

Fractured, Severed Veins

Invaade my mind with chilling voices
paranoid I hear the noises.
Scared to sleep but more scared to wake.
It's becoming too much to take.

Psychotic thoughts inject my brain,
with ideas of pain and disdain.
Your broken bones and severed veins,
blood will spill but never stain.

Day by day I live it through,
all along it grew and grew.
The fears I hold deep down inside,
renewed again alive in my eyes.

Nervous system shutting down
I hear their voices all around.
Telling me to give in,
telling me to act in sin.

Psychotic thoughts inject my brain,
with ideas of pain and disdain.
Your broken bones and severed veins,
blood will spill but never stain.

Dirty hands what have I done,
the voices only have just begun.
I'm shaking like it's freezing cold,
I've only done what I've been told.

Psychotic thoughts inject my brain,
with ideas of pain and disdain.
Your broken bones and severed veins,
blood will spill but never stain.