

pine away in this cold box  
penumbra passing by  
this rookery of undead souls  
romanticize the truth  
save me from what is left to be  
the tartness of my death  
save me from what is left behind  
the underground excess  
select more bodies for this game  
unconscious they will be  
dedication of this life  
the tourist will be in your mind  
minds are lost in  
counterclaims of insanity  
death unfolds his wings  
despicable agony  
your first self  
forever gone  
now respect the last words  
you said  
frozen into this adorable block  
structure of mind decays  
still waiting for a new life  
to use more morbid ways  
twisted, that limbs of  
this passed life away  
cut the strings of death  
to stridency  
born into a new world  
filled with death  
now you can't escape you  
have to rest