

Threads

Make Them Suffer

Tell me, how does the dark that endlessly masks my shame know my name?
And if it knows me like it tells me, then why not play?
It knows I've changed.

Please hide my shame.
Please hide the tears that stream down from my face.
My soul melts away.
I try to be different, but it all ends the same.
Now watch my soul melt away.

This darkness ahead picks my tissue to threads.
For all the tears shed, pick my tissue to threads.
Take the weight of my bones, take the pictures and pieces I own
.
Take away this frame, pick my tissue to threads.

Sinking into the shadows, my layers peel and crumble.
Drifting past days anew, a transient being passing through.
I know these old bones too well. I've never felt so alone though.
When matter fades, my soul melts away.

Please hide my shame.
Please hide the tears that stream down from my face.
My soul melts away.

This darkness ahead picks my tissue to threads.
For all the tears shed, pick my tissue to threads.
Take the weight of my bones, take the pictures and pieces I own
.
Take away this frame, pick my tissue to threads.