

Under the Surface

The Haunted

Desensitized. A living scar.
The Painful darkness shrouds my mind.

I've gazed into my deformed self:
Tormented and set ablaze.

Under the surface - there are wounds that never heal.
Under the surface - where the demons take control.

So numb and cold. A living void.
Strife, fight, regain control to end this agony.

I've gazed into my deformed self:
Tormented and set ablaze.
Cannot ease this pain called living.

Something inside me has died.
I succumb to the pain.
Fighting this long-lost battle.
Struggling in vain.

Something within me has died.
I succumb to the dark.
Drain the life blood from my veins,
Ease this pain called living