

Way Too Wicked

Mortiis

I killed my muse yesterday, or was it yesteryear?
And I built you the great machine to amplify my fear.
Would it matter to you if I say nothing as I walk away? Did you know you're a soul predator?
So fucked by the great machine.
The perfect instigator.
Redeem, redeem, redeem!!! I can see you down below.
I can see what you really are.
I can see the one who stole my soul.
You're nothing, just another scar. False though I may be.
I tried so hard, so long.
Now it's time for me.
How could I be? In this ugly light of truth.
My slumber finally came undone.
The devil is inside of you.
None of this was ever true. (What if) I could open up to you.
Like a big black stinking hole.
With sixteen thousand screaming demons
Tearing at your soul.
(But you wouldn't care)
I want to see you knee deep in the shit you pulled me through.
I want to make believe I'm dead so you can feel it too. My muse is a dead soul.
My muse is so cold.
My muse has a heart of stone.
My muse is dead and gone.
My muse has the voice of God.
My muse is a beautiful fraud. False though I may be, I tried so hard and now it's time for me.
Help me up so you can bring me down, how could I be so wrong?
Help me up so you can bring me down to hell where I belong. Your absence makes me way too wicked...
Your presence makes me way too wicked...
We're just way too damaged inside.

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