

Sheltered Reminiscence

Despised Icon

In those woods, I still remember the odours
The moistened bed where I chose to sleep
Surrounded by my own crimson liquor of existence,
I started to to fade in history

At that moment,
Only the sound of pulsations through my arms consolidated my seclusion

Anesthetized by fury and desolation,
I inflicted myself capital retribution

As the leaves were coloured with my constitution
Grief and lamentations suited me with astonishing cold

As the dark sky vanished before my eyes,
Fragments of consciousness could only illustrate parcels of this affair

I sadly can't restore every event in its respective time:
Agitated voices, strident sirens and blistering pain in both arms