

# 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!