Seeds Of The Suffering

Suffocation

Lies, decietful words of impatience.
Futile words of evasion.
The gods that have once spoken to me.
Have abandoned me to my pre - destined state.
A state in which there are no words, is no language.
Only the language of the endless suffering.
Suffering that brings me to appreciate my new found existance.
One that spawns forth a new being.
A being in which there is no appreciation for his fellow man to see.
Hatred and remorse unto those who have punished me.
Punishment too cold to see.
I don't see, I don't see.
One that I have once created.
Forced to change, I don't need.
The path of abomination of all things.
For I am now a seed, that will one day set forth a new race.
One that will cleanse my soul.
Anticipation of the weak - minded fools.
One that my once beloved gods will not recognize.
Race which feeds off the suffering.
As the mortals cry out their new found god.
The race grows strong.
Until the day.
The day of judgement.
The race grows strong.
Until the day.

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