

Charisma, Deceased

What you kept inside you
Is a killing knife now i can see it
Turned its blade making you sick

Your fighting was in vain
Now your body is just in pain

Before i lost you for good
I wanted to see your face once more
To never forget it

You are the
You are the reason why
Im standing

On the hill
On the hill alone

They say memories keep me alive, well, ahead going
Memories are just a knife sharp, im sticking myself with it
This anger, feeling, volcano, this exploding mind
Isnt turning that easy, you think im just fine

I cant hunt after happiness to my sickening life
Ill come down again from too high, i cant stand it
And passing, slow running time isnt helping me either!
I wanna stop the time