

Franks Enemy, Dysfunctional

Endless parade of gross perversions
Like pins pushed into my brain
However short-lived it may be
I remember the sweetness of the pain
Is the greater sin the act I committed
Or the lie later expressing disgust
That doesn't exist most of the time
A lack of morals or a lack of trust?
No more blood in my heart
Just concrete pouring in
Protection from conviction
Mortared by my sin
My face slowly turns to stone
No one gets inside
Now I have my secret place
Now I can hide
The white I wore in my dreams
Irrevocably blackened
Anger settling over my eyes
At finding myself lacking
I let them into my darkest halls
And I hate myself for it
They never knew as they overturned things
What was being destroyed
Replaying and reliving
The dark passages of my life
Smiling as I wreak the vengeance
I can never realize
My hands and eyes stay on me
I have made my choice
The big man I am inside
Will never use my voice
I make the lame excuses I heard before
And didn't tolerate
I look into the mirror
And what I see I surely hate
Wretch that I am
Who'll free me from the body of death
The answer's written in my stone
Waiting for my breath