

Sick End Shot "Mind Grenade"

Visit "[Mind Grenade](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Death becomes me in the largest doses!
I feel it growing ever closer
The holy self declaration!
Is too much for my mind to bear

Open up to the circular feelings
Of absence!
The corruption is constantly feeding
Off of our minds!

Mind!
Like a mirror that is shattered
Mind!
Like the patron saint of death
Mind!
Like a frag grenade
My mind explodes into the night!
My mind grenade!

Devour those emotions inside of you!
Greatest task is that of the one I bear!
A folding in my head like as if it were bleeding!
A great escape into the openness that my head has
become!

(Feel it bursting, and flowing out)
(Like the grenades of war they shoot)
(I am not a man nor a human, and not alive)
(I am dead now, as I slip into the abyss)

Open up to the circular feelings
Of absence!
The corruption is constantly feeding
Off of our minds!

Mind!
Like a mirror that is shattered
Mind!
Like the patron saint of death
Mind!
Like a frag grenade
My mind explodes into the night!

My mind grenade!

Visit [Sick End Shot](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.