

Iconoclast

Defiler

Good lord above.

I've got nothing of consternation anymore.

Months upon years, dwelling and failing to see whats in front of me.

A better question to ask... is if these fucking scars are real.

My veins are strychnine.

With burning windows in my eyes,

I crawl back inside my crestfallen chest and insist to exist.

I will never fucking change and this poses a problem for the ones who associate with this revenant.

I don't know where it comes from, all i know is where my malevolence travels.

I'm drained, insane, disdain, the pain - is the only force at work in me.

This has been a long time coming, here we go, flip the switch and step back.

It doesn't matter who hears this, it doesn't matter who interprets what in which way.

You will never dissect these words and think you know, what's going on in me.

This is simply a passage, a signal sent from the transistors up above

Tales of an iconoclast heretic cynic dissident with all the answers but no will to share.

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

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