Systematic "Amendments To A Sick Art"

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The magic that turns perversions into art I could be the one to tear away Every fucking thing that I've come to believe

It all comes right back
To the kill or be killed theory
I've convinced myself
Is the only way

The heart beat motivates And taunts the mind And tempts my hands To kill again

It comes RIGHT BACK

'cause I KEPT THIS
Inside
IT ALL CAME OUT
This time
THE MEMORY LAPSE
It pulls me inside out
'cause I KEPT THIS
Inside
IT ALL CAME OUT
This time
THE MEMORY LAPSE
It pulls me inside
THE MEMORY LAPSE
It pulls me inside
Those who dare to cross the line
Take away from me every fucking thing
That I've learned to believe

I could be the one that comes to set this right OR I COULD BE THE ONE TO FUCKING KILL YOU

TORMENT THIS MIND THIS TIME IT'S OVER

Tear away Just let it turn to dust Pulled it back Just let it blow away

I GUESS LIFE (WAITING TO CARVE THIS CANVAS) Is not for any one

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