

Cursed by my imagination,
Teaming with echoes of situations.
I do not feel well, pressed beneath this spell.
Polishing my social skills,
With one more drink, and two more pills.
I do not feel good, I thought by now I would.

But then again.
It's like one thousand paper cuts,
Soaked in vinegar.
Like the battles with yourself,
That leave you insecure.
It's all just a numbing charade
Until the day you finally wake up,
And you're not afraid.

Bound by my own disposition,
The endless hunt to find fruition.
I'm insatiable, even if my cup is full.
My sore throats, are now routine.
I've got to write those songs, make 'em scream.
They're insatiable, even if their ears are full.

But then again.
It's like one thousand paper cuts,
Soaked in vinegar.
Like the battles with yourself,
That leave you insecure.
It's all just a numbing charade
Until the day you finally wake up,
And you're not
Afraid.

It's like one thousand paper cuts,
Soaked in vinegar.
Like the battles with yourself,
That leave you insecure.
It's all just a numbing charade
Until the day you finally wake up,
And you're not afraid.