

Rumble In The Grundle

Hand Of Mercy

At a loss for words
The sirens fill my head
With promises I've already heard
Backtracked by a lesson not learned

Hindsight is a terrible thing
It makes me realise what the past was to bring
Mistakes that were so avoidable
Plagues every thought that enters my mind

This has been born from torture
And is forged with the darkest intent
You can't try to salvage this
When there's nothing f*cking left

It's not the first time this has been left behind
Just let it die
Just let it die
Just let it die
Just let it die!

You're chasing something
That you will never find
I just hope we both make it out alive

I'd rather the reaper ran blades through my flesh
Than sit back, and indulge in this mess

Cold hearted sentiments and forked tongues
Leave me mentally vexed

A black vision of the future
Just know I'd rather the reaper instead

I'd rather the f*cking reaper
Than one more second of this hell

This story's over
There's nothing left to tell

I'd rather the reaper ran blades through my flesh
Than sit back, and indulge in this mess

Cold hearted sentiments and forked tongues
Leave me mentally vexed

A black vision of the future
Just know I'd rather the reaper instead

Can't you see the signs of struggle
Why bother pushing against the grain

Can't you see the signs of struggle
I await the reaper
To call my name!