

Miscreant "Thanatology"

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The death approach by a grey fog,
The death wrap your brain.
Blood! Scarlet blood
Flows down on a face by sticky shroud.
Life go out of the body
With the last heavy breath
Of convulsive suffering.
The death is inevitable for everything.
Each will overtake by death.
You wait for the last instant of life
With trembling fear,
Understanding horror
Of a dying agony.
Feeling death,
Which covers consciousness
With a black cerecloth.
Only the dark separates

An unknown reality
Expecting before.
Lifeless flesh - cold like ice
With traces of the first decay.
Every cell is dead,
All cloak by dark.
You are dead
There're no emotions and feelings
Everything remains behind.
You have waited of the last instant of life
Oblivion before... or no?
Everybody death waits.
Feeling death,
Which covers consciousness
With a black cerecloth.
Only the dark separates
An unknown reality
Expecting before.

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