

The Inside

Destinity

Fear / Madness... Always have they restrained. A dark psychic paradox.

The suffering running into my veins and impairing by my unknown grief.

Irrational grief of soul / Emotions with no senses. The light seems so black to me...

I need to tear my skin and spread my blood on the ground of this unexalting world.

Looking for the illness of innerself... Ready to be painting...
My soul is empty...

I am worse than the above / than your future.

Sadistic aggression of my mind! I can read on my blood. I am intended to live with these sufferings.

My inside is contaminated by this world...

Blood and suffering / tears and lies will never die in myself!

My bloody cold flesh perspires anger / My failing inside's spreading all its rot

The inside of hate... Made by the hate...

I hate this apathic world I see

I am worse than the above / than your future