

Wraith Messiah

Sargeist

Years have passes since you buried me.
Left me to rot forgotten and despised.
Like the life also death rejected me.
Too soon you thought you rid of me.

Here I am, breathing hate and pain.
The fog depressing me once more.
My fingers are twisted and broken.
My flesh is slimy and weird.

No longer can I speak with voices.
That you would recognize.
Screeching, rasping, and gargling and howling.
Will you share this suffering?

You hope that you had eyes in your back.
When my hands grasp on your throat.
Strangling you and taking joy in fear.
I'm a miserabe entity of wrath.

I carry the stench of the grave.
Like a mist hovering around my being.
I curse the moon and it's blaze.
For it no longer pleases me.

Cursed to wander polluting the earth.
I'm the black melancholic wratih.
Sent in from the unknown hells to rape you.
To glorify what I became in the end.