

The Diseased And The Poisoned

Carnifex

These pages have become a mass grave for thought and reason.
This hellish maze inside my mind, a vortex for the diseased and
the poisoned.
Now I find myself staring at two empty hands and I'll give ever
ything I have.
But it's nothing.
I'll give you everything, but its nothing.
Progression though depression.
Passion through deception.