

Psycore, Enemy to Myself

to fall in between
the normal and the average dream
built to break
the more we fail
the more we try
be me, cursed am i
designed to die

enemy to myself

born to mess
with my life
i confess
and deny
self-abuse
so confused

enemy to myself

anti-rebel without direction
stripped of skin
inverted erection
not evil nor good
minus or plus, i'm not one of us

in pursuit
of a dream
harmony
self-esteem
facing me
in between

enemy to myself

freaks come out at night
and with water we multiply
rebels without a reason
maybe because it's impossible for us to slip back
into safe normality even if we wanted
but since we're not wanted that's not an option

we are the ones who cannot live
nothing to gain, nothing to give
we're teaching problems how to fly
the more we fail, the more we try