

Bloodjinn, Broke In A Small Town

rain pours from the sky. opening the way for sorrow. the stare breaks my every thought. degradation lurks, tried to oppose the call. set with no change at all. my actions were lost. fallen angels of death, they bleed your soul until life is gone. lying on the ground i sink deeper. looking for a way, but something drags me under. lifes blood on my hands and face. suffering the wait. suffering the kiss. suffering...despair sets in. and all the love, its drained. and all the love accelerates. the darkness traps my soul. im scared to think that im getting old. as i waste my life and time, falling. i often stare, wishing away. wishing away the thought of your life and mine, together. falling rain pours from the sky. opening the way for sorrow. theres no way for you to tell me what to do, or what has suffered more. it seems as if we have to let it burn, because i'll rip your heart out. so far out, someone couldnt want it again. i want a change upon the action, of the hypocrisy. theres a way to believe. propaganda' s not the term, i wait for my surmise.