

## **Accursed**

### **"Salt In The Wound"**

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How many times have I gazed into this,  
The blackest mirror of my passions?  
Times without knowing...

Rotting from the inside  
Blight has taken hold  
Salt in the wounds  
Salt in the wounds

I made myself cold and pure  
Like the stars  
So devoid  
Empire of nihilism...

All I've seen...  
All I've touched  
All I've felt  
Empire of wasted moments

Crown of shit...  
Throne of regrets...  
Robe of hate...  
Sceptre of Disparagement.

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