

Modern Death

Deathstars

So can you tell me how you feel inside the beat of a child
Or is it more dead then alive, fashioned in a sinful style I don't care - NO
Not at all
I care of nothing So can you persuade me
-I will for the dying..
-
No star for the blackened youth
The empyrean x-ray
Yeah, distorted on hell's use
The empyrean x-ray No mirror for the blinded youth, or that fucked up truth
No hearts for the willing to live, from more than this world can give
I don't care - NO
Not at all
I care of nothing So can you persuade me
-a will for the dying No star for the blackened youth
The empyrean x-ray
Yearh, distorted on hell's use
The empyrean x-ray A design for the broken, a fistful of darkness for life
Burnt out sick and frozen, can you feel the hatred No star for the blackened youth
The empyrean x-ray
Yearh, distorted on hell's use
The empyrean x-ray

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