

Artist: obituary

Title: Inverted

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The feeling contends, once kind.  
Violence starts, won't cease.  
Vengeance comes. Want rewards.  
The servant starts piercing chores.

Stitching mouths, once skinned.  
The gaping wounds left to mend.  
Reckless kills, live despite.  
Boundary has soldiers try.

I have come to read my friend  
The gifts of all those born and bred.  
The living dead once more resign.  
We're facing cause it's creation.

I have come to resist life's scar in pain.  
The fates just called in Armageddon.  
Infected, for the scraps are red.  
Deep within the living charge.  
The bag once empty filled with fire.

I'd like to find out, just what you said.  
I'd like to see you. Justice dead.  
Who'd like to see you. Justice served  
With lies to go around, the sentence served.