

The Need For Conflict

Believer

All you have is you
Bored with your thoughts
Need to feel the angst
Need to taste your rot

Bring your mind to me
Unleash the demons now
Allowing your evil
To cripple your reason

I bathe in your hate
You're my muse
I bathe in your hate
I own you

Wasted elements
Into the mindless void
Through blackest descent
My strength restored

Impressive words you speak
Veils stupidity
Your hidden scheme
Is no mystery to me

I bathe in your hate
You're my muse
I bathe in your hate
I own you

It all falls apart
Charade is over now
We all see your soul
And your wretchedness

Hide behind your cause
Shrouded in your greed
In your liars chair
Loss is all you feel

I bathe in your hate
You're my muse
I bathe in your hate
I own you