

Deathstars "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

ÃfÂçâ, -Ã,Â why?ÃfÂçâ, -Ã,Â

- 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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