

Agent 51, Kinda Like Murder

Its kinda like murder
It's kinda like a murder
Only how much does it hurt
I don't understand this pain
Something's wrong but I cannot ?
I don't wanna deal with this
Every days a waste
It seems like such a pretty face
I can't keep the image in
You can't control what you cannot admit
Depression is all in vein
The pressure is building in my head
There's no way to bleed myself of this
She drives the vampire blade through my heart
Leave it up to fate and try to kill off thoughts of hate
The voices are creeping in
If I don't then my minds ?
I'm loading the gun again
The pressure is building in my head
There's no way to bleed myself of this
She drives the vampire blade through my heart
Its kinda like murder
Through my heart
Its kinda like murder
Through my heart