

# Cultus Sanguine, As A Funeral Inside

Life is senseless  
it turns to grey  
grey  
is the colour of doubt  
doubt for tomorrow  
slowly I will depart  
these grey days  
aren't worth of my presence

As a funeral inside  
I give no meanings  
to this senseless life (of mine)  
as a funeral inside  
this cold light closes  
my eyes

All the nothingness  
filling the poverty  
of this miserable human being  
stands in front of me