Trapped

Slide away from me
I'm too far gone to care
Listen not to my groans of pain
Trapped in indecision and despair
Lost and alone I long for the company of wolves
And the wings of a raven to fly upon

© Phil Brennán 5th May 1998

Floating Free

Nobody said that I'd feel this much pain
No one warned me of life and all that's within
This veil we call darkness and despair
This yearning for something we cannot reach
Nor see in the mists of our understanding
And I float upon the waves of yesteryear
In space with my hands by my sides
Floating free in space for the heart of the sun

© Phil Brennán 5th May 1998

Angry Poem

Fuck off fuck off fuck off FUCK OFF!
Get the fuck out of my face
GET THE FUCK OUT OF MY FACE!
I don't want you here any more
I don't want you here any more
To fill me to my eyelids with despair

Fuck you fuck you fuck you FUCK YOU!
Fucking leave me alone
FUCKING LEAVE ME ALONE!
I don't want to hear your lies any more
I don't want to hear your lies any more
So why don't you just
FUCK OFF AND DIE!

© Phil Brennán 5th May 1998

Regressions Made Instead of Excuses

I have said all I could to prevent myself from
falling apart
I have hidden in illusions straight from the heart
These things I have done and so much more
To prevent the darkness swallowing me once
more

I have called out for you to bury my shame
I have seen a man to change my name
These things I have done in vain
Only to see it come around again

© Phil Brennán 13th May 1998

Illusionary Passings

These lies I once held dear to me
Are shadows that refuses my mind to see
These illusions of the air
Are to make sure I never care

These small pieces of silver in my hand
Are for my part of the promised land
These windows I shatter with my voice
Are for the times when I refuse the choice

These things are surely to end
When I learn to defend
Whatever I have left to lose
I'm not too far gone
To choose the only one
Who could give back meaning to me

© Phil Brennán 13th May 1998

Endsong #4

I have always tried to be what others have
wanted of me
And I'm so fucking tired of playing these games
I'm not too sure where I'm going to end this
journey
And it doesn't matter much if I'd take the blame

© Phil Brennán 13th May 1998

Caribou

I want to be able to touch heaven again
Without the pleasure or the pain

I want to be able to touch the sky
Without always crashing the dive

I want to run just like the caribou
Without always running away from you

© Phil Brennán 13th May 1998

Keren, My Keren

When I look into your eyes I can see you crying
For the man that is still a child inside
But remember it's not too hard to care
Even when I hide my feelings from you

I remember the long hazy summers spent upon
your lawn
Reading the Song of Songs like lovers do
Reclined and lazed in the sun we sat
Without nothing much to do

But the summer has passed us by before we
even knew

That the days were getting shorter by the hour
Autumn's winds began in earnest to chill our
bones

And it cooled that which we held between
ourselves

When I look into your eyes I can see you crying

For the man that is still a child inside

These tears reach down to where I hide

And no matter how I try to block them out

They still reach me

© Phil Brennán 14th May 1998

August 1998

Going Over The Top Again

Three lines on a map moving from side to side
Another poor soldier who should never have
died

An' the Generals sit in safety behind the lines

An' I'm going over the top

Again, again

An' I'm going over the top

Again

Three lines on a map moving from side to side

An' another poor fucker who should never have
died

An' the Generals sit in safety behind the lines

An' I'm going over the top

Again, again

An' I'm going over the top

Again

© Phil Brennán 2nd August 1998

Nocturne

These barbed wire groves

These death-crushed skulls

I sit and ponder the paradox

As cycles turn;

These rivers of blood

These dreams of God

I smile softly to myself

As everything burns

And I'm floating in the space between life and
death

Between madness and pain I catch my breath

The night is done and the day has come

So lay me down in the stone cold tomb

© Phil Brennán 5th August 1998

Lay With Me / Sumerian Haze

Lay down here with me

I'll take your soul before the night is through

I'll see heaven between your face and lips

And swear for the life of you

Lay down your life for me

We'll reach Sumerland before the night is
through

We'll reach nirvana in a Sumerian Haze

And see this reflection of you

© Phil Brennán 5th August 1998

Forever Remain

Forever remain,
Gone for a thousand years
I'd promise you heaven
But it isn't that clear
Shaken down
To the roots of my soul
I'd swear on my life
But I'm not that old

Forever remain
It's not the hell I'd choose
In every way
And I've got nothing to lose
My honour remains
Though I doubt life itself
Forever remain
Through this shifting fading self

© Phil Brennán 6th August 1998

In the Shadow of the Tricolour and the Bomb

I hear the bell toll over the hills
As the faithful hypocrites fall to their knees
An' I's left here alone thinking in a Saracen's
hull
With my SLR and my fears

Oh God do I have to do this again?
Oh when will it ever end?
The killing fields takes another one of us
Just an ordinary soldier in Ulster

And I haven't seen my young ones for six whole
months
I heard that Jonny has just started school
While I'm sitting here miles away from home
Enforcing Parliamentary rule

And I don't know if my wife is saving herself
for me

Or if she's sleeping with another man
To tell you the truth I'd rather be there
Than patrolling this God-forsaken land

And I remember signing on the dole
Just to feed my family
But I never though I'd doing this
Oh God, when will I be free?

Oh God, take me away from here
To never see England is a crushing fear
To never see my sons grow into men
The chances we take when we patrol again
In the shadow of the Tricolour and the bomb

© Phil Brennán 18th August 1998

Razor's Edge / Walking with the Dead

A razor's edge cuts to the quick
Paints the walls red and slick
These wounds of yours to be displayed
And silence all these things delayed

A song of sorrows to be denied
And of friends you once relied
But the poison that's within your head
Is making you walk with the dead

© Phil Brennán 18th August 1998

Plainsong No.6.

In sequence with the changes of time
I plant my words in the rhythm of rhyme
To take away a sense of dread
In walking with the dead
Who may have died but never were buried
Stumbling around with the worried
An' all else fails me when I see them stare
So rudely at all my wares
As if crude brass could buy my rhymes
As if dross could be sublime
When all I have are these words of mine
To be discounted and then remind
Us all of mortality and other things
And all take notice, including kings
These words of mine are not for sale
Could they afford such a hanging gale?

© Phil Brennán 19th August 1998

Time and Memory

Crowded with the dust of time and memory
Remembering how much it meant to me
Remembering the days gone by
When we stretched our limbs and touched the sky
When the sacrosanct was shared in flesh and blood
The image of our Triune God
To fall on knees and wonder why
When in the Holiest of Holies we used to cry

And things have changed and I've moved on
To find my own place in the sun
But I'm lost in Paradise with a serpent upon my tail
And creation begins to scream and wail
I'm lost and alone without you by my side
Surely it was for me that you died?
Yet it's hard to believe in a world of lies
Where holy things become despised

So I walk back to the place I know
Even though the flesh does not want to know
I'm tired and I'm hungry and I can't go on
Without the sanctity of the Son
These things I share out of a need for mercy
Oh God, why did it happen to me?
And I look back to where I fell
And close the doors of Hell

© Phil Brennán 20th August 1998

October 1998

In The Mire of Depression

This blackness that surrounds all that I perceive
Chokes me to the quick
Bleeds me dry of all sensation
Leaves me horrified
I'm sliding beneath dark waters that drown the life from me
And slowly I realise my own mortality
And slowly I forget how to breathe
As the mind numbing darkness enshrouds this day

This painful realisation of self bleeds me dry
Of all the life that I held dear
I'm choking in poisoned air
And vitriolic clouds of depression
Suppressing my will to survive
Destroying my identity
Making a mockery of my humanity
And causes me to drown in the mire of self-pity

© Phil Brennán 28th October 1998

November 1998

Untitled Soliloquies #1

I'm sorry for being so slow to realise
The importance of what we shared between us
So sorry for running away
When I should have had the balls to stay
I'm incomplete when I'm apart from you
And I don't know how long
I can hold onto the dream we shared
And I've changed so much that I no longer know
If I still want the same things as before
Before I went away

© Phil Brennán 15th November 1998

Untitled Soliloquies #2

These words are sometime too revealing for me
to share
When what should be whispered turn into a
stare
I'm too far gone to care for tomorrow
For tomorrow never comes

© Phil Brennán 15th November 1998

Breathe.

Breathe
It's the only thing I can do to stay alive
Breathe with me
I want to share my life with someone
So breathe
Breathe with me
Breathe
Set me free

© Phil Brennán 15th November 1998

Lines Written during Depression Again.

It's the kind of evening that bleeds with rain
Broken promises and a fistful of pain
Left on the outside forever looking in
Throwing crooked dice that never seem to win

I'm soaked to my skin with all that life dismays
Withered nights and utopian days
Lost in solitude even in company
The blind half of me

I bleed through a wound that the razor tore
And write my words like an unpaid whore
Scribbled lines and candy lies
Commenting upon everything I despise

Born to sin with little else to live for
My saccharine drip, my plastic door
My emotional Morphine answers for me
When I lose the reason to be

And all in all it's fair in love and war
Enter the horses of the apocalypse four

© Phil Brennán 28th November 1998

December 1998

Understatement

Standing here feelin' a mixture of Bob Dylan,
Woody Guthrie, and Donovan
Feelin' broody in that old American folk kinda
way
Hopin' to find myself in the rhymes of other
poets
An' forgotten soliloquies pasted upon white-
washed walls
An' I'm stuck on the outside lookin' into
whatever inside you care to mention
Bangin' my head an' heart upon some obscure
wall caused by negativity

An' suppressed emotions tintured with vinegar
and brown paper
I've come to realise that there will always be an
outside as well as an inside
An' that outside an' inside is only relative to
where you are currently standing
An' where you would choose to be

(pause)

The times are changing an' I don't know what's
comin' around the next corner
I've seen one too many mornings when I've
stayed up throughout the night
An' the dawn greets me like an old friend would
When you meet up with him upon the High
Street on a Tuesday afternoon
Tellin' stories and rememberin' times gone by
when you were younger
When the world had a fresher face upon it and
everythin' seemed to smile
But age catches up with you like a mad March
Hare on speed
An' I'm left wonderin' where all the years went

(end of pause)

Nobody told me what t'fight for or what t'stand
up against
There was no mission statement taped to my
placenta when I came forth
I envy those who were alive during the Sixties
and had somethin' t'fight for
Even if they failed to change the world as boldly
as they would've hoped
Now we who are still young forget the former
things

An' discard history as an irrelevance to be borne
with a grudge
We fail to realise that history has a nasty habit
of repeating itself
An' that cycles turn an' worlds burn an' people
never, ever learn

So I kick-start my poetic motors and drive off to
who-knows-where
An' park by the side of the highway where men
will drink and exchange glances
An' weigh each other up warily as they reach for
their guns
Only to realise that no man can shoot as fast as
God
An' that the De'il does care about winning the
game before it's too late
An' that those who rule above us do not
necessarily rule for us
So I's happy with my lot in life knowin' that all
men are fools
Especially those who would profess to be wiser
than most

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Glasswalkers (We are the Wild Ones)

We are the Wild Ones
We are Those Who Walk on Glass
Through dreams and morphic oceans
Forever free, forever lost
We are the Wild Ones
We are the Glasswalkers

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