

Vociferian "Post Slaughtering Desolation"

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Morbid fascination...
Sleeps beyond the dream
Coffins made of skins
Inborn, carved destiny

Weakened, prostrated in pessimism...
My strength is forsaking me
I can't spit the venom of hatred
Paralyzed and worried

Sweep the dust and faces from the past
So that I am totally lost
Astray in anxiety
Exhausted by frustration

Downtrodden emotions
Downhearted forces
Bleed on the edge of existence

Wasted draft of life
Life drags on...
Regrets...
Where is my will
(Willpower to hold)

Submerged in doubt
Vulnerable

Watch the smoke smells the dead...

Useless quest of the draconian soul
As I bury myself alive... in a suicidal silence...

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