Abney Park, Vengeance

I can feel your life like a fragile thing I can call my own
If I squeeze real tight I can feel right through your neck & Done
I think I have the right for your sins you know you must atone
I can feel your life like a fragile thing I can call my own
If I took my vengeance now, if I come into your home
Do you think it would haunt my soul & Done could condone?
Would my actions faulter? Would my conscience overrule?
Would I get more pleasure with my bare hands or a tool?
Tell me something
CHORUS

It was my torture & Definition of the street of the street

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