

Poetry Series

Tut Lazarus
- poems -

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Tut Lazarus()

Men, I am alive and kicking. Young dude born in the 80's. Still love my wine, still love my women, still love my work.

All Good Things

All good things come to an end
And the night must fall here
I am prepared with my cross
For the demons when they call
Now these eyes bright as stars
Have got my back when it is dark
I will be the one to wake up
In the morn to sing the new song.

Tut Lazarus

Boxed Up

They think they know it
We think we've found it
Our eyes transverse the realm
Our mind is locked in hell

Convey me to my fears
There's nothing more to bear
Damn these ugly faces
And welcome the wooden spaces

Tut Lazarus

Midnight Fringe 2

My mind is preoccupied
The night is my time
Now I am called into the deep sublime
Where the kings of past dine

Purples and Rhine are the wishes of mine
When the moon is high then the stars shine
When the pack nigh then I am deemed to die
To inhale the mist are the wishes of mine

Tut Lazarus

Pieces Of A Life

On the path that leads nowhere
I guess
So the spirit bottle I keep abreast

Mockery in the eyes of ignorants
I get
But in the bosom of prostitutes I'm blest

By God it doesn't get more real
I'm awake
And when I die I keep on living

Tut Lazarus

War And Life

Destroy, destroy, destroy.
A thousand spiteful gods I beckon.
I have drank of the river.
I have chewed on their flesh.
I have consumed them.
I have totally destroyed them all.

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