

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