

# Anneurysm

Felt

...And when the vein start to pop from the blood  
Pushed away from the heart  
Patience, I need more, as my temper becomes tempted  
To up and down on this seesaw  
I should escape, I should disappear  
It's gettin' clear, crystal clear  
I'm in a bad position here  
I gave you power, gave you control  
But you had to play the role  
Reckless with the treasure that you hold  
There isn't much as unsatisfying  
as the blind man listening  
Believing in the one that's lying  
Hide the crying, tears in the pocket  
A fool for the interlude that introduced the moshpit  
Exhausted by the storm, before the calm  
Holding on to a memory, keeping it warm within my palm  
Wake up, Time Bomb, the clock is ticking  
Shot the gift and all you got's a pot to piss in and  
some wrong decisions  
And here you are again, emotions in your hand  
Like your powerless, an innocent victim of circumstance  
Tell me that it hurts again  
Tell me that it weighs you down  
Tell you that you need me  
And I'll tell you that I hate you now  
FUCK YOU, you don't know what you need  
And this is the last time I'll tell you  
Next time I'm gonna leave  
I can't watch your destruction  
I can't trust your judgement  
I swear to God you're better than this  
I wish you'd quit those drugs, bitch

High or low, hot and cold, took the wheel, lost control  
Good and bad, wrong or right, die to live a longer life  
Stop and go, in and out, touch and feel, scream and  
shout  
Back and forth, up and down, off the course, fuck it  
now

I can't sleep now, lying keeps me awake  
Now here I stand, the threshold of anger  
A pathway-- to which I am no stranger  
Danger lurks the other side, once I cross, I black out  
And I start to act out, act my age, act my color  
Act a fool, actin' other than myself (in a way)  
Quick, to the shelf, and dusted of the AK  
A war with no reason, America's demon  
I reside and hide in the beast underneath  
An inch of flesh and skull, if the brain vein pops  
Might become a vegetable, so I take the stress in full  
Pull hard on a cigarette  
thinking that an aneurysm might just be a quicker death  
I flick the Red and keep in step  
Figure stress to make you blow your brains out  
From the inside, without the double barrel

Blood bubble, eyes narrow  
Vains bulged from the forehead  
More trouble than it's worth  
    calls red so I pause for my head  
two fingers to my temple as the tempo increases  
not for peace, but a piece as in cold steel  
I hold still, clutch...  
Want to cock back, bust and thrust this pressure from  
my head  
Before my brain starts to flush  
Hush, you hear that? It's the voices that's talking  
Squalkin, mine can get me stopping, twitchin and itchin  
To get into some shit then--- (scream)  
Head spinnin, they winnin, blendin, evil would say  
it bit in my wheel sendin a chill till I...