

## **Year Of Our Lord "The Divine Poison"**

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Tear yourself from me,  
I'll still be waiting here with sharp steel cuts covering  
my hands.  
My blood once ran warm.  
You burned me at the stake and left me dead upon the  
shores of broken dreams.  
You burned me long ago, and there's nothing left but  
memories now.  
That's when nerves go numb and spines turn into  
shards of glass.  
Algorithmic death, diastolic murder comes with every  
choking laugh and every glares.  
My intravenous death is all you left for me to bury with  
the broken picture frames.  
You burned me long ago, and there1s nothing left but  
memories now.  
That's when nerves go numb and spines turn into  
shards of glass.  
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