

Creepmime, My Soul Frayed Bare

Picture a man with his life in his hands
consumed by the death of his dreams
clutching at straws he dreams no more
a desolate figure, I am he
my agony fuelled by the shadows I ruled
I hide from the world in the dark
outwardly sane, I conceal my pain
life's touch cold steel in my heart

Wanting fearing facing life alone
I'm not hearing your reasons, so leave me alone

I'm on the brink of insanity, I think
consumed by flames of desire
the two-faced divinity a victim of tragedy
the flames now its funeral pyre
but the death still walks and the divinity talks
I'm facing it day by day
each glimpse a hell I've come to know so well
see the idealist pay

Assaulted by the day, my inner world's grey-desolation
I'll take what I can though I hate what I am-abomination
alcoholic retreat instead of facing defeat-rejection
narcotic escape before it's too late-deception

I've invested my soul in achieving this goal
made pacts sworn oaths taken vows
I never realized each pact has two sides
what hope for my soul now?
we're both still here, one light one dark
though the cyclone now lies dead
so let's both dream of things we won't see
of worlds that will never be said