

# cutter

## Triac

Severed me roots of dead family trees  
Finding the damage inside  
(Of me)  
Parting blood red seas on bended knee  
Too much to ask when it's so hard to breathe  
No way out, tearing my soul to finally see  
The real wreckage between  
(You and me)  
A cold grin for those damned at my door  
My hanging heart for your product of war  
No way out, cutting myself for clarity  
I just keep falling into darkness  
Cutting myself for clarity  
Just keep falling  
No way out, cutter cutting myself for clarity  
I just keep falling into darkness  
Cutting myself for clarity  
Just keep falling one way down, no way out

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