

The Final cut

Greedy Invalid

Mowing my garden
I feel like I'm fading
The colour of skin
Is changing

Going through the process
Of disintegration
Just one last shot
And I am history for myself

I can't breathe
My heart is slowing
I feel only frost
A tear falls down
I keep on waiting
Blood escapes my trunk

The final cut's salvation
Is what I desire
My painful lust
A filthy liar

I want my soul to rest now
I am so tired
I won't past the test
And end in fire

Dying
What must be done must be done
Dying
My head is spinning I run I run I run