

Termination Bliss

Deathstars

Here she comes down, as her wings get nailed to the ground
- A polaroid of shame
The last angel's pathetic fame
The face of deceit with nails in her feet
She's a preacher deprived from her voice
A punctured lung is creating noise
The cry that she made was the cry of a dying child
The revocation of empathy
The sound from a million dreams and scars
Termination Bliss
Blessed under a lie, Her last little weak "why?"
- The bloody end of a dream
Slit the throat and taste the cream
She wears her crown on a head that's bowed deep down
A dying picture of lies
A tortured saint fed to the flies

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