Exiled Existence

Misanthrope

Your murderous hands
Motionless in the night
By a fanatic deviation
Your body hit the groundThat fight your wrist
The head beneath Heaven
Mental aberration
Crush your back on the floor
Affectivity knock outYou pour out the first blood
By your own treachery
False to the honor
Set a trap for yourselfCatch sight of the long tunnel
Been in the dumps
Berth a wreck alongside
The prison-ship of depressionExiled existence
By the ordinary excuse
To avoid all responsibilities
Resolving everything plainlyEven choose your hour to die
No more vindications
So suffer on your knees
Death might knock quicklyWhat a punishment
To see his own blood
Spread on the marble
Of your apartmentsFever close to the body
It's time to die
Your soul is alone
Facing consciousnessWhen death takes you
Only god can make the choice
Uncompleted life
Dream of deliveranceLike a poet
I am lifesick
Who haunts me
I feel boredom
Who makes a mess in my life
I wish in an elsewhereAlive 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 courageHearten by your inspiration
To live among the othersYou pour out the first blood

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

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