

Circle Of Dead Children, Imprint This Stake With

Imprint this stake with your name
Through my heart
Understand this ordinary twisting fate
A hate birthed again
Dull sensed and fetal crowned we fear for life
Knifing our way through tragedies timbers
I have to save myself
Interest sprung from popularity
Lessons learned or so they say
I pay for my disease
Rewarded in pink love