

## Periphery

### "Luck As A Constant"

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Staring up at the ceiling  
While I'm falling into the flames  
Something's gnawing  
My shoulder and scarring  
This moment into my memory frame

The fathers speak, but might as well be castrated  
It feels so good from where I stand  
The one obtaining from all human needs and  
pleasantries  
Is the one I never will be

Collecting through the sheets  
A sense of power filling me, and I will never let go  
I'm never letting go  
Bending will of man and the hearts of the gods  
Shut the fuck up and let us live a life we can call our  
own  
Leave me alone

If you love the guilt then let it die  
A life kept so clean, will measure  
The price of misery  
If you love the guilt then let it die  
In silence we will remain

If you love the guilt then let it die  
A life kept so clean, will measure  
The price of misery  
But manifest the taste of paradise,  
And surely you'll see  
The sin inside of me

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