

# Exiled Existence

## Misanthrope

Your murderous hands  
Motionless in the night  
By a fanatic deviation  
Your body hit the ground That fight your wrist  
The head beneath Heaven  
Mental aberration  
Crush your back on the floor  
Affectivity knock out You pour out the first blood  
By your own treachery  
False to the honor  
Set a trap for yourself Catch sight of the long tunnel  
Been in the dumps  
Berth a wreck alongside  
The prison-ship of depression Exiled existence  
By the ordinary excuse  
To avoid all responsibilities  
Resolving everything plainly Even choose your hour to die  
No more vindications  
So suffer on your knees  
Death might knock quickly What a punishment  
To see his own blood  
Spread on the marble  
Of your apartments Fever close to the body  
It's time to die  
Your soul is alone  
Facing consciousness When death takes you  
Only god can make the choice  
Uncompleted life  
Dream of deliverance Like a poet  
I am lifesick  
Who haunts me  
I feel boredom  
Who makes a mess in my life  
I wish in an elsewhere Alive in a life of vexations  
I am reading your poems here  
In the reign of the night  
Baudelaire you are my dark sights  
Your suicide is my courage Hearten by your inspiration  
To live among the others You pour out the first blood

By your own treachery  
False to the honor  
Set a trap for yourself Exiled existence  
By the ordinary excuse  
To avoid all responsibilities  
Resolving everything plainly Nearer to touch the stars  
In this sanctuary of pain  
I will come with you

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