

Esoteric, Expectations Of Love

Society and religion teach us to love one another,
To follow the frameworks,
That filled their empty lives - empty minds.

The pressure I feel,
Is fucking unreal.
Why can't they see my inability to love?
Why can't they open their eyes?

All they see is what they want to see.
They see their vision of me; it's not me!
How can I love others when I can't love myself?
The pain I've felt has destroyed the love in me.

My frustration increases into a silent scream.
Where is the relief? When can I be free?
I have tried to love but it can never be.
Hate is all I can ever feel.

To dwell on death is love for me:

[Music - Greg, Bryan, Stuart. 9/1992]

[Lyrics - Greg. 8/1992]