

Anasarca, Of Life And Death

[based on "Of Life and Death" by Robert Atworth]

They can't see me for who I am. Are they blind
Or do they just not give a damn
When a heart bleeds, the blood congeals
Emotional wounds scar
But never truly heal
Worn and teary
Ripped asunder
Forlorn and teary
Blow me under
Undead zombies become ghosts
The road to hell's the road for most
Living to die is not living at all
Lay your burdens to rest
Inside 'The Walls'
First they take your consciousness
Next they take your breath
One final beat
Before the Reaper welcomes you to death
One more victim
One more number
Added to the pile
One final inaudible sigh