

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