

The Beast

Sadistik

[Talking: Sadistik]

The song is called the beast
It's about.. feeling ugly

[Verse 1: Sadistik]

I've been whittling a niche a heart that's made of wood
Is feeling pitiful and sick so I'm parting ways for good
A minimal intent's on that could've would've should've
Try to look up high if I mistook the miserable events
I look up at the sky and I pry both my eyes open
So I can decide if it's worth it just to try and
This is what it's like when you fight all the nightmares
To try to find some light there and hold it all in my hands
And the parable is done ugly duckling swan dived into the barrel of a gun
I spent my afternoons alone to stare into the sun
To attract an opposite and go get married just for fun
Come undone predict another mental lapse
Screaming from the top of my lungs until the windows crack
Drinking all the vodka to hush all of my impulse that's
Seeking for the optimal buzz to get my limbs detached
And I'm a part of all the lies
This she loves me not mentality makes gardens all divide
The particle I hide is the iron in my blood
I'll set fire to the sun until the waterfalls are dry
Father son and holy ghost bottled rum and lonely folks
Dance within the lines so they can swallow some and Dosey Doe
I'm so alone I've been living in a vacant pit
Just another voodoo doll victim of relationships
I studied every single eyelash
On her little face and they look like venus flytraps
I always knew I'd meet a nice catch
I didn't think that she would bite back
So please fail me now, you with the pitchfork hey bail me out
Man I act like a man-i-ac I just can't fight back
When this greyscale surrounds me

[Verse 2: Sadistik]

You say hello there, I say it's hell here
Look at my face to find trace of swell years
With my tongue in my cheek in spite of when I go to bite it
So the blood is released I try to
Look inside me when I summon the beast to fight him
So I guide him right under the sheets to hide it
It's a violent thrill, rhythm of a silent film
Cycle of the moon when it's hunt and release
I might've been sent to jail when I'm dead-set to fail
I felt it coming the death sentence braille
Misery loves comforting and best friends prevail
It's The Beauty and the Beast it's La Bete et la Belle
Please come and kill me with a bullet made of silver
Or a stake inside my chest so I can finally go to sleep
When these lovely feelings are so cold it makes me shiver
When it's breaking my defense so don't go crying over me
Then dream of another fortune that's not average
Sing with a little forked tongue like a basilisk
These simple days of boredom are so cancerous
Seems like I might be sort of like a masochist

I'm so enamored by the swell marks
Breaking all the mirrors just to crawl out of my skin
I'm Ester Greenwood i've been trapped inside a Bell Jar
Believing all the speeches from a charlatan again
I got lectured on the matter
That my topics are myopic non-sequitur and scattered
He uses big words complex with all the patterns
But maybe it's for me and not you
I formerly denounce my former self and form deformities
Conform to formations that were forced to form abnormally
Before I forfeit my fortress and forget my fortune
I'll fortify so you can burn me at the stake
Tricyclics with an SSRI
Just might fix this mix of intense hard times
Light gets dim when I get this dark side
As time tic tic tics and excess stars die
Cause I'm a monster in the flesh
Being haunted by the topics that I conjure with my breath
This is how a death feels this is all that's left
When there's nowhere else to run and you're caught inside the web
Of the beast