

Torment In Tension

Ninety Pound Wuss

sound mockery regaining speed, transfixed on absolution.
attempting to overthrow through blind manipulation.
a picture perfect memory so real.
surveillance of this friendly haunting must've been so weak not to count on murder.
emersion has been totally eradicated.
body awakening, we've gained control.
"i'm so messed up , " she said, "to many noises in my head."
laughter reverberating through this frazzled mind.
you can see the torment in my eyes.
die in my eyes, die.
three days of relative tranquility.
edge of the summer heat.
the jest of this city.
turning sullen, descending.
such a day, ignore my darkening
but don't forget how near we've become.
don't you ever forget just how near to silence we've become.
this weighs to heavy against me.
i thought we could, but there's nothing left to say.
there's nothing left to say.
there's always tension.
torment in tension.
i felt so comfortable in a room alone.
black washed walls.
no words, just silence.
this disappearance has left me fractured.
a fragile wreck in a storm consuming all that i am
and there's nothing to say.
there's nothing to say.
there's nothing to say.
there's always tension.
torment in tension.
i'm impaired by your leopard skin sin.