

Beneath the Green

Vision of Disorder

I've often wondered about the demons coming in the pale skirts of midnight,
I never really paid much attention to them though.
I knew they were coming (and they came).
And it made me sick to see myself all broken down,
couldn't get a grip,
on my dour self,
as I slipped into a state of disbelief...
Don't even think for a second,
don't you put your filth and guilt on me,
don't you put your filthy hands on me,
don't you say you ever believed in me when you did nothing but lead me....
Into a forest of nothing but darkness
with no thought regardless of my heart relentless,
Processed...
Something is broken and I can't recover,
I saw the waves were crashing,
my arms were bleeding,
my eyes deceived me,
my eyes will bleed...
To trust and to sleep,
to trust,
to deceive,
never in my life have I ever felt such,
desperation...
Progressed...
Never felt so alone,
I couldn't face tomorrow,
because the sting of today,
has left me here in dismay.
Under the sheets of green,
just recollecting,
I told myself,
never shed a tear for you and those who are alike,
and so I turned away.
And I never look back...
Something is broken and I can't recover...
So I saved myself from your fuckin' misery,
that lingers reputed relation,
I'm falling to function,

because of temptation,
we should fuck ourselves...
Don't talk to me about your love....

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