

Made Of Hate, Deadend

Another fail
Another tear
Great endless pain
It's all up here!
You've said I'd make it
And I believed
You've gone too far
Pulling me here
I remember your face
And one day I'll come for you
My Sun is black
Day is a night
Wind blows into my eyes
No one remains
Here is only me
I'm stuck here
In this blackest dead-end!
So I'll grab my fists
Make my wounds healed
My scythe is sharp
I'm ready to fight
And through the blood
I'll make my path
Death creeps up on my shadow
That's friend of mine!