

Blessed By A Broken Heart, Sawing my Head Off

These are the darkest of times
Where acceptance and love are cast aside for Bitter judgement
By broken spirits vomiting curses
To raise one self to greater heights
Relish in the mockeries that you've cast to your brother
And gauge the cost of your respect
By the weight of a black heart
This selfishness will lay you in your casket.
Scourge my back with your forked tongue
But the venom will only reach the surface
I won't be ruined by your hatred,
Love accomplishes so much more
With every gash I gain I'll know your suffering
With broken thoughts And dagger eyes
What do you gain? When judging others by their struggles, only bringing more shame
What do you gain? As deny the truth and cast down the hopeless ones
What do you gain? When you butcher flesh that's been tortured and beaten
What do you gain? Tell me what do you gain
When all you'll gain is a hardened heart, all you'll gain is a blackened heart
These are the darkest of times
Where acceptance and love are cast aside for
Bitter judgement by broken spirits vomiting curses
To raise one self to greater heights
Clinch harder on the trigger
You're so quick to shed obscenities
Your throat is the open grave
Exposing your many casualties.
Fuelled by animosity, will your deeds get any better? NO
How much longer will you bring me down?
Until you lift me up?
But you'll only lift me up so I'll reach the noose