

From Hate to Suffering

Hour of Penance

Slave of a forthcoming world.
I walk a path of
solitude, step by,
step, until my precious grave,
further from where you are,
to fall one more time again.
Isolate, I made walls of silence.
Feed me with your emptiness,
triumph of weakness,
I've learned to afford it.

Things have never been so clear.
I must erase, replace
'till my nerves are tense.
I won't feel pain, I won't feel cold.

Emptiness brought me down
to desolation unknown.

Losing shape, I feel relief.
Between two plans of void
I'll make you suffocate
while you're bleeding from the outside.
That's what hate had built on me.

The more I see, the less I feel.
Catharsis in hate.
the creature escapes,
our worlds collapse.
Rising from the depths.
Humanity fades out.
Possession, flowing over me,
abnormality.

[Solo: Enrico]

Suffer to survive.
Existing in quiet misery.

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step, until my precious grave,
further from where you are,
to fall one more time.

Old flesh, shred.
Dependence that consumes,
the shadow that I've been.
The enemy within.
From hate to suffering.