

## Cauterize

### As I Lay Dying

The truth of my heart is like a repressed tale  
A censored and silenced story

Repression or restraint  
It is a delicate balance  
Between bleeding out what will make me drown  
And closing in what I cannot afford to spill

Either way I must cauterize  
Cauterize the open wound

I'm caught between the feeling  
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell  
I'm caught between the feeling  
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell

And if these are the only options  
This will always be Hell  
Never ending  
Though I still may be breathing  
There is no quality of life  
So I choose to risk it all for you  
For you to be by my side

I'm caught between the feeling  
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell  
I'm caught between the feeling  
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell

A crowd is easy to deceive  
But now I am a patient on the table

I'll give you the knife  
Cut away as you see fit

Just promise me the patience  
To wait for me to heal

I'm caught between the feeling  
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell  
I'm caught between the feeling  
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell

I'm caught between the feeling  
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell