Agnostic Front, Genesis

The birth of man was the birth of Hell

The wrathful flames dance around my head
Falling figures, burning dead
A well once filled with flowing water
Now an endless tunnel of hate and squalor

Covered, once, with locks of hair
All burned off, to leave me bare
A hand that once reached out to feel
Now gropes about for something real
I try to hold onto what I've found
But the heat of the touch melts all to the ground

Pulling back, Inside my head
I watch for hours, the listless dead
From my hear flows the tears
Giving no life to that which is seared
I wait for the day when only ashes appear
Nothing gained--and no more fear
And once again I will be pure