

Cut

Apocalypse

No one of us can live without cut off
Some scenes from our lives
Without getting free from theses nightmares
In our soul...in my soulCut, cut the veins that sustains you
Cut, is the same that feeds you
Cut, cut the film from my soul
Cut these scenes from my dreams
Cut the false heroes that betrayed you
Cut, cut the pulse from who beat you
And the needles from the addictedCut...cut...cut...cut...Cut, the gates of my suffering
Cut, cut because they hurt my soul

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