

In This Painful Life

Baptism

When time has left behind almost all that
which one would need of life
That was the beginning of the moments which could be
called by the abyss, the comprehensive darkness where to
only the most brilliant,
the self-learned souls opened their gates

The cold hands, leaking as the mind of the weak
in this painful distress that someone would name a hell:
all this spiritual work for the devil, the self-sacrifice.
All this cold time, the prayers and the rites.

(cho) This life is fucking painful
the destructive hybrid of life
the last voyage of the black soul
the genocide of the heartless world

There is no end to this blatant blasphemy against me
this sharp shattering of my perfect ideal
forever they follow, forever they breath
those clockwork hell-hounds of profane making

as the coldness demands my will I am laughing
the multitude of flies forms a face of the other
absent skin dresses the unworthy that watch and gnaw
the searing halo of the mind will surely be my end