

Waiting For The Death

Dementor

I feel strange little space
Gloomy darkness, chill and dump
My body makes no move
The preception's getting weak
The feelings are getting paralysed
The blood is getting curdled

I'm dying
These are the last minutes
Of my living

Absolute silence
Absolute darkness
I'm dying here for 666 day
Rotten wooden pieces
Are falling down
To my dead body

Worms are devouring my past
And my soul's waiting
For roots of the flowers
Which could satisfy my sleep
And which could destroy nasty
Wooden box
To which I've been thrown off

I see the tomb with my name
I don't have any fleshy clothes
I know my soul
Lives in another dimension
I watch the happenings on a terrible cemetery
On this enclosed piece of ground
I see the occasional groups
Of living mourning people

It's a sign of eternal oblivion
My soul has no place in people's hearts
I do not see anyone standing at my memorial
There are no traces left after the tears and sorrow
I'm here alone
My soul still exists

I'll be waiting for the time
When someone's heart
Will suffer for the pain
The memories will get back

Then, at the rain
Under the gloomy sky
I will contently end up
My being.....