

# Trauma, Dust (Kill Me)

When the light disappears  
And all the brightness ends  
A daybreak won't be the oracle  
...and the last  
Of the lasts  
The time'll raze to dust...  
The filthy word  
Shouted out by the sick mind  
It'll stick in shapelessness  
Like your breath washed out  
By the contempt  
I don't want to wait for it  
So kill me  
Through I don't want to die  
But kill me  
I hide my face in palms  
And sin in dirty conscience  
I want look any more  
I no more look with blasphemy