

Benighted "Deviant"

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Something inside of me is watching me and waiting
And the thing which scares me the most is when I
cannot fight anymore
I'm hearing speaking the voice of my father, disturbed
by fits of abstraction,
Silences of mind.
I always do what voices in my head tell me to do
"You are no one, a child of naught, you'll burn in fire.
You have to hide,
Shame of life, mistake of nature, swathe your face,
your monstrous features,
You are condemned!"
I always do what voices in my head tell me to do
Atered and disfigured, dysmorphophobia.
The eye fixed, a razor in the hand, determined to comit
the worst,
The cost of the loss, a psychic rebirth,
Through this path enslaved to my own delirium,
delivered by auto-mutilation.
In front of my reflection so detestable, I tear pieces of
my face,
Again until I will be unrecognizable.
My acts relieve my mind, I forgivemyself his absence,
But the voices still present, speaking to me.

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