Sarcastic Existence

Soul Sacrifice

Humidity can be felt on the walls
Touched with the palm and used to scare
They used to sweat, they used to stink
Everything swamped and hotBut in the corner laying on a bed
A cold piece made to stay alive
Trapped within its body
It could not think anymoreThoughts of times of sanity
The world was isolated
Where the sun salutes
And the night was violentFear and guilt
Invade the corners of the room
Pain was felt constantly
They keep on destroyingIt could be seen through the window
The eye of disgust and scorn
When you hear the laugh of a madman
That's about to dieTo suffer alone in disgrace
His hate is his own
Always hating being alive
Sarcastic existence

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