

Year Of Desolation "Forged In The Flames Of Malcontent"

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Constantly fighting self mutilation in a battle of self control, seeking answers and forgiveness finding patience in my soul, but my patience was blessed, by a martyr and with a kiss.

From the degradation of protagonists fueled by everything I wish I could express.

In my forgiveness for everything I can't control, learning to accept my defects, learning to exert control.

Unlearning all the old resistance for something that I never even knew I had.

Learning to create a defense for something I've become: forged in the flames of malcontent!

The weapon is within disseminating everything I've known and creating ways to change habitually the rituals I see withholding my true self.

I feel trapped in a world of endless regret, strung along and on and on.

This regret strung my life along.

From failed relationships: sacrifices had to be made, I reached within and opposed my innerself to overcome fear again.

To discover a sickness solely so deep in my soul that I can't see and uncover genetics, forcing me to be, something I can't be.

Persistence, relentless, futile, everyone will die alone.

Resistance, merciless, exile, everyone will die alone.

Can we get through this?

(I don't wanna die alone) can I see through this?

(I don't wanna live alone) reaching acceptance.

(I don't wanna live alone) accept existence: everyone will die alone.

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