

# Dying Wish, Schizophrenia

I see your suffering  
When you try to deny me  
I'm giving fresh air to you  
So you need breathe with me

Do you want to see my soul  
And be a guest in my memory  
Would you like to talk with my best friend  
Who are standing inside me

You're not the cure  
For all the pains

I'll embrace you I'll drown you  
I'm your part and you need me too

I'll pray for your  
Doomsday

Why are you so angry at me  
When I try to take rise out of you  
That at last I will close the front door  
Where you'll have an unholy doom

Be friendly and devoted  
'Cause I'm not your grunge  
Or else I'll break your mirror  
And a casket will be at your charge

You're not the cure  
For all the pains

I'll embrace you I'll drown you  
I'm your part and you need me too

I'll pray for your  
Doomsday

R:  
I need to hide  
To deep inside me  
The morbid part  
Of my life  
I'll be your guide  
But please don't cry  
When I release the pain