

For The Taking

Hell Within

Adapt

Submit

Your thoughts are not your own

Defined by fear

Your relish in the role of victim

You really think I'll let you get away?

I might be bruised and bleeding

Long forgotten

One foot in the grave

Stand up

Stand down

I'll cut you at the knees

There's always a place to run to

But doesn't pride slow your feet?

Time has forsaken me

Go live your mundane life and never look back

I'm still alive

You should have let me die

So goddamn ripe for the taking

Your aims not true when you're shaking

No need to dwell in what made me feel safe

My fire for you burned me

Yet left alive

A blackening stain

Ripped apart

An open heart

Downed pray for carrion flocks

Don't try to pick out my eyes

By my hand you'll surely die

Have you ever felt like you'll die all alone?

A black premonition that your life's been sold?

Some cruel puppet master broke your soul

Ripped out your ten dollar heart of gold

All falling down

Burning leaves

Put the fire with all our dreams

How can I tear you out and not bleed?

How can an open wound sustain me?

I've been here for days...

There's always a place to run to

Yet the places keep getting smaller and smaller