

Scraping The Barrel

Make Them Suffer

This is not a means to an ending.
Just a broken and twisted path,
Foreboding the droning tasks
That face the shell of a shattered man.
The shell of a shattered man.

Dripping. Incessant dripping won't stop.
Not for the machines that bellow through the corridors.
Nor for the joy and wonder from my mind,
That oozes, pools and weeps through every orifice of mine.

Patch it, plug it, dry it. Scramble and claw for the fragments
that once were.
Patch it, plug it, dry it. Piece it back together.
Patch it, plug it, dry it. Scramble and claw for the fragments
that once were.
Patch it, plug it, dry it. Piece it back together.

Now I'm scraping the barrel.
And now I'm scraping the barrel.
Is there something I must've just missed along the way;
A piece of me I somehow left behind, and lost between the days?
And now I'm scraping the barrel.

Scrape and rake my life away. Light grows dimmer every day, repressed dreams confide in me.
Taste and feel. Erase the years. Another one down the hatch.

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Bottoms up, another one down the hatch.
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