

III Nino, Violent Saint

For now there's no redeeming,
Self-conscience all-consuming,
All day my rage is burning,
These scars I wear I'm bearing.

Untie the reasons
That keep me restrained.
This is the season,
The season of hate.
So!

I fear in no-one,
Nothing can touch me.
For lack of more frustration
Or my reconciliation.
I am the only
Thing that destroys me.
I hold my own convictions,
Yo me rompo!

Why
Am I a victim
To myself?
When everything burns,
My torture lies within.
Am I a victim
To myself?
When everything burns,
My tortured life...

This presence ruled by anger,
My rationale a stranger.
I grip my own conclusions,
Built up from my delusions.

I have encountered,
Begin to tremble,
Frustration blooming,
It rips right through me!

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Boiling point!
Violent saint!
Boiling point!
Violent fucking saint!
Saint! [x14]

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