

## Walk A Year In My Mind

Soilent Green

seduced of my virgin descent  
raped of this primitive trust  
instinct... an art of overridden wrath  
twisted and bound into my own flesh  
break down... this existence  
a wish of death... a tired warm breath  
disturb the subtle side of me  
expression my quality  
scratching this sanity  
into my walled mind...  
my sustain of pain  
a slut of love... the lover in sin  
let these beatings begin ...begin...  
get out of my face...  
disgrace to your race, your kind  
left your own friends behind  
...undecided oppositions fall...  
complications... no money  
need to borrow time... no help  
can't seem to get a straight face  
...a fit of intense anger...  
thinking... planning...  
switching the choices daily  
seeing my life through frames  
an urge that repulses love  
and rekindles a pain  
increase the purge for more...  
your faltered game  
listen to a word  
actions speak-out...  
wipe-out words that lie  
emotional thief... held my grounds  
reveal solutions to weakness  
conform to the trails of man  
breaking down of morals  
punishment worse when younger  
I can smell the aroma of life  
the elixir of ill-forgot lies  
taste that indulges in sin  
waiting to be taken in...  
youthful nightmares  
made reality through diagnosis  
crawling to these channels  
of comfort through the stains  
from beatings  
playing these razor keys  
to instrumental horror  
the cities of living people,  
the valleys of the dead  
songs sung by the swarms  
of flies over carnage  
the kings that endure the life of filth  
ripping through... digging deep  
chasing me in my dreams  
penetrate the dialect  
a broken deep thought... learning lessbottle of cheap wine  
the vintage mind

from a not so good year  
expose a deep hidden need  
you've left me... leave me...  
i've left me for this reach on unsanity  
speechless in this silence...  
speaking louder...  
screaming, no one hears  
you're seeing nothing more than you  
care to see what you don't want to see  
garden sick creatures  
the mind grows to fertilize  
the concepts with shit  
touch my hand... sink inside my dreams  
reality distinct to the point of fear  
repeating an idea to over-analyze disgrace  
the strain... overload... blown in your face  
confine this pre-made conception  
force-fed the lie of hope... choke on it  
these truths untold... behold... now pain  
this solitude for a higher love  
striving for some kind  
of excellent emotion  
I don't think you would like to be me  
sexual repression has led to deviance