

## Living in a Mass Grave

### Nocturnal Depression

Another time, another reflection  
I watch into the looking glass  
On which my blood is dripping  
Projections of my living fund  
The other me is falling in tears  
While gaze is turning to black

Sometimes I can't stand this pain  
A living nightmare, full of sufferings  
Then I grab quickly a razorblade  
And cut my skin to set this discomfort free

As I fall in the cellar of memories  
Among bleeding and rotten corpses  
I feel there's no escape  
Undead grim eyes are watching me with delight

You are a living piece of shit  
You're nothing and you should be at our place  
Their voices are tormenting me  
Rude words from forgotten entities hidden in Darkness

I try to climb this mountain of cadavers  
But my nails break and blood makes me slipper  
I fall from high  
And break my bones on the grim ground  
They crawl towards me  
And start to devour my body

I wake up in the real world  
Gazing all around me  
I feel my blood is still streaming  
In a last breath I leave your shitty world