

Dead But Dreaming

Carnifex

So who's to say we can't die in our dreams?
Sometimes dark but always so bitter and bleak.
A slave to some, but the mind's eye sees what it wants to see.
Bitter blood and poisoned tongue is all that's left of me.

How will this world pass away?
Let me fall through the cracks and in darkness slip away.
When will the dead rise from their graves?
A forgotten casket, a hole in the earth,
A place to spend my last days.

Take my two hands and put them on my throat.
God, give me a mirror so I can watch myself choke.

Automatic erotica.
Suicidal neurotica.
I hope now you see you're nothing like me.

Peel back my flesh
And see there's nothing inside me.
Peel back my flesh
And show you what empty really means.
I'll show the world how little you mean.

You don't mean a f*cking thing to me. [x4]

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When will the dead rise from their graves?
A forgotten casket, a hole in the earth,
A place to spend my last days.

Take two hands and put them on my throat.
God, give me a mirror so I can watch myself choke.

How will this world pass away? [x2]

Like a scar waiting for new skin,
Wounds heal.
Like a scar waiting for new skin,
I'll never be the same again