

## Bad Year

Christian Death

At these moments I don't need the myths to recognise me

Then a veil of mist descends  
And I become a happier man  
While unexplored self doubts pretend for a moment, to be  
What they fear they are -  
The recurrent assertion of surrogate horror  
Well, it's been a bad year

A man's future is mangled,  
Depression knots tightly at the center of his being  
A wave of sensuality fucks that smooth hole

Yes, this has been quite a bad year

A brittle twig at the end of the branch cracks

This has been a bad year, conducted quietly from both sides  
I predict people will die and new ones will arise  
They shall arise  
-Acceptance as prophecy-  
Only one moment conquers  
And that only to smash my sheltered childhood  
A world which I loved,  
I loved