

Deathstars, Termination Bliss

Here she comes down, as her wings get nailed to the ground
- A polaroid of shame
The last angel's pathetic fame

The face of deceit with nails in her feet
She's a preacher deprived from her voice
A punctured lung is creating noise

The cry that she made was the cry of a dying child
The revocation of empathy
The sound from a million dreams and scars
Termination Bliss

Blessed under a lie, Her last little weak "why?"
- The bloody end of a dream
Slit the throat and taste the cream

She wears her crown on a head that's bowed deep down
A dying picture of lies
A tortured saint fed to the flies