

Soothe The Wrath Of God

Venin Noir

What's in these pills, that won't let me sleep?
This catharsis I asked clarified my doubts
Delirious apathy...without this remedy, I'm dead
Such embrace would soothe the wrath of God
No disgrace could ever bring a happiness so odd

What's in this feeling that won't let me curdle?
This alibi I can't use wouldn't help me shout
A call to oblivion: to live without this remedy
Such embrace would soothe the wrath of God
No disgrace...

Live...a dead body can live
A dead mind may think
You don't seem to hear the wrath of God

Such embrace would soothe the wrath of God
No disgrace could ever bring a happiness so odd
Without this remedy, I'm dead, you soothe the wrath of God