

Every Empty Vein

END

I've stained the sky
In a blush of thin blood
Reminiscent of my insides
Pulling teeth
Reflecting blinding light where the innocent reside
My cure could kill me
If only I could die
Scraping flesh from bleeding gums
Exhausting every empty vein
Swallowing a bitter sleep
Soaking up a curse of cold

Lost in a flood that will force me into drowning
My cure could kill me
If only I could die
My cure could kill me
If only I could die

"Doesn't matter whether it's the black of night or whether the
sun is shining or it's pouring rain
Or whether it's storming or anything else
Nothing looks good
It's all blackness
It's very difficult to put into words
But there's an old saying about this place called Hell where bad
people go to after they're dead, after they die
The worst part about hell is not the flames, it's the hopelessness
(I'm scared to death to go home)
And I think that is the part of hell a person really tastes"