

## Cenotaph

### "Source Of Suspicions"

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My own sick world, dreaming of desperations;  
Desperations create hatreds in our dark souls and  
suspicions in my existence.  
Torment, subconsciously, image of misery, image of  
death, haven't you realized yet?  
Our souls are sinner.  
While we are returning back followings are felt:  
Fear of life,  
Birth of decay,  
Rising idolization but indefinite source of us,  
Infinite amount of wrath.  
Fetid huge minced philanthropics gush out their  
grudge  
And these kind of loatsome ideas  
Should only be the products of morbid mind.  
Aversion to a mentally bandaged mutual supporteds,  
Confronting aggrogan babtists.  
Their babtism makes you follow the path of your  
slavery.  
Acquesce the agonizing ache inside;  
It's because of your conceit and surrounds you like  
borbed.  
Adoring this false movement, a pain is felt from down  
abdomen,  
Babbling of a red liquid down my legs into basin on  
which I am standing.  
Maximum appetite I have ever had is satisfied by  
fantasies on my mind.  
My false mind...

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