

The Uncrowned

Demigod

Every life you devoured
Will haunt you unending
The flesh between your teeth
The flesh created by your mother

Fantasize about forgetting everything
Dream of taking steps back
They mock your efforts
Your shameful hour of regret

Their hammers - your deeds
No use shutting your eyes
Raw picture of reality
Your superiority
Open game

Measure your chances
Seek out a hole small enough
It will come down to you
Like rain slashing your wounds

Can you see it now
Imagine taking your last breath
Arrive to your punishers
Your disorder shall be repaid