

His disease
The eternal prejudice
Towards the unknown
Changed his life
Into a nightmare

So capable of drinking
The wine of monotony
And demanding an
Honorable death next to
his generation

All they offered him
Was the drink of slander
His personal stigmata

The cry was fake
But so frightening
His spirit wasn't there
When the steel entered his body

They will continue to
Desecrate his grave until
Dust is the only remain

But he isn't there, he is nowhere
The martyr had stopped before
It (really started)