

For Selena And Sin "Draining"

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inside a hollow room he floats in a mist of memory
transforming a life that hold thousand deaths
suffering one last weak as crestfallen essence
inside a hollow room he struggle the pain's climax
draining the purpose to exist
crossing the gates of consiousness
taking ecstasy of grief

did i swear understanding to leave these tragedies for
me?
for this life holds no more but a view
a solemn colour to the hanging trees
a celebration of my own

troubled eyes of my inner self wide open
blinded by fevers that devour

a little drop of heartblood, a precious drop of pain
fragments of passing days fading this life away
and so i lose myself, i close my eyes
there's something deep inside me that has already
died

draining, fading away

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