

Sorrow's reflection over sense of suffering
still newer prayers for every next minute
slobbering for ownership
eyes in flames of treachery.

Tortures, scars of existence.
sorrow, tears - everywhere sowed.

A cradle of wrong and voracious
comfortable, on the ground of abyss
cold of death still importuner
to your slack distanting flairs.

Brutality, false, disrespect
a ultimate redemption's guest
to cross this line, the line of death
a way of oversight and calm

Lie and quietly end your prayer
any hindrance before the present
faith in future fate.

All, all's a waste away
intense growth of taint
inside by one is total rot
no, any strength to oppose
future image of this world
is just in time of extinction.