

504 Plan "Cancer"

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Infected deep inside,
Prosthetic light, falls over my eyes,
And these words were spoke in fear,
Catacombs of rotten smiles,

Did i mention that im real,
All this light shines through me,
I ride reflections in your eyes,
And notice im not broken,
Happiness was linked with pain,

Cancer made me do this,
Fields of fallen angels cry,
While i was singing,

Break these walls,
I break my hands,
The lies that ive been told again,
Elastic feelings tend to snap and then break,
The world burned down without my help

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