

Our Need to Bleed

Circle Takes the Square

I don't wanna try to be loved anymore
I don't wanna be scared anymore
Or to kill anymore
I DON'T want to kill anymore
I don't wanna be alone anymore
I don't wanna be anything anymore
I don't NEED a reason to kill myself
I need a reason not to

There isn't one.....Flesh was to sever, a palette to harness the pain. With stainless steel, we took back control of our fate. His skin so fair, a newly stretched canvas. (here was born a filthy blood red mark)Redemption dies hard when you've ripped out the roots at the seams. Pins and needles bled our black blood hearts. Hold the knife closer, just nine more steps toward the gate...You've already swallowed the key.

Have you ever heard a scream this for real? Have you ever shattered silence...

Perpetuate the unpredicted, dying for these scars we wear. Scars are tokens of the present. Refusing to accept our share of shit.

Scars are forever, a testimony to our needs, undaunted by our shallow lives, our need to bleed. Flesh was severed, a testimony to our needs, undaunted by our fragile lives, our need to bleed.

Undaunted by our fragile lives. Our flesh was severed to the bone.

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