

Self-created Martyr

Vedonist

Reflection of myself is what I've once found in you
When I look at me now I see something you'll never be
Sculptured by tears and winds of bygone times
With storms at my right and fire tongues at my left
I stand in front of you

Look in my eyes and see superiority - unreachable for you
Hear my laugh knocking down rotten foundations of your hideout

Weak - scared of your own voice
Blind - sleeping drunk with tears
Pathetic - begging for scars from orgy of life
Realize that you've never existed

If people search for acceptance in reflections of themselves
Then I'll become your greatest enemy

Father, what kind of creator are you
Giving birth to crawling crowd
Where everybody sucks salvation
Through the last resort - trust
Which they've been presented with

So much blood was lost

Small - jester at the mercy of bored lords
Crippled - never experienced the ecstasy
Ascetic - crucified by imagined sorrows

At the peak of the mountain
Surrounded by the compassionate people
You hammer nails into the feet and palms your love
But bloody wounds belong to you

Fucking self-created martyr