

Reaper

Rotting Out

What do you know about time and counting days?
The walls laugh as I cry wondering how I got this way
The boy holds the gun and I slowly come undone
But I know he's gotta die if I am to survive

I'll play the reaper in my own life
Why have I always been a servant to those dark times?

I'll be certain to appreciate the purpose
Of why the boy became the serpent in a world that kept cursing
him
So boy, come with me, it's you and I
It's been a long time coming, so close your eyes
TIME TO DIE!

Time to die!