

Carcasses lying on highways
Crosses lining the roads
While nearby for fear of emptiness
They adorned tombstones
Composed canticles
And built temples
Where tranquil walls imbide remorse for ages:
This is my dimension, This is my time
Here I was born, Here i shall die
WHY?? Please...
I saw fear in your eyes
It changed to evil at a closer look...
More veracious as in looking glass
We both knew it, it was me
Who stole the last hoe and shredded
The tickets to heaven of the suffering...
So listen to my so called malice
It is innovatively bottomless...
After the last breath there won't be anyone to tell you
Suffer by gall in your mouth after bolus of emptiness found!
Do you still timidly hope for the meaning of the afterlife?
The afterlife remains on Earth
THE DEAD DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF LIFE
The afterdeath remains in soil
AS PRINCIPLE OF A TREE HIDDEN IN SEED
I saw you, thought as a dead game
But the tissue is similar more than enough
Your form was fading day by day
Far more quickly than the thoughts trapped in the past
Would it be different in a coffin?
Graveyard is not the place of sorrow
It is the mind
IN THE END DEATH SHALL STEAL
ITS MEMORIES THINNED DOWN BY THE TIME