

# 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

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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