

Castrate The Wreckage

Lock Up

I found freedom
losing all hope was freedom
self improve or self destruct

Right in your face but not visible
The tip of your tongue but you can't taste
Grotesque distortions - dark cyclones
Virtual abattoir sadists womb

A host to parasites every day and night
The need for something more out of life

Lost in oblivion dark and silent
A fear you cannot smell or taste
The endless trance, the muffled cries
I await my second birth

The secret webs of emotion
Spin the threads of self-rejection
The secret webs of emotion
Safety net for all our pain

Castrate the mental wreckage
Waste is a thief
No antidote for anger
Sew the seeds you reap.