

At the time of my last pain
I scream, so I can run away
What I see in front of me
Is only the reflection of my insanity

Throwing me to the present
Alone almost in despair
My head throws itself against the
wall
Making my blood flow free of me
To be born again, it'll be a sad
destiny
To seek death when it's inside of
myself
I throw up trying to put it out
I try to sleep sitting on the cold
ground

Reminders from the past
Repulsion of the present
Fear of the future
Septic Schizo (X3)

Stained by blood on the face
I see that my life goes by in front of
me
As an old movie. I feel not proud of
anything
I've done
I scorn myself with anguish

My nerves are blowing
Inside of me my skin burns
I sink my toes on the ground
I wanna quit; but I don't wanna enter
another place

I'm marked and wounded, the
decaying of
my thoughts
The rotten smell on my skin
The cold body, thrown and forgotten
I can see things, but I'm blinded to
the world . . .