

# The Uncrowned

Demigod

Every life you devoured  
Will haunt you unending  
The flesh between your teeth  
The flesh created by your mother

Fantasize about forgetting everything  
Dream of taking steps back  
They mock your efforts  
Your shameful hour of regret

Their hammers - your deeds  
No use shutting your eyes  
Raw picture of reality  
Your superiority  
Open game

Measure your chances  
Seek out a hole small enough  
It will come down to you  
Like rain slashing your wounds

Can you see it now  
Imagine taking your last breath  
Arrive to your punishers  
Your disorder shall be repaid