

Loudblast

"Outlet For Conscience"

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Being nothing but flesh, bones, innards and blood,
A presumed empty brain washed away with time.

Outlet for conscience.

Already far away from your mind, I inspire you with
disgust.

Your outlet for conscience is to cry for me.

My outlet for pity is to spit on your fate.

My brow is deeply lined by suffering I endured.

You try to understand how my body feels.

No need for your tears or moans,

No one was by my side when I sank into the pit.

Certain your compassion is shamed.

Outlet for conscience.

Look at my scornful eyes staring at you.

Can't stand your obliging smiles, Soon you'll weep for
me.

Your outlet for conscience is to cry for me.

My outlet for pity is to spit on your fate.

I wish to leave this place unmourned.

My flaccid flesh is decaying but untouched stay my
thoughts.

Outlet for conscience. Conscience!

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