

Crisis, Different Ways Of Decay

I think I'm rotting on the inside.
way down deep inside my soul...
I've built this little coffin that I live in every day.
I peek out every day or so to see those ghosts at play.
I've got my knife right by my side.
I keep it warm, I hold the blade.
I want to keep watch, keep hold...
for when they come to take my soul away.
I've got this fear living inside me.
it keeps me crippled and cold.
like a child I lie frozen.
I hope these arms won't reach out and take hold.
there's blood on my face it keeps me warm at night...