

End of Relief

Hour of Penance

It's the blistering colour of truth.
Still I'm deeply ulcerated.
Its the disease in alien shape.
Disease, uncontrolled paranoia.

Admirable understanding of endurance.
They will never tear me from this hate.
Pure desire of death, I will submit.

Climbing my chest, inside my bone,
the cage is hollow, the soul is gone.

It's Sappho's juice that no one even knows.
Sea of locusts, I can't see where it ends.
It's the abyss' edge.
It's the white shadow of my fear.

My cage is hollow.
My world is hollow.
Begging for relief.
Please turn back time.
Please turn it back.

This day, slipping out of my hands.
I've already memory of this day.