

Crucible

Arabesque

Catch me from falling,
as my hands are slipping,
I'm losing my grip and,
I'm losing myself. I feel my back breaking,
This burden I'm taking,
This cross is destroying,
My pride. God, I pray for suicide,
I hate these thoughts I hate this life.
I'm not worth it, like you said,
I'm better off alone, I'm better off dead. Tie my rope, and kick this chair,
I'll die alone, because you're not there.
I'm on my knees, and I can't breathe,
You know, you were my everything.
This is my crucible,
And I'm fighting myself.

This is my crucible, I'll let this pain fucking rip me to shreds! I'm sick of this feeling,
I'm sick of retreating,
I'm ready to fight,
And I'm ready to die. You think that you own me,
you think you control me,
I promise my dear,
that you're living a lie. Dragged through hell,
To be reborn anew.
This life was the cell,
that I've now broken through.
I'm covered in blood,
but now I'm capable.
Of surviving death,
This is my crucible. You were my albatross.
My "loving" lying, albatross. Is self-harming sin, if I'm dying inside?
Is self-hatred wrong when there's tears in my eyes?
Is it wrong to die, if I'm buried alive?
Is it living if I, can't feel my own life? God, I pray for suicide,
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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