

Malice

Through the Eyes of the Dead

I dread panic within your tight embrace
I ban the violence from my feeble frame
Choose your weapon and go to war instead!
Anchor me in a sea of
silence
Harbor me with my restless mind
I live revenge with my second skin
I feel the echo pounding in my head
I know this feeling deep within
It makes no sense to hide from what you are
Malice, i dare to linger
Malice, i won't attempt to flee
Malice, just for a moment
Malice, to bundle all my rage
Poorly gifted i still try to reluct
Let me surrender my weakish sense of bliss
Kind of awkward to find this faith in you
Torn between extremes
Please meet my state of mind
Please accept my reason for being born
to grant my last request
my malice never fails

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