

## Hanging On The Cross

## Pissing Razors

emptiness is full in my body  
shattered feelings spill through every pore  
I sit in the dark corner  
of my mind wondering  
will i ever be, will we ever see  
it's not understood, the way it should be  
can we perceive

i've seen better days, hanging on the cross  
lifeless misery, loathing for human loss  
i've seen better days, blinded by misbelief  
through time will we achieve  
tangled by fallacy