

# Poetry From A Poisoned Mind

Armagedda

The stench from the forest  
Of burning skin  
Bringing memories back  
From ancient Sacrifices

It has been centuries  
Since I left my body  
But I still live  
Through the sound of torture

My sense falls to the depths of  
Filth, pain and suffering  
Which is feeding my inspiration  
To my art of undead human corpse sculpture

I taste the evil  
To satisfy my mental hunger  
If I wasn't immortal I would be dead (again)  
For the last time

No one will ever know  
What it was that swallowed eternity  
A shadow will come from the past  
And take me