Inanimate

Novelists

I might be reborn or it might burn my skin.
I just don't care, at least I'll finally feel something.
Tickle every needles stuck in this voodoo doll,
stab it, stab it, stab it
listen the sound that comes
from this fucking empty wreck;
from this carbonized heart.
I'm this disheartened man
who knows that he might end burnt-out.

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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/