

Life Is Pain, Bloody Melancholy

I can't face to solar world,
I'm too weak,
melancholy buried the will.
Razors balance my swings,
blood takes away the weight of existence.

Depressive emotions, anxiety, negativism,
a time to mourning and bleeding arrived.
Heart groans, life is pain.
I fell into the sadness, without strength.

Scars stay as a silent remembrance,
as a picture of my painful soul.