

Grammatrain

"Sick Of Will"

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can't ever win against my sin
i find i'm made of dust again
look away from evil displays
shadows on your walls come from my eyes

if i could only be, if i could only be your master
you'll torture me until the die i die to you
if i could only learn to ignore myself and let you burn
away,
save myself from your decay

leave me every time i'm up you come to hold me down,
hold me
i see i've got nothing left to show you now show you
want to decide to commit willicide
i chew the chains i wrapped again
in my dream see what i've seen
the sun will dry you up and burn the dead away

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