

Forever Discontent

This Is Hell

Time moves on, there's nothing we can do
In the end you can't hide the truth
Wear frustration like a crown of thorns
It's the only thing that gets me through the eye of the storm

Stare through dead eyes of the corpses that have no pulse
I know our language is not dead
All the liars, the fakes, and the cheats, the filth
Now the unjust no long go unpunished

Betrayal is the harshest pain
Trust is lost, will we ever feel the same?
Forever discontent