

Self Inflicted Torment

Forest of Shadows

Your time will come
And you will bleed
All along the highway
While facing your wicked ways

You saw the weak
Desperately trying to surface
You frowned upon their misery
And pulled them back into the abyss

Ignoring their painful demise
Showing no sign of remorse
When they were dead
You took the flowers from their graves

High and proud, like a servant of death,
You turn a blind eye to the atrocities that you create
High and proud, like a servant of death,
You dig your own grave
As you unleash sights of woe

You saw the weak desperately trying to surface
You frowned upon their misery
Now they frown upon you

Your time will come
And you will be haunted
Repercussions of a malicious way of life
Lost happiness and lasting pain
Self inflicted torment
Your time will come
Your hell awaits