

Dying Will Be The Death Of Me

Cephalic Carnage

Living here, in constant pain, I'm reaching out to you!
Feelings I have long suppressed, control my mental views
As I walk this lonely earth, searching for a sign
Something to make me want to live, cause' now I want to die
As I languish here, in this house of disease,
And decrepitude, feeling un at ease
Slowly I put up a wall, to block away the pain
Only to have it fall, the misery remains!
It rips the mind apart, scorns my soul with rage
Infects my heart, kills my will to be
My eyes cannot see, blinded from the sweat
I don't know why I, feel morose today,
Born with it all, rich beyond my means,
Lately something has been burning
In my gut it bleeds, making me despondent
A victim of me
Dying will be the death of me
It hurts when I smile
Only happy when, others are in pain
When I was younger, life was in my heart
Lastly vie been craving, suicide as an art
All the ways I've attempted, was placed in the psycho ward
In a straightjacket, dying cause' I'm bored
In the end, dying will be the death of me!