

# The Eternal Cold

## Make Them Suffer

I begin to gnaw, chewing away and spitting up the very fabrication of myself.

The Eternal Cold. Dark shall prosper as I plunge; descending deeper toward the shadows.

Let me sleep, this endless drone must end.  
I pray for emptiness and plague upon yourself.  
for I am but a nothingness drifting,  
seeking dead ends and false hope.

There is only death, I do not even exist.  
A shadow, a memory.  
Cast away all binds to self.

I'll never know why all things beautiful must reach an end.  
The appetite grows for a greater knowing, the more I find the more I die inside.  
I shed a tear, I weep. All things beautiful must reach an end.

Myself containing a dormant implosion of infinite decimals,  
spiralling out of control. The ostracization begins.

Within myself self-loathing,  
and I've tried to hold passion inside the palm of my hand and tackle the world head on.  
A knife held to my throat, a nice dose of discretion.  
The world will feel my pain as I gnaw away at my boiled flesh

Detach myself from reality.  
My misanthropic ways fall to waste.  
My enigmatic veil begins to subdue. I cannot continue.

Let me sleep, this endless drone must end.  
I pray for emptiness and plague upon yourself.  
for I am but a nothingness drifting,  
seeking dead ends and false hope.

This is my somber send off. I am done.  
The world will end. I've turned my back.