

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