

Kill II This, Questions

Insecurity my one true friend
My symphony still my requiem
Tranquility still what I most hate
My philosophy breeds to spite your distaste

I who am I? What is this place?
Why am I here? Why am I here?

My oblivion stands my one true light
My repulsion has passed my heartaches a blast
My redemption my hell with which to reunite
My depression descends now I will arise

I will follow my hearse to my own funeral
I will rejoice in it's sadness
I will rejoice in my loved ones' tears
I will return back to my mother's womb
I will rejoice in it's silence
I will rejoice in it's darkness

I feel loneliness in a crowded room
My heaven's much like a desert dune
I cry out no-one hears tears God only knows
My emotional needs, how much my heart bleeds