

Sanctity, Beneath The Machine

Start the needle up again as I crawl to the chair
Anticipate the pain
Feel the charge in the air, sick fascination
Cant wash away this alteration

Beneath the machine
Constant noise inside my head
Trading blood for ink, into torture I will sink
Beneath the machine again

Sometimes a picture to make heads turn
Sometimes a badge of honor earned
Always a reminder of pain endured
Never a way to say these words

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Just remember
Its all for time
By skin be judged, with my skin define

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