

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 light.

Resume to see.

Close the book.