# Exit Wounds

## Dark Age

Your words have hit me like a ten ton steam
Hammer, bitch...
Cutted me in two, have pulled me down to kneel for you

You freak... indeed, our battles made me weak
You freak... mendacious bliss in all you seek

When you are falling your wounds are calling
You need to hurt to feel free, right on

Who knew what I ran into? demons that

Returned to you
A weak, fake fall or helpless need inbred to
Sponge our bleed

Free are the ones who can choose and
You know there is nothing to loose

Follow me into all misery
I choose you to reveal my exit wounds
Fallacy composed my harmonies
I want you to unscar these crying wounds

My exit wounds
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