

Sub-Urban Tribe, Dialogue For One

I feel stuck in here
I smell the stench of my own decay
I've been hiding out
though my fears and wasted years
are all exposed
there's nothing left when they're gone

Strip away my love
defuse all of my hate
peel off the smiles and moans
that I always fake
I'm hollow inside
exhausted and numb
talking to me is like a
dialogue for one

A lopped off torso
I clipped my wings to subdue my soul
and I will harden myself
until I reach the perfect bleach
of soothing pain
there's nothing left when it's gone