

pine away in this cold box
penumbra passing by
this rookery of undead souls
romanticize the truth
save me from what is left to be
the tartness of my death
save me from what is left behind
the underground excess
select more bodies for this game
unconscious they will be
dedication of this life
the tourist will be in your mind
minds are lost in
counterclaims of insanity
death unfolds his wings
despicable agony
your first self
forever gone
now respect the last words
you said
frozen into this adorable block
structure of mind decays
still waiting for a new life
to use more morbid ways
twisted, that limbs of
this passed life away
cut the strings of death
to stridency
born into a new world
filled with death
now you can't escape you
have to rest