

A Sinister Longing

Vanhelga

I can hear the sound of rain outside
Unfortunately I am existing
Forced to breathe - forced to Think

A few memories leads to nostalgic thoughts
They slowly form into a feeling
Words aren't enough

Only this feeling of nostalgia
But only death will show
The true meaning of life

This longing of mine will never end
It will continue until the day I die

Disabled by life - seeking destrucivity
Nothing seems interesting
To me