Not a Good Sign

The Duskfall

I feel cursed, who cast this spell?
I feel trapped, reminding me of mortality.
I feel the melting, this can't be real.
I feel I'm melting and I'm almost gone.I sense my excistance, becoming smaller.
I sense the creation of me...I'm like water in the desert sand.
I feel infected, my heart still pounds.
I can't quench this thirst of mine.
I still bleed, it's not a good sign.I sense my excistance, growing shorter.
I sense the creation of me, becoming smaller.
Going in reverse...My world needs me no longer, a struggling excistance.
No hope of survival, no escape from extinction.I feel chosen to take the beating.
I'm uncapable to move an inch.
A coincidence, kicked by a cloven hoof.
I can't clutch this mess I'm in.I sense...My world.....Becoming...My world...

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