

Empty Hands

betrayal

I'll stand a steady ground. I'll laugh right in your face. The match that burnt your world to the ground.

The thought of death bringing on new life. The thought of death ringing through my mind.

This is the point of no return, the final straw. Where my belief in tolerance is lost and gone. A wound that will never mend itself, buried by the torment of the elite.

A wound that will never heal. My enemy. You'll be my enemy

The thought of death (your death) bringing on new life.

The thought of death (my death) ringing throughout my mind. You will be my new enemy.

This is the point of no return, the final straw. Where my belief in tolerance is lost and gone. A wound that will never mend itself, buried by the torment of the elite.

A wound that will never heal. My enemy

You'll be my new enemy. You'll be my only vice. You'll be my new enemy for all of your fucking life.