

Stigmata

Varials

I'm stuck in this rut again
I really dug myself deep this time
I can't escape these holes in my hands

Do it

Soul crushing

There's a target on my back
And life is the firing squad
Content with a shot to the head
No repentance for what I've done
Ergh
All of my sins have come back to haunt me

No fear of death

The hollow point has become my master
Wasting time is getting old

Six feet
That's all I need
Six feet
To separate you from me

What I want
And what I deserve
The things I've said
The things that were heard

Can you feel your hands?
I've lost my sense of touch
Can you feel your hands?
I've lost my touch

Silence is fucking golden
I won't settle for less
God above please speak to me
I can't fight back again
Move
Stigmata
This is the holy war
Death to all who fail