Undying

Bloodlet

Hammer drives home the third and final nail this twisted disfigurement adjoined spiritually to the cross I call home one thousand eyes do not lament when you fuse upon me for I choose this existence watch them dance their intoxicated dance the acrid stench of the tools of their trade the hate felt for those once like me who have chosen to fall from their cross exists unequaled one thousand feet incessant tattoo scarred earth sacrilege filth covers mother of all bastard child attempts matricide hang my head in misery but my eyes will not shut out the screams scars run deep reopen with a word rivers form lakes of torment for them to find sustenance in here I will stay nailed to my cross alone as I was in the beginning

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