

# Thoughts Abandoned

Konkhra

Expend your imagination  
Enter a world of dreams  
Are you one of god's creations  
Freed with primal scream  
You must face the consequence  
Of what you rely upon  
Your death is just a minor sequence  
In the flow of time

Will destroy  
Or will it heal  
The sorrows that you feel

Having sex  
Violently tasting  
Pleasantry  
A few seconds of life

I do think you'll suffocate  
Within that web of dreams  
Horrid screams what you create  
Whilst reeling to what is  
Suffering all this pain  
Pain of labour

Creation

You are a creation of mine  
Inside me you have to grow  
I fear you  
The things that we do  
Abandon all things for the flesh

It is oblivion  
And hence  
Thou art gone  
We are the scorn of this world  
We are the damned of all wars  
Can't forget the taste of affection  
Dear mother virgin or whore