

I, the Collector

Vanna

Hell is empty
they're surrounding us here
back from the grave
for better or for
worse you'd say
without remorse
I am alive and
and living out
living out my curse
living my curse
I will never breathe life again
death is my only friend
I'm the devil
that makes this hell
will you survive
no man could tell
In my hand
I hold the world (I am death)
a stage for all (the collector of life)
life stories told
when you die what
will be yours (I am death)
a trail of lies that will never be heard
(the collector)
my words decay
with every single
breath I take
so breathe it in
in hopes to ruin
your lungs from within
I am death collector of life
I am revenge
the thief in the night
I am death collector of life
I am revenge
the thief in the night
the thief in the night
In my hand
I hold the world
a stage for all
life stories told
when you die what
will be yours
a trail of lies that will never be heard
living my curse