

# Deadsun, Bite The Hand

You draw me to the shelter of your killing comfort.  
I follow like a stupid child reaching for the gun.  
I: weasy and half-spent to sacrifice the truth for,  
Promises of self-displeasures that never fill the hole.

You must bite the hand that feeds you.  
You can't fight that which enslaves you.  
You must break away those chains.  
Save yourself

I hide inside your temporary shelter from the storm  
The noise inside my head has raised me since the day that I was born.  
I: weasy and half-spent to sacrifice my soul for,  
Promises of self-displeasures that never fill the hole

You must bite the hand that feeds you  
You can't fight that which enslaves you  
You must break away those chains  
Save yourself