Necro Morph

Pestilence

The test of time already lost,
Once reborn, already destined to morph,
Trying to live at all cost,
Death is eminent to absorb.

The transition to the all is inevitable,
Living death as we breathe,
Mind's capacity makes it comfortable,
Suppressing the horrors underneath.

Just let go the feeling of helplessness,
Can't do shit about this pure sickness,
That is called life.
This sick and tragic life,
It will be soon realized.

Necromorph.

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!