

In Death

The Elijah

A Heaven made in your love would not be made for me.
I'm alone in this world.
My dying life you won't see.
I bleed real blood and I feel ashamed.
Left to live like a demon. In dark and in pain.
There's belief where I don't belong
And I thought I had found a home there.
But I just found lies.
If God was real then I would hate him with a passion so strong
It bleeds like his death ridden hands.
A death that I am so scared of and a hatred.
Every innocent life he has taken you would see in my eyes.
And the hatred he's left rage in me you would hear in my cries.