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## Obituary

A stab in the back with a fearless knife.  
With no regard to an innocent life.  
Ruthlessly killing, what terrible fun.  
Now that you're falling, with nowhere to run.

Back to the one who you fear is dead.  
The nightmare returns, so it's sliced through your head.  
Warmly embraced you will soon go away.  
The blood-soaked heads and the destitute say, say.

Back to one.

You're falling, you're falling to your death down below.  
You're dying it's pain no one will ever know.  
You're crawling toward the goodness of the light.  
You're crying out after those who may stop this fight.