

Senses Scarity

Devilyn

Die scum!
Your hateful gaze
Nothing means for me
I tread your dignity into grimy dirt

The pain you feel is orgasm for me - a deepest feeling
Suffering resents creative
When it comes
Time slows down its run

Our looks cannot meet each other
Because how can you see
Your own daemon of demise
Before you understand what happens

I soak in your last breath
Scream, you nazarene bastard
Let the world hear your groan
Let it feel your pain and fear

Your eyes fade like candles
Your body numbs, your fear disappears
The bloody human life is transitory
Too few pleasure to take
My daemon nature, greedy again
Time to find a new subsistence