

My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult, Resisting The Sp

What am I supposed to do?
Sing an innocent song wrong
I've blocked you with a wall to prove
I've changed into another mood
Don't look to me to help you through
Is it the way we'll keep on going,
living each day so you'll keep hoping
Shallow scars revealing pains
I wake up in a brainsick room
scratching lizards from my head
Dying for I've picked dark flowers,
I wonder how to kill the hours
I wander naked under white suns
Confused and lost I breathe your power
Am I wrong to live this way?
Dark reflections in mirrors...