

I awaken to the urge to feast on what's in front of me  
Fleeting emotions  
Malicious intent, is overwhelming me

Creeping I ache for the taste of flesh against my lips  
I want to kill it's all I feel  
The taste of flesh for my next meal  
I can't decide on what is real  
I think my skins beginning to peel

Rotting from the inside out  
My head's a mess, I'm full of doubt  
Rotting from the inside out  
My head's a mess, I'm full of doubt  
Rotting from the inside out  
My head's a mess, I'm full of doubt  
Rotting from the inside

Please set me free  
Death's hold is tight and oh so cold  
It's such a lonely road  
I long to feel human again

Ripping and tearing and breaking and feasting  
As I plunge my fingers deep inside the chest  
Ripping organs from the gaping cavity  
I can't help but feel a sense of sympathy  
For the poor soul lying dead in front of me

This life I once held close  
Has left its vessel with no host  
Just a shell with no pulse  
Oh, how I wish I made the most  
Of this life I used to know  
Now my memories fade below  
And happiness just slips away  
Much like the sunset of the day

Insatiable hunger never to end  
Woeful I am sentient  
Please set me free

Death's hold is tight and oh so cold  
It's such a lonely road  
I long to feel human again

Death's hold is tight and oh so cold  
I long to feel human  
Again  
I long to feel human again