

Skycamefalling, Visceral

I wish i could tear your eyes out.
You have belittled her with your insecurities,
it reeks on your fucking breath.
Put on that grin.
This is the day that the dreams died,
As you shatted her soul that lies inside.
As the echoes rape the blessing this is the massacre,
that we bear with civilization.
Put on that grin.
This is the day that the dreams died,
As you shatted her soul that lies inside.
As the echoes, rape the blessing, you are the murderer.

Inside her frail voice whispers,
her reassurance, it fucking withers away.
And that smile you've stapled to your face,
is tripping her whole fucking life away.
And i swear...

You can die for that, well you can pay for that.
Well you can die for that, well you can pay for that.
You won't identify me - well you can die for that.
you won't identify me - well you can die for, well you can pay for that.