

In crueler dens of pain,  
I am blinded by fire and stench  
Under the freezing hands  
Of an unmerciful God.  
Like a war zone,  
There is nothing left  
Of this world.

I am being punished  
For my wicked wrong doings  
By being buried alive  
In eternal darkness,  
Six feet under  
The most foul soil.

Damned to despair,  
My blood is boiling  
Until it evaporates  
Through the skin.  
There is a niche in these depths  
Made especially for me.

A fiery desert,  
Littered with thorns,  
Is the Hell I reside in,  
Among the Living Dead,  
For all of eternity.