

# Atrox, Presense

If my senses won't come to me  
I better come to my senses  
But I can't  
I'm too scared of being scared  
Like saving cancer-mice from labs  
Or half-eaten flies from cobwebs  
No sense of reality  
Or of consequence  
Come come...  
Oh don't bother  
I'll just embrace myself  
And while I'm at it  
I'll just lift myself up by the hair  
I'm not here  
So you've all gathered here  
To knock some sense into me  
Go away, can't you see I'm busy  
Dying of fear of dying?  
- Imagine what the world would be like if everyone were to think like you  
Well, they don't so shut up  
Well I've got a candied heart  
But I'm afraid to use it  
So what more can I do  
Than entertain my demons  
In this comic tragedy called life