Deathstars, Modern Death

So can you tell how you feel inside, the beat of that child Or is it more dead than alive, fashioned in a sinful style

I don't care - No! Not at all - No! I care of nothing

So can you persuade me I will for the dying...

No star for the blackened youth The empyrean x-ray Yeah, distorted on hells fuse The empyrean x-ray

No mirror for the blinded youth, or that fucked up truth No hearts for the willing to live, from more than this world can give

I don't care - No! Not at all - No! I care of nothing

So can you persuade me I will for the dying...

No star for the blackened youth The empyrean x-ray Yeah, distorted on hells fuse The empyrean x-ray

A design for the broken, a fistful of darkness (...??) Burnt out sick and frozen... can you feel (..??)

No star for the blackened youth The empyrean x-ray Yeah, distorted on hells fuse The empyrean x-ray