

# Biohazard, There And Back

I sit and pick my brain each night  
With an axe in my hand held tight  
Bity my nose to spite my face  
Killing myself, I can't escape the rat race  
Wallowing in neck-deep misery  
Quicksand dissent, pressure free  
Deepest wounds are self inflicted  
Should I hope to be vincited  
Always alone, society's abortion  
Self mutilation, the daily partion  
Resentful past breeds hopeful future  
With tears of blood, I remove the sutures  
Dying inside, emotions they hide  
Irreperable damage from the tears that I've cried  
I climb from the sewer, the years that I have  
spent

Self mutilation or my environment

Chorus 2x:

Tears of Blood, Tears of Blood

I cry, I cry

Tears of Blood, Tears of Blood

I die

Deny myself for fear of being  
Is it over now, has my heart stopped beating  
Lying here just self defeating  
My mind is empty, it won't stop bleeding  
Twisted anger screams my brain  
Over the edge, I hang in pain  
Mouth locked shut my mind won't swallow  
With tears of blood alone I wallow  
No one to blame except myself  
What you call masochism I call wealth  
Maybe its just a matter of pride  
Too sweet to end with suicide  
Peel the scub, pour salt in the wound  
Torturing myself, I'm forever doomed  
Looking east and west each and every moon  
A peaceful rest comes somebody soon  
No one to blame expect myself  
What you call masochism I call wealth  
Is death life and do we live in hell?

Chorus 3x / Lead

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Time wasted by Mikko Virtanen (.fi)