

## London After Midnight "Revenge"

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Deep in this blackened void,  
the space that used to be my soul  
no ray of light no hope has shown  
there in the darkened cold.

In time memories and pain  
will fade and disappear they must,  
but not until this mortal being  
has turned to scattered dust

You cannot judge what you don't understand  
take the blade from the child's hand  
all the petty lies and the jealous whores  
matter little and leave me bored

Repent, Remorse, Revenge

why don't you just crucify me,

nail me to a cross  
and bite and scratch and make me scream  
if that will get you off

You say a fall from grace would suit me well,  
well you can crawl straight back to Hell,  
fear not to lie, it will seem a sharper hit  
nor to blaspheme it will pass for wit

Repent, Remorse, Revenge.

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