

Circle Of Grief

"Disclaimer To The Self"

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The demons swallowed treasures, replaced hymns with evil deeds scribed in chicken scratch compositions in the black halls beneath this filthy city. Laced with shit, this love affair all black hearts, and tragic heights. Keep on listening to our sanguine symphony. We'll keep conducting the color of midnight. When the muse whispers her forked tongue lulls me to sleep. You must be mistaken my darling. This is not the prelude to a kiss, this is obsession, void of aesthetics, lacking compassion, a disclaimer to the self, you sought your god in the tempest of self severed strings hammered out in the key of X. This is the new cutting edge. Sixth sense limitations dragging me down. Your transcendence of nothing has fueled the flames of our choir. This is my therapy, singing the praises of razor wire. Embrace the sweet sound of self destruction. Wield words like knives and razor wire. A kiss goodbye is a kiss of death. Conducting our ballad with seven broken strings. A sound so sanguine until our ears bleed. Orchestrating until we bleed.

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