

Hand of the Dead

Living Sacrifice

Cut deep, the wound is open, infection sets in
Will this be my last or does the cut get deeper?
I can't feel walking with unopened eyes
Lies that brought me here fade away
Misplaced this cure, misplaced this heart
Can't feel for the wound inside
Hand of the dead laid in stone, shape shift to convince
Drowning is evidence that fading is slowly taking root
Can't feel for the wound inside
Hand of the dead

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