

Through The Eyes Of The Dead "To Take Comfort"

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To Take Comfort (In Yesterday's Scars)

I wonder if she was too dead to care if I taste the blood
of Christ. Her
heart was weak and frail. I'm drowning in the blood of
Christ. Her tears
now overflow, falling on hollow ground. Muffled
screams escape, the gag
tied around her mouth. I swallowed her soul, suffer this
revenge under
my dead heart. I was the devil in her only nightmare, I
was the devil in
her dreams. Now that she's not breathing, I've set my
demons free. She
is not breathing. I'm drowning in the blood of Christ.
Her corpse is
scarred with shame and tears. The sight induced my
pain. This dead black
heart once fed the smile of a girl with no name. To take
comfort in
yesterday's scars.

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