

Vltimas, Miserere

No need to ponder what my being desires
Persistent longing for flesh, my only vice
Nothing quells this hunger, humanity afoul
There is no safe haven for I'm always on the prowl

Miserere

They suffer in silence
No words as their tongues are first to go
Redemptive crucifixions
Nails deeper 'cause you're bleeding out too slow

I spread my misery, biblically evolved
Bathe in condemnation, with your blood I feel absolved
Some will see the darkness but all will feel the pain
Have no doubt, my precious, as your life goes down the drain

Miserere

You suffer in silence
No words as your tongues are first to go
Redemptive crucifixions
Nails deeper 'cause you're bleeding out too slow

Love
This is the face of love
From a rather misanthropic manly point of view
Hate
I am a mirror, won't deviate
Reflecting all the angst with pleasure, it's nothing new
It's nothing new

Miserere
Miserere