

# Nyktalgia, Exitus Letalis

All the colours bid farewell, the contours as well.during my sleep.  
With the sunset it will return creeping.  
Nothingness, as far, as every eye has reached,  
is all I see, as I re-awake at the solstice.  
All the buried stars I've left behind,  
built my shape of existence - like never to be there.  
The gaping emptiness, surrounded by its despairing silence,  
awaits me in an unanimated room, full of neverending delusions.  
No light, is my delight.  
Damned, for being imprisoned in deepest black.  
Unable to escape from the deluge of sorrow - like onward to the gallows.  
This petrified atmosphere, could be the sign for the final end.  
by facing the mirror of total death.  
To be constantly followed, through this bitter loneliness without feelings,  
I'm fruitlessly searching, for something that releases me.  
Sadness is spreading again, but not only while dusk.  
And so the anguish continues.  
Dead - the only way I can live.  
The mood went weaker and weaker,'til it conclusively died.  
Eternal pain leads me on my path to salvation.  
No fear for blood, when the inner decay announces,  
that I won't exist any longer.