

Rossomahaar

"Me, The Misanthrope"

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Here I stand and behold the masses...
Would you consider perfect the horde of worms?
Nor do I, roaming high above their domains...
Would you ever see me passing through the centuries?
I know not.

My spirit always doubts, exploring the controversy...
Futile being, the beginning and the instant end...
Worthless entities, how low can you go with your
Dreams of unsound mind?

Majesty expelled, born dead into this world,
You whip your beggars in wine,
Knowing not their minds stay indifferent,
Despite you cry out... "Finally, I've seen a sign!"

A sign from the highest lord?
Grace of heaven unfulfilled!
Sailing the astral seas, I saw the godly sperm flow
down...
The failure or the supreme beast?
Hedennah's long-awaited virtue!
Raining is the sticky divine fluid, unwilling to give your
mind
A long-awaited birth...

Pathetic way of thinking,
Logic based on absurd...
Paradoxical change of seasons,
When winter comes in spring...

This is what you are, the creatures of destruction...
This is what I am, the misanthrope,
Proud in my existence,
Perfect in my shape...

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