

Penitent, Possessive Thought

As a shadow you walk through life.
Nobody wants anything from you.
Nobody is waiting for you.
Few know you exist.

The crown of all creations.
The worst and most hated are you.

The thought are mans biggest curse.
You were not strong enough to carry it.
The thought became your burden.

Painful it is for he who picks it up,
because he shall carry its weight.
From life into eternity he shall carry it.

The thought is possible,
but only for he who seeks.
Until death he will be possessed.