

# Different Ways of Decay

## Crisis

I think I'm rotting on the inside.  
way down deep inside my soul...  
I've built this little coffin that I live in every day.  
I peek out every day or so to see those ghosts at play.  
I've got my knife right by my side.  
I keep it warm, I hold the blade.  
I want to keep watch, keep hold...  
for when they come to take my soul away.  
I've got this fear living inside me.  
it keeps me crippled and cold.  
like a child I lie frozen.  
I hope these arms won't reach out and take hold.  
there's blood on my face it keeps me warm at night...

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