

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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