

Agretator

"An Infirm Soul"

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Pathogenic thoughts, a guilty conscience
The mock of society, a dreaded adversary
Living a life in penury, a sensation of pain
Forever being incured, an infirm soul
Empty holes to fill with hate, feeling void of all thoughts
Stay in the house of mourning, misfeasance around
the world
Rebuke all living matter, whom is here to judge
Heavy blankets of red, flock around your head
Life has failed, bear all misery
The beast in all, die of grief
Sorrow yet to come, a filthy mentality

detest the pure, a wretched personality
What created is ravage, a strong nuisance
The view is morose, an untamed ferocity
Images of the forgotten, tears from the sky
Clouds of deepest color, passages that leads away
Sounds of heavy armour, seeking the final place
Emotion blowing in the wind, swallowed by drained
souls
Flowers rotting in silence, the truth is hard to accept
Nothing more to win, death is slowly emerging
No more wishes to fulfill, enjoy this last dawn

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