

Isole, Dying

My relentless countdown
Is refusing to change its pace
And all those old black scars
Starting to mark my face and soul
And my darkest skies
Keeps on pressing me to the ground
With these filthy curtains
Wrapped around my will
Crawling, screaming, weeping
Searching a place to hide
A place to die
I am shivering and my tears clouds my eyes
My tears burn my skin off
Fall to the ground
Screaming out
I'm not prepared to die
I haven't seen all I wish