

Interlude

Belmont

I'm running out of time, and left here indecisive stuck feeling
so lifeless
Too busy stumbling through the pain with all my vices
I'm steady handing out my vengeance like it's priceless, I'm di
gging up roots and tying them into a noose
My constant strife has found a place to grow complacent, a tram
pled mind that's overflowing with pure hatred

I'm walking through the flames, the reaper takes me by the hand
I just can't fight this
Decaying faces all around me it's a crisis
I feel them clawing at my stomach as I write this, steady count
ing off all of my sacrifices
Do you know what it's like to be alone? To live life feeling nu
mb and cold, it's a fucking nightmare on its own, it just gets
worse as we grow old