

## My Tourniquet

Soul Embraced

What I thought  
Would kill the pain  
Only brought more  
I lay dying  
My wrist pouring, crimson regret and betrayal  
I'm dying, praying, bleeding and screaming  
Am I too lost to be saved?  
Am I too lost?

My God, my tourniquet  
Return to me salvation  
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Return to me salvation

My wounds cry for the grave  
My soul cries for deliverance  
Will I be denied?  
Christ  
Tourniquet  
My suicide

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