

Luck as a Constant

Periphery

Staring up at the ceiling.
My life falling into the flames.
Something's gnawing.
My shoulder is scarring.
This moment into my memory fade.

The father's speak we might as well be castrated. (castrated)
Oh it feels so good from where I stand.
The one abstaining from all human needs and pleasantries is the
one I'll never will be.

Collecting through the shapes a sense of power filling me and I
will never let go.
I'll never let it go.

Bending will of man in the hearts of a God.
Shut the fuck up and let us live a life we can call our own.
Leave me alone.

If you love the guilt then let it die.
A life kept so clean will measure the price of misery.
If you love the guilt then let it die.
In silence we will remain.

If you love the guilt then let it die.
A life kept so clean will measure the price of misery.
But manifest a taste of paradise and surely you'll see the sinn
er side of me.