

Closed Eyes

Bury Your Dead

It's hard to forgive a man who bought revenge with his soul.

A vein injected with a man's life and his goals.

It's in my face, it hurts and I fall into a hollow sphere.

Well, I don't want that to happen to me. I don't want to see what my face might be.

Damn your shameful lies as my conscience it dies. Stop and listen as silence roars out in the night.

One can't fake that anger and oh it's shining so bright.

Is this my fault, I will light it up to see. I will light it up.

I don't really see, I don't want to be. Is this my fault.

I don't see, inside of me a moment turns to infinity. I don't want to see what my face might be.

Damn your shameful lies as my conscience it dies. I just might hurt you my friend. All that was left for me was destructive in misery.

I blame you for all that I did; it's eating me bit by bit.

How can all this be true, I blame it all on you.

Electrocuted with a sense of loss. Anxiety will see me through. Flipping through the pages of a mind that hurts me.

Sometimes I wish that I could eject from this seat of pain I'm fuckin'?

Placed in and let it go. You tell me what you think of me and my sense of energetic rage compiled into a ball of anxiety.

Do I need your help? Do I need you?

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