

Serrated Skull "Lost Hand"

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Come to the land of pain
Of the things that always remain
Death and suffering will push hard
Setting you back to the start
Like the writings on the wall
Thought they were there
But they never were

Hate is the place I'm going to find
Vengeance is sweet to the vengeful mind
The clock is ticking with the urge to explode
Hell is my most traveled road

If I die, it won't be soon
If it is, you can come too
Lost my way, lost my mind
Lost the hand of time

I'm so sick of this,
Hope my mind don't split
Make a bloody mess
The unwillingness to confess

Destroy what's in the way
Lived this yesterday
Heartless- psycho mind
Blackness is all you'll find

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