

Grey Skies Fallen, The Purest Form

Piercing frequencies strike hard the tranquil heart.
The gold of hope, drifting so far apart.
Beyond my reach, ripping so terribly.
Into the skin, the flesh of humanity.
Tear at the wounds, uncover the nakedness.
Bitter and cold, the pain that will never rest.
Within me, watching it as it grows.
Within you, seeing it all unfold...

Tearing at the skin
Leaving nothing to be shown
Look at the emptiness
My hate still grows
Seeing you in a world
Where you'll die slow
Only then it will rest
For hours I looked
Only to endure
The sight of thee,
Countenance of a whore
Who drains and bleeds
The only life that's left,
This life in me.
Here, now you're cold,
Cold and tired.
Farther from the sun,
You're falling
Weakened here, you're lost (forever)
Shattered now,
You look for heaven.
My vengeance grows,
Rising up, it takes its form.
Moving in for the kill...
This hate so pure
Seeing it all so clear
Before unknown, hate in its purest form.
For hours I looked
Only to endure
The sight of thee,
Countenance of a whore
Who drains and bleeds
The only life that's left,
This life in me.