

Dead To Fall, Like A Bullet

Like a bullet ripping through my life
Opening the gates to a river
Washing away your green disguises
That seem to control my life
The goal seems to be
Gaining everything for yourself
And in the end, you will have nothing
But yourself
I will tear everything about your cold blackened way
of life
Out of my heart
Only then will I Achieve
Satisfaction in my life
You don't control me anymore