

Turning Hate Into Rage

Boundaries

How nice it must be
To be made new every day
To never be bound by what you believe
Show me, show us what you really are

I live and die by your comparison
Your immortal perfection
Freshly severed and held by your hair
Slacked maw and frozen stare
I hope it's loud and clear
I fucking hate you

Your life torn apart by the monsters you made
The sick starved and depraved
Turning hate into rage

Hell is where we belong and we knew it all along
We knew it all along

It happens every day
Graves fill with the hurt and betrayed
This world is an evil place and still you pretend
You pretend that you can hide

This world is evil and I am the Devil

I've seen how the story ends
The lucky ones are left to mourn the dead