

Scouring history and scratching all the years away,  
My discipline is failing.  
Unfortunately uninvited memories, invade ecstasy.

This disease should be kept locked away,  
I've heard nothing good or pure,  
Mesmerized by acts of torture.

I'm condemning it to withdraw, long live loss.  
Inadequate as a face of this  
Dishonest against the faithfulness of others,  
I've felt uneasier than this.

Hearing scandal of a guilty party with graceless stories, you're  
the gospel of a gentle truth.  
Associate and circulate with a company of hideousness, there's  
no authority to match.  
Make your first move as it's not my place to show, my only advice  
is be delicate to disguise your need to do so.