

I'll get in my submarine
Set sail to somewhere remote
I'll wait until World War III is over
Then go and live with the victors and

Sing
Sing
My catharsis

Look, never again will I put down my pen
The best method I know to let stuff out my head
Yes, I'm aware of the notion I must sound a bit dense
But I'm just letting you know there's nothing round to contend
When stressed then I focus on jotting down a lament
Introspectively composing what comes out from within
Whenever you feel hopeless, down, depressed
I suggest getting a note book out and venting
Whether wrecked or sober muck round with the text
Get depression focused, confront the doubt and dread
Instead of letting them roam or shutting them out your head
Don't ever repress emotions, push them down, pretending
You never noticed them sucking you down to death
You could suffer a thousand deaths together alone
Getting ever more low 'til you couldn't get up out of bed
So yes, my best weapon's prose, and I'll love sound to def

My catharsis

Sometimes you need to sit and vent your heart
Even if there's a fair chance some prick'll tear it apart
But I don't care, it's a farce
So I'm wearing my heart on my sleeve eager to share it with half
Of the people that care when I start with my speech
Harp through my teeth
About seemingly meaningless things mithering me
And I mean it's difficult to say what's really on your brain
Without thinking what friends think of your frame of mind
cos they might think you're a little bit insane
But if you wanna break from the cycle of pain
Then you might wanna change up your mind and its frame
You're neither to blame nor liable for saying
Any lines on a page that's inscribed with your name
They're right when they say pen's mightier than sword
So remember that fact then write and record

My catharsis