

Nyktalgia, Lamento Larmoyant

Shivering before the abyss all alone
One thousand awful figures have passed by
Filled with woe my dejected soul
Trapped between the certain anguish of Life
And the unknown Horror of Eternity
Dwelling too infirm and weak
For my End so disheartenly deep
Long hearses silently pass by within my Soul
Inescapably Lost defeated Hope weeps
Impatiently expecting the catastrophe
Nihilistic mood existential vacuum
Inevitable Grief and Lamentation
Infinite weariness depressed Resignation
Habitual Continuation of this absurdity
Futility of Suffering, senselessness of occupation
Striving for the relieving Oblivion
The Absurd feeling requires my Death
Its wretched nakedness, its dull light
I'll always be foreign to myself
Returning to the ruins of my failure
To mourn the loss of Naivety
I'm so lonely I don't even want to be with myself anymore
The solemn colour of my fucking Life
I never had a choice I've always been falling
about suicide and the answer.