

Until Death Overtakes Me, This Dark Day

Tore my hope away, left nothing within - hollow, scarred forever. And their eyes never cease to loom inside my mind. Every dream they tear apart.

My own belief against the masses. Praise their own empty lives, they are shallow gods. Force me to live with self-hate. Self-hate is opening my veins, killing my mind. Neverending self-destruction, never to die, want me to weep, so many of them against my mind - torturing my dreams.

I rather weep eternally, than join your mindless optimism, I rather die now, than ever be a part of your world. Forget all this pain, deny all the hurt, deny my own pitiful life.

The gentle dance - to caress, infect, a gate in my mind towards another life, this one already forgotten. Breed them again. Breeding as the beasts that they are. Procreate - promutate - why won't you just become them?

The raging hate kept me here for another dark day, hating myself, hating them, who denied my life. This world burns and grows within, together with my fascination and my desire for Death.