Esoteric, Awaiting My Death

Windows of shattered dreams. Laid out before me. My broken reflection hauntingly stares back, As once again I pick up the pieces of my mind.

Rebuilding myself again. And I know what is done. The smaller pieces lost. They used to be large, But now they are gone.

I cannot find my hope, my joy or my life, Just empty splinters embedded in my mind. Causing me pain, I grimace in awe at the overwhelming pain. Caused by what I've lost, by what has been destroyed.

My scars start to bleed. From my wounds of sorrow, I watch the blood run. A release of my self-hate, And still the blood flows:

Scarred all over my body.
With each scar comes a memory of pain.
Though it's hard to tell now, they all look the same.
Awaiting the day when my blood is no more,
Maybe then the pain will be gone.
I await my death with both relief and with fear,
I sense that my shattered mind knows it is near.

(Music - Greg. Autumn 1993) (Lyrics - Greg. 9/1993)