

I see them coming at me all the time,
Lashing out, killing me over and over again.
And I laugh for I enjoy all the deaths that I receive,
The pain and destruction of my flesh,
Killing me over and over again.

The blackness still comes, forever killing me.
I rock back and forth, staring through.
The blackness which slices through,
My scarred and dead flesh, yet still I die as I see my skin shredded.

Dead again and still I stare at the blackness which is still there.
Have they not yet reached the core, of my flesh so battered and torn?
Maybe I have no core, maybe inside there's nothing.
If so what do I die for?

Staring, watching, willing, killing,
Seeing, dreaming, screaming, screaming,
Killing, killing, killing, killing:
Willing, filling what wasn't there, emptiness my despair.

Stuck, unable to move off my chair,
Rocking back and forth, with no eyes, yet still I stare.
At the blackness which is always there.

[Lyrics - Greg. 2/1993]