Metanoia

Pantheist

How could I ever have imagined that
I would find it that hard to survive
In this cold and meaningless Universe
God's death left an immense void in my soul
I can't feel any more...
My eyes pregnant with darkness
Giving birth to a demon each single second
Broken and wingless I am
A man without destiny

I never meant to be ungrateful!

Isn't there any redemption for this sinful soul?

Someone please come and take me by the hand

I need some warmth...