

# Alastis, Schizophrenia (Mental Suicide)

I think of death as if it's near  
Plan my future as if it's doesn't exist  
I'd like to die without having lived  
Disappear without regret nor joy  
Death is perhaps a delivery  
Nobody's never managed to prove it

I'd like to have no future  
Kill without remorse even friends  
Be an animal without faith nor law

Mad, I begin to be mad

I feel my nerves that are cracking  
I want to weep and to laugh  
An interior force pushes me to suicide  
An other one pushes me to folly  
I think of death as if it's near  
Project my future as if it doesn't exist...