

Inveracity

"Era Of Submission"

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Epitome of my blackened creation - unclean
Hardened by this intense reality
A vision of another world
I pray for death
A world out of light
An era of imperfections
A time now so distant
Anomalistic superior beings living splendidly
An essential part of my immense empire
Powerful sick desires dwell in my head
I am subject to hallucinations
Forced into a life of conscious enslavement
Never returning to humanity
Monumental failure
All thoughts ceased
Drowned in dark solitude
The seeds are sewn to end mankind
The salvation I seek is near
I count the days to the misery's end
Ready to fade away - cleansed for all eternity

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