

The moonlight creeps through the window,  
slithering up the sheets like a serpent.  
Illuminating the scars and the wounds,  
reminding me that death is coming soon.  
This flesh is weak. I collapse at the serpent's feet.  
Transcending mortality. Materializing in front of me.  
Composing a vision of death.  
When I ascend from the depths of my flesh.  
Walk through the valley of the shadow of death.  
I will transcend through the barrier.  
I will be the bringer of hysteria.  
I've come to terms with my death.  
I'll be leaving this world in a body bag.  
No one will ever remember my name.  
Everything I've built will collapse in the end.  
No one will ever remember my name.