

My Untold Apocalypse (Live from Wers Radio, 2002)

Misery Index

Out of the past, fall the bodies
That have come before me
Following your path
They're just slaves, in need of life
No ending in sight
The rape of another lover
Satisfies the thirst
Until you find another high
Branded and exiled
The silence as you dive
Headfirst into this wasteland
This coffin, so warm and waiting
Boxed up and nailed down
You suffocate on words unspoken
Shut down and choked up
Your mind so brilliant and so broken
Demand your life and
(I'll)
Fucking take it back
Arms stretched, your clutching
Handfuls of air as you go falling back
To your abyss
You'll never drag me down there with you
Foucault is laughing
This tragedy that you created
So young, yet rotting
Your beauty burned, your body wasted
Hours too late
As the sands tick away upon us
Guts, half strewn
Across the floor of my life
No project of fate
All bonds cut and abolished
Carry your disease
Like the other parasites

Songwriters

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