Nightrage, A Condemned Club

I walk with a surrounding of dust.
The reapers following.
A condemned club for both weak and poor.
I tear my new flesh. Ripping and wearing it out.

Trying to rise in a cast only I know exists.
Abstaining my yesterday. Welcome my tomorrow.
Let the present lead. Head my inner bleed.

My acts of foolishness. Victimize the perpetual soil.
I, I, I, I die alone.

Screaming, fighting and tearing my inside.
Screaming fight in me.

This is the first trace of a weak show.
I know that as I take my first step into this freak
show. Lying down on the cold concrete.

Surrounded by my own stench. Panic rising,
Takes me further. This room has never looked this
Beautiful before.