

Burden Of Grief

"Wolf Of Want"

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We are a curse.
Disgusting and diseased.
No better than the rats that fill our streets.
We all will fall to produce the feed,
That douses the hunger of the machine.
No solace, catharsis, no crowning of kings.
You live as a drone.
Your life has no meaning.
My life has no meaning.
Our lives have no meaning.
We are all dead.
Enslaving the masses.
Obstructing the peace.
Raping the empires.
Feeding our greed.
We have killed them all.
We have brought on
Destruction, plague, death.
Our hands are never clean.
Manifest destiny achieved.
Life brings no new meaning.
Open your eyes, breathe in new life.
You live just to die. You follow false light.
Clawing and clawing to feel your insides.
All you will find are lies.
I am ruin. I am greed.
I am chaos. I am disease.
I am doom. I am rot.
I am rage. I am God.

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