

## Again

Craft

Awakening. World Suffering  
Twisted things emphathize with nothing.  
Trampling. Screaming. Uncaring  
He doesn't know in which place he's in.  
Rusty razors cut his skin  
Over and over and over again.  
Dead resolve and relentless pain.  
Acid's flowing within his veins.  
Memories suppressed deep within  
Resurfacing. It's growing from sin  
The sin of I-never-put-up-a-fight.  
He's looking back now: He's wasted his life.  
He's creator. Warden. Prisoner  
Builder of walls around pitiful halls.  
He built a lock so I threw away the key  
This is how little you mean to me.  
The spirit is void from the soul's lonely throne.  
There's no meat anymore. Only bone.  
Once-was-razors cutting your skin  
Screaming. Screaming. Screaming  
Over and over and over again  
And again and again  
And again.