

Carcasses lying on highways  
Crosses lining the roads  
While nearby for fear of emptiness  
They adorned tombstones  
Composed canticles  
And built temples  
Where tranquil walls imbide remorse for ages:  
This is my dimension, This is my time  
Here I was born, Here i shall die  
WHY?? Please...  
I saw fear in your eyes  
It changed to evil at a closer look...  
More veracious as in looking glass  
We both knew it, it was me  
Who stole the last hoe and shredded  
The tickets to heaven of the suffering...  
So listen to my so called malice  
It is innovatively bottomless...  
After the last breath there won't be anyone to tell you  
Suffer by gall in your mouth after bolus of emptiness found!  
Do you still timidly hope for the meaning of the afterlife?  
The afterlife remains on Earth  
THE DEAD DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF LIFE  
The afterdeath remains in soil  
AS PRINCIPLE OF A TREE HIDDEN IN SEED  
I saw you, thought as a dead game  
But the tissue is similar more than enough  
Your form was fading day by day  
Far more quickly than the thoughts trapped in the past  
Would it be different in a coffin?  
Graveyard is not the place of sorrow  
It is the mind  
IN THE END DEATH SHALL STEAL  
ITS MEMORIES THINNED DOWN BY THE TIME