

Depression - Part II

Abyssic Hate

I think about life and feel pure hate about being trapped here on this earth
Envy all deceased souls who've passed on from this ruined plane
My dormant hours are filled with fear, my waking hours I will not face
All will to life has expired
I just want to fucking die! The thought of life reviving is nothing but pure illusion
This impulse to end my life keeps on echoing through my mind Wishing that I had the strength to extinguish the
whole of mankind
I know that this goal of mine will never ever be attained
I hate this fucking human race for what they have all done to me
Driven to this destructive state
Guided by insanity! The thought of life reviving is simply just pure illusion
This impulse to end my life keeps on echoing through my mind My cries for help have gone in vain
No need to endure this endless strain
My screams of pain seem devoid of sound
Comfort in death I now have found Silently pondering... "Why do I continue on with this life?"
Silently wondering... "When I die, will anyone even notice my demise?"

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