

## Sullen Days

### Suffocation

The broken ways, as I walk through the emptiness  
Lost souls as empty as mine...  
barren and desolate, foreseeing the irony  
Abolish the self, merge into a singular space...  
Confront the self, subduing the whim's inside  
No feelings to exude and portray the sullen days  
As we hide from the bitterness,  
Embellish reality, or so your told

No other way, to prepare for awakening  
Condense the frail ridden mind  
Keep without consciousness  
To adhere to the ending days  
The gods are not here for you now,  
Expect a dichotomy  
Ancient thoughts to prepare for the exodus  
Shutter at what knowledge will hold  
Sullen days searching for a singular way

Now I conceive a brutal reality,  
Just wanting to kill  
Murder in mind, to silence a virus  
Internal struggle containing the violence  
Wanting to purge the earth  
Denying my thoughts to obtain absolution  
Pray for my soul to receive its ascension

Sullen days as I dwell in this empty shell  
Hopes of redemption decline  
Festering hate inside - as I harbor the pain within  
A tormented soul that's tortured and bound  
- god fearing agony

Broken days, in my bitter reality  
Conform thy self, I brood within  
Prepare to die, as I wade through these sullen days,  
The know not my plans of what destiny holds

What you don't know, is silence can kill  
What I know is silence will manifest  
HATRED, brewing within me  
I dream of KILLING  
If thoughts could lash out, you'd all be dead

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