

Artemesia "Wait For A Vile"

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Twisted Beyond Recognition
I Am Trapped Inside This Foul Reality
I'm Pierced And Impaled
Shattered Pieces Of Disfigured Personality

I'm Not Alive
But I Still Breathe With Rotten Lungs
They Always Say: "Wait For A While"
To Each My Question

I Understand: "Wait For A Vile"

See It...

Hideous Truth That Manifests Itself
Feel It...

Inner Tension Grows

Tortured And Horribly Mutilated
In This Never Ending Battle For My Soul
Both Of Them Conduct Me To An Altar
Where Sinners And Saints

Unite In The Harmony Of Pain

I'm Not Alive
But I Still Live With Rotten Core
They Always Say: "Wait For A While"

To Each My Question
I Understand It's Right

I Don't Want To Choose
Between These Foul Divinities
Don't Want To Be A Toy To Play With
Or A Jester For The Gods

It Breeds In Me
My Blasphemous Heterodoxy

That Drags Me Through The Barren Lands

Of My Wasted Inner Self

Teach Me To Laugh, My Old Friend,
For I Cannot Smile Anymore

I Don't Want To Choose
Between Deceptive Images
Don't Want To Be A Toy To Play With
Or A Jester For The Gods
It Breeds In Me
My Heretical Blasphemy
That Drags Me Through The Barren Lands
Of My Wasted Inner Self

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