

Beth Crowley, Battle cry

I have no heart, just ice and stone.
Made up of nails and teeth and bone.
And I know exactly what I'm for:
to hurt and destroy and nothing more.

And if it's true that I was made,
I still don't know if I can change.

But something has stirred,
a beast has awakened.
Opened a door,
there's no mistaking.
Waging a war,
it's fighting inside of me.

So hear my battle cry,
I'm out for blood to claim what's mine.
Finally questioning:
if I am my own worst,
I am my own worst,
I am my own worst enemy?

I never thought that I could love.
Strangers at night were good enough.
But love's not a thing you get to choose,
try to resist you'll always lose.

I made a deal to sell my soul,
but lately I have dared to hope

that something has stirred,
a beast has awakened.
Opened a door,
there's no mistaking.
Waging a war,
it's fighting inside of me.

So hear my battle cry,
I'm out for blood to claim what's mine.
Finally questioning:
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Tell my secrets to the wind,
flying I feel infinite.

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a beast has awakened.
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