

With Broken Wings, The Birth Of Catastrophe

and I've begun my misery
I celebrate my death annually
and with no control I watch my grave grow deeper

(what this world holds back...)

and while walking towards it
I trip and fall
I sit awake to prevent from falling
and while lying awake I see a door being shut
I begin to suffocate as I gasp for breath

and as I look over my lifeless body
I think to myself
is this how it ends?
a life composed of misery, a life that trapped me
(the life that killed me)