

# A Death For Every Sin, Suffer The Loss

Fuck you, you created this face and this misery.  
Something once my saving grace is now a bitter memory.  
Searching for answers to questions I shouldn't ask.  
Just know i'll always hate you for what you've fucking done.  
Why must beauty always die in these callous hands?  
Feels like i will forever walk this path alone.  
All the things i've once held close to my heart are now gone.  
Feeling empty i've lost all fucking will to gain back what i lost,  
what you took away.  
I'll always hate you for what,  
for what you've fucking done.  
The more i try to make sense of this,  
the less i comprehend.