

## The Wrong Sense

156/Silence

Some things one just can't accept out of my mind  
I just can't get this off my chest  
I've been walking a fine line between this life and death  
'Cause it isn't enough for me  
I wanna rest with the fucking obsession seething  
I'm infected but the rest don't see me in a better perception  
I wonder if I'll ever be worth the remembrance  
Our remnants of memories fade away  
I look around and wonder if I'll ever manage to say

That we have always portrayed a sense of elation  
Just to be a withering case of loss and frustrations  
Riddled with a splintering hate for all that we've made  
I just wanna take out my gun and pick out my grave  
I feel like I'm the conflict and the resolution is a coffin  
So I just might choose this as I

Poison my blood and blackout my lungs  
I'm used to always feeling disgust, it's love and it's lust  
For everything that seeps into cuts and fractures me numb  
It never ends up being enough  
It's never enough to ease the fucking stress  
Over the things that'll lead me to my end  
There's a handful of songs about death stuck in my head  
And I'll sing 'em on repeat for wrongs I've caused  
This dread is a head full of hatred for everybody

I'll cut out the insides to fill the void with sin  
So the knife doesn't deal me to loneliness and senseless involvement  
In your devolving personal agenda  
The culprit is the compulsion  
Lesser known to those of good fortunes  
Life is abortion

Can't you tell the temptation forces us to ignore  
This imminent destruction  
That we've misconstrued as an abundance of the tried and true?  
Tell me, is this all that's worth it?  
Everything warping, trenching through the marshes and corpses  
Sinking the warships, tearing out the roots from the sources  
Crushing the courses  
Humbly, the parasites dormant rose to the surface  
Only to combust with all these grievances and all my shortfalls

I'll cut out the insides to fill the void with sin  
So the knife doesn't deal me to loneliness  
And I wonder who will find me swimming with the fish  
In a river of faces that scowl upon me?  
I'll stumble through night lights in hopes of finding  
This unattainable love for the life before me  
I'll stay on the dark side so I don't have to face anyone  
Who can't see through me anymore and

I'm done running from myself and everyone of my problems  
I've gone over this enough  
And I still haven't thought of one good reason  
Or excuse for you to use your last wish on

My betterment  
My conscience is but a vat of empty promises that weigh upon me  
Surrendering everything  
Tell me, is this all that's worth it now?