

Soulburner

Gardenian

Sometimes thinking of suicide
The thought that sharpens my mind
Deep down in manic depression
I only hear my own cries These thoughts are so twisted I can hardly
Look out from the edge of my world
Those feelings of losing every sense of touch
I tried to reach with my hands Sometimes thinking of suicide
The thought that sharpens my mind
Sometimes life feels much cheaper
So cold, dull and grey These thoughts are so twisted I can hardly
Look out from the edge of my world
Those feelings of losing every sense of touch
I tried to reach with my hands

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