

A Life Once Lost, Rehashed

My head never rests on my shoulders facing the sun
I struggle to walk
the burden of this guilt I hide from you is growing
you'll never know what it is
this is the kind of person that I am
this is the kind of person i've turned into
in time of song I am the kamikaze dreamer
clog my own throat; swallowed by color-tortured slumber
now flying high I am the kamikaze dreamer
gouge out my eyes; swallowed by color-tortured slumber
it becomes harder to breathe or think clearly
remorse instigates an overkill of self-loathing the older I get
so I'll rest my deadbeat tongue, you'll dismiss me anyway