

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?