

Mistyfate

"To Our Lord (The Hate)"

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Thou has created bottomless
Abysses only for watching fall
Slowly
My anguished spirit

Thou has cut me
The wings for crawling me
Through thy
Wretched roads

Thou has obscured the skies
Only for
Blinding
My few dreams

Thou gave me a soul
That was made of stone
... in it's vast garden
Only rules
Desolation

Thou gave me eyes
For beholding
The flower
Rot in it's beauty

Thou gave broken
Sword and shield
To be defeated in life
By disappointment

But now!
I condemn you to the biggest
Of my hates
To the most impure rancour
Now my soul
Rises upon an ocean of fire

Cursing this creation
And why you call life
... what I am!

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