

Better Below

Bury Tomorrow

I stand here battered and broken
The ground swallowed me years ago
When I returned I wasn't recognisable
Now I'm wondering would I be better off below

Will the wires ever uncross, give me the freedom just enough
Regrow my own skin but God I'm good at giving in

Broken image, I am fallen
Drifting, searching for a name
Did I hear them?
Are they calling?
Or am I living with the shame?

It seems I've run as far as I can go
Hide the warning signs swiftly as they start to show
Breathe in quick, hold your breath
Show the world the lie, that you're really not sick
The veil has fallen, now you're suffering for it

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