

Riddle for the Wrist Cutter

Astorian Stigmata

I am the black star shining tonight.
I am those kids you never see
I close my door and lock it tight
So now I can become me

And those punks their all awake
Out in the scene
But I can bring myself to life
Dancing to my own beat

I am your friends when you are dead
I am the pillow while you dream
I am the voice inside your head
When your not listening

And somewhere out there tonight
Is a place I'd rather be
But I'll stay safe inside
My world of silent defeat

I think that my mirror gives the wrong reflection
I got the wrong cure for the right infection
Again and again
I have a demon who never gets it's way
I am an angel with no one left to save
Again and again and again

Lyrics submitted by brooke colson.

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