

De/Vision, Heart-Shaped Tumor

I suffer from a tumor
here inside my chest
I gotta lay to rest

a strange kind of humor
the grin on your face
soon leaves without a trace

now I'm out of love
noone can fill this heart of mine
I ran out of love now
I'm out of...

Put an end to yourself
and you'll be closer, closer

The world is but a tumor
the cold light of day
won't turn the night away

humanity's a rumor
unless my soul reacts
the whole world my collapse

now I'm out of love
noone can heal this heart of mine
I've run out of love
now I'm out of...

Put an end to yourself
and you'll be closer, closer...