

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