

Schizophrenia

Dying Wish

I see your suffering
When you try to deny me
I'm giving fresh air to you
So you need breathe with me

Do you want to see my soul
And be a guest in my memory
Would you like to talk with my best friend
Who are standing inside me

You're not the cure
For all the pains

I'll embrace you I'll drown you
I'm your part and you need me too

I'll pray for your
Doomsday

Why are you so angry at me
When I try to take rise out of you
That at last I will close the front door
Where you'll have an unholy doom

Be friendly and devoted
'Cause I'm not your grunge
Or else I'll break your mirror
And a casket will be at your charge

You're not the cure
For all the pains

I'll embrace you I'll drown you
I'm your part and you need me too

I'll pray for your
Doomsday

I need to hide
To deep inside me
The morbid part
Of my life
I'll be your guide
But please don't cry
When I release the pain