

22 Faces

Periphery

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Staring at the hourglass.
My life it feels like a machine running with no direction.
Watching time as it draws a perception obscene from a resurrection.
Choking on reality.
The walls of my insides they bleed from the excess incisions.
Drawn and quartered from the monster who pulls on the strings from the core of me.
I'm dying to see what it is that is eating away at me.
Now the stars are the sun in my world.
They burn from the inside out.
Ice cold in the flames burying all around.
So blind to the beauty of sleep.
It feels like the walls are melting, freezing into me.
Have I lost track of time?
Why can't I feel the burn?
Staring at the hourglass.
My life it feels like a machine running with no direction.
Drawn and quartered from the monster who pulls on the strings in my resurrection.
I'm dying to see what it is that is eating away at me.
Now the stars are the sun in my world.
They burn from the inside out.
I'm dying to see what it is that is eating away at me.
Now the stars are the sun in my world.
They burn from the inside out.
Inside out.
When the frustration makes a move, the second hand will swallow you.
It's tearing a hole inside.
I'm buried alive.
The smell of flesh is seeping into my range.
Thrashing, hoping for a better way.
The push, the pull, it's tearing apart my will to thrive in the day.
Pins and needles jabbing into my veins.
On the verge of losing sanity.

The beast tears and I can't do a thing about it.
I'm dying to see what it is that is eating away at me.
Now the stars are the sun in my world.
They burn from the inside out.
Fuck me, I am dying for sleep.
What exactly is eating away at me?
Now the stars are the sun in my world.
They burn from the inside out.

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