

The Seventh Gate (The 7th Gate)

"Mine Will Rise"

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turning the strings of my mind
undistinguished knot of hate
stolen knot of fear of waste
dew on the furthest limits
lividity of hatred against you
rubbing raw against your game
plays of dreams and circus schemes
cuts and bruises line her face
the stained dress soaked in warm piss
diseased
the circus queen
abortion of your dreams
diseased
the circus queen
abortion of your dreams
i slit my wrists for solace
drop by drop
i'm creating my silence
smile full of rotten teeth
glimmer in the moonlight
drink from this pool of hate
seal your fate
i slit my wrists for solace
drop by drop
i'm creating my silence
i slit my wrists for solace
drop by drop
i'm creating my silence
mine will rise
delusions and fantasies
all come screaming to a halt
caught up in the board game of life and death
equilibrium lost
far from within
i died and left a trail of madness behind
demented bliss
inebriation
rise

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