

Armed With a Cicatrix

[Birdwu](#)

Voices around my head
Born from a universe of some bordem and life impaired
Mucous aligned with sticks that beat on my oxygen
But I'm armed with a cicatrix tonight
I'm fighting back yeah Hang on oh myriad of angels inside my head
Ooh treat me like you do
Let your knowledge out
Stand up and say it loud
Ooh treat me like you do and i'll do the same for you Dull conversation lies on paranoia's side
Lock in, shallow on overdrive
Give me a whisper I can choke on
Surrounded by your intakes your lullabies
It's all a game I hate to lose
I owe you nothing, nothing to prove
Armed with a cicatrix tonight
Nothing to hide Chorus X2

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