

Nihilistic Tranquility

Thy Disease

Immortal and empty
Wiseman, fallen
Touch the wound of god
Wash your hands in his water

Take me where
Endless void chokes with enormity
Moves the deepest layers
Of primitive fear
I feel nothing

I'm embracing, coming close
And just put the sneering kiss
I worship you and eat up your brain

My everything is nothing
I'm suffocated, dead

My tranquillity comes