

London After Midnight, Revenge

Deep in this blackened void
the space that used to be my soul
no ray of light no hope has shown there in the
darkened cold.

In time memories and pain will fade and disappear
they must, but not until this mortal being
has turned to scattered dust

You cannot judge what you don't understand
take the blade

from the child's hand
all the petty lies
and the jealous whores
matter little

and leave me bored

Repent, Remorse Revenge

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why don't you just crucify me,

nail me to a cross

and bite and scratch and make me scream

if that will get you off

In time memories and pain will fade and disappear

they must, but not until this mortal being has turned to scattered dust

You say a fall from grace

would suit me well

well you can crawl straight back to Hell,

fear not to lie,

it will seem a sharper hit

nor to blaspheme

it will pass for wit

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