

Cauterize

As I Lay Dying

The truth of my heart is like a repressed tale
A censored and silenced story
Repression or restraint
It is a delicate balance
Between bleeding out what will make me drown
And closing in what I cannot afford to spill
Either way I must cauterize
Cauterize the open wound
I'm caught between the feeling
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell
I'm caught between the feeling
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell
And if these are the only options
This will always be Hell
Never ending
Though I still may be breathing
There is no quality of life
So I choose to risk it all for you
For you to be by my side
I'm caught between the feeling
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell
I'm caught between the feeling
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell
A crowd is easy to deceive
But now I am a patient on the table
I'll give you the knife
Cut away as you see fit
Just promise me the patience
To wait for me to heal
I'm caught between the feeling
Of being pulled apart or stuffed into a cell
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