

My Own Maker

Impending Doom

Another day of sin
Hope is dead and nothings left within

Driven by hate
To another empty place
Where we just work and pro create
Worn to the bone we die and get replaced

Afraid of a life in vain
I'm choking on the air I can't breath
Am I an image of God
Or does the Devil have his hands in me

Will I Survive

Demons Holed up in my head
Silhouettes covered in death
If I can create my own blood
Can I create another breath

Am I my own maker
Am I my own creator
Are we doomed to fail
Or are we meant for something greater

Dying I'm dying
Dying I'm dying
Pull me from the grave

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