

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.

Lyrics provided by

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