

Pissing Razors, Hanging On The Cross

emptiness is full in my body
shattered feelings spill through every pore
I sit in the dark corner
of my mind wondering
will i ever be, will we ever see
it's not understood, the way it should be
can we perceive

i've seen better days, hanging on the cross
lifeless misery, loathing for human loss
i've seen better days, blinded by misbelief
through time will we achieve
tangled by fallacy