

Bitter Winter Of Depression

Goatmoon

Glazed eyes starring back from the mirror, desolate, empty and black,
Sociopathic = life behavior raging inside, I feel I must kill or die,

No feelings of sympathy, nor hope, no human emotions, only the grand will to destroy,
In this bitter winter of depression, my horn pierced shell is to sink in sin,

Desecrating blessing by the might from below,
It does not matter if I'm awake or in sleep,
My life is eternally a cruel nightmare,

Emotionless face like a blank page covering this bitter and hateful core, disgusted by sheep with their empty words and weak make believes