

## With a Blade of a Knife

Nightrage

A tragedy wedged  
Into an innocent mind  
Trying to find the answer  
Why they all stood blind  
With surgical precision  
They abort all hope  
In lack of intervention  
They hand you the rope

Underneath the surface of pale unspoiled skin  
Dwells the human waste deep within

Under the impression of living a life  
Searching for an answer with the blade of a knife

Repressed memories  
Of a life you should know  
Buried with your ruined soul  
Burnt not long ago  
This mental incision  
Infected by their filth  
With maculate intentions  
They violate, what you have built