

# Dead Weight

Morta Skuld

Your life means nothing, hate by design  
Your only weakness, ugly inside  
The ugly inside is your weakness  
So close to the lies

An anchor around my neck  
You drag me into this game  
You tell me how to think  
You tell me how to feel inside

Is your weakness  
So close to the lies

It never goes away

I will tear your world apart  
Until there is nothing left  
I will tear your world apart