

## Cut Up, Depressed And Alone

Loss

Carving... my skin  
Reveals... the face... of... tragedy

Better... to feel  
The pain... fully  
Than to drift  
In the emptiness

Between nothing  
And sadness

Cut up  
Depressed  
Alone

Wounds as deep (as any) burial  
(And) sorrow deeper than any wound  
I gave (myself)  
Thicker than any scar  
I left  
For me  
There is no hope

Left alone in here  
For there is no escape  
A life painted with blood (and loss)  
The wrists to my freedom welcome razors edge

And these wounds of mine will never fucking heal  
All that's left is loneliness, there's nothing left to feel