Oedipus Complex

Pete Brown

Curse myself down, decree of perfection.

A slave to mirror ugly stares.

Awaste of scars rather to torment.

Evil equals needle, so I shut my eyes again.

So confined, scratch at my eyes.

Bleed through my hands.

Yesterday was everyday, so I swallow this hell again.

Stare blindly. Mock me.

Cast this shadow down and I'll keep running.

I'll keep running away from you.

Inside black painted walls.

Leaves a stain of your sickness.

Never the knowledge of a vagrant.

You fucking leech crawl out of my skin.

I can't feel again.

Curse myself down, decree of perfection now.

A slave to ugly stares.

A waste of scars to torment.

Every moment, trapped inside, lost inside.

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