

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...