

# 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