

The T4 Project "Interrogation"

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I sit undead awaiting trial at the hands of those who won't be wronged. Got a bomb inside of me, ticking away, we don't belong. Drain the truth right out of me and crucify what you've left of me. Shifting eyes of razor blades as you cut me down once more. You can cut me down no more. Holding back the tears no more, then you look to me to guide you on. The anger swells inside of me, the tension melts, we're falling down. Locking eyes with the dead we see direction lost to the hollow that's become me. We're getting closer everyday, gonna see this war to an end, got a reason to go on. Come on! Don't pray for me, I'm already gone. Don't wait for me, I'm already yours. I'm gonna change the world. Come on! Don't save me. Don't leave me. Don't pray for me, I'm already gone. Don't save me. Don't hate me. Don't pray for me, I'm already dead.

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