

Gardens Of Gehenna, Lacrimae Rerum

From a thousand wounds I'm bleeding.
The stench of decay hangs over me.
Desperation flows from out of all pores.
There is nothing left of ...me.
My hopes like falcons
with their mighty wings broken,
my thoughts like corpses
trampled down on a battle field,
my life like a Valkyrie
skinned and abused,
me just a shadow.
Mediocrity's miasma
has touched upon me.
My life is poisoned
and you are the ground.
I am not willing
to bear you anymore,
and so I leave you
and the dirt around.
Lacrimae rerum,
palida mors.
My dreams you've stolen, my visions killed,
there is nothing left of what I called my home.
Regards I've been given from down below,
a dark star will guide me from now on.