

Painting the White to Grey

Chimaira

Face I am nothing face
Complete by sarcastic tastes
What a waste I think I'd rather die
Wanting never gaining I find myself pondering life
Always situations I can never hide
Crying tears of anger, hate
Depressed I never know the me, never know what to do
Slit pour out the life a bottle of the "vive"
A desperate cry for something else to justify
I'm in a daze caused by pain
A failing force that wants to change
Painting the white to grey
Numb body shivering
Blood dripping from the skin
Painting the white to grey
Plastic always drastic
A vision of a psychopathic with a razor crawling through the at
tic
I know somewhere out there someone cares
Wanting me to get my head out of the clouds as they think it's
time repair
These scars will never clear
I'll never be the same little one with hopes of one day maybe b
eing sane
I might have tried before...but I locked the door
Now I need a reason to unlock it
I'm in a daze caused by pain
A failing force that wants to change
Painting the white to grey
Numb body shivering
Blood dripping from the skin
Painting the white to grey
Cutting and popping
I know I'm not the definition of your model I'm always dropping
Lying and crying
I rarely find the relevance in always competing or trying...
I take dying
I need to feel the shame in what it was that I did
Cold
In the back of a puppeteer bathroom floor is where I tried to d
ie