

Angry Amputees "Branded"

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There's nothing more to hide as I slip into oblivion once again.

No less than paranoid when I know, I know my numbers up for my sins.

Cut myself to stop the suffocation, all my dumb luck's dried up

No one knows of the humiliation, a prisoner held by guilt

Now I'm wearing it, wearing A

Would you fall to save my name at all?

Behind closed doors I'll be dead by dawn

Would you fall to save my name at all?

Self-contempt, hating myself

When I'm wearing it, wearing A

There's nothing more to hide as I strip myself of all my pride

Once again I've slipped

Finding quick to realize that it was, it has, and always will be my life.

Would you fall to save my name at all?

Behind closed doors I'll be dead by dawn

Would you fall to save my name at all?

It might take everything to be saved.

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