

# 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