

Eschaton

Rave the Requiem

I eat the ashes of
Every witch I burn
I swallow her deep inside
And spit her out piece by piece
That way you'll stay with me
I gargle poison
For which there is no cure
And feed the cynicism
I could never unlearn

This new sinner becomes
The death of the previous one
The new undertaker
Buries the slayer of the first
A constant reminder
Of every failure I've done
And I love it
I love it!

It's not a question of lust
It's not a question of shame
It's a question of
Surviving the game
It's a question of
Whether or not
You hold on to the ledge
As we are shifting ground

She's good enough for
Making sure I'll never love myself
The human inflation
And it's filth is pouring from her veins
She's sold to the lowest bidder
To make sure
No one else will ever love her
A guarantee that I will always
Hate myself

I condemn myself again
To self loathing and mysogyny
I lick the traces
Of seed from my worst enemies
With her on my tongue
I'll never truly be happy
And I love it
I love it!

It's not a question of lust
It's not a question of shame
It's a question of
Surviving the game
It's a question of
Whether or not
You hold on to the ledge
As we are shifting ground
It's not a question of lust
It's not a question of shame

It's a question of
Surviving the game
It's a question of
Whether or not
You hold on to the ledge
As we are shifting ground

I hate myself
For feeling this
I despise myself
For doing this
Crucified upside down
Hanging high from my feet
It goes on and on
Stuck on repeat

It's not a question of lust
It's not a question of shame
It's a question of
Surviving the game
It's a question of
Whether or not
You hold on to the ledge
As we are shifting ground
It's not a question of lust
It's not a question of shame
It's a question of
Surviving the game
It's a question of
Whether or not
You hold on to the ledge
As we are shifting ground