

Scarred

Corroded

Can't stand to live in this void
blood flows cold and skin is dead
My mind plays tricks on me I wish it was real
But I am numb, I thought I could feel

My thoughts is playing on repeat
running down this one-way street
There is no way for me to turn around
I'm moving faster now straight into the ground

Scarred, I want to feel real pain
I need to be defleshed
Bruised, tear my skin straight off
I got to be stripped down

My mind is weak and my soul is dust
a pawnshop halo soiled by rust
Dismal thoughts are my companionship
I crave these lies just to keep a grip

I suffer plague of disbelief
salvation is my world of grief
Screaming, tearing making silent noise
This self-content is my new drug of choice

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