

# Way Too Wicked

Mortiis

I killed my muse yesterday, or was it yesteryear?  
And I built you the great machine to amplify my fear.  
Would it matter to you if I say nothing as I walk away?

Did you know you're a soul predator?  
So fucked by the great machine.  
The perfect instigator.  
Redeem, redeem, redeem!!!

I can see you down below.  
I can see what you really are.  
I can see the one who stole my soul.  
You're nothing, just another scar.

False though I may be.  
I tried so hard, so long.  
Now it's time for me.  
How could I be?

In this ugly light of truth.  
My slumber finally came undone.  
The devil is inside of you.  
None of this was ever true.

(What if) I could open up to you.  
Like a big black stinking hole.  
With sixteen thousand screaming demons  
Tearing at your soul.  
(But you wouldn't care)  
I want to see you knee deep in the shit you pulled me through.  
I want to make believe I'm dead so you can feel it too.

My muse is a dead soul.  
My muse is so cold.  
My muse has a heart of stone.  
My muse is dead and gone.  
My muse has the voice of God.  
My muse is a beautiful fraud.

False though I may be, I tried so hard and now it's time for me.  
Help me up so you can bring me down, how could I be so wrong?  
Help me up so you can bring me down to hell where I belong.

Your absence makes me way too wicked...  
Your presence makes me way too wicked...  
We're just way too damaged inside.