Crisis, Deadfall

denial of something you are the only statue left
let the games begin...
cold and solid your stone is almost stronger than
let the games begin...
I am the child of your emptiness,
pieces stitched together with your bitterness.
you're standing by yourself
you don't understand the mystery
let the games begin...
I cannot feel, you never taught me that.
kill me and hold me and break me from falling.
I'm feeling colder than kill me and hold me and break me from falling.
I'm turning colder than - tearing away to reveal nothing inside to fill the need -
it's all now... breaking away from your stone