

Broken Result

"Massacre Of The 9th Hell"

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Pray, today forgotten.
When tomorrow is newly born,
There will be no thoughts reminding you of this.

The accepting of ones desires.
Forcibly fed through the lies
Promises of you and I
Slowly they make their demise
Pray, today forgotten.
When tomorrow is newly born,
There will be no thoughts reminding you of this.
There will be no thoughts of you...

The cold runs down my spine,
And I witness a trial yet to negotiate.
A war fronted on two sides,
With one of them made up of hate.
The other exploding with grace
And soft touches to leave me waning.
Now in the fight, face to face you instigate.
This Armageddon... the end of our world...

Leaving me imprudent and destroyed
Decidedly desperate to relive our dreams
The overt intoxication of aromas
Leave me awoken by these screams
Pray, today forgotten.
When tomorrow is newly born,
There will be no thoughts reminding you of this.

Why... all I ask is why...
Don't leave me searching for the questions,
When yearning only leaves them empty,
The shell of a man who once had a plan
To take on the world in the palm of his hand
Who failed and tried and didn't survive
This massacre of love that you have inspired

The massacre of the love you have inspired
From the past promises of emotions
Relegate me to obscurity

Is this all that we are?
Is this our summation?
Are you happy being the burden to this beating
bleeding heart?

Pray, tomorrow forgotten.
When tomorrow is newly born,
There will be no thoughts reminding you...
There will be no thoughts of you...

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