

Year of Desolation, 539

Born into this world I had no silver spoon, my brand new flesh was a life unscarred.

I wanted nothing more than to be like you.

The admiration of the time, savior in my mind.

You could walk through walls (with that attitude).

You could do no wrong (like your subtle grace).

It's no longer there (you've fallen away)!

Confrontations of rage and frustration have eaten the soul you once possessed the light has lost its

Your tears mean nothing, your pain is justified.

You're fucking hollow: a corpse looking for demise.

Use your so called vice, does it help you to decide?

A fake for all to see: your true identity

Destroyed my way of life, humiliate this trust.

Rotting in the ground I can no longer ask why.

Exploited all these thoughts, this innocence is gone, purified through violence.

I wish you were never born.

But now you're dead: you're fucking maggot food.

This claim denied, I've become more, more than you.

Life, this pain brings me to life.

I feel that pain tonight, the pain that taught me the truth.

Relived for ever each time I close my eyes.