

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