

The Letter from Death

Sabbat

Hello Mr. I waited for today for a long time
All you have to do is to meet him. Meet him.

The old envelope reached my house with dusty smell.
But the envelope was postmark at yesterday.
The flame in the lamp shakes with a little smoke.
Stillness drifted in my gray room.

Slow light inserts it from the stained glass of the lancet windows.
Dust dances in the corner of the floor.
I'm afraid something is wrong my time.
I took a paperknife, and hung it on the envelope.
The picture acting that has been hung on the fireplace.
Cobweb is clouding up my room and my soul.
The spider is does a turn one's back to, and is looking at me.
Baphomet on the shelf smiles at me and my soul.

Feel alarm about an evil omen.
I opened the envelope, and took that of evil.

Oh. My soul is twisted by that twisted evil.
The word does an evil dance in my brain and my soul.

This reached my soul. The letter from Death.

I am looking forward to receiving your favorable answer.