

## At The Door To The Tenth Sub Level Of Suicide

Leviathan

I bid the body farewell  
Slumped down and cold history  
A voice to drown out  
Taken in mine own hand  
A blade, a rope, bitter poison  
Climb into the nil realm  
Beyond mortal pain  
Poison coursing through the veins  
And all is end  
Dripping pain as fire  
Puncture this vessel with metal  
Drift out and onward  
Tenth rung of a ghost climb  
From the murky depths  
A final consciousness  
Slumped down there  
Cold and history  
Now comes invisible  
Poison courses through  
Veins on fire  
A throat crushed closed  
Puncture this vessel with metal  
Flesh gash release.