Razors Edge

William Control

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 headThere'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 miseryCount 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 commandThere'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 obsceneThe 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 oceanI can't recognize the reflection
Looking back through the mirror
As if some sort of silent stranger
With mean eyes and deadly stareHe sees everything and why?
Then with one last glimmer defiant
I'm transformed into a monster a giant
With no heart, no limbs, no desireThis is not a suicide letter
I just want to get a real close look at death
Touch his matted hair as I pass him byYou slash my heart on razors edge
On the razors edge
Don't worry, we'll mend it, stay with me

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