

Connect the Cuts

Ice Nine Kills

Well I've been looking for redemption
What was gold now is lost to the wolves
As the choler inside swells like locusts swarm

With all that I've been given
The more I've taken
Put me out of my misery
Dig a hole and throw me in the ground

With little faith in a God or humanity I'm lost
Sometimes I think to myself, "you should burn mother fucker, burn"

There's no truth in resting on laurels
Or the blindfold of crooked ideals and morals

On and on till the end
The serpents in my head
Will show themselves through the whites of my eyes
If all is lost again will I repeat or repent?
Or will I realize the devil's in disguise?

I'll fucking self-destruct

Well I've been bitten by temptation
Body of rust and a cynical soul
I can't seem to fend off all the vermin

I feel the devil he's calling
He's gnawing his way through the walls
Is this the bitter end to a lost cause (in his jaws)
Or a chance to reignite?

Fuck

Doubt has dragged me down to rock bottom this time
Despite the weight on my shoulders I continue to climb
In my final hours towards a higher power to find I'm damaged by design
I can't believe it was so difficult to see
That all along my only enemy was me

I should burn

Burn...