

Something's Off

Hatebreed

There's a beast in every man who breathes
With him from birth until beside him in the grave
A hideous presence just aching for release
It's chains aren't as strong as its memory

It lies dormant so far from dead
Grating on me, this uninvited sense
Its whisper like branches as they bend
Twisting, grinding, just threatening to snap

Floods of frustration, cascading in my skull
On the axis back and forth, the swinging pendulum
So much damage, bashing each wall
I hear the sand pounding in the hourglass as it falls

Sometimes I just wish I could shut it all
Off, off
The endless rage that tells me something's
Off, off
The voice that's spitting lies just turn it
Off, off
Tear away the scabs, I want them
Off, off
The demon on my back, just pull him off

There it is again, telling you you can't
That lump in your throat, you fight to swallow back
There it is again, hoping that you won't
Wishing failure but not giving up the ghost

Silent voices, stabbing at peace
Pushing off fingers from the ledge of sanity
Like a thousand leeches, feeding on your wits
Making something meaningless seem significant

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This uninvited guest inside my brain
Whit every thread whispered I feel nothing
And when I'm at my best in intervenes
How can I get anyone else to relate

Silent voices, stabbing at peace
On the edge, pushing my fingers off, off

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