

Abnormality

"Epitomize The Weak"

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Compliments or insults, it makes no difference,
I cannot tolerate your lies.
Suffocate with vigor. There is no repent,
there is no time to question why I do this,
because I must or do I just find sick pleasure in
displeasure,
in your pain, in your fear,
in your need to feel the feelings of my unbridled hate.
There is hardly a difference between living and dying:
only consciousness, rot and a peculiar odor.
The time it takes to change from one to the other can
be no more than the blink of a lazy eye if I decide.
I can smell your fear dripping down your leg.
There is no escape from my grip of death.
Convince yourself you're in a dream.
Close your eyes, tighter; you're still seeing things.
Whimper, cower, shake like you did when you were a
child hiding under your sheets from the beast under
the bed. If you cannot see it,
it cannot see you. That was rule number one and it
no longer applies. Wake up.
You have plenty of time for memories.
Now focus on me. I am the last thing you will see.
I am your docent for the descent ahead.
Brace yourself and prepare.
Beg. Beg for your family. Beg for your friends and
your pets. Beg for all the things you would never do
anyway. Beg for nothing, I do not care.
You define desperation. You epitomize the weak,
the helpless, the insubstantial. Your time has come.
The knife slides in,

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