

A Death In Its Plenitude

Agathodaimon

Screaming day and night at the dark-forboding walls
Lights dim before me and enthralls all
I'll always look the same in this cold, forsaken dark
Teach me to drip own tears
For the pain of other's hearts
Not the essence, but the woe of mankind
To weep within my crying
Root the strength of love and hatred
Let blood flow in purest red
Root the angels' rage into my soul
Let it grow
There is something infidel that's gonna happen today
Be the witness, now and ever, abandoned angel of decay
The obscurity's curtain I paint as the blind
Life's tumult in the free fall
The ghouls chasing its trace
Oh, dreams, here ended all
Is there something in us all
That can last forever?
I feel the strange penetrating my fibres
Mocking at my vacant spheres
Body parts cut cold evolving to a rotting culture
A death in its plenitude!!!

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