Paul Byrom "Torn"

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Torn from my (beloved) womb (And) hell only knows my name

Not a clean spot Not a moment (of silence) All is clean cut I'm forced into violence

Torn from my (beloved) womb (And) hell only knows my name

I'm forced to violence

Torn from my (beloved) womb (And) hell only knows my name

And I don't even care

I don't get it, can't figure it out
I won't say it, I just pour it all out
Like maggots crawling into an open wound
Destined to an eternity inside the tomb
Torn from my tomb, I got dragged there
A wasted life but still I am here

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