

Haste The Day

"Quintessence Of Higher Suffering"

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Lacerations carved from coffin nails,
Puncturing your soul with the wickedness,
Quivering flesh becomes the canvas,
Hate fills my wounds with salt,
Quintessence of higher suffering!
Quintessence of a dying God!

Eat my heart as it beats my contempt,
Suffocate me with your lust for pain,
Taste the rage as old as time,
Rape my consciousness and lay the blame,

Quintessence of higher suffering!
Quintessence of a dying God!

Deny me not! 'Cause I am salvation,
I breathe through your skin,
Inhaling the flaws you could never hide,
Can you feel me inside your ever pore,
Let it transform, separating us from mortality...

Quintessence of higher suffering!
Quintessence of a dying God!
Quintessence of a higher suffering...

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