

Forgotten Dead Crow

Corpus Christi

I have killed yet another, and now I sit in my black hole
Waiting for another victim that I can behold
And not even that will feed this horrid need
I live for my own pain and suffering

I have beaten many before, and that would kill my pain
But this rotting feeling in my gut won't seem to go away
No matter how many I kill, it isn't enough
So I sit in agony in my little black box

For a mere second when I had her in my reach
I almost felt cured and almost felt free
She clawed and she fought yet I did not bleed
No blood can be drawn from pure agony
I stabbed her flesh and said my farewell
I left to find another pawn to kill
But there seems to be no to this horrid suffering
I am not him and he is not me

I am somehow forgotten and left behind
This life it has cruelty cast me aside
And fate it gave to me a horrid plot
All I want is to die and peacefully rot