

Acumen Nation, Demasculator

once again it's a familiar place i'm in
better yet to be wasted for the interim
full well i know the feebleness of a broken down
body getting stripped away
better yet to be something of an animal
maybe low like a dog or something uglier
when i'm face to face with the reality of masculinity
that's getting stripped away

i'm running from the hell you carved in me
holding back to hear you scream
one last time so i can sleep

deeper than the sharp pain goes much bigger the pathos
the harder to let go of all you damaged ego it's true
duty bound to heed the call of always something
negative never the love you give it's true
think of me every time you cry
and when you're alone and you want to die
so that way, i will be always on your..

never knew never thought i could be
had by a sister with a sinister view and nothing deep inside
thought i could be the super sensitive kind of
guy who could ride out the extra mile
what i caught was the familiar scent of a damaged little pretty
and i whispered that it couldn't be true, it couldn't be true
but in the end i knew with you
my heart would get stripped away

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think of me every time you cry
and when you're alone and you want to die
so that way, i will be always on your..
always.. always.. on.. your.. mind..
always.. always.. on.. your.. mind..

i'm running from the hell you carved in me
holding back to hear you SCREAMing
all for.. SCREAMing.. all for.. SCREAMing..
all for me.. all for me.. all for me..
all for..