

# 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.

Lyrics provided by

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