

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