

Decadence

"The Creature"

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Whispers fade in the dreams, even fantasy
Can't deny the pure reality
Disliked the day and was always mad
Filled with anger, laughed at the sad

Slept long to await the night
The time when it didn't have to fight
Filled with hatred on its greatest height
Always knew when the time was right

I ask myself: is that me?
Is this what I am supposed to be?
There's a sign on my neck, a number blackened
I'm a creature in this land of fright
Who in this time gave me this role to act?
So corrupt, and thought it was right?

Left alone to await the pain
Apprehensive, fell down in dismay
Never cried, stood there and smiled
For it was pure and never insecure

Locked in a cage and poked with a stick
It was enraged until it got sick
Started to move away from the pain
Like a beaten animal locked with a chain

I ask myself: is that me?
Is this what I am supposed to be?
There's a sign on my neck, a number blackened
I'm a creature in this land of fright
Who in this time gave me this role to act?
So corrupt, and thought it was right?

Wondering; is someone still out there
Someone having blood in his heart left?
Asked; will you give some blood to mine?
It's so cold; it's empty to the core

If pity was out there and someone still was smart
Only gave a little to this drained heart
Give the creature back a dead organ

See it's me, and see what I've become

I ask myself: is that me?

Is this what I am supposed to be?

There's a sign on my neck, a number blackened

I'm a creature in this land of fright

Who in this time gave me this role to act?

So corrupt, and thought it was right?

Thanks to Razvan

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