

Patricide

Nothingface

I'm not the devil
That's untrue
I'm just not like you
Anger holds my hand
Keeps me in seclusion
A prison
But I can't help it
I hate everyone
Even you

Seeing it
Breathing
All the hate and denial
Lied to again
Left out
Feeling hollow and broken

I saw the devil crawl inside your heart
Buying my soul
Tearing me apart

Sit in my room
Locked away
Constricted
The burning ash
And choking smoke
Dry out my insides

But I'll still fight this every single day
Till death

Seeing it
Breathing
All the hate and denial
Lied to again
Left out
Feeling hollow and broken

I saw the devil crawl inside your heart
Buying my soul
Tearing me apart

See everything fall around me
I can't help anyone now
How many times do I have to die
There's no blood left in my wrist

Find a way back inside my mind
Reasons just slip away
You can't hold back again
Will you find a reason why
I should not die

No I don't care, no not this time
For the reasons why

I'm not the devil

That might be true
I'm just not like you
Anger holds my hand
Keeps me in seclusion
A prison