

# 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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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..