

Inner Sanctum

A Produce

Split my skin, fuck my wounds
Desecrate the inner sanctum in which I hide
Drag me through the mud, blind my whitening eyes
That I may see darkness in the tunnels of light
Pain, I cannot deny
As I rot in this empty shell
Swamped in disaffection
Introducing to my newborn hell
Be it not so
Thou shall see me not in agony
Failure was and is no option
'Tis my undying self
The ever wandering son of the morn
Abandoned, yet never to be conquered
I never mourn, I never look back as long as
Thy phosphoric rays grant me more pleasure than pain
I, who is evil can receive no good, though I still crave
I'm yearning for thy healing touch of grace
Pain is timeless
When I question the laws of God
Drowned in everlasting confusion
Caress my hate against the mob
Be it not so
Thou shall see me not in agony
Failure was and is no option
'Tis my undying self
The ever wandering son of the morn
Abandoned, yet never to be conquered
The opponent, my life's work is complete

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