

Asgaroth "Bluntness"

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[Music & Lyrics: Christopher B.W.]

There's no heart in no faint solution
There's no last, just a pulse that aain now fades away
Bereavements? no third nor fifth repetition
(the odds and evens of a present pain)

Beneath a cortex to please the pleasant
It's this step down I built...
Ruled in selfrules
It's your lifetime's point
The stage in a blissful pain,

Just a stage...

Recall your cyphred bluntness,
For which you were meant to please.
Dragged out by a miliard thoughts,
It took your time to turn to me.
All in all, all's to be lost,
To travel down within the coil.
Frailty, misconception,
A lost strifle in a season's end.

It took your time to turn to me...

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