

## Poema Arcanus "Sadim"

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It seems I destroy what I have, what I've created  
Then could I wish what doesn't exist, doesn't exist... no  
more?

It has never been perfect and never will be  
Disdainful death I come to demand you  
All the life you have stolen, every piece you have taken  
I want it now, I wish for it now

You have chosen to be touched by these cold hands,  
Indeed  
Touched by misery, feel the doom while I embrace you  
I am king sadim, blessed by infection  
Every thing and every being will be withered and soiled  
by me

While you turn your beauty to grimness  
I cum on your immaculate white skin  
As you lose your faith violently  
I have failed again

It seems I soil all I touch, all I've loved  
Then could I hate what doesn't exist, doesn't exist... no  
more?

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