

# The Need For Conflict

Believer

All you have is you  
Bored with your thoughts  
Need to feel the angst  
Need to taste your rot

Bring your mind to me  
Unleash the demons now  
Allowing your evil  
To cripple your reason

I bathe in your hate  
You're my muse  
I bathe in your hate  
I own you

Wasted elements  
Into the mindless void  
Through blackest descent  
My strength restored

Impressive words you speak  
Veils stupidity  
Your hidden scheme  
Is no mystery to me

I bathe in your hate  
You're my muse  
I bathe in your hate  
I own you

It all falls apart  
Charade is over now  
We all see your soul  
And your wretchedness

Hide behind your cause  
Shrouded in your greed  
In your liars chair  
Loss is all you feel

I bathe in your hate  
You're my muse  
I bathe in your hate  
I own you