

Shadows Fall, Idle Hands

Just a word all it takes to set it off
Uncontrolled all restraint has been lost

Absorbing more than I can stand
Of these self defeating unreal demands
Giving into frustrations command
The devil makes good use with idle hands
Overwhelming desire to react

I am too far gone forever turning back

Looking for something to lash out at

Turning inward it is myself that I attack

The anger grows inside everyday
Unquechable I have become my own prey

From where has this rage been spawned?
Been building deep inside for far too long
Forgotten memories buried and hidden
creating my own emotional prison

Can it be that i have lost?
Control of my actions and my thoughts