

# Anathema

Thy Art Is Murder

Love has no home  
In the arms of a ghost  
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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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