

## Refill The Chest

Hatesphere

here to pour my heart out  
here to spill my guts  
about life, about death  
haven't had yet enough

reached the final destination  
of an endless ride  
long for cold liquid  
salvation, it's inside

get inside

roam the great, murky halls  
on the hunt for pleasure  
X marks the spot on the wall  
right inside

many times I have stood eye to eye with emptiness  
and many times had to start a fight to refill the chest

standing in the green room  
in a state of shock  
some loser, idiot  
son of a fucking whore  
stole my beer, die