

And from within the black lungs of desire
Your betray, as you always did, yourself
From within the lungs of desire
You betray yourself once more
And that which you worshipped as god.

Death never whispered your name
in the shadows
Not out of fear, Not because you won
but to punish and humiliate you
The one who didn't ever deserve to die
The absolute nothing...
Cursed to live, desiring to end.
Cursed to live, desiring to end.
Cursed to end...

On my knees I scream and beg you
To perpetuate the schism
With the world of fraud and pain

Forget all your children
You so deliberately deceived
and lied to
As you walk away, the tears you cry
Will be our Holy Communion

Worthless Father

And we will laugh...
And spit at you...
As you leave,
Never consider looking back at us.

The tears you cry
Will be our Holy Communion
And with it to celebrate your final...
...and TRUE DEATH.

Worthless Father