

Shame Of The Creator

Hate

Your shame that you feel as a knife stabbed
(after os many years of failure and remorse)
Never left your holy mind and it's been growing in strength

Die from regret - with no respect
From world you created so bad
Nothing is forgiven, no one will forget
While experience every day your work

I summon you to touch - tears of the tortured who fall at your feet
Here, down in this world - built on a debris of that happiness of Eden
We are drifted here by your will - just to wait for death in tranquillity and grief
Feeling tried and bruised - with the bitterest taste of the destiny's disgrace

I don't look for your forgiveness
Your lips are dripping weak excuse
My answer is mercilessness
I despite your forgiveness

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