

Anathema

Thy Art Is Murder

Love has no home
In the arms of a ghost
Love has no home
In the arms of a ghost

Who do you see in broken mirror shards?
A fractured image of a sickened shell
Irreparable eternal scars
Isolation now the cross I bear

Shaped by shame, sharpened through years
Rejection, longing to disappear
In all its ugliness
The better man is buried here

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Bloodless hands
Once warm with the pulse of another
Lifeless to the touch
Distance, the death of us

I have given all that I can give
I have walked beyond the lightless path
I have banished all that I hold dear
I have taken what I can't take back

Carve
Pieces
Flesh
Frail, weakened

I offer you only emptiness
I offer you only emptiness

I have begged for but a shred of peace
I have suffered through this troubled past
I have witnessed what I cannot have
I have given what I can't get back

Anathema, crownless king of woe
Bestowed onto this body
Reap what this life has sowed

Carved to pieces
The flesh frail, weakened
Reap what this life has sowed

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