

It

Beneath the Massacre

It starts as a simple thought and grows, eats you alive.
You choke and you spit
but you can't get the taste out of your mouth,
don't you know it's with you until the end. And I'm
breaking free from this.
You fight back with all you have, denying your
intellectual cell.
It's a race against time, it's a fight you can't win. You
should know it is
with you until the end. I'm breaking free from this.
And all it needs is a single spark to bring yourself to
life. it's a race
against time, it's a fight you can't win. You should know
by now it is with
you until the end.
And I'm breaking free from this sinking rock and gasp for
air. And all the
pacified fools waiting for death as their deliverance.
One step towards the
end, seizing every moment.