

Suicide, My Bride

Naraka

In a victim we find victory
Over that which does not forgive
In the fallen we find infamy
Amongst those wanting to relive
In the midst of the many
Theres unity with the scars of death
In the minds of children
Theres decay with every breathTrying to leap,
The wind washes away the pain
Trying to bleed,
The knife separates the soul and the sane
Wanting to choke the source of your demise
You unravel the rope of disarray
Wanting to shoot the signs of your disease
You pull the triggers of those cast away

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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