

## The Negative, Pt. 2

Saltwound

Motherfucking bitch

Bleed through your words  
And let the ink stain  
Over the image  
That I can finally see through  
Feign your support  
Then stab the knife still deeper in my back  
Use it as leverage just to pull me fucking down  
Dead messiahs fall

I found my salvation  
Stretched out on the open road  
The streets are paved in blood  
But still shine as if gold  
And yet the hounds of hell  
Still follow me close  
They shake my hand with a smile  
With their fangs at my throat  
Just idols  
Made of wax under the sunlight  
And now I've realized  
The God that lives in filth  
Is the God that lives in me

Step beyond the curtain  
I am all that you are  
I am all that you seek

You seek the suffering  
That continues to curse my name  
Motherfucker

Dead messiahs fall

Another cold night  
Gives way to a beautiful mourning  
The Negative dwells within me  
In a place where no light shines  
Where my reflection dies

I let a man made god  
Guide me by the hand to hell