

Hanging By a Thread

currents

Hanging above the ground
I sway from side to side without a feeling found
My feet barely sweep the floor
As my eyes roll back I can't ignore
That these moments are numbered in sum
For when the clock strikes one the hand of death is sure to come
A life without a shade of grey, but all I see is black and wish it away
Choking down the barrel of a gun
By the end of the night my mother and father will be losing their son
With this burden, my closet has begun to overflow
While the hinges break, it seems as though I am not alone
I have the company of these skeletons I have stowed away
But soon or later they would have to come back and haunt me
Following my every step I'm begging for you to let me go
I'm begging you
I'm begging you, to let me go
Oh death where is thy hand?
For when I greet you it is as a friend
It's time to put this to an end
And return me to nothing from which you will send
My name was forgotten with the knife still fresh in my back
A heart turned to stone, I don't want to live anymore
When a minute within this body makes me cringe
Strip me bare of this prison
I call home
Hanging by a thread
With my eyes, sewn
Shut
Forced to be the only thing I have tried to keep away
Myself
Kick the chair from underneath my feet
Let me hang by a thread
Dead