

# Only Crime, Virus

No light to shine on this one  
I'm through if I've begun  
Finished with this life

Your words are just a virus to me  
I'm a past your token sympathy  
There's freedom in the coming storm  
I need your fear to keep me

Torn from the edge of security I fall  
Where smoke stains line the spaces on my walls  
Bleak frames of rusted lives  
Waiting there for nothing except the darkness

And dread  
Like I'm clawing my way  
Through the colorless despair

The shades I paint my own mind  
The pain inside my own mind  
Slipping further deep inside  
I head the world beyond myself  
Scream inside this hollow shell

Somehow it's so familiar  
Will anything temper the darkness?