

Miasma of Pain

Forced Order

An empty street
No shred of light
Am I awake? Am I blind?
Forgotten... I scream...
A tightlipped prayer
A thought of lust
A distant memory of my ill-natured past
A past of sin...
Disfigured, Misshapen
Pariah born of sin
Deformed, reformed
From anguish deep within
Miasma self inflicted wound
Belated cries of ruefulness falling on deaf ears
We're falling...
Retribution
The mark of Cain, like
Prometheus chastened again and again
An aeon of grief...
Illuminate the stars
Form constellations
Reanimate your God in blind desperation
Pray till he appears
Now pray.
Pray...
Miasma, God's relentless hand
No prayers heard, no mercy granted
Nothing.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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