

Martyr A.d., Seventyfive - Twentyfive

Slave to monotony
Another breath breads futility
This is not a life
A trace of reality
Disease of existing life
Holds only shame for me
Slipping from importance
As I turn away
Cold hands breaking apart
This will not come to pass
We are all so alone
And I'm lying here
In a pool of my own isgust
A frail ritual
Practiced with apathy
If this is what life has to offer
Color me dead
And left to the vultures
Armed to the teeth with denial
Suffocate the slave as therapy
For the insane
And a lesson the the unforgiven
Waking to the bleak
Disturbing sound of nothingness
No one to save us
This has been set
By the eyes of the un-desired
Dead to the world
And tapped clean of all effort
Tie the tourniquet
Tight bleed the infection away
Know that an effort of trying
Is an effort towards dying in vain
Life's a fable of pride
Taught to mask the pawn
I've taken what you've given
And turned it into nothing
Killed myself to redefine suffering
Leave me here to rot
Find a flame
Cchoose a stake
Close your eyes and pass away