Fiction

Icon of Coil

Suffocation, the candle lost its breath Like my soul, the flame fades out to death Never to consist of anything at all Penetration the fiction says goodbye My former self, why I had to die Never to resist from anything at all

Diet of nothing keeps me out of time But in the meantime I will try Do consider, erase the pictures in my mind Expect nothing, make it clean, Everlasting, like it's never been Do consider, erase the struggle in my mind

We cannot follow this path no more You'll be the first to know I'm gone We cannot follow this path no more ...and now I'm gone.

Pure enjoyment, fill it up with lust, splintered doors Fades out to dust, can you hear me? are you around? We don't need to live forever, let's make it tomorrow is better Can you hear me? Do you even understand?

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