

Armagedda, Poetry From Poisoned Mind

The stench from the forest
Of burning skin
Bringing memories back
From ancient Sacrifices

It has been centuries
Since I left my body
But I still live
Through the sound of torture

My sense falls to the depths of
Filth, pain and suffering
Which is feeding my inspiration
To my art of undead human corpse sculpture

I taste the evil
To satisfy my mental hunger
If I wasn't immortal I would be dead (again)
For the last time

No one will ever know
What it was that swallowed eternity
A shadow will come from the past
And take me