

Filthy Relics, Habit

Your my best friend and my worst enemy
You cure my wounds and comfort me
It's a dangerous road when you play with my mind
How could I fall in this pool of misery
You burnt me once
I opened my eyes
You're thirsty for blood
My weakness is you
You use my guilt, my fear and my pride
But i see through the disguise
My dying corpse is discarded now
You have no use for my wretched self
You drained me, sucked me, and left me to die
I survived on my shame
My shame is you
You move to your next victim now
The noose is hanging over his head
I wonder if he knows
His death is going to be you