

When all golden turned to shit

Impaled Nazarene

I remember the time
When all golden turned to shit
And I started to doubt about existence
And I remember the blood when razor hit my wrist
I remember the time
When all golden turned to shit
And I started to question your existence
And I remember your screams as I took out my blade
To test my theory about your fucking existence
And to proof that most of you are better off dead
Indeed!

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

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