

The Birth Of Catastrophe

With Broken Wings

And I've begun my misery.

I celebrate my death annually

And with no control I watch my grave grow deeper.(What is wrong with me..)And I've begun my misery.

I celebrate my death annually

And with no control I watch my grave grow deeper

As I slowly begin to walk towards it.And while walking towards it

I trip and fall.

I sit awake to prevent from falling

And while lying awake I see a door being shut.

I begin to suffocate as I gasp for breath.And I've begun my misery.

I celebrate my death annually

And with no control I watch my grave grow deeper

As I slowly begin to walk towards it.And as I look over my lifeless body

I think to myself.

Is this how it ends?

A life composed of misery, a life that trapped me.

(a life that killed me)And I've begun my misery.

I celebrate my death annually

And with no control I watch my grave grow deeper

As I slowly begin to walk towards it. (x3)What is Wrong With Me?

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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