

# Bile, Habitual Sphere

Pain in my eyes, in my head, in my soul. Pain for the way that you take control. Pain for the way that  
the key that will let you in. Pain is the feeling that's never subsiding. Pain is the word that the whole  
growing 'cause you are all lying. Pain is my friend now that everyone's dying. Pain on my hands. Pain  
face. Death so sweet. A habit of fear. A habit fear. Fear is here in my habitual sphere. Begin the m  
Implode through my arteries, slice off that bitch. I will be strong yet body so weak. Through death I  
of fear. A habit of fear. Fear is here in my habitual sphere. Fear is here in my habitual sphere.