

Martyr A.d., Beneath The Plague

Are you even listening
Can you taste the disgust in my eyes
Do you fucking blame me
For the fact that you hate
What you have created here
Feed me
On guilt and misery
Teach me
With hate and tragedy
I'm of your rib
You carved my bone
And now you leave me
To die alone
I refuse to breathe like this
I'll be waiting
In hell with a gun
I have six bullets for your soul