

Lamentous momentous - 1/1

Interprété par Pig.

Hmm throat-taker
Hmmm throat
Hmmm throat- taker
Hmm forget

Well like a story of the air
To which you weaken with despair
In this fear-feud blood with food-wine
For which I'm fed

This place you hide
I recognize
And thank you Ill be alive
I am the person
Of most despise
When I start to feel alive
I dream of something I can never have again
This twisted tortured lie
That wastes on you in vain

Just one more crooked lie
I crawl and begin to rectify
Within the mass and crumbling stench
Hatred hates-
Here is quenched

I feed your fist
You feed the fire
You are the fuel
In the funeral pyre
Now the blade turns to the wrist
And does that special gift

I dream of something I can never have again
This twisted tortured lie
That wastes on you in vain
This distorted deception that wastes on you in vain