

## 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