

## Left Hand

### Beneath the Massacre

It's a self-portrait  
Painted with your blood  
Revealing your darkest thoughts

Claiming yourselves to be the victims,  
Victims that you are not

Empty feelings filling your empty shell  
Of a self-centered existence  
A distorted vision of your reality  
A reality you deny  
And each sunset brings a darker day  
And people are all the same

Claiming yourselves to be the victims,  
Victims that you are not

Erase all the lust  
Break down all will  
Glorified defeatist  
Amputated left hand

Scared of what you might find?  
Dig out what's deep inside  
Sermons and false sympathy  
This life suits you well

Empty feelings filling your empty shell  
Of a self-centered existence  
A distorted vision of your reality  
A reality you deny  
And each sunset brings a darker day  
And people are all the same

Claiming yourselves to be the victims,  
Victims that you are not

Scared of what you might find?  
Dig out what's deep inside  
Sterile and virgin  
This death suits you well