

Anasarca, Concrete Tomb

[based on "Untitled" by Wes Quick]

As I sit in this cage,
I think of the outside world.
My life is not missed.
Time continues to pass as I sit in this cell.

These walls that hold me, closing in, they mock me.
They laugh at my cries.
They creep closer and closer till all I see, all I hear
Is the whispers that come from my concrete tomb.

These walls call my name, they know me, they know all.
They enfold the part of me that used to be sane,
Forever locking it away.
That part of me is now dead,
Locked away in its own concrete tomb.
But still I live, waiting for my day.

My day to go free,
or the when all I know will end.
Fate has dealt me a cruel hand.
All I have is to live or to die.

I cannot endure this hell any longer.
I beg the walls, I plead for them to let me go.
Let me go, let me out, somebody help!
My screams fall on deaf ears.