

The Bitten Apple

Brother Ali

Dark places I would play
I watch the night turn into day
Screaming voices in my mind
Leave me cold and so hard to find
Thank God those demons didn't last
Dealing with the wreckage of my past
Not dying, (keep the fire burning) no not dying (I'm tryin' ta)

There's no suicide like the lie that you tell yourself and believe it
Mask look decent, face is weeping underneath it
Self-hate feasting on our deepest darkest secrets
Warning signs that read help needed, too ashamed to seek it
Seems so easily deleted when you're browsing
But can't erase the history of what your eyes allowed in
The intimately profound ecstasy that gives life's
Stripped of all its meaning 'til it eats you from the inside
The big lie, you just do this to get you through the slim times
One click at a time 'til you prefer counterfeit kind
Seen so many scenes that it would seem you're desensitized
Just to get your fix, you begin dipping into the sick side
Seeking to feed a demon that you no longer recognize
If you swear it off, you'll never find a place you can hide
Inside your pocket lies a portal to your inner battle
Children of Adam still grappling with that bitten apple

Dark places I would play
I watch the night turn into day
Screaming voices in my mind
Leave me cold and so hard to find
Thank God those demons didn't last
Dealing with the wreckage of my past
Not dying (keep the fire burning) no not dying

Don't get it twisted
There's no innocence existing in its biggest business
You create specific demand whenever you click it
Whatever it is you're into someone's got to fill it
Have their lowest moments frozen to be shown infinite
You watch the porn get savager
Box office movies nastier, the TV get trashier
School girls are flashing the camera
Profile pic look just like the next amateur
Babies get exposed no one controlling how it damage them
You find yourself detaching, retreating, reacting
Deep anger, decreased passion and you keep lashing out
Your sweet family reminds you of your weak habits
You have no mercy for yourself and so you're relapsing
Your sweet attraction used to drive you to that deep connection
You're feeling so cold and lonely when you least expect it
Atop your desk sits a portal to your inner battle
Children of Adam still grappling with that bitten apple

Dark places I would play
I watch the night turn into day
Screaming voices in my mind
Leave me cold and so hard to find
Thank God those demons didn't last

Dealing with the wreckage of my past
Not dying (I keep the fire burning)
No not dying (I'm trying to keep it...)

[Amir Sulaiman:]

Now that I have died I have no taste for life
Or the affairs of the living
Only for love, and the affair of the lovers
The affairs of the living are many and assorted
The affair of the lovers is, singular, and complete
Do not mourn this walking carcass
Some are dead because they are without life
Others are dead because they are beyond life
Yet, others have forgotten the affair of life and death altogether