

Bane Of Existence

"Solace In The Arms Of The Dead"

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To whom it may concern, I've committed a heinous
crime
Quite a few over the years that I'm losing track with
time
A horror in the eye of the public, a disgrace in the heart
of man
For years I've kept these deep dark secrets, but now I
no longer can
I have this urge, this insistent need
A vile fetish that sets me free
This morbid fascination to lie with the dead
To hold their bodies close to me
To touch them in my bed
Frequently I dream that they're dormant not dead
Just receptacles of pleasure and comfort instead
Constant voices within the world in my head
I find solace in the arms of the dead
I never considered them to be just corpses, these piles
of rotting dead
I'd rather consider them to be good friends
People who wouldn't leave me or hurt me in the end
I find solace in the arms of the dead
Never did I kill someone for my sick and perverse
needs

It's not my right to take a life unless it belongs to me
I never meant to hurt anyone
I have a strange disease
A warped, twisted and deranged urge that aches for
me to please
I loved all my "friends" without reciprocation
But I must end this now knowing I'll be hated
I'm sorry for all the pain
I'm sorry for all the sorrow
I must take my life
(So I will be) dead long before tomorrow
Frequently I dream that they're dominant not dead
Just receptacles of pleasure and comfort instead
Constant voices within the world in my head
I find solace in the arms of the dead
With this gun in my hand, I take my life, a life you will
consider to be evil

One with peace, soon to be free
No more pain shall I feel
No more voices in my head
I found solace now that I am dead

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