

Beneath The Massacre "Anomic"

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Is this the end?
Hands tied to this sinking ship
Release what's left of you
Reveal who you truly are
Your true and passionate existence
This world is a cold hard place
These chains are thick as hell
They hurt and cut you open
They hurt and bleed you dry
Daily contribution to a system
In which you do not fit
Feeling of deception and being useless
I swear I've been there too
Wish I could have showed you the way and have been
there for you
Cause sometimes all you really need is something you
can hold on to
I know this taste stuck in your mouth
I know this apathy too well
Just like the sight of your open wrist. It's forever stuck in
my head
For years I thought I was safe from this
But you prove me once again
There is no way out
Sometimes all you need
Is something to hold on to
And years, thinking I was safe...
But the sight of the blood
Coming out of your wrist
Is yet another failure
Sometimes all you need is something to hold on to
For years that thing for me was you

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