

# 13 Faces, Slow

Procreation

That's where my life had died

It's like I'm never wanted

Why me, why me, why is it always me

Institution

That's where my childhood died

It's like they love to hate me

Make it stop, make it stop, God, make it stop

I'd die for another life

Patience is my new best friend

I never forgot you

I'm planning my vengeance

Slow

Deconstruction

That's where my conscience died

You see I need them tortured

Make 'em bleed, make 'em bleed, God, make 'em bleed

Retribution

That's where my anger lies

You see I've waited so long

Here I come, Here I come, Here I fucking come