

Kill II This, Stillborn

Fivemonths and four to go
But now my unborn's fate I know
To cleanse me of my sins
Tomorrow my nightmare begins
In my hands here lies the power
Blessed by fate to choose the hour
The doubt within me grows
My predicament it clearly shows

My ignorance is bliss
Miscarriage is the shrine I kiss
Reality will not be missed
To suffer with only one aim
Can't heal the scars of such wasted pain
Stillborn, my blood was shed in vain

A nagging pain like a missing limb
The brutal truth I can sink or swim
Internal scars too deep to heal
Paralysed too cold for tears
Inject the poison inject my cure
Now without such wasted pain
Stillborn, my blood was shed in vain

To suffer with only one aim
To hasten what's preordained
Each day you grow
But soon I'll push till no life you will know
To suffer with only one aim
To hasten what's preordained