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The Fewd "Beginings"

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Shadow circling around my street. Drawing the sword but couldn't kill the beast But it's has become so difficult For a simple fucking recuelare guy like me

Strangled, in the expectations of the stage of mind Wounded, nails that were bitten down over time The stains from the blood that grinds down my nerves Dirt in my wains, and not getting what desserved Stay calm, in the storm, that coming right at me My mind is filled up with disbelieve

Sirens on a plate, but still creeping in on me, and then The rest's melting away

So hard to embrace, using to much strength, and ends As I have foreseeing

I'm falling, in the cold creeping water with undertow Thunder, has been called upon by the waves and trolls U-turns, are my turns, but I can't let you go Swimming in the cold sea wheres sirens control Drop a spell, soon I felt, that all was about to begin Diving below to drown out the song they sing

Sirens on a plate, but still creeping in on me, and then The rest's melting away

So hard to embrace, using to much strength, and ends As I have foreseeing

The tears that you paint on my chest, are now in red Must reffer to hate and regrets, the fucking subject Witch fades softly in darkness again, but not the pain

A rotten bowl of salat, is comming out of my mouth Bad behavior was my past, but not the last, it's comming back to me

It's still the same, still this fucking shame, and I still remain.

Yeah still remain in these fucking same chains.

String me up, cut of my sweet tongue Let the blood come out of my toes, what do you fucking want from me

So hard to be, a part of the theme, with...

It's hard to become a lion when you, are only a pet that's trying to Remove the tissues, remove the tissues from my bed

It's hard to become a lion when you, are a mouse in the cage, that's trying to Remove the tissues, remove the tissues

The snake, the bear and the beast Could remove the tissues at least... from my bed

It's hard to become a lion when you, are only a pet that's trying to

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