

Mutilation

Bleeding Through

if these pills could, they would call my name.
a quick end.
suicide becomes so persuasive and dramatic.
a beautiful face that lays quietly beside me.
and i'll remember every fucking movement.
i've lost control.

and i'm losing control of who i am.
nothing seems to fit.
these words fill a helpless length of time.
they make no sense, but serve every fucking purpose.
into substance. remember my face when i am gone.

i've been dead before tonight.
i've felt your grip of eternity, your grip of reality.
and i'll remember every movement,
and i'll study it like an infection.
curse to your embrace.
into substance.
crushed by your bloody kiss.
i've been dead before tonight.
i've felt your grip of eternity.
together we sleep in an unmarked pine box.
been dead before tonight.
i've felt your grip of eternity.
i still remember that first kiss,
that first look,
that first touch.

and how it never made sense.
you built me up just to be broken.
i've, i've been dead before tonight.
i've felt your grip of eternity.
i've been reduced to a fucking substance.
i've been reduced to a fucking substance