

Blessed In Contempt

Testament

All that can escape me, all I realise
That it will come back to me the day father dies.
His burning eyes would stare at you
I was born a masochist
I cried out in pain, as he clenches up his fist

Slowly as the years go by, the darkness builds inside
Trying to find a passage out, before I lost my mind
Incestuous temptation but what is wrong or right
Why must I fall victim of hereditary spite

Soon! We will arise, forming despise
Conceptual contempt!
Blessed in contempt!

Thoughts have now come back to me
It's time to perpetrate
Take me to my sanity, before it gets too late
Hear me as I call to you, right here down below
Resurrect my will to live, come before I... go!

Soon! We will arise, forming despise
Conceptual contempt!
Blessed in contempt!