

I have been crawling for countless days now
Where has the world gone?
Days are becoming grim years
And grim years are becoming aeons of rot
As I rest my face in my filthy hands
Lassitude cripples my tired frame
This long road is coming to an end

I am returning to the oldest place I know
A swamp at the far end of the earth
Choked with the vilest of all things
The perfect place to die

The stench of humility will be all that welcomes me
Back into the mire of this fetid hellhole

I am tired of total failure
I am afraid of a dismal future

This swamp
Will reduce
My life
To carrion

This is
The epicenter
Of my
Death