

Tooth Grinder

Animosity

I wish I could pull this off me,
The weight is dragging me down and it's getting exhausting.
Frozen in time but the clock keeps ticking.
I fear to look at my life and see that there is something I'm missing.
Each day, I lay awake.
Empty inside looking for the next break.
I am seeing and I am breathing
But I am looking for a goddamn reason.

As my jaw proceeds to separate off of my skull,
I wonder how to dig myself out of this hole.
I try so hard,
But I just can't win.
But here we go again.

The weeks pile up and I'm ascending downward,
Always looking for a plan for the next few hours.
I lock it all in and I shut myself up.
This is not normal, this is not me.

Isolated and alienated,
My foundation has been decimated.

Forlorn and fucking war torn.
Problems of the world leave my face with a bitter scorn.
Please return my carnum.
And no has one fucking word to say
To elaborate on how everything is going to be OK.
Grief, despair, anger, animosity.
I feel hollow, but filled up with sorrow,
But I keep my head up for a better tomorrow.
Grinding my teeth down flat.

Morning comes along and my incisors are gone.
Lift the curse off of my face.

Relieve me of my burden,
So I can know my own name.
Take a deep breath and blow away the storming rain.

I want to reassume my body.
I want you to recognize my face.
If I could turn back time to a better day,
Then maybe I would stop grinding my teeth.