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### Would Not Watch Again

Six floors up that gray-white building,  
But before I depart,  
And greet my demise in that lonely world,  
At least tell me why you're all on the second floor,  
And everything in between is inhabited by,  
Silence?

Doesn't matter though,  
Next moment I'm in the forest,  
Chainsaw to the neck,  
Dead by the man made entirely of blocks,  
You won this round you senseless addiction.

But,  
That's not good enough,  
I'll pick it up somewhere else,  
A family outing at night,  
Where the smoke paints the stars in a hazy gray,  
A flowing quilt of twilight in the sky.

It would have been alright,  
Except that they're not our family,  
And it's not that they don't care,  
But they can't see us on the porch,  
They can't hear us yell for help,  
As that hell-bent creature chases us around  
The bend.

But,  
It's alright, because I'll trip in the next moment,  
You'll run free, I'm watching your legs dart around the corner,  
And as I'm eaten alive, and you disappear from my world,  
Past the gray-white monster,  
Into your own little horror story,  
I'll hope that the finale of your nightmare  
Is just as quick and painless  
As mine.