

Pissing Razors, Regret

The fear I stand next to
Sorrow in spite of what?
Sick of what might end up
The actions I must take

The hatred inside frustrates
The past is really to blame
Living day by day on a string
Consumed - enslaved with the pain

I dispose of my decisions
Slowly ripping free the shell
A new person I become
Regret no longer burdens me

Free with mind and body
The experience strengthens me
Sick of what might end up
The action I must take derive

Regret - I can't stand myself
My past - I cannot change
I refuse - My life is torn
Regret - I can't stand myself

Right!