

## Overcuming The Whore Of Hate

Massemord

beneath me an abyss stinking of darkness  
full of days extorted from memory  
full of days that can't be born for me  
at least alive

i behold  
i deceive myself  
maybe it's not inside

(maybe) anger of mine or at least my mediocrity  
restrained thick air within nostrils of mine

so well that its claws could not reach further  
so well that if not heart at least mind  
is still able to choose

now i'm almost certain of it  
certain of advantage

i am able to accept even those all lost days  
mysterious hours, which i cannot count  
to rejoice that i'm able to assemble  
all the pieces of broken mirror  
and not to remember all pictures it holds  
and not to remember words  
which poured out of me  
like a pus...

who am i able to become  
if deep wounds made by nails  
most likely made by madly clenched fists  
are able to be seen upon my hands?  
and arms and neck are decorated by  
jewelry of crust  
taking particular forms  
not because of accident?