

2 Pistols

"Obsession"

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Come and take the knife
I will show you what to do
You can trust my words
I will help to free your soul

All my life I heard these voices
Whispering sick acts of punishment
Trials to get them out of my head
Only made them more intense

Playing with a knife
Start to see fine blood-lines in my skin
Cutting deeper to the bone
Makes the blood pour in weird patterns of my pain

I push my hands onto my ears
And smash my head against the wall
Take a sad look in the mirror
Empty eyes know what comes next

Playing with a knife
Start to see fine blood-lines in my skin
Cutting deeper to the bone
Makes the blood pour in weird patterns of my pain

This is my obsession
I will never be alone
This is my obsession
Cut the pain out of myself

Pain - I welcome the pain
My only response
They're always there
To fade them out
I hurt myself

Cut - I cut into my skin
Again and again
They're always there
To ease the pain
I cut myself

Will this torture ever end?
Will I ever be free?
I'd like to cut too deep
To finish this poor life

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