Mammoth

Gothminister

I won't let this ruin me.
My orchestra, my indecision: It all comes back full circle (from grace to All my hate).
I never meant to hurt anyone. (anyone) I came for peace, and for great Reason.
There is no solace, there's no alleviation in all our money, or within her Golden teeth.
Is this it? Is this how it goes? I am the wretched one, I am the beggar's Hands.
It comes back full circle. I cannot help but feel nothing.
Pick it up... Oh...

Such a bitter friend, change can be.
Remind me God, refresh what's turned to grey.
Oh my intentions, you vanish with the wind.
Is this it? Is this how it goes? I am the wretched one, I am the harlot's Bones.
It comes back full circle. I cannot help but care no more.
Is this it, is this how it goes? It all comes back full circle.
It comes back full circle. I cannot help but feel nothing.
All that you know... I am all that you know.
He had a vision as to what comes next, so disregard this unholy place.

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