

# Trephination

Machine Head

I used to want to take a  
drill to my head  
Let the pain out of the hole  
I used to want to cut the  
veins in my neck  
Cool the blood boiling my  
soul  
When I wondered, why my  
daily headaches thundered  
Tried to buffer, pushing  
down the pain I suffered  
Mutilated, feeling so  
humiliated  
Cannot wash the dirt off  
underneath my skin

There was a part of me left  
far behind  
When at the age of five  
years old  
I had my innocence taken  
from me  
Emptiness would fill the  
hole  
Now a second grader,  
thinking why I don't feel  
better  
Why I'm filthy, why the hell  
I feel so guilty  
When drawing stick men  
of pornographic men and  
women  
Thinking all the time  
there's something wrong  
with me

Everyday for three years  
from dawn 'til dusk a  
migraine  
would take me and break me  
And it'd cripple me so  
much that  
In dreams, it'd seem, with  
a hole in my temple  
that I could probably make  
my headaches finally go  
away

Trephination  
trephination  
The enemy inside of me  
won't let me free  
wants me to bleed

And after three years now  
my headaches wear off  
For reasons not quite to

me known  
The acupuncture needles  
sticking my skin  
Pushed them down as far  
as they'd go  
But now I'm older and now  
inside my anger smolders  
from depression, to fighting  
Taking out my vengeance  
Consequences, now I'd  
question during sex if ...  
Is this how it fucking feels  
or am I faking it ?

No longer the child that  
you left there at the bart  
tracks  
I'm now at 17, left in an  
empty blackness  
On drugs, with thugs, and  
thinking "Goddamn ?"  
I'm ending up in a failure,  
in the gutter passed out

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This enemy inside of me  
won't let me free  
wants me to bleed

Now I'm older and in this  
man an anger smolders  
Now I'm thinking a hole in  
you is what I'm seeing  
Your depression, is the  
dent I kick in you in  
vengeance  
Consequences are the pain  
I'd give to you

I know that I'm dreaming,  
but in this dream I go in  
go through it, and end it  
And though I'd never do it  
I'm killing you, hand on  
the trigger - pull it  
Your final thought'll be a  
bullet in your fuckin' head

Trephination  
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This enemy inside of me  
I'm now killing  
to make me free.