

Symphony In Peril, Inherent Scars

Thread the needle, for this cut is deep.

You can wipe the blood away, but it still stains our skin.

Nothing lost other than a fragment of strength, but we will reside.

Over and over again we took this verbal homicidal attack.

Look in our eyes.

Look at what we've become.

You did nothing to make us.

These screams still echo and the scars remain, but we will hold on, together.

Emotions settle, sorrow fades, but the thought of you will elapse.