

The Lost Time

Tragic Black

A gangrene infection oozes from the open veins
No independent thoughts occurring in the old and tarnished brain
Many frigid bodies are piled in this obscurity
Here lies a large variety of decaying human beings
Forgotten and lost, you paid the cost with the price of your life
Such putrid stench lingers on that tragic canyonside

Illusion
Confusion
Stare in dissolution
Still in exaggeration with deep down devastation
Secluded in a state of sullen desperation

Malignant memories lying there diseased
Sorting through this wall of faces surrounding me
But the souls just go on wasting with no such decency
The disembowled ones show it off so god damn easily!
I look out to the sky crashing with the tide
Waiting for the smash and to finally say goodbye