

With a Blade of a Knife

Nightrage

A tragedy wedged
Into an innocent mind
Trying to find the answer
Why they all stood blind
With surgical precision
They abort all hope
In lack of intervention
They hand you the rope

Underneath the surface of pale unspoiled skin
Dwells the human waste deep within

Under the impression of living a life
Searching for an answer with the blade of a knife

Repressed memories
Of a life you should know
Buried with your ruined soul
Burnt not long ago
This mental incision
Infected by their filth
With maculate intentions
They violate, what you have built