

Violent Work Of Art, C.O.M.A.

Distant memories of pain, keep occupying my brain.
Where do they all come from?
Fade into transparency, this time it won't be in vain.
Towards oblivion.
Helpless
Senseless, insane
Graceless
Faithless and stained
Seems like the time has come for violence.
To satisfy my lust for pain.
Totally bent out of shape, I'm colliding with the truth.
Disturbance of the peace.
Sick of all your happiness, pathetic, kindhearted fools.
You'll never understand.
Helpless
Senseless, insane
Graceless
Faithless and stained
Seems like the time has come for violence.
To satisfy my lust for pain.
I guess it's time to break the silence.
I'll never be the same again.
This is my confession,
can't you see that my aggressions has turned into an obsession for me.