Dialogue For One

Suburban Tribe

I feel stuck in here
I smell the stench of my own decay
Ie been hiding out
though my fears and wasted years
are all exposed
there nothing left when theye goneStrip away my love
defuse all of my hate
peel off the smiles and moans
that I always fake
I hollow inside
exhausted and numb
talking to me is like a
dialogue for oneA lopped off torso
I clipped my wings to subdue my soul
and I will harden myself
until I reach the perfect bleach
of soothing pain
there nothing left when it gone

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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