

Perimortem

Grave

Close to the end, fading away, clenching on to life
Feeling my fluids draining out, every breath so hard
Alive or dead seems all the same, engulfed in myself
For a future seat in hell I shall end this now

In my last conscious state I recall the pain
Born through years of spit and hate, always longing for this day
Now its time to prove them wrong, those who doubted me
Coward! Misfit! Outcast! You shall bow before me

Life, so fragile indeed
Death, sweet relief
At the final step I hesitate but grin
Pain, sweet relief

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