

Wraith Of The Ropes "Final Reflection"

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Lyrics by S. Rottinghouse

I don't feel like myself anymore
I run my fingers over open sores
Self administered lethal injection
Snow white powder in my reflection
Watch it dissolve into hallucinations
I can see it all in clouded visions
I want so much to cause this pain
I want so much more to take it away
I leave a white trail of life for death to follow
Had to get high to get so low
Bury myself in sorrow

Had to fill my veins to feel so hollow
Toxify to realize
That deep inside it's all a lie
It feels so good I want to die
Don't care enough to say goodbye
The razor takes two forms of agony
One is clouded, one is sanity
Drag it along the veins I polluted
My thoughts are clean, the blood is diluted
I don't care what kills me as long as I die
Take it away, can't live another day
Sometimes I don't even feel like myself anymore
I run my fingers over bruising skin and open sores
I can't believe I never thought of this way out before
In a pool of blood I lay near death upon the floor
Heightened contempt for all the things about myself I
hated
Tighten my fists, and hold my breath until the feelings
faded
Every alternate path to sate my wrath's been
contemplated
It seems of all life offers, death is the least
complicated
I don't care what kills me as long as I die

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