

The Grief "Ominous Fate"

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Despite all the bad times,
I don't feel the pain
That this deathly sore produces.

Despite the abandonment,
I don't feel the fear.
The Grief besieges me without stop.

Despite all my misery,
I feel something strange in me,
It feels like omnipotence.

Despite... my doubts,
My mind... is not mine.

I am pleased with you:
Sweet, rotten, damned, mortal life.

I annihilate you silently
Till tasting all your pain from you.

I corner you, fucker, till I see
You sweat cold enough to freeze your soul's
nectar.

I take your body-
Delight!
What do you think goes on
When someone dies?

Despite all the past times,
I can't feel the guilt.
All my sins are forgotten.

Despite how ominous
My future could be,
Fear never goes away.

I can see the truth of my fate!

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