

Wretched

Unholy

"Why so soft,
O' my brothers...
So pliant and yielding... how can you one day triumph with me...
"

Rejoice in sweet submission of murder, of conceit
How can you ever triumph with me?!?!
I'd rather be wretched and broken
Than join into your fraudulent joy
I'd rather leave my will unspoken
Than stain it in your sick vaudeville

Petrified spirits, oblivion of past
Vulnerable whisper, cheap kiss for a second

=u=s=e=f=u=l=i=n=f=o=r=m=a=t=i=o=n=