

Violent Work Of Art, Naked

Hanging by a thread, eEchoes in my head,
Staring at the walls, as the curtain falls,
Naked on the stage, conquering the shame.
I cover my face, closing the gates,
To live in disgrace.

Sick of being me, screaming to be free,
Drowning in myself, could be someone else,
Naked on the stage, conquering the shame.
I cover my face, closing the gates,
To live in disgrace.

This seems to be, insanity,
i recognize, this state in me.