

London After Midnight, A Letter To God

Is this life, this degradation
This pointless games, humiliation
Born to die, we're born to lose
Not one choice we make we chose
And when this life is at an end
We find that death's our only friend
Must we suffer through your games, oh Lord?
Can God really be so bored?

We spend our lives destroying, hating
Beneath our flesh a skull lies waiting
Blind to beauty, blind to love
We fear our loving Lord above
Some live their lives to play their games
Some live as victims, gone insane
Your experiment, oh lord, has failed
And I trust that when we meet you will forgive us

It's futile so I'll end this note
And find a knife and slit my throat
And come to track you down, Oh Lord
You better watch your back, be sure
That when we meet you'll be surprised,
No loving praise, no glee filled cries
Just hate and pain and tear filled sighs
And the question in the end is why

Fuck you...