

# Whorecore, Severed Wings

It's a place I've been to, that im sure of  
Cant put my finger when or why,  
I've been here it's fact  
The faces I've seen here, are not here, they're all missing gone  
Shattered and torn, irrelevant obsolete

Incarcerated  
I've grown out of this place  
Wall-less cells  
The cold and the dark, they loath my flesh

This prison is time, and it's endless  
It severs and it maims  
It burns, it never fucking ends  
Digits stand still no movement no light  
Life has ceased

Incarcerated  
I've grown out of this place  
Wall-less cells  
The cold and the dark, they loath my flesh

How long, how long, how long, oh god how long!

As the wounds healed it became apparent they lied to me all along  
No more, no more