

# Awaiting My Death

Esoteric

Windows of shattered dreams.  
Laid out before me.  
My broken reflection hauntingly stares back,  
As once again I pick up the pieces of my mind.

Rebuilding myself again.  
And I know what is done.  
The smaller pieces lost.  
They used to be large,  
But now they are gone.

I cannot find my hope, my joy or my life,  
Just empty splinters embedded in my mind.  
Causing me pain, I grimace in awe at the overwhelming pain.  
Caused by what I've lost, by what has been destroyed.

My scars start to bleed.  
From my wounds of sorrow,  
I watch the blood run.  
A release of my self-hate,  
And still the blood flows:

Scarred all over my body.  
With each scar comes a memory of pain.  
Though it's hard to tell now, they all look the same.  
Awaiting the day when my blood is no more,  
Maybe then the pain will be gone.  
I await my death with both relief and with fear,  
I sense that my shattered mind knows it is near.

[Lyrics - Greg. 9/1993]