

Ophelia

Necare

O quam tristis et afflicta...
In my mind there is just one word...
A litany of sins and hatred...
I must die this time...
Contristantem et dolentem...
In flux the patterns shift and repose...
Arabesques of abyssal darkness...
The tender recompense of dreams...
I see the ending... there is but one path left to take...
I know the future... only I can take it all away...
There is no second chance...
There is no afterlife...
No goddamned repentance...
All that is left is the deed itself...