

## 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 sooner 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