Means To An End

Full Blown Chaos

Lies built the prophecy, or so it's said. And existance built upon deception. I wanted to believe. Damnation, I recieved, born of sin, scarred by faith, all by you, betrayal. Too many times I wondered why I live on the edge and never die. To walk with death, my punishment to see heaven and never be sent. Thousand years did I pray, world on my back, down I'm weighed. Crime of birth, external pain slaughtered my soul, but never saved, all I asked of you was to show me the way. Walked the frontline in the face, behind the shroud my lord, please dare, try to save me betrayer. Rot and decay, as I shed this waste, filled from denied eyes, bloody tears pave the way. Lies built the prophecy and till this day my eyes, lied too many times, to confide, all I ask for is a means to an end. An escape from eternal suffering. I, you decide, make swift my pain.

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