

The Void

Eighteen Visions

Through me, thrown into suffering
On the edge of your confession
A life filled with complexity
Now on the verge of your damnation

A price to pay for your treacherous ways

I see you frozen forever
Turn you cold to the touch
You had to be so fucking envious
Now you dwell with the corrupt

There is no life in the void
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Can you see your ugliness
In the portrait of the broken?
You had to be so fucking envious
Now it fills you with corruption

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