

Martyr A.d., The Gestation Process

From your hands pulling at these strings
My life is left to an empty frame
Cast me aside at an arms length
Reach out to me lick my wounds
Leave me again with fresh scars
The end is loving bitterness
Is growing into a loveless cancer
Beaten and drained as our dream has been sucked away
In the end desperation makes an addict out of us
All the end is loving bitterness
Is growing in to a loveless cancer
My presence is weak
I am the cure you never wanted please
Leave me alone just let me be
I'm dried of worth and not needed
Because your desperate the past is the savior
That's how you keep striving
If you think of the present
There's not much to offer
There's an anecdote that you get your hands on
Just let me be
Just let me be