

# Murder

## Before I Turn

While my heart met the hand of a mother  
Your heart met the blade of a knife  
Your life slowly fading to darkness  
My heart shot up dead and agape

My friends, I'm sorry, for I lack the motivation  
To feed aggression deep inside the darkest of temptations  
The blood forces a smile as it gathers on the ground  
I'll be forever haunted by the godforsaken sound

I shouldn't like the sound of your pain  
The way your hand tremors as it covers the stain  
I feel connected to the sound of your breath  
As your body lies stagnant in the arms of death

My friends, I'm sorry, for I lack the motivation  
To feed aggression deep inside the darkest of temptations  
The blood is on my hands and it covers the ground  
I'll be forever haunted cause it's just so hard to take down

No choice can repair the mess you've made  
No prayers can atone for now what's mine  
Lies deep in the cavity of your chest  
My dearest friends, you are laid to fucking rest