

Innate 13

Noumena

At times my empty and tangled eyes betray
To believe this I need more than mere faith
In this cold and desolate ward of mind
Intoxicated truth I bear inside

At times this shattered being is lost

For it all is gone I've sharpened the blade in my dreams
In alteration I have broken old entities
In a kind of mental subtraction
Everything fades and everything dies for a while

Come my fierce and lonely grave
Enter my bleeding dreams
Come and be where it all ends
Everytime when I surge inside

The bleaker desire, more painful demise
For aeons I've worn black spirit disguise
For all things to come I shiver inside
To taint the world with blood at times

This shattered being is lost

This endeavour is not worth all esteem
As a birthmark I'm stained with number 13
For a desolate mind can't be divine
All illusions can't last more than for a while

Carved is a number into my skin imprisoned in all these cages