

Pessimist

"In Total Contempt"

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Far above your foul words...
I stand
With immortal will,
Craving bloodshed
My fires will still burn,
When your flame is gone

You will try to make my blood pure,
And I will feed the hammer
You will never speak for me,
And your empty words will mean your end

Tormenting,
Demonized anger
Seeks the devastation
In morbid thoughts and decay

Perversion, Blasphemy, Deathlust...

My last sight is...
Silent
For those of you,
Walking with your eyes closed
My heart's still cold,
When you are burnt to ashes

You will offer me redemption,
And I will cut you down
You will never get me,
The path to walk is far too long

Sadistic,
Abysmal depths
Gateways to annihilation,
Into my void

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