

Misanthrope

"Exiled Existence"

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Your murderous hands
Motionless in the night
By a fanatic deviation
Your body hit the ground

That fight your wrist
The head beneath Heaven
Mental aberration
Crush your back on the floor
Affectivity knock out

You pour out the first blood
By your own treachery
False to the honor
Set a trap for yourself

Catch sight of the long tunnel
Been in the dumps
Berth a wreck alongside
The prison-ship of depression

Exiled existence
By the ordinary excuse
To avoid all responsibilities
Resolving everything plainly

Even choose your hour to die
No more vindications
So suffer on your knees
Death might knock quickly

What a punishment
To see his own blood
Spread on the marble
Of your apartments

Fever close to the body
It's time to die
Your soul is alone
Facing consciousness
When death takes you
Only god can make the choice

Uncompleted life
Dream of deliverance

Like a poet
I am lifesick
Who haunts me
I feel boredom
Who makes a mess in my life
I wish in an elsewhere

Alive in a life of vexations
I am reading your poems here
In the reign of the night
Baudelaire you are my dark sights
Your suicide is my courage

Hearten by your inspiration
To live among the others

You pour out the first blood
By your own treachery
False to the honor
Set a trap for yourself

Exiled existence
By the ordinary excuse
To avoid all responsibilities
Resolving everything plainly

Nearer to touch the stars
In this sanctuary of pain
I will come with you

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