

Luck as a Constant

Periphery

Staring up at the ceiling, while I'm falling into the flames.

Something's gnawing my shoulder and scarring this moment into my memory frame. The fathers speak, but
might as well be castrated (castrated).

Oh, it feels so good from where I stand.

The one abstaining from all human needs and pleasantries, is the one I never will be. Collecting through the
sheets, a sense of power filling me, and I will never let go.

I'm never letting go.

Bending will of man and the hearts of the gods.

Shut the fuck up and let us live a life we can call our own.

Leave me alone. If you love the guilt, then let it die.

A life kept so clean, will measure the price of misery.

If you love the guilt, then let it die.

In silence we will remain.

Songwriters

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