

Fleshgrind, Disdain the Mournful

Your mind perceives impulsive thoughts of violence,
A release from the pain of living by addicting to the pain of others
A release so fulfilling...

Deprivation of senses
Your opaque thoughts cloaking your frailty
Overwhelming portrayals of a life perishing

Like the birth of an unexpected still
Fading feelings of guilt, flux, solidifying into temptation
Of relieving a useless existence just to pacify a greed
The itch of your fingers, pressing on the choking, twitching neck

The rush of senseless life slipping away
As you scrape their existence, you can hear their faint helpless heaving
Although overwhelming, sick, dependant, twisted passion
Is what finally fails them sadly of their lives

Extracting their last breath, the ridding of the primitive [repeat]

You disdain the mournful!!