

# 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