

Force Fed Trauma

Through the Eyes of the Dead

Force Fed Trauma

Like a thousand plagues over my soul and the smell coming from behind the trees makes me sick it bring sflash
backs from the past haunting me reddish gold and silver a hint of rust and blood my eyes they burn from the
dying embers once known as me they suffocate the dying embers once known as me I can't make out the names
on the wall they're rusted and covered with blood take my hands force feed me trauma take my hands and nail
them together take all that I see and force feed me trauma as the candle light fades my hands are nailed together
my eyes burn one last kiss from my sweet sarin force fed trauma

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