

Weak Child
Cries Never Heard
Deep Pain
The Kind That's Easily Ignored

Can't get my thoughts across to tell you
Torture intensifying inside
Dense liquid pain fills my prison cell
This overflow's my personal hell

Institutions
Forever Haunting
As the sword thrusts through my chest
I direct, inject for pleasure

Don't know why self immolation
Tempt me, it's something I can't explain
As I step out to the edge
This overflow's up to my head

The dark comes dressed
In a lavish winter gown
Laced with the rays of the sun
Shined with the glaze of the moon
Taketh hand in hand
Escort the fluid to your land
My pleasure awaits temporary escape
My cell will fill once again
But until then