

Atreyu, My Sanity On The Funeral Pyre

Paranoia is the insect working its way
Through my subconscious thoughts
It's the larve of self doubt
Gestating in my heart as I spiral down
And everything I touch is breaking
And it falls to earth in splinters
And I shiver as every splinter
Finds its way underneath my skin
And after 22 years I can still make my skin crawl
Every shortcoming, a pitfall
On my way to making amends
Within myself to be what I became

Sometimes it feels like the whole wide world
Has made itself my enemy
But I will stand upon my own two feet
And raise my head up

I lick my wounds
Trying to cleanse the infection
Rabid and diseased reality fades away
When I pushed myself too far
A dream of emotional perfection
Has left a wounded heart
Trying to perceive the gifts inherent inside me
It's like squeezing the trigger
It's like opening first
On everyone who's let me down
On every beautiful lie that is only fiction
For the first time
I'm losing control and I like it
Freedom feels like the noose is gone