

Publicerad 2014-03-28 16:27 av Son of Hades

The Sulphurian Plains

Like a river

Flowing through the barren landscape, stretching towards eternity

Carrying the filth of ancient memories

Strangling the soul upon entering it

Destroying all whom dare tasting the sweet nectars

It flows here, day and night, for all eternity

And each sleepless night I re-enter the Sulphurian plains

The darkness sprinkles the burning dust into my dead eyes

Renders me blind and torments me

As I am become death, the destroyer of the worlds

All pleasures decay to ashes in longing eyes

Breathing is an agony, but it must be done

If you wish to stay alive in this sewer

Each waking hour I pray for release

To shatter the shell which surrounds my being

Come forth and sacrifice, oh, beauty of carnal souls

Upon the wicked altar of self destruction

Love is black, hate is blind

And sorrow roams this barren land

In death, we are all alone

The thoughts that are meant for me alone

Brings tears to the driest of eyes

Self disgust, decaying flesh, invisible scars

I am one with silence, unheard by man

As I die a freezing death

So cold...

So dark...

So...

Tormenting...

I am alone with darkness

No one will ever notice when I'm gone

No one will ever miss me

For I am already dead...

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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