

## By Darkness Enslaved

Carnifex

These eyes I see don't even remind me of me.  
I want to put the knife in and make you dirty on the inside.  
I want to see you crawl on your hands and knees.  
Beg for me.

My fate rests in the arms of hell.  
I bought the dead and now they've come to collect.  
By darkness enslaved with the heart strings of sorrow.  
I sold my soul and solemn darkness fills the hole.  
Part of me sleeps and part of me dreams.  
A mouth full of rumors hands full of daggers in a room full of  
mirrors no god, no savior.

My own indifference is what separates me from the pain.  
Razor blade victims breaking the skin just to pour the hate bac  
k in.  
Just to pour the hate back in.

I want to see you crawl on your hands and knees, beg for me.  
Beg for me.

These eyes I see don't even remind me of me.  
I want to put the knife in and make you dirty on the inside.  
I want to see you crawl on your hands and knees.  
Beg for me.

Pushing the needle through the stitching has began to wear.  
Only I can tell you when this sickness will end.

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