

## Surround By Disgust

Lividity

I don't care about the pain I have caused you  
In my mind I am right for what I have done  
Your thoughts bring you back to the suffering and the fear  
Tearing your flesh was sweet to behold

You are so weak, pathetic, fragile  
I wanted so much more misery  
But you would not allow  
You gave up too quickly

This wasn't precious for you  
There was no fight in you  
I gave you the chances to see if you'd take them  
But feeble you lay crying instead

Worthless and a waste of my time  
I am the artist, you are my tattered canvas  
Not worth the paint that has spilled  
I did enjoy your screams however

The others before you fought back  
You could stand to learn from them  
You will see them soon  
Wherever they are, or have been

I think of them often  
I will not waste thoughts on you

If s going away  
Do you even realize  
I have given you  
The freedom you don't deserve