

I'll draw a Devil on the wall
Etched with your memories
Creation guiding my hand
Spawned from your cruelty

As if I'd treat myself with the malice you'd inflict
As if I, I am only held back by the feeling of what you might think
I hold you, hold you close but you're keeping me back
Your face is blurred but I'm on the right track
I have your words and your shadow in my midst
Your voice persists and embodied in my fist

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Bred by torment apparition is born
Years of neglect and forced to face scorn
Foundation built to crumble, fighting back the collapse
Refuse to die by your roof, much rather swing my own axe

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I drew a Devil on the wall
I drew a Devil on the wall
The Devil's here drew from my blood, fueled by your call

I'll draw a Devil on the wall