

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