

Skitliv**"Skandinavisk Misanthropi"**

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In this age of splintered glass
In this ripping of living souls
In this moment of deaddeathdreams
In this scattering of self-restlessness
Scars of my everdrowned condemned spirit
Shall I travel to worlds unknown then?
I probably shan't pray
I am stuck in this world of shit-stained tears
I swallowed the swimming horses
I engulfed the sleeping winters owl
I gave birth to the last beast in the sky
And at worlds end I laughed out loud
I crucified my dreams with passion
I erected the tombstone myself
I dug the grave with scornful glee
Three days of silence I obtained
For my crucifixion
The burial and funeral pyre of my past
Now change came with mournful hatred
In the eyes. Your eyes. Eyes of doom.
In them I find the comfort of where others fear to roam
Open the rivalry within the codex of life
I'll ride through these drug-crazed nights
Me and my reflection are but one
I pushed up into life and pulled out of it
Disabled was God
Disabled was Satan
Disabled we never were
Crack open the lingering fear and let it breathe
I drown so slowly these days
I choke on stale air
In limbo I remain
My blood is pregnant with contortionists
I do not fear
I do not
I do not - fear life
I am anti-matter. I am a Satanist. I am a Christian. I am
a leper god. I am what you want me to be. But I am not.
I am anti-matter. Am I never am Christian. Oh, the holy
way of fucking up words. Your knees were made for
kneeling. Mine were not. Christendom, religion of pity.

You call yourself a Satanist? I am anti-matter. True
Black Metal. Die Welt ist alles, was der Fall ist.

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