

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