

LIGHTS OUT

Spite

Brave to claim I've lost my way
Shamed
I lay and plot the pain

I brought the gun to show and tell
Thinking ends
The answer is violence

All eyes on the holy one
Preaching the word of his bastard son

I brought the gun
Now its show and fucking tell

Kicked down the wall
Between past and present Hells

Loaded
I admire your attempt to tame my temperament

Bend
On trial made to stand
And test
Abandoned regret

One round to determine your denouement
Bear the cost of neglect for sentiment

Parade the flag of blinding Ignorance
Trading words for a wound in your chest

Brave enough
To take a step

Accept the cost
Of your neglect

Left to bleed
For your temptation

Hope the message
Served its purpose

Bludgeoned
Upon a hill of guilt

Resurrecting
Resentment that builds

Embarrassment
Becomes malevolence

Thinking ends
The answer is violence

Resurrected resentment
Kept alive by malevolence

Left to bleed
For your temptation

I hope the message
Has served its purpose

All eyes on the holy one
Preaching the word of his bastard son

You're brave to claim I've lost my way
Shamed
I lay and plot the pain