

## Names

## Decapitated

To stars and suns we carry  
To superhumans names in stone  
Into the depths of seas of grand desires  
To the thought pure, into nothingness  
Limitless solitude without numbers and names  
Where names a curse no longer are  
The ideal one- the true number of man  
The sick stench of crowded dogs  
With their eyes closed  
That are looking into others for gods  
Rotting millions keeping guard  
Of their own truths which you cannot see  
A many-headed worm of names uncounted  
Is eating its tail in wretched self-hatred  
Blinded millions on the road to death  
The hunger of self-destruction always defeats  
Raise your gaze- you can't  
You won't- it's easier to follow the herd  
You suck on an empty bag of words  
You fulfill yourself in a cage  
Of your own blindness  
Carry me, my wings of hatred  
Above the fear of knowing all other  
I want to see my very own death