

## Anger

Devilyn

Alive - I was a pestilence  
Dying - I will be your death.  
You feel like walls are breathing  
And I touch you with my dead palm  
Scenting a panic in your head  
And no-disturbing stolid pain.

Isn't taking one's own life like a game  
Ruling existence?  
Being a sickness of reigning chaos,  
Soaking utterly a life in -  
Aren't you the one, who wants  
To resist me?

Torment of faintness terrifies,  
But the last word belongs to me.  
Writhe as a snake!  
Fear will be reduced to ashes  
Being alone you will feel  
A depth of abyss, darkness and anger.

In the dead eyes the fear has stayed  
Dead eyes see the future.  
Share the mastery of nonentity  
To me, dead man.  
Take your torturer away  
To the abyss of eternal darkness  
Alive - I was a pestilence  
Dying - I have sentenced all...