

# We Spoke Of Lies

Carnifex

The worst is yet to come; that's what they said.  
A noise, a whisper, just voices inside my head.  
We spoke of lies that could raise the dead.  
A noise, a whisper, just voices inside my head.

Phantom limbs and buried sins,  
I'm giving "undead" a whole new meaning.  
Buried at sea or buried with me,  
This is my faith crashing.  
Remove the heart from this machine,  
Because all I want is an ending.

I can see the veins under my skin.  
Death's hand is knocking,  
It's time to let him in.  
He can see my hollow heart and it's too late to start  
again.  
Bitter sweet is death to me,  
Too f\*cked to start again.

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A dying breath while I eat the dead because nothing  
lasts forever.  
Reconstruct this life for me,  
I need lies to breathe.  
Say a prayer to God for me,  
Because only my sins are remembered.

We spoke of lies that could raise the dead.  
These were eyes that could never see an angel's wings  
in atrophy.  
Am I alive or just breathing?  
This world is dead to me.  
A grave without a name is where you'll find me.

Just voices inside my head,  
I can see the veins under my skin.  
Death's hand is knocking,  
It's time to let him in.  
He can see my hollow heart and it's too late to start  
again.  
Bitter sweet is death to me,  
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