

## Dark Age "Cut the Flesh"

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My razors are trained to mark a surface  
Every time I fall  
it forces me to punish my skin  
Remorse has proved to be a sadist  
And I don't care at all  
if people see the shape I am in

Day by Day  
another conflict causes to cut the flesh  
And if these wounds fail to show the truth  
I got to cut even deeper

The scars are true art of expression  
Signs of tragedy  
With no doubt sick -but keeping alive  
My way to let out all aggression  
A different therapy  
Possible with the blade of a knife

But I can't find my soul . . .

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