

Red Chord

God Complex

Unfulfilled, undesired
Feed the flames of the funeral pyre

Left out from love
Like the dog I am
Solitude, eternal torture
You could not understand

I've got nothing left
I've gotta end it all
Better that than live life bereft
Nothing fucking here for me but misery

But why should I die?
Why should I be the one to pay the price and the shallow whores
survive?
I looked into your souls, I saw right through
A day of reckoning has come for you

When I become death, I become God
As I take life, I strike a red chord
When I become death, I become God
As I take life, I strike a red chord

Red chord