Time, why must it fly so slow Waiting, is something that's easy for you Pull the plug, send it down the drain Pain is easy to get used to What's in me, is in you What's got me, has got you And everything told, must come true Pretending to be real, forgetting who you are Sin, is always at my door Slice the vein, blood spilled on the floor Light shining in my eyes Death greets me with a smile Pain So much pain Pain So much pain