

In Ruins

Ikuinen Kaamos

He sits in a corner
Awaiting for his second death
Life is just a phantasmagoria

Failing gods
Emerging scars
He is still waiting for the dawn

Ghastly shapes in the ceiling
Enduring visions of torment
Burned to retinas

Cacophony behind the eyes
Never ceases its song
Hell is all about repetition
Eternity in seconds

And for a brief moment
Purgatory around him was silent
Calm before the storm
She ascends

Her laughter is a rope
An iconoclast
Suffocating truth
Happiness was the cyanide

She grabs him
Holds him tight
Like he did
Whispers his sentence

Nowhere to run
Nowhere to hide
Face the judgement
Embrace the cold

He quenches his thirst with pain
By a cold blade to the gut
Grabs the handle with a smile
A twist of a knife
Nothing was lost here