

Assemblage 23, Cocoon

Even though I know it's only chemical,
these peaks and valleys are beginning to take their toll.
Tryin' to convince myself that all it takes is time,
but the most derisive voice I hear is mine.

It opens all the scars on me.
It leaves me shaken in my belief.
It takes my hand just to drag me down.
It makes me a stranger in the crowd.

Give me isolation just for now,
I feel a hard rain coming down.
I promise that I will be back soon,
But for now I'll return to my cocoon.

There is thunder in the distance and the sky grows gray.
There is lighting in the clouds in search of prey.
It's not a matter of if as much as when,
the clouds will break and the rainfall will begin.

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Cracks in the chrysalis spread out like tiny snakes
that hiss a litany of rumors and mistakes.
But I'm afraid their cause is fraught with futility.
There is nothing more that they can take from me.

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