Purging

Boys Night Out

The first night after your released,
no one expects you to get much sleep.
Your the waking walking dead.
In my case, I'm not much better.
Walk through the kitchen and grab a marker.
Trace the path the blood will flow.The lines I wear around my wrists are there to prove that I exist.
Tomorrow it will be easier to forgive myself, and remember her
without a guilty head, these nightmare lines, an empty heart.
We take for granted all the things that make us who we are.
Get up. Get dressed. Go to work. They all know who you are.
They can't believe you'd show up here, but that's just who they are.
Set up shop at your machine, calibrate, remember who you are.Here lies clarity in a perfect grave comprised of perfect steel.
The perfect blade glows a perfect white against the perfect lines from this perfect night.
I'm the perfect picture of complacency, and that's all I feel.Slow motion replaces real time,
as the horror fills their eyes.
These claws will never kill again.
[These lines I wear around my wrists
are there to prove that I exist..
..these lines I wear around my wrists..]
I am a monster clothed in crimson sleeves
and perforated lines where my wrists should be.
A warehouse full of workers scramble like a pack of
bewildered wolves as my world turns black,
and I fall. [x5]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/