

# Tears Of Blood

Ron Pope

I sit and pick my brain each night  
With an axe in my hand held tight  
Bite my nose to spite my face  
Killing myself, I can't escape the rat race  
Wallowing in neck-deep misery  
Quicksand dissent, pressure free  
Deepest wounds are self-inflicted  
Should I hope to be vindicted? Always alone, society's abortion  
Self-mutilation, the daily portion  
Resentful past breeds hopeful future  
With tears of blood, I remove the sutures  
Dying inside, emotions they hide  
Irreparable damage from the tears the I've cried  
I climb from the sewer, the years that I have spent  
Self-mutilation or my environment  
Tears of blood  
(Tears of blood)  
I cry  
(I cry)  
Tears of blood  
Tears of blood  
(Tears of blood)  
I cry  
(I cry)  
Tears of blood  
Deny myself for fear of being  
Is it over now, has my heart stopped beating?  
Lying here just self defeating  
My mind is empty, it won't stop bleeding  
Twisted anger screams my brain  
Over the edge I hang in pain  
Mouth locked shut my mind won't swallow  
Tears of blood alone I wallow  
No one to blame except myself  
What you call masochism I call wealth  
Maybe it's just a matter of pride  
Too sweet to end with suicide  
Peel the scab, pour salt in the wound  
Torturing myself, I'm forever doomed  
Looking east and west each and every moon  
A peaceful rest comes someday soon  
No one to blame except myself  
What you call masochism I call wealth  
Is death life and do we live in hell?  
Tears of blood  
(Tears of blood)  
I cry  
(I cry)  
Tears of blood  
Tears of blood

(Tears of blood)

I cry

(I cry)

Tears of blood

(I die)

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