

# fame>demise

## Woe Is Me

The devil and god are knocking at my door  
I thought I had your word  
That a father dies before his son  
Now the reaper and his men are marching away  
Straight to hell

All that you taught me to be  
Was a moper, a dreamer that only refused to dream  
Oh save it please  
My voice is peaking through your speakers  
And Iâ€™m speaking just to show you the way  
How could you  
Shelter me out  
Iâ€™m much older now  
Youâ€™re a chemical fiend  
You shatter like a beaker  
When I only want to show you the way

The architect, the creator  
Iâ€™ll build my way out of your demise  
These dreams are my castles,  
Not the walls you built up around me

Oh when I look at my watch and I know  
Time is gold  
It canâ€™t be pawned and it canâ€™t be sold  
Now youâ€™re running out of time,  
Better relapse and rewind  
Crucify your addiction so you can cross this line  
Nothing can save you from the fate that awaits you

Disregard the signals  
Disregard the smoke  
Father donâ€™t believe them  
Just let them fucking choke

Now we lay you down to sleep  
I pray his hands, your soul to reap  
And if I die before you wake  
Then Iâ€™ve lost a bet, and for fucks sake,

When all your cards are on the table  
Pray the floor is still and stable and dance your life away

Your true colors are starting to get loud  
(so loud that it hurts my ears)  
Have fun praying to your gray god now  
Yeah, this war don't determine who's right  
This war just determines who's left standing tonight  
Stop handing me lights  
I can see what you are in the dark just fine  
I'm not blind, I'm bending the blinds  
Peeking through to get a glimpse of your anguishing life  
You're hiding like a vampire, here comes the strife  
This won't hurt me cause I get a thrill from the bite

So place your bets  
Place your bets  
Cause through my eyes you'll reap what you sew

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Lyrics submitted by Morgan Taylor.

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