

## **Kroh** **"Syndrome"**

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Your life is a sepulcher of imagined eternities  
And there are graven views beyond human vision  
The final descend through slits in reality  
Where pitiless eyes await with their haunting gaze

You have embraced me in a sullen trance  
To embark on your quest for nothingness  
I am the looming gleam of an obscure reality

The sweet corruption of your very being

Hidden by the great lie that cradles human fears  
I am the answer to the final question

Vultures of imminent doom  
You are my voice in the discord of winds  
May you carve your own torrid path  
And welcome the rain of glowing crosses...

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