

Schitzoid Paranoid

Aura Noir

Alone, abandoned and possessed
The wounds they ache, there is no rest
Cryptic life, decay

March to die, born suicidal
From the womb, deny survival
Sanity slips away

Within my grasp
I know I'm near
This heart will last
I cannot bear

My aching tortured soul shall rise
Reborn through scorn (and) abrasive cries
The end is my domain

See the smoke I've left behind
Toxic fumes blow down the line
In my void I dwell

Within my grasp
I know I'm near
This heart will last
I cannot bear