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## Blood Drips Up

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**Blood Drips Up**  
**Margaret Gertz**

Welcome to my haunted dream  
Where things aren't always what they seem  
This one room, like a fun-house, meant  
To confuse and disorient  
With no way in or out of the room  
I just exist inside this tomb  
The stench of death floats through the air  
The pain of guilt and deep despair  
My weary, withered soul, now bound  
No doors or windows can be found  
The walls echo with tortured cries  
And on the ground the ceiling lies  
The roof above becomes the floor  
The Raven's crying, "Nevermore," as he  
Hangs upside down from his lair  
And gazes at my blood-stained hair  
There's a higher power, strength, and life  
At the sharp end of a butcher knife  
I feel I've found my salvation  
Til pain sinks in; what have I done?  
And I become Poe's lost Lenore  
Dying on the ceiling-floor  
Words unspoken on my lips  
Life dripping off my fingertips  
I reach up to the ground above  
I long for hope, I pray for love  
Still, sorrow will be nevermore  
The life still from my body pours  
The ceiling catches every drip  
My soul slowly begins to slip and  
Fade away into the night;  
The blood drips up, but I'm alright