

## Exit Wounds

Dark Age

Your words have hit me like a ten ton steam  
hammer, bitch...  
... cutted me in two, have pulled me down to kneel for you

You freak... indeed, our battles made me weak  
You freak... mendacious bliss in all you seek

Qhen you are falling your wounds are calling  
You need to hurt to feell free... right on

Who knew what I ran into- demons that  
returned to you  
A weak, fake fall or helpless need inbred to  
sponge our bleed

Free are the ones who can choose and  
you know there is nothing to loose

Follow me into all misery  
I choose you to reveal my exit wounds  
Fallacy composed my harmonies  
I want you to unscar these crying wounds

My exit wounds