

# Esoteric, In Solitude

Inside and around I see misery, suffering.  
A new level of depth for my depression.  
Thought I could only climb from now.  
Unable to see below its depths.  
Got used to it so that it wasn't as bad.

Now on my dark ledge I am falling further,  
Where are my friends? Someone grasp me.  
But no one reaches for I have nothing left to give them.  
My use for them is gone and so is their respect for me.

Hitting a deeper level I crash hard.  
My anger screams, sorrow and hate contorting together,  
In a fit my temper explodes, tearing my hair, punching my face,  
Ripping my skin to release it from within.

Screams of sorrow increasing my hate,  
Sentences flash through my mind of all that they said,  
Of those I regard that hurt me.  
Emptying my soul, devouring my will.

I'm alone and always will be.  
I've known no one who hasn't hurt me - and often with intent.  
I walk through crowded streets of faceless people,  
Their whispers haunting me:

Trapped in a void with myself who's not me.  
My knowledge and power are all that I own.  
My compassion is destroyed, my hate free to explode.  
Now I will always destroy those who try to hurt me.

[Music - Gordon. 2/1993]  
[Lyrics - Greg. 2/1993]