

Sheer Terror "Ready To Halt"

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Open up the door and slap me right in the face.
Drag in the dirt, bring back the hurt, bring back my disgrace.
Read from the book kept locked with anger and rage.
My life crumbles before your eyes, and you just turn the page.
Sure, I'm on my back again, didn't you hear the thud?
Throw me on the floor and grind my face in the mud.
Now I'm stained, and no magic rain will cleanse my fault.
You fucked me over again, my friend, but are you ready to halt?
I can't call it family, and I can't call it a friend.
I can't call it over.
I just can't bring it to an end.
A little dazed, a little crazed, but I'm bent on hate.
How could I forgive, how could I compensate?
For years now, my bed has been a barbed-wire fence.
Those dreams you ruined are worth more than dollars and cents

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