

## **Corpus Christii**

### **"Forgotten Dead Crow"**

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I have killed yet another, and now I sit in my black hole  
Waiting for another victim that I can behold  
And not even that will feed this horrid need  
I live for my own pain and suffering

I have beaten many before, and that would kill my pain  
But this rotting feeling in my gut won't seem to go away  
No matter how many I kill, it isn't enough  
So I sit in agony in my little black box

For a mere second when I had her in my reach  
I almost felt cured and almost felt free  
She clawed and she fought yet I did not bleed  
No blood can be drawn from pure agony  
I stabbed her flesh and said my farewell  
I left to find another pawn to kill  
But there seems to be no to this horrid suffering  
I am not him and he is not me

I am somehow forgotten and left behind  
This life it has cruelty cast me aside  
And fate it gave to me a horrid plot  
All I want is to die and peacefully rot

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