

The Inside

Destinity

Fear / Madness... Always have they restrained. A dark psychic paradox.
The suffering running into my veins and impairing by my unknown grief.
Irrational grief of soul / Emotions with no senses. The light seems so black to me...
I need to tear my skin and spread my blood on the ground of this unexalting world.
Looking for the illness of innerself... Ready to be painting...
My soul is empty...
I am worse than the above / than your future.
Sadistic aggression of my mind! I can read on my blood. I am intended to live with these sufferings.
My inside is contaminated by this world...
Blood and suffering / tears and lies will never die in myself!
My bloody cold flesh perspires anger / My failing inside's spreading all its rot
The inside of hate... Made by the hate...
I hate this apathic world I see
I am worse than the above / than your future