

## 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.