

# Sick of Will

## Grammatrain

can't ever win against my sin  
i find i'm made of dust again  
look away from evil displays  
shadows on your walls come from my eyes if i could only be, if i could only be your master  
you'll torture me until the die i die to you  
if i could only learn to ignore myself and let you burn away,  
save myself from your decay  
leave me every time i'm up you come to hold me down, hold me  
i see i've got nothing left to show you now show you  
want to decide to commit willicide  
i chew the chains i wrapped again  
in my dream see what i've seen  
the sun will dry you up and burn the dead away

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