

# Later Days

## Soilent Green

You said you didn't love me a lie  
You said you didn't care my lie  
I've spent an eternity destroying this to myself  
As if you weren't there 'til I die I've lost this taste of inner rage  
A question overlooked from this day to day  
Now this time is running low  
Had to give it away Lost this sight, bring it back to life  
Another wasted second  
To burn myself inside  
Feel all rebuilding to make you repeat it all One more dose, another sip  
A few pills at the most  
Breaking this silence  
Of this secure nature, not enough rest Wondering as you sit and question what went wrong  
Never once offered sanctuary to a truthful cause  
Stop repeating a fault, an apology will end for now  
Slipping into this un-animated world of dizziness An empty representation of thought, mistreated wisdom  
Twisted lips speak in vain, for a purpose put to shame  
A double edged purpose slaying everyone but yourself  
Time is of the essence, patience's a blur A swarm of thoughts, can't catch a one  
Left empty-minded  
Sitting in these eyes of guilt, outraged  
This barrier for what remains Take the disadvantage, a fraction of this life  
Kept close with loss of most  
These lips of misfortune, kissed one too many times  
Taste the truth, the pain, I've had to gain Planning daily, getting nothing done  
Open the hands of a mind-clasped identity  
Taste the bitter blood on these lips  
Taste the betrayal of your unfaithful kiss A hindered growth with a grasping head spin  
It will leave one bottled up with a fifth of sin  
To live inside these walls till the day I die  
Totally confined to love held close inside Damned to tradition  
Flawless untold superstition  
Trying to find salvation  
An escape from evolution  
Words on top of words  
Towering fortress of this inaction These cycles of distrust  
This disease that breeds disgust  
Another for old times sake  
Fell behind in the pack

No chances, no patience  
Obedience in a mental fractionAn example of excuse  
The virgin behind logic  
Intimidate this full restraint  
Sink into a lurid thought  
God is dead, love is dead  
Dark thoughts of this un-compassion

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