

## Means to an End

### The Haunted

As the truth hits me  
Like a bullet to the face  
Turns out life means nothing  
When a heart is cold  
I could use a little pain

To fill the empty void, the hole I feel inside  
Seems like everything I do, just ain't enough  
Thrown aside, like a piece who lost its place?  
A noisome life, stained by guilt  
For those I thought I left behind

Trust is my sinking stone  
In this ocean of filth  
Dirty lies now fill my lungs  
They make it easier to breath

I rip my skin with my fingers  
Drive nails down deep in my soul  
In my head where they linger  
Can someone please take my demons for a walk?

Will it ever end? I need some rest  
This life is doing me in  
Relentless hunger, endless pain  
The supply will always be my demand

Trust is my sinking stone  
In this ocean of filth  
Dirty lies now fill my lungs  
They make it easier to breath

I rip my skin with my fingers  
Drive nails down deep in my soul  
In my head where they linger  
Can someone please take my demons for a walk?

This is a means to an end  
This is a means to an end

In my head where they linger  
I have come to take my demons away  
I rip my throat with my fingers  
We all have our means to an end

This is a means to an end  
This is a means to an end