

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