

# Without A Cross, Tormented

What is mans flaws, the decadence and hatred all man and women kind know all to well. We all dre

Aspiring stars decaying  
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Locked with chains  
So you can't escape me  
I hear you scream  
Does that mean your still here  
The needle hits your eye  
And fills you with fear

Welcome to my twisted fantasy  
Demons and knives to satisfy me  
Lost in a world of make-believe  
The sun sets in this dark dream

Need no more to feel me  
You are not real to me  
There for you cannot live  
And so I cannot be  
You fall asleep  
I leave you there  
You wake up  
Your dead no one cares

Why would you waste your precious life  
Too vulgar for words you end it tonight  
This is a place of reminisce  
To exist or desist