

Pissing Razors, Fall Away

Images await by the absence of light
falling further in, descending in my pain
the presence of evil remains
now my body reeks of sweat, its drenched with regret
its cold and lame, my visions getting faint
searching deep within, nothing feels the same
my spirit proceeds
desperate to dodge the fear;
my mission is still unclear;
deciding on which way to steer
your options will disappear

breath of doom obvious horror
taste of blood, in holy fire
waste of slow decay
fall way from your god
misled into false thoughts
shut out i hope you pray

desperate fortunes, unachieved
followed through in gross deceit
the result of misbelief

in the dark i'll wait counting the loss of time
does this mean i'm dead, is there no one i can
find the poison lies in my veins, broken bones
will set so I still regret, the exception to relive
a wreck of a soul to you I give