

False Sense Of Sanity

Chelsea Grin

Looking in the mirror you begin to contemplate your sanity,
Last nights horrors were far to much for you to fucking take.
You cry out in terror, corpses all around but you can't remember a thing.
Who caused this crime?
Just then you look down and see the blood stained on your hands
and clothes.
Panicking you begin to run,
This can't be it must be a dream.
But you're not just going to let this happen so you turn back,
You won't accept this.
So you put the bodies in the walls and under the floor boards,
No one will ever know what went on this horrible night.
No way to tell,
You try to forget it and get it out your head,
You try to convince yourself nothing was true.
Never to speak of this again because it's all just in your head
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