

# Alone

Ador Dorath

What would remain of the past... When all you remember... Is just a sad, blood-stained picture... You cannot look back at without any regrets. You cannot look back... You cannot think of and be pleased... Be really pleased. You cannot be proud of your deeds... When your conscience is the burden.

That drags you down of the shackles of your mind. What would remain of the present... When everything you touch turns to dust. When your heart grips, trembling with fear of the future... Fear of uncertainty. You know the answer, but don't want to face the truth. Look the truth in the eyes!

While holding off the inevitable. Waiting for things that are expectable. Isn't looking for... what's essential for life. While holding off the inevitable.

What would remain of the future... When there's nothing to live for. When we destroy all that has been here for millions of years before us.

When nothing gives us pleasure... brings us joy. When the life hurts more than we can bear. When the life's not livable... We'll stay here alone.

When the life ends... We'll stay here alone!