

As a Funeral Inside

Cultus Sanguine

Life is senseless
it turns to grey
grey
is the colour of doubt
doubt for tomorrow
slowly I will depart
these grey days
aren't worth of my presenceAs a funeral inside
I give no meanings
to this senseless life (of mine)
as a funeral inside
this cold light closes
my eyesAll the nothingness
filling the poverty
of this miserable human being
stands in front of me

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