

Endthisday "The Forsaken"

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I gasp for one last breath,
but I choke on my tongue.
No words can describe
this pain making me go numb.
My mind is my own worst enemy,
hidden away no one will ever know.
The day of atonement has arrived.
Am I ready for my sentence?
I hear the death
rising from the grave,
calling my name, trying
to bring me home.
Though I struggle to find
hope in a empty world,
death is a welcome relief.
But I know I'm stronger than
this self-hate, only I cant
seem to break free.

I wear this mask made of
flesh to conceal the razor marks.
A dead heart that won't bleed.
So kiss me with your lips of death.
Forever seeing my life
in the eyes of torment.
Nothing was ever cherished
where the chaos reigned.
Now I walk this earth only
to stumble on the dead dreams.
I tell myself that
the sun will rise again,
but will it be another endless day.
Can you see my face?
Can you hear my voice?
Can you sense the fear taking over my life?

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