

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