

Martyr

The Blank Theory

They've built this place in here
It's where I'm banished, stuck again
And I'm lying to pass my breathe
Pass my breathe to those who would have died
Or could I go on

And wear the marks of a thousand years
And scorn the angels that I've born
Desperately, so desperately
Crawling back to the womb
Crawling back to the womb
I, I lost
Or could I go on

A knife in the hands of a beautiful woman
Will cast a spell worth a thousand years

I wish you would hold onto me
I wish you'd remember me when I'm gone
I'm gone
I'm dead for all of you
I'm dead for all of you