

Higher Side of Low

Indecision

swallowing an ocean of absence
soaking in the tortured admissions and passionate denials
the absent friends and enemies, the manufactured threats
the crushing weight of memories are all that I have left
the absence of feeling - no love, no pity, no hate
and the absence of anything as what's left of me
drowns in waves of mindless apathy, submerged in total despair
dilute the venom of misery
see the world through the bottom of a glass
as all sensation separates from a numbing heart
another dosage of the antidote suffocates emotion before it starts the same depression
the same fear...constant frustration at the same reflected stares
...but cold flesh protects my mind like a clear, smooth, hard bottle-glass skull
from crushing volumes of nothing

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