

Imploding

Ephel Duath

It's not time to arrange

'Cause I want to taste this infection again.

Wish of tranquillity stinks like an absurd lie,

I long to enumerate

How many ariose conclusions I will dodge.

My beating nerves are devouring entrails and this poor will to
repress.

I can't perceive my dismal singing,

And I admit:

It's not simple to renounce to this deafening torture.

Mr. annoyance is caressing an implosion

And I'm searching for the right communion to rid this purple l
ight.

Resume to see.

Close the book.