

Kill II This, Twisted

My beautiful scars, bleed the words that I carve
Self mutilation is my belief, scabs off the wounds of release

My beautiful bliss, crystal clear black abyss
Depression I find entwined inside,
injected right into my spine

Sinking inside - Dragging Me Down -
Mental flesh tears - My twisted spiral of despair

My beautiful war, sacrifice I adore, A mass ricochet
Bullets that stray, sad how the innocent pay

The mirror I face, isolations embrace,
reflecting my souls sad epithet
Smiling though my eyes are dead

My requiem piece, vicious circles decrease,
waving as I drown everyone stares
My well trodden spiral of despair