

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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