

# Castrate the Wreckage

## Lock Up

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

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