

Stinking masses

Gladiator

A decision outlives the world
fall to the whirl of life
a birth, effort, carrer's scent
torment one self
dying before thinking
life is terrible torture
rescue has begun
original pain in the end

Curse people's place
stinking masses of death
stinking disgust
all curse world around you

Greed breeds the unknowing
they will live in fear
they own unfragrant flower
unhappy false happiness
division of blind ways
you can't find the middle
only the last question:
the light or the dark?

You're rejected man, humble wonder
your life hasn't sense for them
you're a wonder if you don't want to climb
burned land, your hear undesirable voice

Let them live in deceit
to rot in their scent
you don't want to go
you bloom in pain
a scent from hollows of death
damaged by the stink of your person
decay of stining masses
damaged by the structure of your person