

Slumpark Correctional "My Suicide"

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You can't command me to crawl, you're not superior
You can't dictate my deeds, my life is mine

I may be under your mercy, but that won't last
I'm gonna be taking my own life, I'll have a blast

I live for freedom that sense of bliss
A chill that's running right down my spine
Pleading your mercy, I'd rather die
Burn in a hell, hear myself cry

Blood runs cold, through my elbows
I cry out, bring me home
Screaming out through an endless night
My dead self now is mine.
I'm breaking free from your rule, I'm flying out
Your cage of tyranny is torn apart
My soul will leave that dome to a different land
This knife is a sign of free will, within my hands

To your fire I surrender
Let my soul march to the flames
Hell is waiting, ever lasting
My chosen path, I'm well aware

Forever there at the end of existence
Praying on its burning tiles
Seeing torture in my image
Living back my suicide...

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