

Martyr A.d., Late Night Faith Healer

Another passing moment
Another dead cliché
Another jaw closes
Around my throat today
I remember what I told you
But can't remember why
How we always ruin our only chance
How we're waiting here to die
I'll peel off my skin
I'll blacken both my eyes
I'll ask another question
No reply
I'll peel off my skin
Beneath a empty sky
I'll laugh my life away
And give up one more time
Another murdered minute
An hour put to rest
An allotment of time given up
To sit and wait for death
I remember what I told you
I could've sworn that you were deaf
How everything takes a piece of me
How now there's nothing left
Nothing fucking left
I don't believe in miracles anymore
I can't believe in miracles anymore