

Razorfever

Dark Tranquillity

Born of laughter
strangled by sin
No remorse
mistreat the soul again

No features
the blur of things denied
No return
the cross to bear is my own

Just one sip and life returns
Razorfever

The pollution of your narrow perception
Read into the lines of men's work
Degeneration: let the truth be known
Numb the pain with the liquid of fire

Razorfever burns

Born a desperation's child
admist the last descent
Fierce as that of angel's wrath
to lay the soul to rest

Just one sip
Just one more
Just one
and so my world can be restored.