

## Brides Of Destruction

### "Kingdom Of The Dead"

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Give me a knife and I'll twist it in my chest,  
I'll be the first to cut out my heart and put it away to  
rest.  
It's only if I'm dead,  
I'm able to see the end of all nights that nails me to this  
cross  
I bear within these visions that surround.  
Dreams, you are so fragile  
And I wasn't even aware enough to hold you in my  
hands as carefully  
As in these moments of anger.

I starve for this knife to cut all these nerves through.  
Wish I could, wish I could've built a wall surrounding my  
small world,  
But instead I'm left alone to destroy what is old.

Dreams, you are so fragile  
And I wasn't even aware enough to hold you in my  
hands.  
Truth rears it's ugly head with a sick smile on it's face,  
Staring at me as I am the only one to blame.

How many times I wished to smash this evil head?  
How many times I longed for the embrace of angels to  
take me far away  
And then I could be alone and sit on the throne in the  
kingdom,  
In the kingdom of the dead.

How many times I longed for the embrace of angels to  
take me far away  
And then I could be alone and sit on the throne in the  
kingdom of the dead,  
In the kingdom of the dead,  
In the kingdom of the dead.

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