

Primordial, Cast To The Pyre

(Nothing seems to make sense, I'm tired of it all, I've stopped searching for meanings... there are none. Time heals nothing, all it does is make you more bitter, more twisted yet sucks the life out of you... leaving you too apathetic to seek revenge. Revenge on a society that has lied to you since the day you were born. Only humanity would fill it's days with so much fucking misery to prove to itself that it must be worth something. To who?... to who are you worth something? Who would ever fucking miss you... who will miss you when you are dead? I will tell you... no one...)

It's time to cast out of net
To call in all the old debts
To stumble over all the harsh words
And heal all the wounds
To steal every glance
Every darkened romance
And cast it to the pyre

To rewrite the words, feign the phrases
To finally finish those unwritten pages
If I even closed the chapter on you
I'm sorry, I never knew what else to do
It's last call and the hour is late
Time for the last nail in the coffin
Then cast me to the fire...

(People, places, passages in time, seizing the moment even though the slow burning pain may con