

Conti Lynora

"Bad Seed 57"

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Cringe in your pain
Call me insane
Don't try to drag me down
But either way I'll be around
Gruesome agony
Hidden for no one to see
Ripped apart
More bitter than tart

Agony
Further than what the eye can see
Goes further than your
Agony hit harder than the life they gave to me
your precious agony

Goes further than the lies they've told to me
Than the truth you spoke to me
The pain that birthed from me
The smears put on me
Squint your eyes
Prepare to die
Teary eyed
Is life that bad?
What evil could it have had?
Is it worth leaving me?
They sob, obviously
If you care
Then you don't leave their side
You stand
You cry
You die inside

Lit candle in thier name
Songs just aint the same
They're always there
Stop in flames and stare
Smiles reflect back
Maybe you'll get back on track
On knives lay a cresage
It's all a mirage

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