

Leviathan

"At The Door To The Tenth Sub Level Of Suicide"

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I bid the body farewell
Slumped down and cold history
A voice to drown out
Taken in mine own hand
A blade, a rope, bitter poison
Climb into the nil realm
Beyond mortal pain
Poison coursing through the veins
And all is end
Dripping pain as fire
Puncture this vessel with metal
Drift out and onward
Tenth rung of a ghost climb
From the murky depths
A final consciousness
Slumped down there
Cold and history
Now comes invisible
Poison courses through
Veins on fire
A throat crushed closed
Puncture this vessel with metal
Flesh gash release.

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