

## Not Turgenjev 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.