

| The Anchor |, Masterpiece

I respond to their calls that scream the opposite of me.
I cross out the lines of the lies that I tell myself.
I know the truth I try to hide.

Mess masterpiece
A gorgeous tragedy
The silence breathes life into me
and I see what reality refuses me.

I'm fucking sick.

I try to get up but I'm told to stay down.
I have no voice against their crown.

I know the stares see right through me.
I live in a shell that's painted in red.
Without the white, I'm robbed of my right from wrong.
The grey can only cover for so long.

I've tried to keep this door open.
No one ever comes. They never come.
I've had enough. I'll step right over,
and watch it close forever.

Mess masterpiece
A gorgeous tragedy
The silence breathes life into me
and I see what's wrong with me

What's wrong with me?
Act naturally. A tragic comedy.
I finding comfort in my misery
and no I see I'm fucking sick.

They will get what they fucking deserve
They don't understand I'm fucking sick.