

(I Am Nothing) Like A Prostitute

Wynardtage

They bleeding out
In the valley of dead
From meaningless confusion
Illusion reigns

We search and plan
The lectures of the weak
In headless confusion
Illusion reigns

Stare down
Remind all the tears
Receive the pain
Seven years remain

Where am I?
Where am I?
Where am I?
I am nothing! Like a prostitute.