

# 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 back  
The 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 slow  
I'm your  
I'm your fallen angel  
I'm your new found hell  
I can smell your fear  
And it suits you well  
I'm your new found hell  
Your struggle is continuing  
So much that it hurts  
You've come to feel like far from home  
And blind and lost for words  
I'm your  
I'm your  
I'm your fallen angel  
I'm your new found hell  
I can smell your fear  
And it suits you well

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