

Purpose: Failed

"Demon"

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An inner demon I can't control.
An inner demon it's taken hold

I feel this evil as it's breaking loose.
Mind, body, spirit will be gone with time.
I grasp for air as he tightens the noose.
He's still with me, my partner in crime.

People say he's like a kind of saint.
People say he's like a kind of saviour.
But inside it has consumed my soul.
This is mine, my inner demon

I can feel it as it makes it's way through me.
I lose understanding, why do you look at me with your
eyes?
Your eyes, so full of rage.
I see what's inside me, I see the person I can be.

People say he's like a kind of saint.
People say he's like a kind of saviour.
But inside it has consumed my soul.
This is mine, my inner demon

There's a man standing here before me, torn, twisted
and tortured inside.
Something grips me sudden and sure, this vision I see
of a broken man.
His face is swollen and tired like mine.
His eyes are slowly dying with time.
Is this really a vision I see?
Or a once proud man that used to be me.
Or a once proud man that used to be me.

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