

Fleshgrind

"Disdain The Mournful"

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Your mind perceives impulsive thoughts of violence,
A release from the pain of living by addicting to the
pain of others
A release so fulfilling...

Deprivation of senses
Your opaque thoughts cloaking your frailty
Overwhelming portrayals of a life perishing
Like the birth of an unexpected still
Fading feelings of guilt, flux, solidifying into
temptation
Of relieving a useless existence just to pacify a greed

The itch of your fingers, pressing on the choking,
twitching neck
The rush of senseless life slipping away
As you scrape their existence, you can hear their faint
helpless heaving
Although overwhelming, sick, dependant, twisted
passion
Is what finally fails them sadly of their lives

Extracting their last breath, the ridding of the primitive
(repeat)

You disdain the mournful!!

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