

The birth of man was the birth of Hell

The wrathful flames dance around my head  
Falling figures, burning dead  
A well once filled with flowing water  
Now an endless tunnel of hate and squalor

Covered, once, with locks of hair  
All burned off, to leave me bare

A hand that once reached out to feel  
Now gropes about for something real  
I try to hold onto what I've found  
But the heat of the touch melts all to the ground

Pulling back, Inside my head  
I watch for hours, the listless dead

From my hear flows the tears  
Giving no life to that which is seared  
I wait for the day when only ashes appear  
Nothing gained--and no more fear

And once again I will be pure