

# Diabolic, Descending Through Portals Of Misery

(Hersemann)

Life was a journey, a search for the truth  
Many years passed but nothing was new  
Just random occurrences all of them trite  
Then, on the way, I gave up the fight  
Walking through quicksand is how it would feel  
Sickened by people, their spirits revealed  
Humanity's lost to me this is now known  
I've drowned in the current of life's undertow...  
Bouncing from one place and then the next  
One more would follow and so goes the text  
Depression would increase and so would the hate  
Grip lost its hold, I fell towards my fate!  
But on the way down, my mind's eye would see  
No one could know what it meant to be me  
Deep down I knew that no one would care  
When they woke up one day and I wasn't there  
Based on my thoughts I gathered my strength  
Empowered myself with my freedom to think  
Plotting and hatching my plans for revenge  
All the while seeing society's end  
Focusing energy into a singular goal  
Using my misery to bolster my soul  
Between the depths and ear-piercing highs  
I found the clarity, and reached for the prize  
The choices were many, the decisions were few  
Many of options, but I knew what to do  
Decide who and what were the cause of my plight  
And make them discover the scope of my might.  
Now thinking clearly; I moved ahead  
Aside from my misery my emotions were dead  
But soon during the process, my hate returned  
It went from a smolder to a flesh-searing burn!  
Now...  
I know what must be done  
Stalking and waiting  
They'll all disappear one by one  
Unexplained  
My exploits will proceed unchained  
Like a wraith  
I'll pass through them I can steal their soul  
Rotten corpse  
Useless to me except to fill a hole  
Many will grieve  
Until they turn -- and -- see -- me!