My Demise B.c.

Wednesday 13

There's a crack in the frame,
But the photo is the same,
But I don't recognize the face,
It looks a lot like me, or who I used to be,
Now there's no one but myself to blame,
Now the shadows are all around,
Mines's nowhere to be found.
Pull the wings off a fly,
Watch it suffer and die,
And I'll never get out of this life alive,
Drenched in blood with no alibi,
And the crowd goes wild at my demise.

Through this bottle I can see,
My firends and enemies,
As they turn their backs to me,
But who's really to blame,
Myself or just my name,
In the end, I can't win.
The shadows are all around,
Mines's nowhere to be found.
Pull the wings off a fly,
Watch it suffer and die,
And I'll never get out of this life alive,
Drenched in blood with no alibi,
And the crowd goes wild at my demise

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