The Spill Canvas, Battles

Cursed by my imagination
Teaming with echoes of situations
I do not feel well, pressed beneath this spell.

Polishing my social skills
With one more drink, and two more pills.
I do not feel good, I thought by now I would.

But then again...

It's like one thousand papercuts,
Soaked in vinegar.
Like the battles with yourself,
That leave you insecure.
It's all just a numbing charade,
Until the day you finally wake up
And you're not,
Afraid.

Bound by my own disposition
The endless hunt to find fruition
I'm insatiable, even if my cup is full.

My soar throats are now routine,
I 'Gotta write those songs, make 'em scream.
They're insatiable, even if their ears are full.

But then again...(But then again...)

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