

Jack Ketch

One More Victim

Living in lie little by little you learn to pretend
And this helps you to coexist with human nature
The truth is that it's far from the life you can dream about
It's a life in which you decide their worthless fates
Deliberate decay is the price of indifference
Morbid mind is a retribution for life in lie
And there's no pity when you see them suffocating
No fucking pity when you see them dying
Only spilling blood you feel alive
Only execution of the ones of your own kind can justify you
But the moment will come when you'll have to look into yourself
And the only thing you'll find is the piercing void
Lacking for sense of compassion
You administer your own justice
Your personal code of an executioner helps you to structure the
chaos inside
Day by day your hunger grows stronger and stronger
And you've got no power to keep it in check
No power to pretend
A breathless body is getting colder
But you feel no guilt
Regretting nothing
You're waiting for exhalation.