

When Everything Becomes Nothing

Through the Eyes of the Dead

Forever ends when everything becomes nothing the time has come
to see how bitter the razor tastes I wouldn't give you the satisfaction
to sew your hands shut the sun has now stopped rising
it seems tomorrow just won't make it temples are falling apart
piece by piece tomorrow just won't make it designed for murder
it's not my fault reflections in the rose petals taht were placed
over your eyes looks a lot like revenge forever ends when everything
becomes nothing the time has come to see how bitter the
razor tastes I couldn't give you the satisfaction to sew your
hands shut the sun has now stopped rising it seemes tomorrow
just won't make it temples are falling apart piece by piece tomorrow
just won't make it