

Desperate Hell (Digital Poodle Mix)

Christian Death

"Loneliness is to live in a world with no one there
You fall on your knees in prayer, asking God for rescue
No one there, I shall die as my years drag by
Oh why? why me Lord? "I hear the rattlers of tatters of home
Kick over the buckets of the wells run dry
I can't see but I don't care
Nothing is the best gift you can find
On my past suffering, the voices at last smothering
To hell with your excuses, what do you know of desperation
You people never feel the pain, of dark eyed angels in a desperate hell
I hear the rattlers of tatters of home
Thrown over the edge, my eyes are dry
I sit in the darkness of my own device
And search my soul for a paradise
Eat my flesh and drink my blood
Tomorrow I'll be crucified
Eat my flesh and drink my blood
Tomorrow I'll cry
Tomorrow I'll die

Songwriters

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