

Only Crime "Virus"

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No light to shine on this one
I'm through if I've begun
Finished with this life

Your words are just a virus to me
I'm a past your token sympathy
There's freedom in the coming storm
I need your fear to keep me

Torn from the edge of security I fall
Where smoke stains line the spaces on my walls
Bleak frames of rusted lives
Waiting there for nothing except the darkness

And dread
Like I'm clawing my way
Through the colorless despair
The shades I paint my own mind
The pain inside my own mind
Slipping further deep inside
I head the world beyond myself
Scream inside this hollow shell

Somehow it's so familiar
Will anything temper the darkness?

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