

# Textures, Swandive

Perhaps another day is what it needs to regenerate  
Twisted mind broken down, can't tell a heart what it should feel  
Keep the agony locked inside  
Have faith to hang on strong  
My mind doesn't trust mechanics  
Every part of me was fitted wrong

Nothing that was ever built  
Troubled minds aren't meant to last  
A downfall of my sane thoughts  
Only anger had survived

So much fury locked away

The biggest part of me was only about you  
Unable to fix or fill this hole, user's manual has been erased

A spare part I had forgotten  
So much fury I locked away  
This mechanic couldn't handle all this hatred in one place

Pilot on automatic  
Nothing worse than a blind man's walk  
A constant painflow  
Severed head from heart

Here is where the banished dwell, lying broken in the dust  
No tool known to man to fix the way I feel

Image imprint reflects: stained steel waterfall  
They can't reach me. No salvation!  
No hope left, for the answer I found denying takes me one step closer  
Sending this body down to earth  
Hit the concrete. Facing concrete  
Swandive from above  
The biggest part of me lying scattered on the asphalt  
No one I ever told  
From heaven I descend...

So much fury, locked away  
Fix the way I feel stronger