Can I say what I feel inside?
I'm born on the inside, wish I could have be on it.
Wasting my time doing what others always wanted
You used to be acinic, we used to be platonic.

Down in Hell, leave your prints on it,
Take it all that you can, you got to feed of it.
Down in Hell, leave your prints on it,
Take it all that you can, you got to feed of it.
Down in Hell, leave your prints on it,
Take it all that you can, you got to feed of it.

Out of four, all them innocent Scratch my brain, run my armpits to your fingertips. Waste my time doing what others always missed, We used to be acinic, you used to be platonic.

Down in Hell, leave your prints on it,
Take it all that you can, you got to feed of it.
Down in Hell, leave your prints on it,
Take it all that you can, you got to feed of it.
Down in Hell, leave your prints on it,
Take it all that you can, you got to feed of it.

North to South, play like you're dead Until you're dead.

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Until you're dead.