

Not Turgenev But Close

Blood Red Throne

I dress in the skin of
What is already dead
I take on the part
Which the surroundings expect
Though there unaware
Of the anti-life inside
My thoughts circle around
The opposite of asphyxia,
Because that's what I am
(I haven't been anything else
For a very long time)

It has been written alot about
The overwhelming darkness
But it didn't Clearly state
The amount of insight it contains
It knows more than the light
It wreathes me and observes me from all angles

Maybe I am to be born now?
I look upon that day with fear and horror

I have reconciled myself
With my thoughts and vision
It took ages, but now its over
I can accept the obvious
Because its what you see
I can live with the hatred and self contempt,
But I cannot survive the disgust and nausea of others

If they were to experience me from the inside
Beneath the unasphyxiated exterior

I have reconciled myself
with my thoughts and visions
it took ages, but now it's over
I can accept the obvious,
because it's what you see
I can live with the hatred and self-contempt,
but I cannot survive the disgust and nausea of others

I look upon that day with fear and horror
The day when suicide becomes inevitable
Because it will arrive, That, I know.