

# Under the Knife

## Hatebreed

I can't seem to fathom how we live in this world of pain  
Under the knife, see our bodies grow frail  
Ravaged by disease my heart grows weak And there's nothing to cure the pain  
Or to heal my scars now  
I won't live my life under the knife If my fate's been chosen, then I will exist  
Or should I put the razor to my wrist  
I'm alone in this fight, how will I prove I'm right?  
I won't live my life under the knife

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