

Arma Angelus

"Misanthrope"

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And doesn't this road lead back nowhere at every turn?
Misanthrope.
Despise those of this flesh.
Can this torment bring me peace?
They flood the margin to feed the treatment.
A cure that will never come.
She becomes a study.
Doesn't hope leave her?
Damned.
I despise those of this flesh.
Misanthrope.
Can the end of my rope reveal a cure?
Misanthrope.
Can I abandon my spite, my bitterness?
Can this torment give me peace?
Misanthrope.
To the saviors who betray me with every breath,
Who sell themselves at every turn as they sink beneath
contempt.
They let her rot. I'd love to claw out your heart, to deny
you the breath.
Misanthrope.
I despise those of this flesh.
Gloom kills. Gloom kills time.
Gloom kills time once spent on love.
Rock.
Can this torment bring me peace?
Drowning in the white and bottomless.
Hypothermia in the cold and sterile.
Hooks in flesh drag her under.
All I can pray is they become yours.
They become yours.
Can this torment give me peace?

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