

## **The Seventh Gate**

### **"Mine Will Rise"**

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turning the strings of my mind  
undistinguished knot of hate  
stolen knot of fear of waste  
dew on the furthest limits  
lividity of hatred against you  
rubbing raw against your game  
plays of dreams and circus schemes  
cuts and bruises line her face  
the stained dress soaked in warm piss  
diseased  
the circus queen  
abortion of your dreams  
diseased  
the circus queen  
abortion of your dreams  
i slit my wrists for solace  
drop by drop  
i'm creating my silence  
smile full of rotten teeth  
glimmer in the moonlight  
drink from this pool of hate  
seal your fate  
i slit my wrists for solace  
drop by drop  
i'm creating my silence  
i slit my wrists for solace  
drop by drop  
i'm creating my silence  
mine will rise  
delusions and fantasies  
all come screaming to a halt  
caught up in the board game of life and death  
equilibrium lost  
far from within  
i died and left a trail of madness behind  
demented bliss  
inebriation  
rise

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