

Avernus

"The Cruellest Gift"

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Evail to me, your endeavor, was it soilently lustful?
Confess to me, your endeavor, was it graced with
spite?
Origins are grey, foul rains, hail not in essence
Cast my heart a veil and revelate such nothingness...
Mother...
Blood not yours, not mine, but from a heart, broken
Menstruate such a fate and I suffer for your sins
Your love obscene, yes it seemed so painless
Your love obscene to the fact I died that day...
Father...
Lifeless...worthless...existance
You have obtained life from me...I am dead..
Blood not yours, not mine, but from a heart, broken
Menstruate such a fate and I suffer for your sins
Your love obscene, yes it seemed so painless
Your love obscene to the fact I died that day...
...In your arms, in your embrace, still life scorned in me
I only bleed, Im human
Found wings sail into withering....
Alive?
Evail to me, your endeavor, was it soilently lustful?
Confess to me, your endeavor, was it graced with
spite?
Origins are grey, foul rains, hail not in essence
Cast my heart a veil and revelate such bitterness...
Suffer

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