

Born Of Osiris, A Descent

I paint these walls to block my point of interest
There's no escape from these thoughts this time
I may be hiding but what other choice do i have left?
My safeties are at rest
So now we are
Passing the problems off
And throwing issues around that can't stand to be in motion
So slow down and cease to a halt
I'm only dragging myself down
Down to a state of dissatisfaction
Stuck in the corner of sadness
Is there anybody there to hear the cries?
They turn their heads the other way
I will never really be content
This cheap joyless buss is inadequate
I'm choosing the solutions carefully
I'm resolving
The present location of my conscience
Lies deep below the foundation in me
Wasn't aware of the consequences facing me
Descending slowly to the reaches of hell
To strangle and suffocate myself