

# Biohazard, There And Back

I sit and pick my brain each night  
With an axe in my hand held tight  
Bite 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 vincticed  
Always alone, society's abortion  
Self mutilation, the daily portion  
Resentful past breeds hopeful future  
With tears of blood, I remove the sutures  
Dying inside, emotions they hide  
Irreparable 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)