

Refill The Chest

Hatesphere

here to pour my heart out
here to spill my guts
about life, about death
haven't had yet enough

reached the final destination
of an endless ride
long for cold liquid
salvation, it's inside

get inside

roam the great, murky halls
on the hunt for pleasure
X marks the spot on the wall
right inside

many times I have stood eye to eye with emptiness
and many times had to start a fight to refill the chest

standing in the green room
in a state of shock
some loser, idiot
son of a fucking whore
stole my beer, die