

## Scratch the Skin

### Destruction

I cannot act anymore  
Only react once more  
The goddamn itch on my brain  
I conceal with other pains  
I tried to plan all my days  
But who could stop the changes?  
And when the pressure prevails  
I have to use my fingernails

I find my flesh  
Where I thought to find my soul  
Call me victim  
My favourite role

No reason to find  
It's not my body, it's my mind  
Suffering here all alone  
I'm getting down to the bones  
You tell me nothing will last  
But am I aging too fast?  
Still I am locked in this shell  
Allergic to my own self

I find my flesh  
Where I thought to find my soul  
Call me victim  
My favourite role

Who doesn't need  
Need to be free?  
I scratch the skin  
I scratch the skin  
That imprisons me  
Everything else  
Failed when I tried  
To find myself  
I Scratch the skin to get outside

You tell me nothing will last  
But am I aging too fast?  
Still I am locked in this shell  
Allergic to my own self