

## No One Leaves Unscathed

This Is Hell

Each bruise a badge, each scar tells a tale.  
Memories of unbroken will.  
Never approaching my final descent.  
Never regretting the years I spent.  
Pull back the skin, expose the bones.  
The quest for vengeance all I've ever known.  
The backlash, I've made my mark, guilty as charged.  
I've given everything that I could; every ounce of sweat, every  
ounce of blood that runs through my veins, it's worth all the  
pain.  
Not seeking praise.  
Sincerity can be measured by the blood that runs down my face.  
Now, crawling out, under the darkest of clouds.  
I felt my heart start caving in at the thought of leaving every  
thing.  
This, is the spark, to reignite the dying fire.  
Been stripped and scorned, but I won't mourn.  
No end in sight to my desire.  
Forever, scream for the world to hear always.  
And I'll never be caught living through memories.  
This is the spark to reignite the fire.  
No end in sight to my desire.  
But innocence was feigned, and led astray.  
No one leaves unscathed.  
Each bruise a badge, each scar tells a tale.  
Memories of unbroken will.  
Given all I could.  
Every ounce of blood that runs through my veins.  
It's worth all the pain.  
No one leaves unscathed.