

Stygma IV

"Dying"

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Nobody is really save
Nobody is really brave
No one is really kind
The evil always hides inside

We are nocturnal beings
We own sinister feelings
We all can be victims of random aggressions

At the daily horror show
I hear on my radio
Brutality is where I stand
And where I go

I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy

Phobia is awaiting me
Phobia is awaiting me

We hide the darkness
Of our souls
A friendly smile
Is all we show

Under the surface
Of our kind faces
All childhood wounds
Have left their traces

At the daily horror show
I hear on my radio
Brutality is where I stand
And where I go

I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy

I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy

I try to hide from society
I see through their conspiracy
Of violence

I am afraid of physical pain
Imaginations of hurt is what I can't stand
What I can't stand

Nobody is really save
Nobody is really brave
No one is really kind
The evil always hides in mind

I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy

I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy

I feel like dying
I am rotting from inside
No one hears my crying
In this world of hypocrisy

Phobia is calling me

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