

# Azazel, Where Shadows Weep For Men

Ripped down piece by piece  
Old life crumbles in your hand  
I feel deceased  
No burn, no sickness  
How surprising is okay  
Don't look at me  
I am shamed  
I wear my letter  
You point your finger  
Never good enough  
Never get up  
Weak like sand  
And ask your tearing me down  
The ache in my back  
The burn in my legs  
Your sight burns me  
I feel no more, it said  
You only die once  
Lies filthy lies