Super Reality

Gorefest

One more day of wretchedness
A day you can't forget
With knees that bleed from crawling
With a demon on your backThe hounds they got you by the throat
They never let you go
You cut their heads off in your dreams
But they just die real slowI'm your
I'm your
I'mI'm your fallen angel
I'm your new found hell
I can smell your fear
And it suits you wellI'm your new found hellYour struggle is continuing
So much that it hurts
You've come to fell like far from home
And blind and lost for wordsI'm your
I'm your
I'mI'm your fallen angel
I'm your new found hell
I can smell your fear
And it suits you well

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