

Zavorash, Never Blame Her

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(Text: T.Scorn, Music: Nil)

Don't love her from a distance 'cause it's so f**king bound to fail
Regardless of other victories of vision through pills and taps and nails
Grasping that one chance that truly never returns
Will save you fro the eternal punishment that inside burns
Do not hesitate to reject friends image nor path
I swear to you she's worth it even if it doesn't last
Do this when the moment sings or do it all in vain
For your love so quickly gets corrupted into insane
This is a message of immaculate relevance
To you wallowing in your youthfull ignorance
This ain't no lyrics but a manual for success
For you to win where I lost but it's not a f**king test
Never play the sign-game 'cause its inventor's want you dead
Don't make her a symbol (of anything) for at this point her love has fled
Never mess her virtues onto others 'cause you're most likely right
Though when you do stand by her die, live, or fight
This ain't poetry but wisdoms dispensed beyond whims of redemption
This ain't music but a glimpse of the power of nihilistic ascension
Behold and loath my lack of envy and the freedoms and powers of perpetual death
Still only a fool sacrifice that sort of love for the rest is but a loveless quest
If you fail, missing your moment, like yours truly once truly did
It won't matter what you do or to what fake dieties you bid
Your life won't be life anymore than my death isn't death
Know, then, there's only one and you'll just use all the rest
Finally, whatever happens
Never blame her.