

# Vision Of Disorder, Gloom

Pray for me  
Cause I'm struggling down  
This needle and rock  
In a daze I don't mind  
The sun brought terror straight  
From two o'clock sun  
And to my sister I lay wasted  
From the pain scarred by all the mute remorse inside my head  
Slice and begin again, again  
Slice this skin again  
Pray for all this Beckoning down on my soul  
Like in pain, rests inside this  
When I'm down  
Short thin road  
In my head