

## Hypo)cryptick(al

### Diary of Dreams

What is this fever that makes me tick?  
What is this anger that makes me tick?  
What is this hate that makes me tick?

I feel my disgust like a taste of sin  
I feel my remorse like I have never been  
In this dead end solution, this mortal condition  
Now facing the face of my saviour's good-bye

Please take this one last assignment  
Turn silent my friends  
Welcome fate  
We're in this together

What is this pain that makes me tick?  
What is this fear that makes me tick?  
What is this noise that makes me tick?

Take the crippled mind next door  
What do you think this room is for?  
You came to test my sanity  
You had to learn my mind is free

You came to talk but you don't listen  
I try to walk but crawl instead

You know the secrets of aggravation  
You know the flaws of every soul

So tired of surviving  
So sick of being hunted  
So sick of being silent  
These words need to be heard