

Brokencyde, Lacuna

Trapped inside of his head
He can never look back at the word that she said
Cigarette breath caresses eight letters of death
And the stress is a task to the things that she left
And everyday it's his feeling that drive him schizofrenic
Only thinking of killing, not anyone else but himself
And that's the why that she left him
Pacing back and forth in his head answering questions
Pain, the only thing he has left is his pain
His feelings inside have never felt insane
Until the blood drips from his veins
All can feel his pain
And I can see you now, you don't love me now
I feel my heart beat now, it's killing me
And I have tried to die, it never worked out in the end
But it kills me knowing that you could take away this pain
Now reading the letter last minute she cared for him
But he deserved way better, said fuck it
Pulled out the knife and started to slice
All feelings of being sad were lost when he stopped his life
And he can feel it again
His suicide effected everyone by killing his friends
Memories of past memories made him insane
And made him do the things he regretted at the end of the day
Pain, the only thing he has left is his pain
His feelings inside have never felt insane
Until the blood drips from his veins
All can feel his pain
And the blood drips from his veins
And the blood drips from his veins
And I can see you now, you don't love me now
I feel my heart beat now, it's killing me
And I have tried to die, it never worked out in the end
But it kills me knowing that you could take away this pain
I can't take this fucking pain