

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