

## The Gambler

I'm a good gambler,  
But nowhere near great.  
I'll roll a nine when I need an eight.  
I bet all my savings,  
And then I'll lose.

I waste my time playing games,  
Waiting for someone to come into view.  
A beautiful face filled with warmth is what I hoped for,  
But a veiled horror is what I received,  
And though hopeful, I expected nothing more.

In a flash a rasped tone enthrals me to come close,  
And behind the veil is nothing more than my murderous face.  
For my hopefulness and pride has eaten me up inside.  
I can't wait much longer for the longer I wait,  
The more disappointment I will face.

My brain is screaming "yes!" but my heart is screaming "no!"  
I can't waste away my life waiting for something new to arise,  
But I find myself playing addicting games to pass the time.

Whether it's the loneliness that I find my actions laced with,  
Or the void of emptiness and space,  
I am intertwining my decaying thoughts with the words of disgrace.

I'm snapped back into sense,  
No veiled figure to be found.  
Only the table of burnouts I am gathered round

I've slowly grown more fond of hollering. It's my turn.  
I roll the dice and remove a card, not caring for what will come forth,  
For my time has been cut and I don't strive for a way out.

The sun's gone down in my eyes.  
I've never been so alone,  
And I've never been less alive.