

Discouraged

Legenda Aurea

Withering and as ugly as sin
What's right or wrong
Who am I to tell?

This dreadful sight
This atrophied body
It is me, lying on the ground

Needless flowers of speech
I cannot endure this shape
Needless flowers of speech
But they can't see inside of me

My own mind...
My mind is my prison
I have lost touch with reality

Mental breakdown: the insight, then the fall
And now deadness is ubiquitous

They dissect me without understanding
...Only a disease
Not a human being

Needless flowers of speech
I cannot endure this shape
Needless flowers of speech
But they can't see inside of me

My own mind...
My mind is my prison
I have lost touch with reality

I can resist my inner demons
I drown in the sea of forgiveness
But somehow I die with thirst

My own mind...
My mind is my prison
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