Ground

Celtic Frost

I am hatred, seeping blood.
The rain, the flood, the grief.
I am rage becoming flesh.
A dismal, ravaged life.
This is pain, a wall of tears.
And my tears are my truest friends.
This, my heart, a dying sun.
A flower fading to black.
Oh God, why have you forsaken me?
In this darkness, called my mind.
The waste you left for me.
I'm your shit, your verbal smut.
Your twisted world recapped.
This is you, your lifeless soul.
Your sick and fucked-up lies.
In my world your love is death.
Your disease, your skin that burns.
Oh God, why have you forsaken me?
You tied my limbs and buried me alive.
And piled this frozen mud.
You watched me die with lustrous eyes.
As all your words grew stale.
You mocked my care and stained my mind.
You yearned for me to fail.

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