

Cut Off Your Hands

Fit For Rivals

Pass this on as my epilogue
Heartless, selfish, alone they'll fall
Light the match, breathe in deep I cried
Lock the doors, let them burn inside

Cut off your hands there's no escaping
You try to get up to severe the craving
Redrawn, appease this con, and recess back to what you've become

The end is nigh, fading into night
Vengeance, consequence, left entwined
Abhor the hopeless, apprise this crime, soon everything will be
alright

Cut off your hands there's no escaping
You try to get up to severe the craving
Redrawn, appease this con, and recess back to what you've become

You think I've had enough, but I'm not giving up
You think I've had enough
You think I've had enough, but I'm not giving up
You think I've had enough

And I say

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You try to get up to severe the craving