

Nyktalgia, Cold Void

The deadly way out reveals the truest cruelty
and isolates me from reality,
but I'm asking myself: what is reality: a dream?
Everytime I reach this point, I remember dreams that will never be reality.
Taking a bath in razors, entices me as a solution for my endless grief.
The decision draws nearer.
On a transparent way, I float much more away, without any sight.
Am I blind, or am I still alive?
And once again, I only sense the purest absence.
A wound like this, cannot be healed anymore.
I will decide, for the last time.
The courage I've lost long ago - for I'll never feel happiness anew.
In emotions of solitude, the non-presence is my home.my grave.
When the pulse no longer throbs and the last drop of life left my veins,
I become forever paralysed, by this ultimate.Cold Void.