

Blood Red Shoes

"The Light, The Hate"

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Use the mask
I don't want to see your inside
I will not kill you
I will watch you die by your own hands
They once called it spiteful malice
Now, in anticipation of you being helpful
You only destroy
It is so
Mind chaos
The dying inside
Your scars, gone
Under your skin
Worms...
Eating...

Living in what you called your soul

Your words when you reach for the bell
God, I wish for hell
A world of dead prophets
A world of not yet spoken wisdom
This primitive machine
Eating your heart out
Reincarnation
I say pulverization
My coffin will not exist
It is eternally, it never stops
You want to hate
Take my scars
Create my pain
But your mind sleeps
Sealed by belief

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