Deathrow "Termination Bliss"

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Here she comes down, as her wings get nailed to the ground

- A polaroid of shame The last angel's pathetic fame

The face of deceit with nails in her feet She's a preacher deprived from her voice A punctured lung is creating noise

The cry that she made was the cry of a dying child The revocation of empathy The sound from a million dreams and scars Termination Bliss

Blessed under a lie, Her last little weak "why?"
- The bloody end of a dream
Slit the throat and taste the cream

She wears her crown on a head that's bowed deep down A dying picture of lies A tortured saint fed to the flies

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