

## Lacuna...

Brokencyde

Trapped inside of his head  
He can never look back at the word that she said  
Cigarette breath caresses eight letters of death  
And the stress is a task to the things that she left

And everyday it's his feeling that drive him schitzofrenetic  
Only thinking of killing, not anyone else but himself  
And that's the why that she left him  
Pacing back and forth in his head answering questions

Pain, the only thing he has left is his pain  
His feelings inside have never felt insane  
Until the blood drips from his veins  
All can feel his pain

And I can see you now, you don't love me now  
I feel my heart beat now, it's killing me  
And I have tried to die, it never worked out in the end  
But it kills me knowing that you could take away this pain

Now reading the letter last minute she cared for him  
But he deserved way better, said fuck it

Pulled out the knife and started to slice  
All feelings of being sad were lost when he stopped his life

And he can feel it again  
His suicide effected everyone by killing his friends  
Memories of past memories made him insane  
And made him do the things he regretted at the end of the day

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I can't take this fucking pain