

Quitter

"As I Feed The Flames Of Hate"

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A conspiratory silence fills my mind
A hardly mentioned name
Yet it permeates my every move.
Power of will is hardly enough
Accomplishing nothing but a delusionary
Sense of completeness.
Pretense, my own parody
As played by me to humiliate no one
But myself.
This foolish game I play -
[My spirit] being subjected to ever new,
Devious plots by my mind -
Permanently scars my soul!
Etched in anguish, memories carved out in pain,
Struggling
To maintain my battered sanity brings relief.
While rest is an euphemism for torture.
Denying myself the memories
Only worsens the flood of emotion
Drowning me every time
As I struggle to maintain my composure.
It's asking to deny the reason for my existence
Because I feel that somewhere, somehow,
Our two paths will join at one point
Through some spiritual, yet tangible bond
Which so far had prevented all of my deceitful
Attempts and insignificant conspiracies to
Eradicate her from my heart.
Meanwhile I bludgeon pain into a manageable mold
Encysted in layers of hate, permitting time to
Pass as I maintain -
Hidden behind impermeable walls
Of my own bulsh*t!!!

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