

Manipulator's Wire

Phinehas

Witness the fate of a generation
Bring me your sutures
I'll rip them out
Your past is evident
Held together by string

Are you really yourself
or do your demons still haunt you?
Are you really yourself?
Your past owns you
Your stitches are your manipulator's wire

Dread the night where the blood blends with the rest
You'll be shown what you've hidden away
Swept under the rug
Now the destruction refuses to relent
You'll be found drowning in shadows
if you breathe your past

Gauze and string won't mend your wounds
Burying your future in oblivion
Your past owns you

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Your past owns you

Seethe all you corpses to scorch and deceive

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