

The Blank Theory "Martyr"

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They've built this place in here
It's where I'm banished, stuck again
And I'm lying to pass my breathe
Pass my breathe to those who would have died
Or could I go on

And wear the marks of a thousand years
And scorn the angels that I've born
Desperately, so desperately
Crawling back to the womb
Crawling back to the womb
I, I lost
Or could I go on
A knife in the hands of a beautiful woman
Will cast a spell worth a thousand years

I wish you would hold onto me
I wish you'd remember me when I'm gone
I'm gone
I'm dead for all of you
I'm dead for all of you

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