

The Eternal Cold

Make Them Suffer

I begin to gnaw, chewing away and spitting up the very fabrication of myself.

The Eternal Cold. Dark shall prosper as I plunge; descending deeper toward the shadows.

Let me sleep, this endless drone must end.
I pray for emptiness and plague upon yourself.
for I am but a nothingness drifting,
seeking dead ends and false hope.

There is only death, I do not even exist.
A shadow, a memory.
Cast away all binds to self.

I'll never know why all things beautiful must reach an end.
The appetite grows for a greater knowing, the more I find the more I die inside.
I shed a tear, I weep. All things beautiful must reach an end.

Myself containing a dormant implosion of infinite decimals,
spiralling out of control. The ostracization begins.

Within myself self-loathing,
and I've tried to hold passion inside the palm of my hand and tackle the world head on.
A knife held to my throat, a nice dose of discretion.
The world will feel my pain as I gnaw away at my boiled flesh

Detach myself from reality.
My misanthropic ways fall to waste.
My enigmatic veil begins to subdue. I cannot continue.

Let me sleep, this endless drone must end.
I pray for emptiness and plague upon yourself.
for I am but a nothingness drifting,
seeking dead ends and false hope.

This is my somber send off. I am done.
The world will end. I've turned my back.