

Split

currents

Well I've found in my search for clarity
That nothing I've lost belongs to me
I'll never take the fall or crawl on my knees
For this dread I won't let consume my dreams

Will we ever find the art in the atrophy?
Shame painted on the walls, etched in the stone
Cold face of me dying alone
There is nothing worth the wait
For peace, I'm always counting
Every second I don't break
Do you even care?

I'm split in my head
I'm torn between the things I know
And the ways I cope
I'm sinking again
With the thought you need to grow
But you know you won't

In and out, playing tricks on my shadow self
You said that I can't be a quitter
Spilling lies under the guise of getting better
Yeah, I'm "Getting better," never better balanced

I'm starting to crack images
Nailed to cross and eulogies
For the fallen hope that withers every second I believe
Come to find that some things are exactly as they seem

I'm split in my head
I'm torn between the things I know
And the ways I cope
I'm sinking again
With the thought you need to grow
But you know you won't

It's hard to see compassion through the red
Bitter hate has taken center stage again
But I'm not done fighting with the world I'm in
Are you sick of it yet; all this pity?