Castrate The Wreckage

Lock Up

I found freedom
Losing all hope was freedom
Self improve or self destructRight in your face but not visible
The tip of your tongue but you can't taste
Grotesque distortions, dark cyclones
Virtual abattoir sadists wombA host to parasites every day and night
The need for something more out of lifeLost in oblivion dark and silent
A fear you cannot smell or taste
The endless trance, the muffled cries
I await my second birthThe secret webs of emotion
Spin the threads of self-rejection
The secret webs of emotion
Safety net for all our painCastrate the mental wreckage
Waste is a thief
No antidote for anger
Sow the seeds you reap

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