

## Connect the Cuts

### Ice Nine Kills

Well I've been looking for redemption  
What was gold now is lost to the wolves  
As the choler inside swells like locusts swarm

With all that I've been given  
The more I've taken  
Put me out of my misery  
Dig a hole and throw me in the ground

With little faith in a God or humanity I'm lost  
Sometimes I think to myself, "you should burn mother fucker, burn"

There's no truth in resting on laurels  
Or the blindfold of crooked ideals and morals

On and on till the end  
The serpents in my head  
Will show themselves through the whites of my eyes  
If all is lost again will I repeat or repent?  
Or will I realize the devil's in disguise?

I'll fucking self-destruct

Well I've been bitten by temptation  
Body of rust and a cynical soul  
I can't seem to fend off all the vermin

I feel the devil he's calling  
He's gnawing his way through the walls  
Is this the bitter end to a lost cause (in his jaws)  
Or a chance to reignite?

Fuck

Doubt has dragged me down to rock bottom this time  
Despite the weight on my shoulders I continue to climb  
In my final hours towards a higher power to find I'm damaged by design  
I can't believe it was so difficult to see  
That all along my only enemy was me

I should burn

Burn...