

Imago Mortis "Envy"

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[Me:]

It makes me feel so bad when I see you glad
It makes me feel so evil, ask me no reasons
All I've got left is wretched, dying or dead
How can lips bear to smile when tasting this poison?

Tell me
Teach me
Can't you?
Then I'll show you

I'll show you what is like to be buried alive
And how uneasy can be decomposition
Beware of my eye stalking, sucking you dry
One gaze of mine may bring out death as reflection

[My eye becomes a cold gun.]

Hush!
Time to die
I've laid my eye on you

But it feels like
Death-row instead of gardens
Raping instead of candy
Hatred instead of kissing
God take away this envy

Guilty!

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