

# Sanctity, Beneath The Machine

Start the needle up again as I crawl to the chair  
Anticipate the pain  
Feel the charge in the air, sick fascination  
Cant wash away this alteration

Beneath the machine  
Constant noise inside my head  
Trading blood for ink, into torture I will sink  
Beneath the machine again

Sometimes a picture to make heads turn  
Sometimes a badge of honor earned  
Always a reminder of pain endured  
Never a way to say these words

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Constant noise inside my head  
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Just remember  
Its all for time  
By skin be judged, with my skin define

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