

The Great Depths

Silence The Messenger

This is no cry for help. This is self-destruction.
Controlled, systematic, and intentional.
Farther and farther I'm falling into personal Hell.
Drink yourself to sleep and tell me that you empathize.
Fall asleep with a bottle in hand, and then you'll see this through my eyes.
You have no fucking idea. Words will never describe this.
Blinded and bound by lust and drink.
Just another night ripped from reality, another bottle with your face at the bottom.
Controlled, systematic, and intentional.
I have stared this malevolence in the eyes and felt it consume every ounce of my being.
Carnivorous, I have become.
A thirst for blood, and malice, are all that I know.
A thirst for blood is all that I know.
Blinded and bound by lust and drink.
Just another night ripped from reality, another bottle with your face at the bottom.
You will never know what it's like to bleed all you consume, so drink yourself to sleep, like I did for you.
Now bleed for me motherfucker.
Bleed.