Cannae, Two Feet from the Ground

The lack of desire pushed down
Pushed down on your face
Dark scenarios constructed on fates dime
Changing all that's around you
Hope seems so far from here
When will this agony cease
How can I fill this void

Suicide infects my mind Poisoning all that's left inside Suicide invades my mind Fracturing all that's left inside

My soul standing over my own flesh How can I make this agony cease

Suicide infects my mind Poisoning all that's left inside Suicide it takes my mind Crushing all that's left inside

Life does not end in death I was not meant for this world I can tell it's my time to leave Time to greet death with a smile

Tortured and twisted Diseased and f**ked Fear is nothing more Nothing more than an illusion Death is nothing more Nothing more than an illusion