

TEMPUS EDAX RE RUM

Time that devours all things



By David
Horn
Book of
Poetry

*Can not be seen, can not be smelt, can not be heard,
can not be felt, it lies behind the stars and
beneath the hills, end life and hills laughter, what is it*

Tempus Edax Re Rum

Author notes to Readers

Tempus Edax Re Rum is ~~an~~ ancient Latin for "Time that devours all things!" And to me its meaning is deep. Time dont stand still for no one. As we found out when we first created the astrolabe, the ancient astronomical instrument used to determine the position of the sun and stars. Godshave created time to flow as a stream, and with in it are the fishes that go about their daily routine in a world of no sleep. Where the big fish devour the little fishes. "The sick cycle of life." What this phrase means to me is. "No matter what you go through, in life, death, sickness, heartbreak, know that time devours all things." I hope you find what your looking for. Ex Animo - (from the heart)

David Form

Tempus Edax Re Rum

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BETWEEN THESE LINES

The many transgressions, toils and snares,
I've been through in life, are written between these
lines, as I bleed this ink, from this pen, Exercising my
hands, to this familiar dance, of sorrow, happiness and love,
Before my heart constrict to cardiac arrest, I send my
prayers above, This is my life, A life of sin, Promise and
retribution, This is my past, present and future, Now tell
me, do I have a right to conform, Is my life forever torn,
Bore in the form, of God, will I be relegated like Cain
cast into, the land of Nod, I don't have the answer do you?

Tempus Edax Re Kum

By David Horn

Victim Of A Cruel Fate

The system is quick sand, sinking me to the very bottom. The promises are sweet enough to persuade some one to follow. The heart is shattered like a broken bottle. And if one is not spiritually intelligent, then by the earth he would be swallowed. Then he will become.

Victim Of A Cruel fate -

The sun shines and hurt his eyes, it is sad that one is denied the happiness within the sky, but then again, it is paradise we all want to reach, but we are too captivated by the serpents speech. Protest after protest we learn to be brave, hold up our signs and scream the end of days. The day we are all going to die.

Victim Of A Cruel fate -

Tempus Edax Re Rum

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Truth

They say I should uphold the truth, but is truth justice the omnipotent like they say in the book of old. The impetus verb that comes from one's soul. Is it pretentious, preternatural in itself. Do we not use it to prove the guilty. The pristine word that forms the trinity some time forms enemies, from the shadow. They say it's freedom of falsehood, but is that the truth? You tell me.

Tempus Edax Re Rum

By David
Horn

A Soul That Drips To Nothingness

Sometimes the wind stir, the deepest despair, in my soul.
Making me catch the ailment of an ~~illness~~. Emotional Mastorm.
Fear to death, fast like madeira, as life to us fast bitter.

Am I not a foreador, and destiney is the bull,
Closeing in, with its horns down. Making me the topographer of Hell.
I know, strong words that become the tourniquet for ones bleeding soul.
A soul that drips to nothingness.

Tempus Edax Re Rum .

Destined For Hell

By David Horn

Good tidings my brother, how fair is the night, A
night so cold and seemingly bright, I know your hungry I
can see it in your eyes, A need to eat and protect your pride,
As you hold your weapon, your thoughts marinate, As you
crouch and wait for your prey. The wind blows an eddy that
whispers the block deepest despair, Your mind is focused,
Your soul is bare, You know the reason your there, Many think
its avarice, but you truly dont care. You clutch your weapon
and aim it straight and true. The victim knows the routine
well, Good tidings my brother how fair is the night, A night you
destined for hell.

Tempus Edax Re Rum

By David Horn

Sin is not the deed.

There is no reason for behaving, like animals in cages, The streets weep at the stains, from a thugs payment, Gravity has no meaning in the place I live, Life is as precious as a rose that grew from concrete, Nights unsolved from when the gun speaks, Even the spectator is hunted, As a mouse and a cat, forever enemies from the cycle of life, does God has a right to conform, Born in sin judged before I was born, Heart torn, from the many heartachs that I receive, believe me, when I say, the Sin is not the deed.

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Obviated

Is it because im not pigment skinned or semitic, that they wont listen, or is it because of poverty in my position, telling me to repatriate because they say my people illiterate and wont get it, well I should never superjacent, only trusting my shadow that walk beside me, because this valley I walk in is steep, trying not to jeopardize my feet, while im to my knees in water, hard to swallow my words, because my pride hangs thick as the morning fog, and knowing the ones who hold back, fall, that should never be me. My soul is exonerated, free from intimidation, invested in deep contemplation, fortitude for a fortnight, help me through these obligations. Drama! my tears are emotionaly bitter and dry, but my cheeks are still stained from past pain. I wont give you the pleasure to see me cry. Or accept a pet name. - Obviated -

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Madness

My mind feverishly illustrates, inadequate madness of my past, To no remorse I sought my heart, but it became an ~~invaluable~~ invaluable source for that. The depths of the soul brings folly sometimes to the mind when it aches for attention, the Immorality is the simplicity that brings forth tension, quickly to debilitate the ambition, migranes rage, disabling you to think, all you are left with is the madness that able to break, Nothing at the moment can override your mind no sleep nor tyanol only time.

- Madness -

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Cloud Of Corruption

We all being abducted to nothing, struggling for something embraced the public to political corruption, im facing the justice, but it isnt twenty five to life, trying to survive this night only if my soul felicitously consits that the time is right, Excepting that Allah is light, feeling flushed cause all our life we've been living in a cloud of corruption.

We look deep in the middle east, rise of the beast labb im sort of tired of these streets, im mixed in it, so I dive in the heat to deal with shit, Politically burned by this foolishness of childishness, We Americans forgetting about our brave heart song, like Britan forgetting about the heir of King Davids throne, rejecting the doctrines stuck in paramounted pictures for a lot of shit we dealing with scholars keep on providing solutions to problems, Europe and america is recently uncombined blinded forgetting about we used to be equally minded, Now europe get a poisonous potion and end up birthing a monster like Nickolas Sarkozy. Man its 2014 and we still dealing with Nazis, instead of searching for Sada bin Laden who's America hiding there go a question America I know answers wont be provided.

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Odi Et Amo (I Love & I Hate)

Sometime I can not get it through my thick skull that love is of a mild evil. So captivating is its pull, that heartach is a sequel. I truly wish I knew a ~~some~~ cure a divinity to this curse, because everytim I seem to fall in love, it always seem to hurt.

Sex is just an adrenaline rush, a temporary share of the soul, so addictive is this adrenaline rush, that one mind loses controll, everyday we phein for sex, we trade love for lust. But what truly is the difference, because either when we're fucked, I love you, I love you too is actually just ~~we~~ a adjective in fact, Truly not a verb.

I hold my mind to vengeance, after my heart has been crushed, vengeance is my sanity, My salvation after lust.

But when I seem to see my X lover my vengeance seems to fail, my knees get weak, I start to sweat this feeling I can not escape. Odi Et Amo, Odi Et Amo, I love and I hate.

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Sex Your Mind

Warmest compassion love deep in true, damag give
im with you, not physically but mentally through these lines, so
in the mean-time I will sex your mind, "DON CHASE YOUR EYES"

Heart thumping pulse beating imaging you in front of
me, lips meet you slide down too kiss the rest of me I grab
you by the chin lift you to your feet, As you whisper in my
ear get these clothes off of me, As we make our way
to the bed Linen silk velvet case, As you lay my adrenals
start to explade as I cup your breast tongue ready to
caress dance between your legs free one hand skin pulled
back from your pearl and you moan this is Daddys world as
you climax I climb inside, now tell me I didn't

Sex Your Mind

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Hold Me

Hold me, Hold me close I shall die if you let me go.
Warmest compassion love deep and true, Tears and sweat and
my existence mixed in with you. The Gods are crying tears
dripping the window-sill of over hearing the screams of passion.
The whispering of pleas, Please have me.

Hold me, Hold me close I shall die if you let me go.
The essence of perfection imprinted in my arms, so warm is your
temperature as the Saharah dessert storm. Over-heated with
lust as we collide over and over so slow...

Hold me cause if you dont I shall die if you let me go.

L. O. V. E

Love, an adjective in fact truly not a verb.
So let me prove this four letter word,
With words that curve around your curves,
As I speak the incantation off my lips,
dictating his-story,
Vibe with me, adore me,
With loving compassion, love deep and true,
Oops the four letter word just for you.
Capital L.O.V.E is how its spelled,
A feeling of warmth that makes my heart swell.
A love so deep it never fails,
~ Love ~

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Chocolate Fetish

What are you waiting for, have you realized between these lines we are mentally alone. So Step out those Cloths!

Laid back; heart palpitating, your libido is taking control. Chocolate syrup is dripping all over your breast I suck it clean then pour some more. Your moans of passion is turning me on, So I pour some chocolate all over your clit, And pulled the skin back from your pearl and lick it with my tongues tip. I played with it a bit, untill you screamed; So I know the orgasm coming soon. So I took my dick and penetrated deep in your juices filled me too. Then I pulled my dick out and filled it with some chocolate, now tell me what are you going to do.

- To be Continued -

light to My dark

Look im stuck on you, hypnotize by your preety brown eyes, like two fawns nestle up to sleep, So deep is your eyes like endless pits, that draw me to my feet, Your lips, yes your lips are rich like an orchid, grape vines innertwined with Gods divine, intervention, Should I mention your figure, like sculpted ancient Rome, Chiseled to a perfect form. Your lips drip honey inticeing me to a great meal. Im attentive to her wisdom, her heart I shall forfill, deep is my words for you robbed me of my heart I will never be away from you, ^{for} Your the light to my dark

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Miss A

She is the embodiment of temptation, man purest desires her walk tells a story, that every man admires, Her eyes are amber, heated with passion, Her smile is her snig that brings forth magic, She's built as a predator athletic and thick, a Amazon in truth but in a nubian sense, they say know one is perfect it must be a glitch, because perfection stands before me, And that's one thing I can not miss, She speaks with loyalty that has one on his toes, an aura of morals a woman in controll, Miss A I pray, some day we intervene in that very day I will make you my ~~own~~

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Oh Sweet Beautiful

Oh sweet beautiful why not runaway because day by day I see you dissipate, trapped by the means of the heart in his arms, but those are the same arms that brought you harm, why in last, its me you should embrace, but your explanation is he used to not be this way, your lips speak the words, but your heart speak through your tears, scars over the years make me act to hold you ~~more~~ fear for time is as abusive as his hands, As you hold out your hands to death and ask for this one dance.
Oh sweet beautiful why not runaway because day by day I see you dissipate.

Tempus Edax Re Kum

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Adam and Eve

Woman came from us and we came from them so do we expect not to have their attributes with our pride blinding us from the truth poking our chest out the same as they do, or how we get mad when they don't give us no play, that's called an emotional faze, And do you not think its weak to make a woman sell herself for cheap and get a perm and put one gold in your teeth.

Woman came from us and we came from them so do we expect not to have their attributes. As Eve from Adam, but it is us who Eve conceived, out the womb we cry, then able to breath. And again I say,

Woman came from us and we came from them so do we expect not to have their attributes.

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The Lament of ones own Soul

Behold it is given the lament of ones own soul, to find reason of love renounced. So brilliant she is as sculpted ancient Rome, running from the servitude of being alone. Truly darling I understand and apologize for the ways of man, But one must be tended. Depend on my hand of ever-lending, ever expanding my mind to our souls dancing.

Behold it is given the lament of ones own soul. To the education of guardians alone. The guardians that long to be your right and wrong. To help you fight the weak and strong. To help carry on. Now pick your chin up and know, and, Behold, it is given the lament of ones own soul.

That Satisfy Every Man

Do we all grow desperate of the imperceptible,
Screaming hymns for the deaf to comprehend, deep and damp is
the abyss of utter darkness, shall we now assemble the demons
of the crooked world, to feed upon ego and pride. Its the pain deep
inside that keeps one alive. The rival of righteousness, is the ten
deadly sins, that satisfy every man.

Mercy

Thy heavens weep and cloth me with its tears,
As ten immortal virgins invite thee with vanity,
Now thou art bound down with chains of gold,
Nature has no tune, but imagination is eternity,
Give in to me and give a ear to my words,
With words so soft, they dance around your curves,
Mother earth will thou weep at my return,
I seek thou countenance divine,
As thou feet walk in ancient time,
~* Mercy ~*