

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