

Of Graves And Gods "Kyrie"

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I've failed this life as it buries me, curettage, lust,
laparotomy, extrusion
I plead for myself, my thoughts are coped in misery,
wrap my face in this will with all my pain
My forgiveness, I'm nothing this lust for torture is the
only way,
Serve my life to not to your hands, I sink through the
lines below shelter of mangled bliss,
A fake source slight, None find real sight in us, sacred
the holy pain of distance
These tears are, these tears are my own, rest in them, I
never thought death could be so beautiful
Nothing ends like this, nothing less than a false
advertisement, I can't forget all the days
The torture nothing taken apart & left to die, take this
apart & to hell it all (away)
Gone away, take this life & tie me a simple life, cries to
bleed deceit the final scar of what we are
Possibly I would die for what he has shown me... the
final scar, random movement, cumulative
Disasters in you, the holy vibrations radiant light, he
removes our sight, our display of art
This is art, this is art THIS IS ART, so beautiful

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