

I'll get in my submarine  
Set sail to somewhere remote  
I'll wait until World War III is over  
Then go and live with the victors and

Sing  
Sing  
My catharsis

Look, never again will I put down my pen  
The best method I know to let stuff out my head  
Yes, I'm aware of the notion I must sound a bit dense  
But I'm just letting you know there's nothing round to contend  
When stressed then I focus on jotting down a lament  
Introspectively composing what comes out from within  
Whenever you feel hopeless, down, depressed  
I suggest getting a note book out and venting  
Whether wrecked or sober muck round with the text  
Get depression focused, confront the doubt and dread  
Instead of letting them roam or shutting them out your head  
Don't ever repress emotions, push them down, pretending  
You never noticed them sucking you down to death  
You could suffer a thousand deaths together alone  
Getting ever more low 'til you couldn't get up out of bed  
So yes, my best weapon's prose, and I'll love sound to def

My catharsis

Sometimes you need to sit and vent your heart  
Even if there's a fair chance some prick'll tear it apart  
But I don't care, it's a farce  
So I'm wearing my heart on my sleeve eager to share it with half  
Of the people that care when I start with my speech  
Harp through my teeth  
About seemingly meaningless things mithering me  
And I mean it's difficult to say what's really on your brain  
Without thinking what friends think of your frame of mind  
cos they might think you're a little bit insane  
But if you wanna break from the cycle of pain  
Then you might wanna change up your mind and its frame  
You're neither to blame nor liable for saying  
Any lines on a page that's inscribed with your name  
They're right when they say pen's mightier than sword  
So remember that fact then write and record

My catharsis