

Our Scars (Redux)

Carcosa

Our scars, our scars, have made us who we are
If there is bliss in suffering
So we carve the knife in deeper and deeper to
Feel something
Oh, how I'm longing to feel
Effervescent and real
Effervescent and real

Close your eyes, this'll go away

And maybe
The fondness I seek hidden within memories
So far down you cannot see it
I locked the door and threw away the key that you will never get from me

What will it take for you to admit
That you're just as lost as I am?
Stop pretending it'll be just fine
Never say that I'll be alright

I am just as broken as you
I won't be sound
Until you're nowhere to be found

Close my eyes and see
Here I am, alive, worth the price of irrelevance, existence is pain

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To feel whole is to consume all that feeds your desire for pain
Become one with the hate that flows through your veins
Only then will you be strong enough to endure the insufferable longevity of life itself

There is bliss in suffering
You are weak
So
Do not speak