

Lux Occulta

"Hunger"

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What's a worm supposed to do when everything's in scraps.
Torn out hearts and busted parts and nothing left to do.
Everything I touch just turns to wreckage on this shore.
Perhaps this whore should find someone with even less a clue.

What's in a name? Well this one's looking thinner by the day.
But it's not given out like lies and ounces of myself.
So I can go on knowing they can't find me once away,
So now I'm just a lonely nameless, faceless one night hell.

What's with the weather lately, always two degrees below,
Whatever wraps this carcass tripping crossed these empty streets.
Skin and bones and silver pieces to those in the know.
The light don't see me as I slip from shadow into sheets.

Rain has turned to iron ripping down this rigid face.
Leaning to the wind as even more wet licks my spine.
Winding down the staircase in this blue-black rusted place.
So indigo the filter of the light against my mind.

It's four a.m. again I'm in the claustrophobic state.
Consumed by walls swallowing hate and dying for a cause.
It's never ending nothing that's injected to my soul,
But I won't trade this icy hole, I know the morning draws.

I need the lusting back and coursing through me.
Hunger seems so foreign now, foreign to be.
Thrust beneath this light of "satisfaction's left me dry."
So now this wind burnt skull just wants to want to want to want to try.

Hunger.

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