

I despise my own existence
I am all yet nothing

I distrust the human condition
With every breath I take

The world is dead through my eyes
The flesh, a grievous swarm of flies

I'm blinded by the piercing light
Sickened by this false harmony

The world is dead though my eyes
The flesh, a grievous swarm of flies.

Life; like a wound that acts
Dragging me down through a torn existence
My restless soul

I seek comfort in the darkest of times

Time keeps dragging on
I feel like I don't belong

The world is dead though my eyes
The flesh, a grievous swarm of flies.

Life; like a wound that acts
Dragging me down through a torn existence
My restless soul
Pierced by the light
The silence grows
There's nothing left but the stains