

In Suffering

And Hell Followed With

Your image, not forgotten,
burns its place into memory;
your name, a burden that I speak,
weighing heavily on my tongue.
I would hope that the sunrise
would bring your body close to mine.
But it only brings the ties
binding me to agony.
In my despair, I denounce you.
Your flesh, merely a product of memory.
Incisions buried deep
within the warmth of your body.
Close your eyes.
A razor's kiss will bring you sleep.
All I know is that your debts
have been waiting to be repaid.
I'm the reaper of your sins.
I bask in cries of agony.
Ignorance, the shackle that
shall forever, stay your feet.
Embedded within your heart,
I shall find the root of your lies.
I have suffered.
You have not suffered.
Embedded within your heart,
I shall find the root of your lies.