# Gore

**Evile**

Try to touch the past, it's not real it's just a dream
Blurred lines between reality and what I've seen
Camouflaged into the grey utopian norm
Intrude my thoughts, anarchy imposed before

I am the war most people fight in their minds
I am the cancer creeping down your spine

Tethered to violence
Anchored to gore

Back and forth between what's right and what I need
Absorbed in watching my work bleed
I confess, I need to rip and tear to please
Chained to the obsession, my disease

I am the war most people fight in their minds
I am the cancer creeping down your spine

Tethered to violence
Anchored to Gore
Internal war
Anchored to Gore

Mutilation
Degradation
Lure the prey with trust

Mutilation
Decimation
Degradation
Ruination
Alleviate the lust

The blinding red
Is all I can see
Hell's creation
In safe sanctuary

Anchored to Gore

Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!