

Corpsefucking Art "Parade Of Scars"

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Righteous engagement of thoughts set forth the
crumbling of our souls.
Business knows no end, even to the death.
Friend or foe, raising it's unnerving head, tormented
by the gestures unknowing.

I see the lies behind your eyes.
Puzzling how it comes to this, but I guess I had it
coming.
Stabbed in the heart again,
The charade of life and a knife from a friend watching
our dreams fall apart.
Caught up in the parade of scars.

Humanity only breeds death, yet continue to believe in
each other.
Put my life out on the table and let them feast upon it.
Inked in pain, a reminder of what they do, heading not
by contrast.
Is this the course never ending?

If this isn't hell then bow me now.
I lay my life out for the vultures.
They pick me up and tear me down

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