

# Razors Edge

William Control

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I feel nothing, fuck like sick despair  
All this suffering, goddamn, don't you care?  
Here's the rope, tie me up to the bed  
Pull it hard, break the skin, take me out of my head  
There's just one thing, all I ask you to do  
A small something, here's my body to use  
Place my soul in a box and believe  
The worlds not ready, the fall misery  
Count down the days that you have kept me alive  
In this place only the willing survive  
It's my pleasure, cut with one hand  
I'm the queen of the dark, I command  
There's just one thing, all I want you to do  
A small something, here's my body to use  
Show the world how to fear and blaspheme  
Here's the rope pull it tight, show me dark and obscene  
The smoke clears and in whispering waves  
Of self mutilation I see the dark sky fall to pieces  
The world is sometimes too heavy to breath  
And the dead surround me like an ocean  
I can't recognize the reflection  
Looking back through the mirror  
As if some sort of silent stranger  
With mean eyes and deadly stare  
He sees everything and why?  
Then with one last glimmer defiant  
I'm transformed into a monster a giant  
With no heart, no limbs, no desire  
This is not a suicide letter  
I just want to get a real close look at death  
Touch his matted hair as I pass him by  
You slash my heart on razors edge  
On the razors edge  
Don't worry, we'll mend it, stay with me

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