

Patricide

Lowlife

I'm not the devil
And that's untrue
I'm just not like you
Anger holds my hands
Keeps me in seclusion
A prison
But I can't help it that I hate everyone
Even you See it breathing all the hate and denial
Let you again left out feeling hollow and broken
A saw the devil crawl inside your heart
Binding my soul
Tearing me apart Sit in my room
Locked away
Constricted
The burning ash and choking smoke
Dry out my insides
But I'll still fight every single day
Till death See it breathing all the hate and denial
Let you again left out feeling hollow and broken
A saw the devil crawl inside your heart
Binding my soul
Tearing me apart See everything fall around here
I can't help anyone now
How many times do I have to die?
There's no blood left in my wrists
In my wrists
In my wrists Find a way back inside of my mind
Reasons hold away, you can't hold back again
Will you find a reason why I should not break?
No I don't care
Not this time
For the reasons why? I'm not the devil
And that's untrue
I'm just not like you
Anger holds my hands
Keeps me in seclusion
A prison

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