

# The Unseen

## Medeia

My dogma  
A trait of this war  
Leads to an endless oblivion  
I can't see beyond this fixation  
As it gouged my eyes out I'll fall  
But never hit the ground Abolishing gazes surround me for I am not atoned Pranayma  
Now help me breathe  
Gasp the last bites of air from this cellar  
My lungs constricted by anticipation  
As I prepare to enter the other side I'll fall  
But never hit the ground  
I fall  
But never hit the ground Constellations disappeared through suffocation  
Air vanished through the hole  
Let to rot eternally in dimensions beyond unreal  
Hell is around the corner  
And already here This is the autobiography of a murderer

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