

Under the Knife

Hatebreed

I can't seem to fathom how we live in this world of pain
Under the knife, see our bodies grow frail
Ravaged by disease my heart grows weak

And there's nothing to cure the pain
Or to heal my scars now
I won't live my life under the knife

If my fate's been chosen, then I will exist
Or should I put the razor to my wrist
I'm alone in this fight, how will I prove I'm right?
I won't live my life under the knife