

# Esoteric, Scarred

I see them coming at me all the time,  
Lashing out, killing me over and over again.  
And I laugh for I enjoy all the deaths that I receive,  
The pain and destruction of my flesh,  
Killing me over and over again.

The blackness still comes, forever killing me.  
I rock back and forth, staring through.  
The blackness which slices through,  
My scarred and dead flesh, yet still I die as I see my skin shred.

Dead again and still I stare at the blackness which is still there.  
Have they not yet reached the core, of my flesh so battered and torn?  
Maybe I have no core, maybe inside there's nothing.  
If so what do I die for?

Staring, watching, willing, killing,  
Seeing, dreaming, screaming, screaming,  
Killing, killing, killing, killing:  
Willing, filling what wasn't there, emptiness my despair.

Stuck, unable to move off my chair,  
Rocking back and forth, with no eyes, yet still I stare.  
At the blackness which is always there.

(Music - Greg. 3/1993)  
(Lyrics - Greg. 2/1993)