

Endless Suffering

Silence The Messenger

I am your demon. I am the fucking infection.
I am your demon, a goddamn disease.
I'm the infection that will bring you to your fucking knees.
I am the one who lays the snakes in your bed while you sleep.
Constant anguish.
Feel this poison consume you, and end you.
Let this miasma turn your eyes grey and bleed you dry.
I am your demon. I am the infection.
Every thought in your head will be a never-
ending plea for forgiveness,
but there's no such thing as the end of suffering.
Anything and everything we do will end in violence.
You never stood a fucking chance.
Feel this poison consume you, and end you.
Let this miasma turn your eyes grey and bleed you dry.
Rot and fade to dust.
You will bleed. You will suffer. You will never see the light o
f day again.
There is no hope. This doesn't end until you're no longer breat
hing.
Rot and fade to dust.
I am your demon, a goddamn disease.
I'm the infection that will bring you to your fucking knees.
I am the one who lays the snakes in your bed while you sleep.
Constant anguish.
Feel this poison consume you, and end you.
Let this miasma turn your eyes grey and bleed you dry. Fuck.
Rot and fade to dust.
You will bleed. You will suffer. You will never see the light o
f day again.