

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  
Ruin  
Alleviate the lust

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

Anchored to Gore