

Haunting Me!

Hemina

I was born and raised, not the ideal son
Simply life's caesarian,
a scar that's left to heal
The end's the only way
I'd learned how all move on,
but if nothing's really there...
It's haunting me

Is this all I'll be? (Haunting me)
Old, alone, cold and scared
Is this all I am?
Haunt me

Torn from the skin of a woman without sin
Only left to be this hollow shell
And if death is not the end,
I'll be with her again
with nothing left to see...
It's haunting me!

Is this all I'll be? (Haunting me)
Old, alone, cold and scared
Is this all I am?
Haunt me, haunt me
It's haunting me!

Is this all I'll be?
Old, alone
Is this all I am?
Haunt me, haunt me
It's haunting me!