

Stavesacre "Threshold"

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Go ahead raise your fist
Revel in your mire and filth
Like a fat little
Pink gets ugly quick
Parading your waste
Oblivious and insolent

Why don't I
Just put you out of your misery
Out of sympathy
I can only stand it so long

Go ahead flash your smile
A season of fattening
Prime of the canine
And swine-bred children of guile
Carry on, carry on
I know who I am
Wretched worm
My self deserving of hell
I fell onto mercy you despised
And denied

Watching you torture yourself
And whoever else you can bring down
With you

" A song took from our souls
A home that is our own
We're all born remembering
But few of us will know"
The tip of your tongue
A memory in mind
Just outside of you
Will you wake to find
The rest you so clearly seek
Or painfully realize that it's lost
Forever?
Suffer

