

Acrostichon, Pain

portraits; all over this wall
murdered morals taking my fall
velvet footsteps caressing the floor
listen carefully; I want to be shure

the pig is laughing; moments of doubt
addicted to hatred; forcing the pain

all these portraits remind me of the
water is burning; forcing away

slip into
the sin of living
has been forgiven
I ask for war
(but) i'm getting more
I don't understand

I suck the barrel
I lick the bullet
it removes my mind
to a faraway place
where there's still space
for my kind

the pig is laughing; moments of doubt
addicted to hatred; forcing the pain