

Opiate For The Masses, The Carried

Swallowing, self imposed
compensated pieces of what I know
Breathing, letting go
one day at a time is still to slow

I have not lived like this
gonna shape another one, will I miss?
I have not felt like this
everyday gets longer now
what if I should miss

It comes around
beats me again
it comes AROUND

I've painted pictures for so long,
but I can't stand myself so
would you carry me?
Please can you tell me where I've gone
I can't stand myself so
would you carry me?

Crawling, no more floor
though she's jaded me I still need more
Rotting from the core
impatiently waiting what's in store

Stare at me - eye to eye
comfort me - as I cry
Bury me - when I die
Carry Me