# Cutter

## Sins Of The Flesh

Severed me roots of dead family trees
Finding the damage inside
(Of me)
Parting blood red seas on bended knee
Too much to ask when it's so hard to breatheNo way out, tearing my soul to finally see
The real wreckage between
(You and me)
A cold grin for those damned at my door
My hanging heart for your product of warNo way out, cutting myself for clarity
I just keep falling into darkness
Cutting myself for clarity
Just keep fallingNo way out, cutter cutting myself for clarity
I just keep falling into darkness
Cutting myself for clarity
Just keep falling one way down, no way out

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