

Etched In Red, Why For An I

weep until simple nausea becomes more skewed
cry until a faint pleasure fades

so put away another excuse unattended

no belief
lost faith
empty hearts

creep until a panic shuffle

shit away another excuse undeserved

no relief
lost strength
empty regrets
lost faith
empty hearts

follow anxiety kept underneath
so you defeat a disbelief
a tragic life