

Piles of flesh buried by years.
The sands of time are covering our eyes.
Jaded by life. This nausea keeps going on growing.
Aborted visions of tomorrow.

These nights are endless.
And the wind will bring us the coldness of depression.

A life I cannot face.
Their voices fill this dark emptiness.
Desolated vastlands. The broken wings of a fallen bird.
This beauty Ill find becoming a rotten body.

Time here has stopped.
A new dimension out of space.

Last exit for paranoia - Infinite despondency.
My blood is dripping down the drain.
To fade into the embrace of dusk.

To hear the distant sound
of children laughters.
To take Her hand and drown into utter darkness.

Take me away from this suffering.
A life! I cannot face.
KILL ME

These nights are endless.
And the wind will bring us the coldness of depression.
To fade into the embrace of dusk.
To take Her hand and drown into utter darkness.