

## Empty Hands

Poppy

You can't be spared from hell's routine  
Beneath my feet into the ground  
In life you wallow with indifference  
In death you shall not make a sound  
Downward they fall in the ash  
Breathe it in till it blackens their lungs  
The curse  
The marks they adorn  
May it all get worse until your dying day

You will return with empty hands if you return at all

Can't carry all you've stolen from me  
Got taken in vain so may the torment never stop

Our ill-fated dreams  
Open doors to nowhere that I haven't been  
In the scene  
The gnashing of my teeth  
The fiddling of insanity  
Now what's become of you  
Is lurking under me

Sulk in sorrow  
Now you're losing sleep  
May the reaper greet you suddenly  
All the eyes are harrowing  
Look away, look the fuck away

You're losing me  
The terror's on repeat  
You'd die to never be  
Forgotten

You can't be spared from hell's routine  
Beneath my feet into the ground  
In life you wallow with indifference  
In death you shall not make a sound

Empty hands  
Breathe  
Can't take it with you