

# Cryptic Slaughter, Sudden Death

It's always wrong, never right  
It's always such a useless fight  
Living life with nothing to gain  
Tired of feeling burning pain

Could hang it high  
'Til I die  
Could slit my throat  
Who would know?  
Could blow my head  
'Til I'm dead  
Could hold my breath  
For sudden death

I'm waiting for a sign  
That it's time for me to die  
Now it's time for me to step  
Into nothingness