

Nightrage, Poems

Without pain or sigh like the dead,
The obliteration of the human civilization
Within the range of the human mind
You don't feel sorry for anything
You don't feel anything

Last confidence among terrestrial friendships in defiance of the death
You walk with your own instincts
Inside those follow rooms
I wonder is there any hope in my dreams?
Wasted dreams

So alone with my thoughts
Poems
Doomed to oblivion
Oh my beloved life give me a chance
You're hurt by black angels, optical fallacy
Guilty silence, general decline
The truth hurts when your throw off all disguise