

Naraka "Suicide, My Bride"

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In a victim we find victory
Over that which does not forgive
In the fallen we find infamy
Amongst those wanting to relive
In the midst of the many
There's unity with the scars of death
In the minds of children
There's decay with every breath

Trying to leap,
The wind washes away the pain
Trying to bleed,
The knife separates the soul and the sane
Wanting to choke the source of your demise
You unravel the rope of disarray
Wanting to shoot the signs of your disease
You pull the triggers of those cast away

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