Anger

Alive - I was a pestilence Dying - I will be your death. You feel like walls are breathing And I touch you with my dead palm Scenting a panic in your head And no-disturbing stolid pain.

Isn't taking one's own life like a game
Ruling existence?
Being a sickness of reigning chaos,
Soaking utterly a life in Aren't you the one, who wants
To resist me?

Torment of faintness terrifies, But the last word belongs to me. Writhe as a snake! Fear will be reduced to ashes Being alone you will feel A depth of abyss, darkness and anger.

In the dead eyes the fear has stayed Dead eyes see the future. Share the mastery of nonenity To me, dead man. Take your torturer away To the abyss of eternal darkness Alive - I was a pestilence Dying - I have sentenced all... Devilyn