

Cries From Beneath "Far From The Horizon"

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Your knife slices my back,
My hand rips out your throat
These mental images
Feel too real [(all 4 lines) x2]

All the sorrow, burns at me
I chase for hope yet it escapes
All the sorrow, burns at me
I chase my fear, and tear it down [(all 4 lines) x2]

Breee bree etc...
It's time to die
Breee breee etc...

It's time to make your stand
So turn around and face my pain
So turn around and play my game
Get off your fucking knees

Your knife slices my back,
My hand rips out your throat
These mental images
Feel too real [(all 4 lines) x2]

THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD!
Fuck

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