

Die Sektor, Prey To The Razor

I imitate my shadow
It wears me as skin
It walks the earth
And I am its stain

I stare into heaven while I'm dying in hell
Plastic and translucent like the lies that I tell
Razors cut away the pain of this life
One stroke of the brush paints my macabre delight

All that I touch is tragedy
See the blood on my hands
All that I feel is agony
Peel away all the scabs

My soul is the grounds
Where the insects breed
The pain has gone numb
Although I still bleed