

Dying

Stygma IV

Nobody is really save
Nobody is really brave
No one is really kind
The evil always hides inside We are nocturnal beings
We own sinister feelings
We all can be victims of random aggressions At the daily horror show
I hear on my radio
Brutality is where I stand
And where I go I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy Phobia is awaiting me
Phobia is awaiting me We hide the darkness
Of our souls
A friendly smile
Is all we show Under the surface
Of our kind faces
All childhood wounds
Have left their traces At the daily horror show
I hear on my radio
Brutality is where I stand
And where I go I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy I try to hide from society
I see through their conspiracy
Of violence I am afraid of physical pain
Imaginations of hurt is what I can't stand
What I can't stand Nobody is really save
Nobody is really brave
No one is really kind
The evil always hides in mind I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside

No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy Phobia is calling me

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