Seeds Of The Suffering

Suffocation

Lies, deceitful words of impatience
Futile words of evasionThe gods that have once spoken to me
Have abandoned me to my pre-destined state
A state in which there are no words, is no language
Only the language of the endless sufferingSuffering that brings me to appreciate my new found existence
One that spawns forth a new being
A being in which there is no appreciation
For his fellow man to see
Hatred and remorse unto those who have punished me
Punishment to cold to see
I don't see, I don't see
One that I have once created
Forced to change, I don't needThe path of abomination of all thingsFor I am now a seed, that will one day set forth a new race
One that will cleanse my soul
Anticipation of the weak-minded foolsOne that my once beloved gods will not recognizeRace which feeds off the suffering
As the mortals cry out their new found godThe race grows strong
Until the day
The day of judgementThe race grows strong
Until the day

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