

Sullen Days

Suffocation

The broken ways, as I walk through the emptiness
Lost souls as empty as mine...
barren and desolate, foreseeing the irony
Abolish the self, merge into a singular space...
Confront the self, subduing the whim's inside
No feelings to exude and portray the sullen days
As we hide from the bitterness,
Embellish reality, or so your told

No other way, to prepare for awakening
Condense the frail ridden mind
Keep without consciousness
To adhere to the ending days
The gods are not here for you now,
Expect a dichotomy
Ancient thoughts to prepare for the exodus
Shutter at what knowledge will hold
Sullen days searching for a singular way

Now I conceive a brutal reality,
Just wanting to kill
Murder in mind, to silence a virus
Internal struggle containing the violence
Wanting to purge the earth
Denying my thoughts to obtain absolution
Pray for my soul to receive its ascension

Sullen days as I dwell in this empty shell
Hopes of redemption decline
Festering hate inside - as I harbor the pain within
A tormented soul that's tortured and bound
- god fearing agony

Broken days, in my bitter reality
Conform thy self, I brood within
Prepare to die, as I wade through these sullen days,
The know not my plans of what destiny holds

What you don't know, is silence can kill
What I know is silence will manifest
HATRED, brewing within me
I dream of KILLING
If thoughts could lash out, you'd all be dead

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