

Razors Edge

William Control

I feel nothing fuck like sick despair
All this suffering, goddamn don't you care?
Here's the rope tie me up to the bed
Pull it hard, break the skin, take me out of my head
There's just one thing all I ask you to do
A small something here's my body to use
Place my soul in a box and believe
The worlds not ready
The fault misery

Count down the days that you have kept me alive
In this place, only the willing survive
It's my pleasure cut with one hand
I'm the queen of the dark I command
There's just one thing, all I want you to do
A small something, here's my body to use
Show the world how to fear and blaspheme
Here's the rope pull it tight
Show me dark and obscene

The smoke clears and in whispering waves of self-mutilation I see the dark sky fall to pieces, the world is sometimes too heavy to breath and the dead surround me like an ocean. I can't recognize the reflection looking back through the mirror, as if some sort of silent stranger with mean eyes and deadly stare, he sees everything and why? Then with one last glimmer defiant I'm transformed into a monster a giant, with no heart, no limbs, no desire. This is not a suicide letter. I just want to get a real close look at death touch his matted hair as I pass him by.

You slash my heart on the razors edge. On the razors edge. (8x)