

# 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