

# Waiting For The Death

Dementor

I feel strange little space  
Gloomy darkness, chill and dump  
My body makes no move  
The preception's getting weak  
The feelings are getting paralysed  
The blood is getting curdled

I'm dying  
These are the last minutes  
Of my living

Absolute silence  
Absolute darkness  
I'm dying here for 666 day  
Rotten wooden pieces  
Are falling down  
To my dead body

Worms are devouring my past  
And my soul's waiting  
For roots of the flowers  
Which could satisfy my sleep  
And which could destroy nasty  
Wooden box  
To which I've been thrown off

I see the tomb with my name  
I don't have any fleshy clothes  
I know my soul  
Lives in another dimension  
I watch the happenings on a terrible cemetery  
On this enclosed piece of ground  
I see the occasional groups  
Of living mourning people

It's a sign of eternal oblivion  
My soul has no place in people's hearts  
I do not see anyone standing at my memorial  
There are no traces left after the tears and sorrow  
I'm here alone  
My soul still exists

I'll be waiting for the time  
When someone's heart  
Will suffer for the pain  
The memories will get back

Then, at the rain  
Under the gloomy sky  
I will contently end up  
My being.....