

Candlemass

"Cyclo - F"

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I read your palm in a bowl of spit
It's not looking good
Spirits low, yes life is shit
I thought you understood
You say these words, "why just me
I thought I did so well"
You're the perfect creep that god forgot
See you soon in hell
You ask if I detest myself
Sometimes, yes I do
I try so hard to love myself
but mostly I hate you
A zombie jerk without a will
You'd better surface now
I know I am the king of the hill
Rather reptile than cow
The sky is red as I watch you fall
I know that you belong
In a green and pink room of plastic walls
where no light is on
The proper church of your empty shell
There is no wrong in staying
Home is where you hang yourself
Where you end the pain

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