

Pity None

Byzantine

Bruising minds burning thoughts over matter
Your knees hit soil you touch me not
Curdled opinions form mindless babble
From evolved me the pity is not Elevated threshold of pain
Masterpiece of the unsane
Miles away from the next to be
Successors of pure violent misery[Solo: Tony]Grind down to human
Resist against pleasure insist on pain
I disregard the soul in me
Along with it I replace pity

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