

Cult of the reaper  
Well, I had a feeling  
That this would have ended like this  
3:45 in the morning  
You never really gave me a warning  
Cult of the reaper

The shadow in my room  
Am I dreaming or am I up?  
The room gets cold and the door shuts  
I take my last breath and the best outcome is a quick death

I live in a prison, I'm stuck in the distance  
Between what I am and the things that I'm missing  
What is the difference?  
I never listen, it is what it is and fuck what it isn't

And it was in that moment, I saw the spirit of Azrael above me. I thought of  
you for the last time. I wait for death's embrace

Dance in the acid rain  
Wrap me in cellophane  
I didn't want this pain  
I tried to change, it's all in vain  
And I still hurt myself  
Put the blame on someone else  
And I will drag you down  
To my lovely little hell

I feel your touch hypothetically  
I feel your aura even when you're not next to me  
I wanna feel emotional like we were 16  
You're laying with me but I feel like something's missing  
Yeah, yeah, I mean that fifteen-hundred  
We're fifteen-hundred-dollar shoes and I'm still feeling nothing  
I lost too many that I loved to pills and Robitussin  
I let too many slip away without a last discussion

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