

Imploding

Ephel Duath

It's not time to arrange
'Cause I want to taste this infection again.

Wish of tranquillity stinks like an absurd lie,
I long to enumerate
How many ariose conclusions I will dodge.

My beating nerves are devouring entrails and this poor will to
repress.

I can't perceive my dismal singing,
And I admit:
It's not simple to renounce to this deafening torture.

Mr. annoyance is caressing an implosion
And I'm searching for the right communion to rid this purple l
ight.

Resume to see.

Close the book.