

Chimaira, Divination

I always searched for an answer for my convictions
A troubled mind at 15 demonic visions
I saw you rape and beaten
Who the hell is this monster that surrounds my brain
I try to make some sense of this, try to break the mold
Divination
A power I wish I did not have now
I wake with sweat and blood scars of you dad choke
I wake from this nightmare to find it's the truth
Tell me now father what did we do
I'll never understand your actions...never speak to you
Don't try and correct your mistakes never trust in you
Fake fucker, fake father die.