

## Dying

Isole

My relentless countdown  
Is refusing to change its pace  
And all those old black scars  
Starting to mark my face and soul

And my darkest skies  
Keeps on pressing me to the ground  
With these filthy curtains  
Wrapped around my will

Crawling, screaming, weeping  
Searching a place to hide  
A place to die

I am shivering and my tears clouds my eyes  
My tears burn my skin off  
Fall to the ground  
Screaming out  
I'm not prepared to die  
I haven't seen all I wish