

Psyopus

"Death, I"

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Council black answers leading through suicide's
curtain.
Darkness, answer for this pain I feel.
Slivers in my life appeal to this awakening Death, I am
drowning in pain.
Constrict the treading.
Pull me underwater deeper until my back floats to the
top circled with chalk, bloated, and drifting along into
nothingness.
I close my eyes to better listen.
I think I hear you whisper, "Slit wrists." To explain the
deep-worthlessness inside of my-time spent here
waiting.
Bridge this pain to your shore across this vast sunless
funeral ocean of nothing, drowning in its currents.
Drown me in its currents.
Murder Savior, murder you're my savior, Murder
Savior.
I into you confide intimate suicide; I've lost my mind
behind this parasite.
This life and I collide into thought genocide.
Tighten the knot!
Then kick me off the chair a dangled sightless stare.
Hang here, I wait for fate to free me of despair.
My council soon arrives, conquest by suicide, my will is
high to die, these bounds untied.
Blackness surrounding.
Death, I am drowning!

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