

The truth is Death

Kozeljník

Life-drain to the waters of origin.
A scar in the chests and a bliss of the infinite space discomfort
where breath is nothing but a stain inside these lungs.
The truth is Death; beyond many waves; many voids: in Solitude.
A soulful betrayal (of This and Herein)
Where Abyss' gleam and I became One Black eye
there your semen (my hatred) and all of its ways drowned in...
I am the Knowledge. I am the Voice
Where it All ends, I am the Beginning.
Continuous, the worst.
Shadows that stare - may you never come...