Cut Off Your Hands

Fit For Rivals

Pass this on as myepilogue.
Heartless, selfish,alone they'll fall.
Light thematch, breathe in deep Icried.
Lock the doors, let themburn inside.
Cut off your handsthere's no escaping.
You try toget up to severe thecraving.
Redrawn, appease thiscon, and recess back to whatyou've become.
The end isneigh, fading intonight.
Vengeance, consequence,left entwined.
Abhor thehopeless, apprise this crime, sooneverything will be alright.
Youthink I've had enough, but I'm notgiving up.
You think I've hadenough.
And I say.

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