

## 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