

# Apotheosis

## Inborn Suffering

A will  
Inner strenght  
To go through pain

Can you think  
You can hold this world  
In thy hands?  
Lay down  
Grasp for air  
Disemboweled being  
Scrap doll

Thousand thorns had grown up  
Thousand nails through thy eyes  
Exhult, exhort and face

Or drown in everyday's misery  
To become a shade  
Just as everyone  
In the flattening of the world

Souring taste  
Of cynic words  
Feed thy biferness  
Reach Apotheosis

Words are wind  
Memories are stones  
That you raise each day

No salvation expected  
For the mourner  
Ad nauseam (Hell is so real)

You can wait for long  
A sign, a light  
From the sky  
Better lose in an ocean of tears  
So blue  
So cold  
Little taste of Death

Words would never heal  
A glance at the world  
Of utter ugliness

Admit  
It will never end  
Despair succeed to despair  
Succeed to despair  
Succeed to despair  
Ages never change us  
Whatever you can be

Bear your cross  
Be nailed on it  
But, you won't

Be the expected messiah

Remember

Words remain wind  
Memories, stones  
Would you carry it each day?

There's no salvation expected  
For the mourner  
Apotheosis  
Awaken 'till the end

Will that fades  
Vanished strength  
Empty shell

How can you hold the world in thy hands now?  
You've drown in everyday's misery  
Just like a shade, like "them"

Apotheosis  
Little mourner  
Just another min's withering