

# 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