

## Laid to Waste

## Paradise Lost

resent a sense of feeding, demanding bleeding  
unhinged a savage seeks a quest  
hollow hearts, rapid beating  
the pulse is high its never ceasing  
this cannot be a false pretence

as people arise I feel it

stone cold, a passive disease, no chance of healing  
you'll wonder if this is the end  
the void submit to pass through  
fear the eyes staring at you  
a time of unrivalled despair

as people arrive I feel their stare

you lived a life in chains  
your master could not save  
you'll lose the grasp of gain  
no method to your rage

you die a death each day  
for some it seems to stay that way

channels to feed your hate  
lying there for you to take  
a place where fools attend  
no prayers for you my friend