

Carpathian "Cursed"

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The realisation that I still don't know what I'm doing
here,
Put in perspective I am nothing,
It feels like something has been wasted, and I am
fading
Time is growing against me as I grow tired of being
Just another soul spent searching for something inside,
I hate my fucking guts, I hate desire, I hate lust,
I hate humanity, I hate instinctively, I hate this fucking
world for fucking hating me

The chasm in my chest
Screams of resounding emptiness
I've never tasted this bitterness
I never felt this solitude, worthlessness

So what great vision is this to sail amongst the vast
indifference?
Accept a trail to hollow senses, where only tragedy
breaks the numbness
So what great epiphany, will spell out beneath my feet?
Chain my wrists, and admit defeat, imprisoned by 'the
clarity'
So is this destiny, a doubtful life, feeling empty?
Worst of all to make me guilty, blindest of the blind,
telling me to see
I might hate this world, I might hate myself
But I won't be a wasted soul, another ghost like
everyone else

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