

Detestation

Extreme Noise Terror

This prison I alone suffer
Brought face down
Have I not suffered enough
Sardonic stares all my life
Detestation everyway I turn

Thoughts screaming through my head
I break
A prisoner held by my own mind
I break
Abberations of which I have no control
But I must
If only to exist away from this
My own private hell
Through this I repent
Constricting me to pulp
A shadow of my former self

Human nature revolting me
Disdaining looks burning through
The blanket of scorn, suffocating me
Never wanted, never will
Life is taken never gained
And I wish you hell