

Stare Into Infinity

Nightrage

This necropolis of my vile block past
As a dark malevolent vicious nerve
Still tangled tightly around my spine
As a testimonial of a poisonous past

A life-story pessimistic end dead
Summoning my deepest feelings of fear
The past is my bane

This apocalypse of my inner self
Like a vast and deserted scorched earth
With its rotting soil now burnt to ashes
Wiping away the diseases of the past

Stare into infinity
The past is my bane
So close to insanity
Taste the pain

The past is my hone
So close to insanity
I can taste the pain

A life-story pessimistic and dead
Summoning my deepest feelings of fear
The past is my bane
I can taste the pain