# Under the Flesh, Into the Soul

## Goatwhore

The world is a grave, apathetic and cold
This selfish prison of a coveted wrath
Uncontrolled indignation still corroding in the mind
Crumbled walls that keep this grudge confinePurging of this forgiveness
In the darkest moments of strife
Quietly waiting, stalking it's prey
Striking when the moment arrivesRuthless in this hateful passion, calling of this dread
Slowly slip inside this trap of torment's game
Self inflicted poison inserted in your veins
Burrowing deep inside, walling in this painReinforce the numbness inside
Emptiness of the demoralized
Onslaught of this hateful thought
Defiance of a rage filled heart
Grip of anger
Coiled despair
Conceal this past
Prison of this rageBitter sense
Distort the truth
Illusive thoughts
Of this distrustToxic actions conjure guilt
Casting this hex of discontent
Smother in a tragic stage
Seeding anger
Resentment is bornHarboring a broken promise
Like a festering scar
Ignoring this harmful wound
Excreting pain
Immortalize this wrongful
Intention in praise
Entangled in this trap of unfading blame
Legendary accounts of this desolate resent
Resolution awaits with fangs of revenge

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