

I never contemplated from adolescence to a man
Why I'm so quiet, with little friends,
Could the reason be I'm whispering to spirits?
Apparitions inside my head.
I tried fighting off the demons
Until the showed me what I needed,
Conjuring emotions and violent solutions.
I let them burrow deeper and possess a part of me.
Now I am one with the damned!
They're fucking tempting me!
The tension keeps rising!
Tell me it's alright to make wreckless decisions,
Assert my vengeance!
I want to force them to feel what it's like to be
Still covered in the scars of past oppressors.
Fortunately, I healed faster indulging in grief.
Still, I'll never forgive what was done to me!
My escape is empty highways.
A simple pen serves well as my weapon,
After being held captive,
slightly considering death,
Once one thing I loved was robbed from me.
Slicing a knife through the wrist
Was the first and final attempt.
Leaving behind the mental abuse and emotional stress,
I'm harmed, but finally free.
When I think about it I don't need help.
I just inflicted scars to watch myself bleed.
Maybe to realize how damaged I am internally.
No longer suppressing memories,
The past had to be released!
I'm not miserable now.
Still you couldn't handle what transpires within my dreams.
Incessant rambling, Horrific crime scenes.
If there was a god, he's punishing me.
For years of defiance and blasphemy.
Where was my calm before or after the storm?
Even when I reach R.E.M. my mind is still at war.