

Calvarium, Suicide Manifesto

Staring at the cold bleak light
Steaming breath leaving from my lips
At the circle of malevolence
No joy to benefit from here

Time is sharpening my knife
Reflections of pain and misery
Had humanity meant a thing to me
Would I still embrace depression?

Secrets of the moon
Nail me to this place
Filled with nausea
And whirling memories
With age would I wield
knowledge and mysteries
But the human in me
Will lead me to decay

I hear the humming of the trees
The calling of the withering leaves
The shivering voice of remembrance
Cold steel for an age of hate...