

## Our Scars

Carcosa

Our scars, our scars  
Have made us who we are  
There is bliss in suffering  
So we carve the knives in deeper and deeper to feel something  
Oh how I'm longing to feel  
Effer vescent and real  
Effer vescent and real

Close your eyes, this'll go away (maybe)  
The fodness 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 ge  
t 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  
And 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

Closing my eyes makes staying here and 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  
Do not speak