

Ruination "Elegiac"

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I'm feeling tight and certain
As man who never tasted milk
Was never born
It's like a merit - resisting feel those pains
Not to regret for anything
For anything

With thousand lives behind
The ditto lies ahead
I have enough of time
To find the shelter with your tears of red

Day after day
I try to plumb the depths
Of entity
My glassy surface
Is cold as stone
I'm hollow from inside
Invulnerable pace
My peccant grace

With thousand lives behind
The ditto lies ahead
I have enough of time
To find the shelter with your tears of red

To hate is for the weak
I just don't care
Oblivion turns to bliss
So glamorous, but still unfair

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