

## Cephalectomy

### "Dying Will Be The Death Of Me"

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Living here, in constant pain, I'm reaching out to you!  
Feelings I have long suppressed, control my mental  
views  
As I walk this lonely earth, searching for a sign  
Something to make me want to live, cause' now I want  
to  
Die  
As I languish here, in this house of disease,  
And decrepitude, feeling un at ease  
Slowly I put up a wall, to block away the pain  
Only to have it fall, the misery remains!  
It rips the mind apart, scorns my soul with rage  
Infects my heart, kills my will to be  
My eyes cannot see, blinded from the sweat

I don't know why I, feel morose today,  
Born with it all, rich beyond my means,  
Lately something has been burning  
In my gut it bleeds, making me despondent  
A victim of me  
Dying will be the death of me  
It hurts when I smile  
Only happy when, others are in pain  
When I was younger, life was in my heart  
Lastly I've been craving, suicide as an art  
All the ways I've attempted, was placed in the psycho  
Ward  
In a straightjacket, dying cause' I'm bored  
In the end, dying will be the death of me!

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