

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
My God, my tourniquet
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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