

Demise Of The One That Conquered

Visceral Bleeding

Benign virus
On the verge of solitude
Malignant cure
On the brink of extinction

A flawless black
With an endless wrath
A tainted white
On a cleansing path

Both shackled by the face of red
A shadow of aggravation and indifference
An entity of desperation and short-termed bliss
The schizophrenic emptiness flowing through my veins
Burns and stings like a venomous bite
Abysmal loathing for the inner gemini
Catalyst for the final struggle

The mind floats between a two-dimensional world
Dividing the body, straining it's movement
Only one can reign this organic paradox
I need to shed my mirrored self

I am the final and the absolute
We are the just and the unjust
I am the beginning and the wavering
We are the irony of ourselves

The logic of this realm is clear
Yet distorted with no sense
It's purpose both revealed and hidden
Depending on the angle of sight

Bouncing violently in a vortex of tranquillity
A vivid calm showers me, leaving me dry and withered
Now a moving stagnation, forced to a standstill
Due to the imminent failure of the soul

Benign virus, on the verge of solitude
Malignant cure, on the brink of extinction

I am the final and the absolute
We are the just and the unjust
I am the beginning and the wavering
We are the irony of ourselves

I am the final and the winner
We are the end with no beginning
I am the final and the loser
We are the reversal of the living