Guillotine Dream (Slow Drugs)

Dead To Fall

One step in front of the other
The clock wasting minutes away
Slowly counting the hour
That determines my destiny
In this place I wait looking at the stares
Not a kind of face among them and no one cares
They all think I deserve this and I probably do
The blade smiles at me for it knows the truth
I take my place on the throne of
Martyrs and Sinners
Martyrs and sinners
It's falling, fallinf, and slicing through
Removing me from myself
For the final time I see now
That I desrve much, much worse
I am the serpent's head and I must be severed
Nothing for me but their cold hard gaze
My heart welcomes death's warm embrace
I take my place on the throne of
Martyrs and Sinners
Martyrs and Sinners
Give me no last words
Give me no last meal
Just give me sweet, sweet death
Make my worst fears real
I've done all I can
This is out of my hands
Don't ask me to forgive and I won't ask to live
No more steps and no more time
The blade, it falls, and ends this life
As the faves fade And life... It flashes by
Fills with lies and hate
My demise has arrived
Falling downward in time
These walls speak of my hell
His vengeful eyes say to me, "My son, you have served me well."
I am the serpent's head and I have been severed

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