Aiden, Black Market Hell

My wings are torn away.
Spit words like knives.
Inside the fields,
A former life decay.
A poison sword we swallow.
Will you fall back?
Sing for your health.
Sing for the lonely nights,
Existing in hell.
In a loveless world we seem to live.
My wings are torn away.
Spit words like knives.
Inside the fields,
A former life decay.
A poison sword we swallow.
Will you fall back?
Sing for your health.
Sing for the lonely nights,
Existing in hell.
In a loveless world we seem to live.
My wings are torn.
I suffocate.
In the darkest place.
Of the black market hell I live.
My wings are torn.
I suffocate.
In the darkest place.
Of the black market hell I live.
My wings are torn.
I suffocate.
I suffocate.