

Saturated In Dejection

Hate Eternal

A Passion For My Rage
With My Sights Of Darkness
The Atrocities At Hand
I Must Bare
Entangled In A State
So Cold
So Dormant
My Sickened Rageful State
My Hateful Lair

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Hardened By This Reality
Sights Of Vengeance
Ever So Clear
Compelled To Rejuvenate
This World Of Hate
Into A Mass Of Chaos And Fear

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The Sickening Things That I Witness
I Derive Distinct Visions From
The Sickening Thoughts
That They Confess
Hatred At Its Purest Form

I Now Become My Saving Grace
Viciously Repelling My Disgrace
My Reasoning Is Out Of Control
Constituting Reformed Laws

So Compelled To What I've Witnessed
Mesmerizing So Enticing
I Revel In Their Grief
I Confess
My Vision Is My Religion

I Now Become My Saving Grace
Exiling All This Human Waste
I Deny Your Emotions
You Perjurers
Deny Your Falsifications
You Perjurers
You Perjurers
You Perjurers