

Muse of Suicide

Nocturnal Depression

How beautiful she is with her lifeless burning gaze
Staring silently through the endless void
Her white crystal skin and her dark raven hairs
Standing proudly with a long black dress

I let your words sing their sweet melodies
I follow your ghostly footprints between nameless graves
Lead me into the unknown, Oh my muse
Cause you'll stay forever the muse of suicide

Under a broken dead tree she is seating quietly
Along her chest, some old bleeding wounds wide open
While I drink her streaming blackened blood
Her hands are caressing my hairs in a last farewell

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She is offering me the liberating blade
Sharpened by life troubles and the thousand tears cried
In a last whisper, I close slowly my eyes
With for last vision, her gaze and her smile

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