

## 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