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**What shall I do?**

What shall I do, What shall I say,  
Everything I know is that i have to pray  
As the clock I seem to never run out of time,  
Until the day comes and I'm next in line.

Blood will be spilled,  
And memories will come to life,  
In the dark essence of night!  
Let me forever be free,  
I dont know what to do, feel or see.  
Bound in this fleshy cocoon,  
I have to release myself from this wound.

To walk the eternal walk of life,  
And dream about a butchers knife.  
Raise your voice and scream out loud,  
Look at the world in a mushroom cloud!

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