

Cut Off Your Hands

Fit For Rivals

Pass this on as my epilogue.
Heartless, selfish, alone they'll fall.
Light the match, breathe in deep I cried.
Lock the doors, let them burn inside.
Cut off your hands there's no escaping.
You try to get up to severe the craving.
Redrawn, appease this con, and recess back to what you've become.
The end is nigh, fading in tonight.
Vengeance, consequence, left entwined.
Abhor the hopeless, apprise this crime, soon everything will be alright.
You think I've had enough, but I'm not giving up.
You think I've had enough.
And I say.

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