

Demoralizer

The Red Chord

Try to draw blood from a festering wound.
You'll see the only thing you can't admit.
The gangrenous limb of your pride-soaked tongue.
You are the paragon of denial.
Living in a frame of outward-pointing frozen spears.
Why don't you join everyone you condemn?
Fill the suffering void.
When are you going to learn. Motives full of filth and
grime.
Leave the games at home. Cancer won't die on its own.
It needs to be cut out. Needs to be cut out.
I'm reaching for your pride-soaked tongue just to pull it
out.
Cast you into the darkness.
Fill the suffering void of your own worthless tomb.
Step out of my world
Cast you into darkness.
You are the paragon of denial.